



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

HE was a well-groomed Toronto business-man. It was Saturday afternoon and he had arranged to take his wife to the matinee. He had sent the chauffeur up for her, and was to meet her at the west door at 2.10. He arrived early and decided to buy some bon-bons for her. Making his way to the stand in the rotunda, he made his wants known to the clerk who immediately handed him out a large, fancy box—price one dollar. When he explained that it was only his wife he was taking, the clerk smiled knowingly and immediately produced a small plain box—price ten cents. "That's more like it," he remarked, as he laid down the dime.

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MORE MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

THEY were talking in Ottawa about the complications which arise when a good Tory and a better Grit look so much alike that their followers cannot tell them apart. Hon. Robert Rogers and Senator "Bob" Watson were a case in point, as the *Demi-Tasse* has already remarked.

"Look at O. E. Talbot, for instance," said an Ottawa member. "Why, he looks so much like Sir Wilfrid that the office-seeking public made his life miserable and demanded 'jobs' wherever he appeared. So O. E. had his hair cut and has been more comfortable ever since. Bellechasse is not the only constituency that asks a 'little work for a poor relation.'"

"Sometimes," remarked a man from Western Ontario, "it is a bad thing for a man to get this resemblance idea into his head. There's William Blank, from the county next to mine. He was told so often that he looked like King Edward that he began to take pains with his clothes and his accent. At least, he took to wearing a silk hat on more occasions than funerals and Sundays and the constituency simply wouldn't stand for that. William is a good sort who has spent a lot of money in his own town, but they refused to elect a man who

cultivated a silk hat on week days. Now, if he hadn't been told of his resemblance to King Edward, he might be member for South Blankton to-day."

"George P. Graham hasn't any cinch either," said an Easterner. "You know, he looks so much like Donovan (whose front name is Albert Edward) that a bold, bad Tory tackled Graham the other day and gave him a plain unvarnished opinion of the present Ottawa administration, winding up with the remark—'and Graham is no better than the rest of them. take my word for it.'"

"That's all very well," said McMillan, a brother of Sir Daniel, "but not one of you has anything on me. I was taken for J. R. Stratton yesterday."

"That means you will be asked to subscribe five hundred dollars to the Peterborough Y. M. C. A., to say nothing of laying a corner-stone for the new Presbyterian Church," remarked an Ontario politician.

"It's bad enough for Stratton to look like a man from Winnipeg," said a sympathising man from Toronto, "but W. J. Hanna, his successor in office, had a more strange experience the other day at the ball game. He was taken for Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, and some of the boys were horribly disappointed when he made a few remarks which didn't belong to the Glory Song."

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THE STRANGE CASE OF PRESTON.

MR. W. T. R. PRESTON, once Liberal organiser in Canadian politics, supposed author of the famous telegram "Hug the Machine," god-father of the famous Atlantic Trading Company, which supplied Canada with some poor immigrants, passed by the roundabout route from London to Japan. Now, having got into trouble again, he is to go to Holland, and one wonders whether he will go by Australia or Canada. The betting is about two to one, that he will choose either the all-water route or that by the Mexican Railway.

They were discussing Mr. Preston the other day in the house and the Hon. George E. Foster asked, "What has Holland done?" We hope Holland will not take the remark to heart. Mr. Foster is a master of sarcasm. Canada is not really trying to punish Holland, that is only Bad-Boy Foster's insinuation. Hon. Mr. Fielding suggested that perhaps Mr. Preston had gone over to see the new Princess of Orange. If this was a serious remark, and Mr. Fielding is usually serious, it might be wise for some one to write Queen Wilhelmina and warn her. The Royal Family of Holland has had quite enough trouble in the past few years, so that Mr. W. T. R. Preston in his favourite role of trouble-maker is not really needed.

If Colonel Samuel Hughes, M.P., is elected Grand Master of the Orange Order at the next annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, he may be trusted to warn the custodians of the new Royal Infant.

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THE WRONG VERB.

A CITY publisher was talking of old times the other day when he was editor of a country paper, and said in reminiscence: "My saddest experience came from a mistake in reporting a country tea-meeting. I intended to say that the Methodist Choir furnished the music in its usual excellent style. To my horror the paper came out with the remark that the Methodist Choir 'punished' the music in its usual elegant style. You may imagine my troubles for the rest of the winter."

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THE GENTLE ROSIE.

MANY and weird are the questions asked in the "Inquirers' Column" of a daily paper. The most ingenuous of these recently appeared in the *Toronto News*:

"When working as a clerk, should your boss call you by your Christian name before you tell

him to? Isn't it his place to call you your Christian name before you tell him to? My boss always says Miss —, and I have been working for him nearly a year. I would sooner he would call me by my Christian name."

This precious epistle is signed "Rose Bud." Now, can't you just see Rose Bud and hear her gentle voice? It is dollars to fried cakes that she uses such orthography as "oblidge" and "yures trewly." We proffer our respectful sympathy to Rose Bud's "boss" and advise him to keep on calling her Miss — with only one dash.

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A DOUBTFUL REMARK.

A CERTAIN prominent Canadian judge went on a visit to a United States city and was entertained by certain members of the bench and bar at a little dinner. During the conversation, he asked one of the prominent state judges what salary was paid to the judiciary of the State.

"About four thousand," was the reply.

"Only four thousand dollars," said the Canadian. "But you can't get good men for that salary, can you?"

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ARM OF LAW TOO SHORT.

IN a certain Canadian city, a lady defending an action for a large sum of money which she felt she was not morally entitled to pay. When it looked as if the case would go against her, she sold all her real estate and put the proceeds, some \$15,000 or more, in her pocket-book—which in her case, as is the custom with some women, was her stocking. The judgment was given against her and because she would not pay nor tell where the money was, she was sent to jail for a year. Her counsel tried to get her released. The following conversation formed part of the proceedings:

"You admit," said the judge, "that this woman had property to the value of \$15,000?"

"Yes, Your Honour," said the counsel.

"And you admit that she sold the property and put the money in her stocking?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"And do you mean to tell me, that the arm of the law is not long enough to reach it?"

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Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide C.—*Life*.

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HOW IT OUGHT TO BE.

"**M**Y love," mentioned Mr. Sufferer-Gette. "I wonder—I wonder whether you would let me have the use of my latch-key this week."

"Latch-key?" bellowed his wife. "What the dickens do you want with a latch-key, my good man?"

"Well, my love," coughed Mr. Sufferer-Gette, "we are holding a series of fathers' foregatherings at the club this week, when we hope to do a little needlework on behalf of the poor. Miss Nancy has kindly consented to come and talk to us about her recent Farthest North trip, and"

"Great heavens!" roared the irate wife, banging her pipe upon the table to emphasise her words. "Don't you know your duty is at home? Besides, on Monday I've got to attend the Women's Emancipation League; Tuesday, the Sisters of Charity meeting; Wednesday, the local policewomen's concert; Thursday, the Daughters of Toil lecture; Friday, the Women's Science Research class; and on Saturday our football club's smoker. Now, don't you forget—your duty is at home!"—*Wasp*.



"Shorry ol' man; moneysh all gone; but, shay, if y' know anything 'bout burgling I wish ye'd come an' get me into my housh 'thout wakin' m' wife"—*Life*.