

The Serap Bag.

Why is it that stage villains always wear Prince Albert coats, and in their gentlemanly wickedness speak like a person in his pulpit? It is one of these traditions that invade every melodrama since the beginning of time, and probably will till Gabriel sounds his horn.

"If at first you don't succeed—you know the rest."

First Boy—I bet Mr. DeBroker feels cheap. Second Boy—Why? First Boy—Last week he paid \$200 for a dog and today a \$2 dog licked him.

Rumor comes that Lady Randolph Churchill, who is only a six-months' widow, has been distracting the visitors at Aix-les-Bains with her "punting" by night and her bicycle riding during the day. But may not "relucts" be amused? Must the handsome wives of the departed retire to a nunnery because the world is such a small place somebody is sure to find them without appropriately red eyes, and, perhaps, red nose? If Lady Randolph seeks consolation in bright society and any excitement in riding a wheel, for heaven's sake let her. She had a distinguished husband, as we all know, but she also paid for the distinction, if report saith true.

There is no especial season for the European war cloud to hover. Like the year, it is always with Europe.

And so she's married? Well, well, well! If you know, old man, that I once fell a victim to her hazel eyes? And thought the sweetest of all lies Would be her hand, in marriage.

Light? As good as usual.

It's a year Ago that I—Old man, look here. Don't laugh!—You know as well as I That nowadays a year is nigh As long as yesterday's decade.

But let that pass. 'Twas, as I said, A year ago, I thought this girl In all the world the fairest pearl. I swore her "No" 'd not my life waste! At last I spoke. A sweet smile chased A dimple to her fair, and so She shook her head and said "Dear, No!"

Well, for an hour I thought I'd die; For got to eat, went back on "rye." Next day—Oh, well, why weary you? Today she's married—I am too.

—Vogue.

"No, sir," said the gentleman from Kentucky. "Out our way, sir, we never tell a man what to do for a bad cold."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. If a gentleman in Kentucky, sir, has a cold and doesn't know what to do for it, sir, it shows at once that he is an alien, and not entitled to our neighborly office, sir."—Washington Star.

There never was a mask so gay but some tears were shed behind it.

"Another \$5?" shrieked Mr. Stingy-man at the breakfast table, "and it's less than a week since I gave you the last \$5. You must think I'm made of money, Mrs. Stingy-man."

"I bought a new pair of shoes for Willie," said his wife meekly.

"Yes, that leaves \$3.75. The shoes were only \$1.25."

"There's 25 cents for a shirt for Charles and 10 cents for a sponge and 15 cents for car tickets, and—"

"But that leaves \$3 unaccounted for, Mrs. Stingy-man."

"I paid a bill at the drug store."

"Maria Stingy-man! There hasn't been a drop of medicine used in this house for a year."

"I know it. I didn't spend it for medicine."

"Oh, I suppose you've been squandering money for perfume or face powder and other dyes."

"No, Mr. Stingy-man. I paid \$3 for the last box of cigars you had charged there. The druggist said—"

"I don't care what the druggist said. I'd like to eat my breakfast and get down to the office some time today."

And, handing his wife the money she had asked for, Mr. Stingy-man departed, wishing he had let well enough alone.—The Queen.

"Dolly's Mansion" is the title of an ingenious toy book which Messrs. Jarrold & Sons have just published at one shilling. It is not only a toy book, but may be turned into an actual house with walls and roof, in which dolly may reside, rent free, and with no taxes to pay.

The mention of a woodpile to a tramp does not strike a popular "cord."

Army surgeons say that the expression of the faces of soldiers killed in battle reveals the causes of death. Those who have perished from sword wounds have a look of repose, while there is an expression of pain on the countenance of those slain by bullets.

Misses—A caller? It is a lady or a gentleman?

Servant—I don't know, mum; if it has the voice of a lady and the clothes of a gentleman.—Puck.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

Good intentions are, at least, the seed of good actions.

BREAKFAST—Apples, Cracked Wheat, Steamed Oysters, Stuffed Potatoes, Biscuit, Stewed Apples, Coffee.

DINNER—Mock Biskette, Lobster, Caviar, Tomato Sauce, Celery, Mashed Potatoes, Baked Corn, White and Graham Bread, Peach, Cottage Pudding, Popcorn Balls.

SUPPER—Sliced Tongue, Omelette, Bread and Butter, Stewed Peas, Cake, Cocoa.

POPCORN BALLS.

Boil one cup white sugar; half cup of water; one tablespoon of oil; cook until ready to candy.

Pour over two quarts popped corn; mix well; shape into balls.

Mr. Tarte in Ontario.

He Tells Why He Left the Conservative Party.

Unsuccessful Struggle to Get His Leaders to Punish Millionaire Thieves.

