



## A FALSE ALARM.

A TORONTO youngster whose Sunday-School teacher had persuaded him to pray every night for license reduction was greatly interested in the voting on New Year's Day. The first report, as received over the telephone, was that license reduction had been defeated. "O Daddie!" said the small boy mournfully, "I've wasted my prayers for the last week!"

## A CAROL AND A COCKNEY.

DURING last month, when the children of the land were busy preparing Christmas choruses for the glad festival, there was a small girl who became especially fond of a hymn opening "Noel! Noel! Christ is born in Bethlehem." She went about the house singing this verse with a clearness of enunciation which did credit to her instructor.

One of the servants in the household, a recent importation from "England's Unemployable," looked disapprovingly on the juvenile singer, as "Noel" resounded through the kitchen. Finally, the former could endure the strain no longer and remarked with emphasis:

"Of course, I know things 'as changed in these days but it do seem something hawful fer a child to be singing 'No-'El' around the house."

## NAMING THE PICTURE.

THE artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home'?" she said, after a long look.

"Home? Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.—*Glasgow Times*.

## HOW SHE GOT THEM.

IN the volume of Lear's Letters, recently published, there are several delightful anecdotes about this artist whose famous "Book of Nonsense" is likely to live longer than more pretentious attempts at humour. At one time, Lear gave lessons in draw-



Winter Fashions, (1908-9)—Punch.

ing to Queen Victoria, who found her teacher decidedly unconventional. One day, the Queen was personally taking Lear about, showing him some of the priceless art treasures preserved in the royal cabinets. Carried away by the surpassing beauty and number of these treasures, Lear impulsively exclaimed: "Oh! how did you get all these beautiful things?"

He afterwards told that the Queen, in a kindly but impressive manner, replied: "I inherited them, Mr. Lear."

## A SONG OF THE SEASON.

Jack Frost is King, the winter breeze  
Is blowing chill o'er hills and leas,  
And whirling flakes form fairy frieze  
On hillside, roof and grating.  
Though Mother Earth is sleeping sound,  
And Nature, cold, is all ice-bound,  
Though heaps of snow lie all around,  
Yet Phyllis will go skating.

Soon do we reach our goal, the rink,  
And, as I lace her shoes, I think  
How pretty are her cheeks so pink—  
Her smile so fascinating.  
Now, round and round and hand in hand,  
We go in rhythm with the band,  
Thinking that 'tis through fairyland  
With Phyllis I am skating.

The last waltz being played, I fear  
An end of all this bliss is near  
And now I sadly sigh "Oh, dear!"  
I'm far from satiated.

Returning home, her arm in mine,  
I tell her that she's just divine,  
To steal a kiss I fondly pine,  
Since o'er my heart she's skated.

S. RUPERT BROADFOOT.

Guelph, Ontario.

## NEEDING LICENSE REDUCTION.

SAID Luschman: "I'm troubled a great deal with headaches in the morning. Perhaps it's my eyes. Do you think I need stronger glasses?"

"No," replied Dr. Wise meaningly, "what you need is not stronger glasses, but fewer."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

## A DIFFERENCE.

"I don't know much about the politics of this country," remarked the visiting Englishman, "but I have read of your politicians. In Ontario, Sir James Whitney belongs to the Conservative party, I believe."

"No, sir," replied the Toronto Tory promptly, "the Conservative party belongs to Sir James Whitney."—Adapted from *Chicago Tribune*.

## GOOD ADVICE.

"What would you say," said the prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?"

"I would say," replied the patient man, "go thou and do likewise."

## A FEARSOME TRUMPET.

LAST summer the congregation of a little kirk in the Highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an old English lady who made use of an ear trumpet during the sermon, such an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple parts. There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the elders, who had great local reputation as a man of parts, should be deputed to settle the question. On the next Sabbath the unconscious offender again made her appearance and again produced the trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat, and, warning her with an

upraised finger, said sternly: "The first toot—ye're oot!"

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A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who met two nice girls who were constantly together. Now, he was an astute young man, and he desired to say something pretty and agreeable to the ladies, but he knew that if he paid a compliment to one of them, no matter which, the other would be hurt.

So he thought rapidly for a moment, and then he said:

"Ah, I know why you two girls are always together."

"Why?" asked the two girls.

"Because everybody says that a handsome girl always chooses a homely one as a companion, so that her beauty may be enhanced by the contrast."

After such a remark, either both girls would be angry with him or delighted.

And what do you think happened?

The two girls blushed and said he was a flatterer and went their way together, each happy for herself and sorry for the other.—*Life*.

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Fine set of china, consisting of over one hundred and fifty pieces—cheap—*Life*.

## A PREFERRED CREDITOR.

A MERCHANT who recently failed called all his creditors together and offered to settle with them at 10 per cent., giving them his notes payable in thirty days.

As most of the creditors had little hope of getting anything, they eagerly accepted the proposition. One man, however, stood out for better terms, and all efforts to get him to agree were futile. Finally the bankrupt took him out into the hall, and said:

"When you come in and sign with the others, I will make you a preferred creditor."

"All right," said the objector. "Under those circumstances, I agree to a settlement."

The papers were signed, and all the creditors left, except the one who had been told he was to be preferred.

"What are you waiting for?" said the man who had failed.

"Why, you said I was to be preferred. I am waiting to know what I am to get."

"Well, I tell you—you will get nothing."

"Get nothing? Why, you promised to make me a preferred creditor if I would sign with the rest."

"And so you are; I make you preferred. I tell you now you get nothing. The others wait thirty days before they know it, and then they get nothing."—*Current Literature*.