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The Navy.

As the West Sees It.

LET us build a little fleet to sail the sea.

O Gee!

What bully fun 'twill be,
And with a good excuse.

'Twixt you and me,
It ain't much use

Except to be a cock-a-doodle show
But it'll grow,

And go

And tell the Chinks

To let us have our forty winks

Of peace, prosperity and money lust.

—But sure, we'll join the military trust.

Sure it is a noble deed,

You bet,

To sail the wet

In a bally little iron navy steed,

And perhaps to put a picture on the rag,

And to make a little brag

Of the daring things we'll do,

When we sail the heaving blue,

And brave the horrid ocean for our flag.

You bet

It ain't the wet

We need to float

Our little boat.

Why, Lake Winnipeg is big,

And sure, we're not a pig

To use the whole Pacific

To try out our specific

For a periodic fright

Of a fight.

And the rivers, and—by Jove!

I forgot it in my antic,

There's the jolly old Atlantic.

But, great Scott!

What rot!

That's three thousand miles away.

—And you're going to make us pay—

But the Bluenose near is frantic,

So we'll have to let him play

Like a boy

With a toy,

As he sails his little vessel on the bay.

—Edmonton.

* * *

A Tranquil Disposition.

TRANQUILITY of disposition is not always manifested in the same way. There was recently an elderly English colonel in India whose boast it was that he had a disposition so tranquil that nothing could ruffle it. He took up golf and for a time his friends failed to notice any disturbance of the colonel's outward calm, but one day when playing a four-some he got into a notorious "devil's punch-bowl" bunker, and spent a terrible fifteen minutes trying first to find the ball and then to play it out. He tried every club in vain, and at last, glaring like a demon, he smashed them one after another across a jagged rock. "What are you doing?" cried the party above.

"It's all right," he shouted. "It's—it's better to—break one's clubs than to—lose one's temper."

And the caddie gathered up the pieces.

* * *

The Chancellor's Repartee.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE is famous, of course, for his brilliant repartee and biting sarcasm. "I am here—" he remarked once at a political meeting, but before he had time to finish the sentence, a noisy interrupter had chimed in, "And so am I."

But the retort was as quick as it was overwhelming. "Yes—but you are not all there!"

"What do our opponents really want?" he inquired in a recent

speech. In the momentary pause that followed the question there came a voice husky from the effects of alcohol, "What I want is a change of Government."

"No, no," was the ready reply, "what you really want is a change of drink."

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Selections.

SOON after King Edward had passed the huge concourse of children at Mousehold, Norwich, a little girl was seen by her teacher to be crying. "Why are you crying; didn't you see the king?" asked the teacher. "Yes, but, please, teacher, he didn't see me," sobbed the little girl.

Lord Lansdowne once congratulated Lord Crewe on an eloquent speech in the House of Lords. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and his eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute, I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

Mistress—"Did you have company last night, Mary?" Mary—"Only my Aunt Maria, mum." Mistress—"When you see her again will you tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?"

"You didn't use to object to your husband playing poker?" "No, but that was before I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game, but I can not afford to play it unless he stops playing poker."

Proud "Autumn" Father—"Bless me, it's really marvellous about that baby of mine. You'll hardly credit it, but every time it looks up into my face it smiles—positively smiles." The "Fed-up" Friend—"Well, I suppose even a baby has some glimmering sense of humour."

A travelling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful. As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times." "Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?" "I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant. "D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman. "Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled. "W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."

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