

BORDEN'S OPPORTUNITY.

A SMALL BOY recently visited the Capital with his father, and, as the latter was absorbed in political affairs, he had few opportunities of telling the youngster much about the various "attractions" of the Parliament Buildings. The boy was especially interested in Colonel Sherwood's force of well-set-up men, and asked who the "soldiers" were.

"They're special policemen," replied the busy father. "They're to protect the Government."

About half an hour afterwards the two passed a member of the force who was busy recording notes in a small official book, and who paid no attention to the passers-by.

"Look at him, Daddie!" said the small citizen, in great excitement. "He's not watching out at all. Why, Borden might slip past without his knowing a thing about it."

DISTINCTION.

Josiah Quincy, the prominent Boston politician, was walking near the City Hall, when he heard an Irish labourer accost another thus:

"An' who's Josiah Quincy?"

"I never see such ignorance," rejoined the first. "He's the grandson of the statue you see in the yard."

AN UNMISTAKABLE REFERENCE.

THE recent limelight performances of the Emperor of Germany recalled to a Canadian raconteur a story about an English tourist who was said to have indulged in violent language in Berlin during the summer of 1896. This was not very long after the famous Kaiser's message to Kruger. The Englishman had gone so far as to call the worthy Emperor a fool of emphatic order, when an officer of the law interfered with a charge of lese-majeste.

"How do you know," enquired the protesting Englishman, "that I was talking about Kaiser Wilhelm? I might have been referring to Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria."

"But, no," replied the official, solemnly. "There's only one damn-fool Emperor."

WHEN HARRY LAUDER "BOUGHT."

WHEN Harry Lauder was in Toronto last week all good Scotchmen were happy. The story is told about a crowd of English actors who gave an informal and impromptu wine party at the Hotel Astor, New York. One after another had purchased champagne, until none was left to do the honours but Harry Lauder. Mr. Lauder heaved a sigh. The sigh was ineffective, and he heaved another. Sorrowfully he spoke. "Well, boys," he said, "it's my turn to stand treat, and I'm going to do it. Come along with me. I've got a bottle of fine old Scotch upstairs in my room that I brought over with me." And he kept his word.

HIS BRIGHT IDEA.

Bridegroom (in church): "Good heavens! I've forgotten the minister's fee."

Best Man: "That's all right. We'll send the ushers around with the collection boxes."—Boston Transcript.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

TWO Toronto men, discussing Scottish wit, after Harry Lauder's scintillations, decided that "Caledonia," stern and mild, has contributed generously to the gaiety of nations.

"They'll even descend to puns," said the younger. "I remember hearing two Presbyterian ministers in Scotland talking about a young theological student whose widowed mother had economised in every way, in order that he might attend the university. She had made a good sum out of her poultry. So

one of the parsons said, with a twinkle in his eyes: 'I suppose one might call that *hen-courage*?' 'No,' replied the other, 'I'd call it egging him on to the ministry!'"

AN EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT.

FROM a serious-minded jester the editor received this note, together with a consignment of humour that was heavy enough to go by freight: Dear Sir:

I read all these jokes to my wife, and she laughed heartily. Now, I have it on good authority that when a man's wife will laugh at his jokes they are found to be very good—or she is.

Yours, etc.

The editor slipped them into the return envelope with the letter, after writing on the margin: "She is."—Lippincott's.

A TACTFUL ATTENDANT.

TOMPKINS had suffered terribly, and at one time it appeared that his illness might have a fatal termination. But skilful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully, and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkins' one ray of sunshine during his weary hours, and he fell desperately in love with her.

"Nurse Edith," he said one day, "will you be my wife when I recover?"

"Certainly!" replied the consoler of suffering humanity.

"Then my hopes are realised. You do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins.

The pretty nurse stammered. "Oh, no," she said; "that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both his legs."—The Argonaut.

WANTED ONE CHEAP.

"Yes," said the old man, addressing the young visitor, "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have

made a little money, they will not go to their husbands penniless. There's Mary, twenty-five years old, and a real good girl. I shall give her five thousand dollars when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again, and I shall give her ten thousand dollars! and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have fifteen thousand dollars with her."

The young man reflected a moment on so, and then enquired:

"You haven't one about fifty, have you?"

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A STARTLING QUERY.

The director of the Zoological Gardens was on his vacation. He received a note from his chief assistant, which closed thus: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until your return?"

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A STRONG EXCUSE.

