



Ditto, ditto, as it generally appeared upon the bill-boards.
MORAL.—Advertise only in the newspapers.

in the interests of science, he would undertake to make for himself a straight road through the woods while his companion went by the beaten track; so that they could calculate the difference in the time it took them.

The wolf started off and was soon lost to sight. When Red Riding Hood reached her Granny's house and knocked at the door, she heard a voice from within say, "Just press the button, and the door will open." She did so, and when she entered, she found the room all topsy-turvy, while the figure on the bed did not look quite like her Grandmother.

"O, what has become of my Grandmama?" she cried, "She was such a tender, good old lady."

"She was, indeed she was—very good. But, as to being tender,—well, that, of course, is a matter of opinion," said the occupant of the bed, then after a short pause, during which he had swallowed a large dose of "Anti Bilious," he continued, "yes, I admire her very much. In fact I consider her quite 'out of sight.'"

"Surely I am in the wrong house," cried the girl, "O, where am I?"

"I can tell you where you will be pretty soon," said the gruff voice.

"Where?" said Red Riding Hood.

"In the soup," said the wolf, with a hoarse chuckle, as he jumped from the bed and tried to catch the girl.

But help was at hand, for just then the door was burst open, and an agent for a patent washing machine rushed in and rescued her by killing the wolf. He also took this opportunity to explain to Red Riding Hood, that if her mother had had one of his washing machines, her Granny might have been alive then, for when people had a patent washing machine they grew so fond of working it that they never had any desire to leave home; consequently Red Riding Hood would not have met the wolf and the wolf would not have eaten the old lady. He so impressed the joys of housekeeping when a patent washing machine was used, upon Red Riding Hood, that she consented to help him set up an ideal home as soon as he could save money

enough to pay the first installment on the labor saving device.

So the wolf was instrumental in getting Red Riding Hood a husband; and he also enabled her to decide in the negative, a question which had worried her for some time, viz.—Can education totally erase the natural instincts?

Valance Berryman.

"SOMETHING WRONG."

"THIS thing is gathering like the whirlwind. It is very similar to the French revolution. It is a terrible thing, and it makes me sad to find that there were 1,600 respectable well-meaning men reduced to such desperate straits in this country. We expect these things in the old countries, but it is no part of the program of a republic. It makes us feel that there is something wrong with the government."

So writes a thoughtful observer of the state of things at Washington. There *is* something wrong, good sir. There's too much of the United States fenced in, and the people outside the fence are not willing to starve quietly and uncomplainingly. That's what's the matter.

THEIR PUN-ISHMENT.

AS an excuse for the absentee M. P's. on the occasion of the debate on the Prohibition motion, the *Montreal Star* says: "The House has grown weary of the perennial self-same story." "Grown weary indeed!" echoes the *Templar*, "if the people do their duty these tired representatives will be shortly re-fired!" Good joke—well spoke!

THE recent changes in the Mowat Cabinet have the Harty approval of the Catholic electorate, and the path of the Government in the forthcoming election is more Cleary than it was, so to speak.

WHAT GOES ON AT OTTAWA.

OLD HUNDRED, Deputy Head of the Bread and Butter Department (*meeting one of his subs first thing in the morning*)—"Mornin', Mr. Dooxy. You look strangely oppressed—been attending the tariff debate; or is it a case of too many afternoon teas, eh?"

DOOXY (*quite delapidated*)—"No, Sir! Spent the evening reading Bourinot on the Rise and Fall of the Canadian Intellect!" Exit O. H. dumb-founded.

"Light of my life!" the young man cried,
A courting of his lass;
"If that's the case," the maid replied,
"Let us turn down the gas."



NOTE FROM THE "SOCIETY" ISLANDS.

"THE distinguished explorer was received with great fervor and enthusiastically toasted."