

LIMERICKS OF THE HOUR.

Poet Kipling, who also writes prose,
Once breathed a few words about snows.
But he found us so nice
That he said: "There's no ice
In the land where the maple tree grows."

There once was a bold Registrar
Whose speeches were read near and far.
He said: "If I choose,
I'll give you some news."
Said Whitney in haste: "Don't you dar!"

A Minister went for a moose
To the North where they roam about loose.
He took a big gun
And had lots of fun,
And Beattie may go to the doose.

J. G.

A SAFE PLACE.

During a certain battle the colonel of
an Irish regiment noticed that one of the
men was extremely devoted to him, and
followed him everywhere. At length he
remarked:

"Well, my man, you have stuck by me
well to-day."

"Yes, sorr," replied Pat. "Shure it was
me mother said to me, says she, 'Just you
stick to the colonel, Pat, me bhoy, and
you'll be all roight. Them colonels never
gets hurted.'"

DEPRAVITY OF INANIMATE THINGS.

Sometimes there are nights when the
blanket

Goes crooked, however you yank it,

Till you're forced to exclaim,

"Oh, bother and blame

This blankety, blankety blanket!"
—Windsor Record.

METAPHORICAL.

Hamilton Sport: "That Lusitania's a
great boat. Beaten all records."

Toronto Sport: "Yes—a kind of Long-
boat of the Atlantic."

Hamilton Sport goes to the Emergency
Hospital.

THRILLING.

First Citizen: "Are you going to hear
Mark Hambourg?"

Second Citizen: "No. I'm saving up for
Paderewski."

First Citizen: "Oh, I suppose you prefer
to make a dash for the Pole."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

There was a tall Russian named Muski—
Wumiskiliviskivitchuski.

You may say his name twice.

If you think it sounds nice,

But I bet it will make your voice husky.

FAME IN CERTAIN QUARTERS.

Edwin Markham was one of the guests
of honor at a reception given by a wealthy
New York woman. During a conversation
she said:

"My dear Mr. Markham, I've wanted for
years to meet you and tell you how I just
love that adorable picture of yours—the
one with the man hoeing, you know—and
he is taking off his cap, and that poor wife
of his—at least I suppose it's his wife—
bowing her head, and they both look so
tired, poor things! I have a copy of it
in my own den, and the children have

another in their playroom, and it's—it's—
simply exquisite!"

"The Angelus," I presume you mean?"
replied the poet gravely.

"Yes," doubtfully, "but we always call it
'The Hoe Man!'"

"I am glad you like it, madam," said Mr.
Markham. And he took an early oppor-
tunity of escaping from his sincere but
mistaken admirer.—Success Magazine.

A DESCRIPTION.

Seaside Hotel Guest: "How big was that
sea serpent, and what did he look like?"

Seaside Journalist (dreamily): "Oh, he
was about a column long and had a fierce
looking display head."—Illustrated Bits.

A GOOD MOVE.

"Out of a job?"

"Yes—and they put a woman in my
place."

"Gee! Well, I'll tell you—why don't you
marry the woman?"—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.



The Answer Unfortunate.

"What are these cigars called, Collins?"

"All sorts of things, sir!"—The Bystander.

HIS PRAYER.

A minister accepted a call to a new
church in a town where many of the mem-
bers bred horses and sometimes raced them.
A few weeks later he was asked to invite
the prayers of the congregation for Lucy
Grey. Willingly and gladly he did so for
three Sundays. On the fourth, one of the
deacons told the minister he need not do
it any more. "Why?" asked the good man,
with an anxious look, "is she dead?"

"Oh, no," said the deacon, "she's won
the steeplechase."—The Bellman.

EVERYTHING IN PROPORTION.

For many weeks the irritable merchant
had been riveted to his bed by typhoid
fever. Now he was convalescing. He
clamoured for something to eat, declaring
that he was starving.

"To-morrow you may have something
to eat," promised the doctor. The mer-
chant realised that there would be a re-
straint to his appetite; yet he saw, in vision,

a modest, steaming meal placed at his
bedside.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse
next day, as she gave the glowering patient
a spoonful of tapioca pudding, "and the
doctor emphasises that everything else you
do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later the nurse heard a fran-
tic call from the bed-chamber.

"Nurse," breathed the man, heavily, "I
want to do some reading; bring me a
postage stamp."—Harper's Weekly.

USED TO IT.

Mrs. Wickwire: "If you die first, you'll
wait for me on the other shore, won't you,
dear?"

Mr. Wickwire: "I suppose so. I never
went anywhere yet without having to wait
for you."

TROUBLE FOR THE EDITOR.

"I can't keep the visitors from coming
up," said the office boy, dejectedly. "When
I say you're out they don't believe me.
They say they must see you."

"Well," said the editor, "just tell them
that's what they all say. I don't care if
you cheek them, but I must have quiet-
ness."

That afternoon there called at the office
a lady with hard features and an acid ex-
pression. She wanted to see the editor,
and the boy assured her that it was im-
possible.

"But I must see him!" she protested.
"I'm his wife!"

"That's what they all say," replied the
boy.

That is why he found himself on the
floor, with the lady sitting on his neck and
smacking his head with a ruler, and that
is why there is a new boy wanted there.—
Answers.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BARRIE.

Miss Grace Lane, an English actress,
who achieved her first success as "Bab-
bie" in "The Little Minister," tells an inter-
esting story in M. A. P. of her introduc-
tion to the author of that charming novel
and play. One night at a Stoke Newington
theatre the manager told her that Mr. B—
was coming round to see her at the end
of the act. She did not catch the name, and
thought that a representative of the local
paper was seeking a chat with her. "Very
well," she answered, and gave the matter
no more thought. At the end of the act
she found the manager and a small, deli-
cate-looking man awaiting her; and with-
out stopping for an introduction, Miss
Lane started talking nineteen to the dozen,
that she might get the interview over and
take a little rest in her dressing-room be-
fore the next act.

"I hope you are enjoying the play," she
said, when she had finished giving the
astonished young man a long account of
her private history and her early profes-
sional career.

"Oh, yes," he answered.

"Don't you think it is a pretty play?"
she asked.

"Quite a pretty play," was the reply.

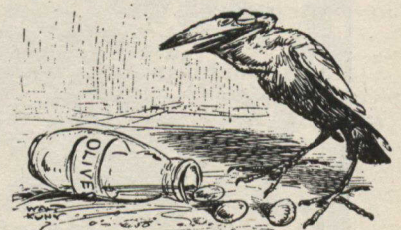
"Did you see it at the Haymarket?"

"Oh, yes, I saw quite a lot of it. You
see, I wrote it," said Mr. James Barrie.

HARD HIT.

Gwendolen Gush: "What glorious sun-
sets you have here!"

Tom Doughhead: "Yes; aw—especially in
the evenings."



"I wonder what queer Irish bird laid these
green eggs."—Life.