



An Unexpected Treat.

IT was some years ago, during the Toronto Exhibition, that a Presbyterian minister, Mr. B. and his wife, from a small town in Western Ontario, decided to accept an invitation from an old school friend of the latter and spend a week in Toronto during the "great show."

There came a Wednesday evening when the hostess said to the minister's wife: "Carrie, let us sneak out and go to Shea's. My husband is going to take Mr. B. to prayer meeting. Now, you won't be in Toronto again for ever so long and you might just as well have one night at the theatre. The change will do you good."

Carrie protested vigorously that she would be frightened out of her life and she didn't know what Mr. B. would say—and suppose there should be someone there from Jonesville who would go back and tell about it. However, all objection were overruled and they finally departed for the vaudeville performance, Carrie wearing the best black silk which was sacred to the weddings of prominent parishioners and the Sunday when there was a "distinguished stranger" in the pulpit.

Suddenly, just as Miss Daisy Delight was striking a high note, in one of "the very latest" of rag-time gems, Carrie grasped the arm of her friend with the vulgar exclamation, "Good gracious!"

"What's the matter? Don't you like her? I think that blue skirt with silver lace is perfectly cute."

"It isn't that. But will you look at those two men across the aisle—three rows ahead!"

She looked—and gasped, for there were the sleek-headed Mr. B. and her own husband, who were supposed to have gone to the "week night service." And they also were beaming over the vocal performance of Miss Daisy Delight.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. B., "I call that perfectly shameless of Charles to patronise such a performance. If there's anyone from Jonesville here, he is a ruined pastor."

Great was the surprise of Mr. B. and his host when two fair matrons awaited them in the lobby and congratulated them on their enjoyment of the "bill."

"I'm awfully glad he went," said the pastor's wife afterwards. "He is always complaining of my being frivolous. But, after this, he'll never dare to say a word."

Alas for Charles!

Wat He Missed.

Young Canada:—"Dad, aren't you sorry to be grown up?"

Weary Father:—"What's the matter now?"

Young Canada:—"You can't ever be a boy scout."

More Truth Than Poetry.

THE young minister is often to be pitied, for he is likely to become "flustered" under the critical eyes of the elderly members of the congregation. At such times, his remarks are of a wild and random nature and arouse the sympathy of the feminine hearers in his flock.

A youthful aspirant to the ministry, who has been taking the summer work of a regular pastor in Toronto, recently aroused surprise by referring to the white-robed saints in bliss as a "glorious, whitewashed throng."

Noisy Gratitude.

MARK TWAIN in an after dinner speech in Bermuda once talked of gratitude. He didn't much care, he said, for gratitude of the noisy, boisterous kind. "Why," he exclaimed, "when some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around."—Washington Star.

Her Poor Memory.

IT was at a summer resort on the St. Lawrence, and he had just asked her for a dance.

"I believe we have met before," she said hesitatingly.

"Met before!" he said, with a reproachful glare.

"Why, you were engaged to me for a whole month, two summers ago!"

"So I was," came the reflective reply, "I believe it was when we were in the Adirondacks. But I have always had such a bad memory for faces."

A Striking Affection.

"'A RRY, that Sal Robins says you're in love wiv 'er—'taint true, is it?"

"Garn, don't yer take no notice uv 'er. She exaggerates every bloomin' thing. I may 'ave give her a clip or two over the ear'ole, but that's all there is in it!"—London Opinion.

Rogers and Moore.

IN an autumn book, "Samuel Rogers and His Circle," we may expect to find a collection of many entertaining anecdotes and characterisations. Rogers was given to effective sarcasms, effective largely because of the "deadness of his countenance and the dryness of his name." There was not always so much truth in his sharp speeches as in that made apropos of Tom Moore's taste for biography and the number of memoirs he had composed: "Why it is not safe to die while Moore's alive!"

A Correction.

THE habit of contradicting sometimes "o'erleaps itself" unwittingly.

"I've heerd it said," remarked a loungeer at the crossroads store, "that John Henderson over by Woodville was one of eighteen sons."

"That's whar ye heerd wrong," contributed the chronic kicker. "'Twa'n't John Henderson at all. 'Twas a brother o' his'n."—Lippincott's.

Longevity Jujubes.

A QUAIN story is told of the adventures and troubles of the Dalai Lama, the spiritual head of the Buddhists, in a Bluebook on Tibet.

Sir John Jordan, describing a visit paid to him in Peking, says he spoke to the Lama in English, which was translated into Chinese, and finally reached the Dalai Lama's ears in Tibetan. After

a brief conversation the Dalai Lama said that, if the minister had nothing further to discuss, he would wish him Godspeed, and in doing so presented Sir John Jordan with a pound of two of "longevity" jujubes.

The exalted rank and sanctity of the Dalai Lama do not permit him to pass under a city gate, which would impose an obstruction between him and heaven. As he had to get through the walls of Peking somehow, it was proposed at first to line the gates with an artistic representation of the sky painted on canvas. It was finally decided, however, to erect an incline plane to permit the Lama being carried over the city wall.—London Express.

Staff Humour.

MONTENEGRO has become a kingdom. "Montenegro," feelingly remarks Korea, "isn't next door to Japan."

Wall Street bears are declared to be delighted over Roosevelt's speeches. Well, that's the first time that Teddy has made wild animals happy.

Emperor William again declares that his authority for ruling isn't given by the people, but the gentle Germans say that his talk of ruling by divine right does them an infernal wrong.

Paris is plagued with rats. Paris eats horses, and may be tempted—well, a word to the wise rat ought to be sufficient.

A committee is trying to beautify Toronto, on receipt of which news Hamilton, Montreal and several other rival towns try to point out the folly of attempting "to paint the lily."

Several Canadian cities are getting stamp selling machines, but, in spite of our rate of progress, we seem to be still some distance from the vote vending apparatus.

Rhode Island's cucumber crop is very light, but probably there's enough to make some people fervently wish that it had been a complete failure.

By slipping off his train at the first station inside the city, Baden-Powell missed a civic reception at Toronto, and so badly huffed was the Mayor that he declares that next time B.-P. gets shut up in Mafeking he needn't expect Toronto's civic fathers to go and pull him out.

Meantime the one best bit of advice is to get in early with suggestions as to what you want your friends to get you "for Christmas."

The council of Oxford University recommends that Greek cease to be a compulsory subject. It seems that Greek has been found to not have had as good an effect as other subjects in turning out oarsmen to lick Cambridge.

We are still fighting over whether a train should be given the masculine or feminine pronoun, but aviation trials have gone far enough to convince us that an airship is she.



New District Visitor.—"Can you tell me if this is—ah—Paradise Avenue?"
Rough.—"'Oneysuckle Grove this is. Paradise is through the harch where yer see them blokes fightin'!"—Punch