A KIND-HEARTED clergyman asked a convict how he came to be in jail. The fellow said, with tears in his eyes, that he was coming home from prayer-meeting, and sat down to rest, fell asleep, and while he was asleep there the county built a jail around him, and when he awoke the jailer wouldn't let him out.—Short Stories.

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PEACE.

The Czar: "I will build two big battleships."

John Bull: "I will build four."

The Czar: "I will build eight."

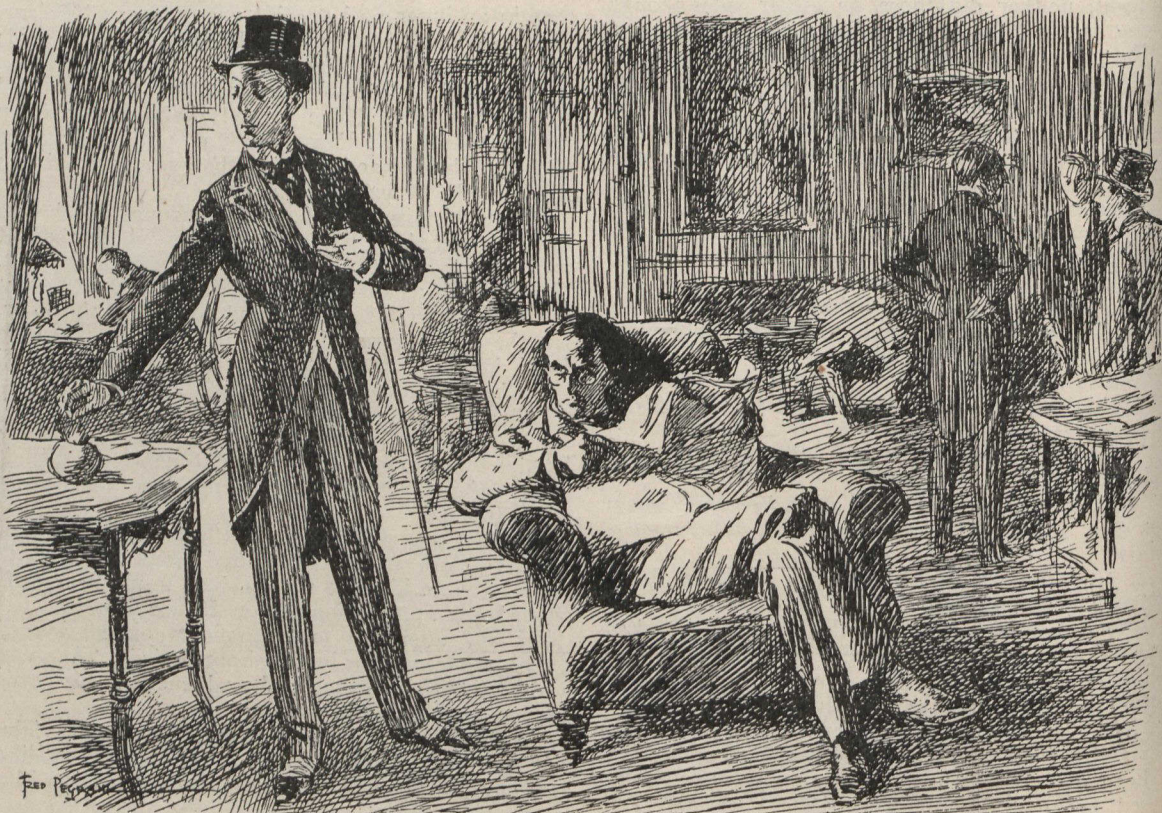
John Bull: "I will build sixteen."

"The Czar: "Let us have peace."—Hamilton Spectator.

Telephone Talk

WHEN one is worried by "Central's" failure to respond it would be well to remember what French civic authorities have just announced.

According to this latest bit of telephone philosophy, "Paris authorities have discovered that the telephone system of the city is largely controlled by the nervous system of the telephone girls. The majority of these girls live alone and neglect their proper meals, and in consequence subscribers suffer from the telephone girls' nerves more than is necessary. The telephone officials, to remedy this condition of affairs, have organised canteens to provide their girls with luncheon and dinner at twelve and fourteen cents a meal, consisting of roast beef and mutton, and plenty of sweets. The authorities have drawn the line at caramels, which says the official circular, 'tend to disorganise the service.' Subscribers' complaints, it is stated, have diminished 30 per cent. since the innovation."



Augustus.—"Hallo, old man, how are you, and how are your people, and all that sort of silly rot?"—Punch.