



RUMOURS OF WARRIORS.

IT is reported that Lord Kitchener, the "Sirdar" of precious memory, will come to Canada in August, while Lord Charles Beresford may drop in to afternoon tea any day. If Dr. Orr secures these redoubtable imperialists to touch the button at the opening of the National Exhibition, will the Society of Friends boycott the Great Show? Also, will the teachers and trustees of Dufferin County decide to stay away from an exhibition tainted with militarism? The directors ought to be careful in these days of *Dreadnoughts* and their foes.

AN UNPLEASANT CONTINGENCY

A CANNY Scot and a Yankee of the "lick-all-creation" type were discussing armies, fleets and all possible complications which might arise in the event of a great war.

"I can tell you this," said the latter, "that if John Bull ever gets too gay and tries to fight a naval battle with us, we'll tow the whole British fleet into New York harbour."

"Maybe," said the Scot placidly, "but, man, if ye do, it would take a better man than Christopher Columbus to discover America."

TROUBLES OF HIS OWN.

HE was a Hamilton young man who discoursed sadly on the mysteries of the Eternal Feminine. "I can't understand them, at all," he groaned. "You can't please girls—it's no use trying. Now, I was calling on Kathleen Ferguson the other night and I thought that, as she's a pretty girl, it would be safe to praise the fluffy-ruffles style of woman and make out that I couldn't stand the girl who takes a university degree and goes in for brains. But Kathleen didn't seem to like it at all and I heard afterwards that she complained that I treated her as if she were a fool. Then there's Margaret Blake, who has a big nose and wears spectacles. I supposed that she was given to books and serious problems. So I told her the looks didn't count with me, that I believe that every woman ought to vote and that intellectual companionship is the finest

thing in the world. But Margaret gave me a frosty stare and told my cousin Helen that I needn't let her know how utterly homely I thought her. Now, if any kind friend will tell me what to say to girls—"

"You'll never learn, George," was the comforting reply. "It's a gift."

MATTERS OF FACT.

DR. WILFRED CAMPBELL thinks the novels of George Meredith and the latest romance by William De Morgan are not the kind of literature to be desired for growing Canadians. But he didn't say a thing about the *Calgary Eye Opener*.

Miss Marie Corelli, who has written the "Sorrows of Satan," and other blankety-blank biography, has indicated that if Mr. Joseph Martin, late of Canada, disturbs the rest of William Shakespeare, she will make the candidate the hero of her next best seller. Joseph is reconsidering his decision.

It is entirely untrue that M. Henri Bourassa has joined the party of the Young Turks. The Sultan breathes freely.

AN ODE WITH VARIATIONS.

I sing a song of April,
(Excuse me while I sneeze)
Of lovely, smiling springtime
(Was that a polar breeze?)

The soft, blue skies of April!
(My shoes are in the mud)
Just lend me an umbrella,
This rain is like a flood.

I sing a song of April,
(By Jove, I'm awfully hoarse)
The earth is looking somewhat green,
For spring is here, of course.

And April's ways are fickle,
With days of grey and gold,
In fact I think I'll take quinine—
I have another cold.

SAFE GUESSING.

TWO Irishmen were talking of their experience in making application to the police force and the first deplored the fact that he had not been able to answer the astronomy question.

"Astronomy?" said the second. "What did they ask?"

"How many stars was there?"

"An' why did ye not tell them?"

"How many wud ye say?"

"Six million, four hundred thousand."

"But how cud ye be sure of that, Dinnis?"

"An' how cud they be sure I was wrong? Faith, it's too little imagination ye have for the force!"

OPPOSED TO SLANG.

DONALD had been to Sunday School, and on coming home was asked what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was evidently very full of his subject.

"Oh," he said, "it was about a boy, and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground; and then they killed another boy, and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy and—"

"Oh, no, Donald, not another boy!" his sister interrupted, horrified. But Donald stood his ground.

"It was, too," he insisted. Then he added: "The teacher said 'kid,' but I don't use words like that."

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

A GROUP of customs officers in this city were discussing the decisions of a certain unnamed judge when one remarked:

"His decisions remind me of Nolan, the G.T.P.

contractor who was far famed for his solutions of difficult problems. The said Nolan had a grading outfit at work not far from the city and one evening came in to pay his respects to his favourite deity, the little wine god. After he had successfully accomplished this he met a delegation of his own men who proceeded to lay their grievances before him. Some objected to the wages paid, others to the food, but two men in particular had a further complaint that there were no spare blankets at the camp for them.

Nolan considered and said: "Now, I will take ye one by one. Ye have no blankets of yer own?"

"No, sir."

"Nor is there anny at the camp for ye?"

"No, sir."

And to the other complainant:

"An' ye too, have no blankets nor there be none out there for ye?"

"No, sir."

"Then we can aisy fix that Ye two sleep together."

The others sadly faded away without waiting for the decisions coming to them.

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

DURING one of the banquets of the Church Congress in London, a certain bishop had as his left-hand companion a clergyman who was completely bald. During dessert the bald-headed vicar dropped his napkin and stooped to pick it up. At this moment the bishop, who was talking to his right-hand neighbour, felt a slight touch on his left arm. He turned, and, beholding the vicar's pate on a level with his elbow, said: "No, thank you, no melon. I will take some pineapple!"



THE MOTOR SEASON

"I'm very sorry, madam, but under the circumstances, you'll have to be identified."—*Life*.

A DROP TO EARTH.

OF the two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine, the former's style was gorgeously verbose, while the latter's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. Coming into court one day, Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged. "Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine. Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in his usual roundabout way: "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came into contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."

—*The Argonaut*.

INSPIRATION.

PAT had been delegated by his fellow-employees to tell Mrs. Casey the news of her husband's accidental death. On the way to the Casey home, Pat pondered on how to break the news to the widow. Finally he hit on what to him seemed a most humane way of preparing Mrs. Casey for the sad news. Knowing the violent hatred which Mrs. Casey, as well as all loyal Irishmen, have for the A. P. A., he said on greeting the woman: "Ah, Mrs. Casey, it is bad news I have to bring you. Your husband, Mike, has turned an A. P. A." Mike turned A. P. A.! The scoundrel, I hope he is dead." "He is," answered Pat.—*The Argonaut*.



Possible Employer: "But we are slack ourselves. If I found you anything to do it would be taking work from my own men."
Applicant: "The little I should do wouldn't 'arm nobody, guv'nor."—By Thomas Downey.—Bystander.