



THE HONKERS.

THE "CANADIAN COURIER" has a honking cover this week which pictures the flight of the wild geese as the cold days and long nights come upon us. In the latest issue of "Lippincott's Magazine," that delightful writer of light verse, Minna Irving, has a two-stanza poem on honkers, ancient and modern, which gives more than one version of the flight.

When all the woods are red and gold,
And corn is shocked and dry,
I see the wild geese overhead
Go speeding down the sky.
Their mighty pinions cleave the air,
To southern marshes bound,
And through the gray and drifting clouds
Their ringing trumpets sound,
Honk, honk!

Between the meadows bare and brown,
And waiting for the snow,
The autoist is speeding fast
His scarlet car below,
And like an echo loud and far
Across the frosty morn,
I hear upon the whistling wind
His wild and warning horn—
Honk, honk!

THE PRACTICAL LOVER.

As prices continue to rise, the young man who once sent roses, violets and bonbons comes to the conclusion that his sweet-heart requires more convincing proof of his affection and muses thus:

Oh, Laura is a lovely girl,
My fairest favourite cousin!
I think I'd better send to her
Of eggs a precious dozen.

My love for dainty Muriel
Is more than I can utter;
I really must bestow on her
A pound of dairy butter.

My feelings for Alicia
In gifts must find relief.
I'll send to her next Saturday
A five-pound roast of beef.

—J. G.

WHY?

Why is it folks sit this way in
The car we miss,
While in the car we catch at last
We're jammed like this.

—Town Topics.

IRISH LOGIC.

In a Glasgow car was an aged Irishman, who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke, but he paid no heed. Presently the guard came into the car, and said, with a show of irritation:

"Didn't I tell you you couldn't smoke in this car?"

"Well, Oi'm not smoking."

"You've got a pipe in your mouth."

So Oi have me feet in me boots," said Pat, "but Oi'm not walking."

IN SOCIETY.

The negro barber on a limited train running from an eastern city to Chicago was once shaving a man whom he recognised as a well-known merchant of Albany. The barber worked with especial skill and was rewarded with a substantial fee.

When the barber was telling the other

employees on the train of his good luck, he announced pompously:

"He's shore a mighty fine genulman, dat Mr. Smith; jes' as nice a man as you'd want'er meet. I's often been in his sto' in Albany, but dis is de fust time I's ever met him socially."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE LIMIT.

Canada's Supreme Court has fixed a maximum of three hours for counsel's addresses, which decree has recalled some tales of overlong speeches. The story is told of a counsel who pressed his argument for a long time with frequent repetition.

"Mr. —," said the judge, "you have said that before."

"Have I, my lord?" replied counsel, apologetically, "I am very sorry; I forgot it."

"Don't apologise," was the judicial response; "it was so very long ago."

An American lawyer, who seemed unable to arrive at the end of a prolonged speech, at last ventured to express a fear that he was taking up too much time.

"Oh, never mind time," observed the judge, "but for goodness' sake, do not trench upon eternity."—Buffalo Commercial.



The Proposal.—N.Y. Life.

TRAGEDY.

Suddenly the man fell to the sidewalk writhing in agony and foaming at the mouth.

"Take them away! Take them away!" he gasped, as he clutched at his throat and made effort to rise. The crowd looked on with horror.

Suddenly the sharp clang of a patrol wagon was heard close at hand. In a few minutes two burly patrolmen had placed the man in the wagon and taken him away.

"Delirium tremens?" asked a bystander. "No," replied another. "He has been looking at some ladies' new fall hats in a millinery window."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE POOR SERVICE.

Mrs. Ray-Shershay had just returned from a visit to the foreign cruiser that lay at anchor in the harbour of the great American city.

"We had a fine time," she said. "They showed us all over the ship and paid us

every attention. We didn't know they had arranged an elegant luncheon for us, and we were agreeably surprised, of course, when the captain invited us into the dining-saloon and seated us at a long table spread with everything that could tempt the appetite. I tell you, Mrs. Upsome, we enjoyed that luncheon. We didn't have to hurry through it, either, and we were waited on with the utmost politeness and cordiality."

"The service was first-class, was it?" interrupted Mrs. Upsome.

"The service?" said Mrs. Ray-Shershay, lowering her voice. "No; that was nearly all imitation. I give you my word there was hardly a thing worth carrying away as a souvenir. All I grabbed was this little pickle-fork, and I do believe it's nothing but plated ware!"—Chicago Tribune.

VEGETARIANS.

"I am thinking of becoming a vegetarian."

"Which kind?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Are there two kinds?"

"Yes; those who don't like meat and those who can't afford it."—Washington Star.

A WISE TRUSTEE.

A member of the school board of Cleveland, Ohio, was once addressing a class in the poorer quarter of the city, when he touched upon the beauties of friendship. "Friendship, boys and girls," said he, "is a thing to be cultivated and practised by all of us. Read and ponder the stories of the great friendships of sacred and profane history. Take them for your models — David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, and Scylla and Charybdis."

DIDN'T OWN IT.

"I have come all the way out here," said the tenderfoot, "to see your beautiful sunset."

"Somebody's been stringin' you, stranger," replied Arizona Al. "It ain't mine." — Record-Herald.

THE WRONG BOX.

The Edmonton firemen are complaining about people sending in alarms from the new boxes by trying to post letters in them. A young fellow was noticed the other day gazing lovingly at a letter as he stood on the street corner. After fondling it for a moment, he went up to a fire alarm box and tried to get it inside. A passer-by, who had been watching him, however, intervened: "I know your heart's on fire," he observed, "but I think you had better use the box at the next corner."—Edmonton News.



Vicar's Wife. "No. The vicar is not in just now. Is there any message you would like me to give him when he returns?"

Old Woman (cheerfully). "Please, mum, Martha Higgins would like to be buried at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."—Punch.