And His Final Exposure of the Gang After Five Months Investigation.

The Right and the Wrong Way to Settle the Manitoba School Question.

At the Sydenham, Addington, open-air demonstration in honor of Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, on Friday last, Mr. Tarte, M.P., made his first speech in Ontario. He was very warmly received. He said: You were kind enough to invite me to this meeting. I am, indeed, very thankful to you. In the parish where I was born 45 years ago there was no school question. The French language was the only one taught, and that is the reason why I feel so timorous at addressing such a meeting as this. The Manitoba school question will have at least the advantage of forcing upon public opinion the necessity of learning both languages where the law indorses them. (Hear, hear.) Four years ago I was an honest man—(laughter)—I was a brilliant speaker, an able writer and a very good fellow indeed. Today all these good qualities have vanished from me. I am a bad man, a dishonest man, a dishonest man and a bigoted man. So my friends of the Tory press say, but they did not say the same thing in the past. Four years ago I was one of their leaders. Again I ask, what crime did I commit? I will tell you in a few words. You will excuse, of course, my imperfect knowledge of the English language. You will not forget when I was 37 years old I could not speak one solitary word of English. You are all honest men here. If you discover tomorrow that in your neighbor's house there are thieves who are robbing him, you would be just as dishonest as the thieves themselves if you did not point them out. In the year 1891, as I told you, I was one of the leaders of the Conservative party in Quebec. (A voice—Well done.) There was that had quarreled between themselves came to me one good morning. They came to me bringing with them papers. It was a Sunday. I will remember the day all my lifetime. They came to my place with a bundle of papers on a Sunday morning. I read them. I say again I was a good loyal Conservative. I said to them: "Now, gentlemen, we will keep quiet. Let us keep quiet. I will be your own leaders and I will get redress."

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STOLEN ONE MILLION DOLLARS. It was a grave accusation. I was immediately arrested for criminal libel, and, at the same time, I was sued before the civil courts for \$50,000 damages. I was in a very difficult position. I knew that I had to deal with wealthy men, with men who had amassed wealth out of the public exchequer. I consulted the very best lawyer that I could get. I went to my friend, Mr. Casgrain, the Attorney-General in Quebec, and he advised me to choose one of my lawyers my friend, Mr. Laurier. I retained both these lawyers and we went to court. When Mr. Laurier had read my papers he said to me: "Well, Tarte, you have discovered a nest of thieves; there is no doubt about that. But I warn you, my friend, if you go to take care of yourself you may go to jail some of these fine gentlemen." (Great laughter.) Well, I found that out. I was not very long in discovering that he was right, and gentlemen, we went before the courts, but before the courts, as anywhere else, I am much afraid it is very easy to see that the big fish eats the small fry. (Laughter.) I felt that I was not safe before the courts, and I made up my mind that instead of going to that jail where the health of Mr. McGreevy and Mr. Connelly suffered, I made up my mind to go before the electors and to Parliament. The general elections came on, and I was elected to Parliament. You know what I did. I did not accuse Thomas McGreevy, Sir Hector Langevin and all of those men and then keep still. I brought the accusations before the House, and I looked at those men face to face, and I said: "YOU ARE A PACK OF THIEVES."

My wife, who knows something about me—(loud laughter)—says that I am not changed at all, but that I am the same fellow that I was in the past days. (Renewed laughter.) Again I ask, what crime did I commit? I will tell you in a few words. You will excuse, of course, my imperfect knowledge of the English language. You will not forget when I was 37 years old I could not speak one solitary word of English. You are all honest men here. If you discover tomorrow that in your neighbor's house there are thieves who are robbing him, you would be just as dishonest as the thieves themselves if you did not point them out. In the year 1891, as I told you, I was one of the leaders of the Conservative party in Quebec. (A voice—Well done.) There was that had quarreled between themselves came to me one good morning. They came to me bringing with them papers. It was a Sunday. I will remember the day all my lifetime. They came to my place with a bundle of papers on a Sunday morning. I read them. I say again I was a good loyal Conservative. I said to them: "Now, gentlemen, we will keep quiet. Let us keep quiet. I will be your own leaders and I will get redress."

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I must get rid of you. I have come here to state plain facts. What happened? You know right well that the inquiry went into a dead end. At the end of that inquiry, Sir John Thompson himself, who was then the leader of the House, signed a report in which it was stated that \$500,000 had been stolen from the public treasury.

Ladies and gentlemen, and my Conservative friends, did I commit a great crime in putting a stop to these inquiries? Well, I discovered that I had the guilty parties punished. When I say punished, I am afraid I do not use the proper word. When a poor fellow forgets himself and steals a cord of wood, or a pair of rubbers, or a croquet, he is sent to the penitentiary for seven years. We have in our eight people who have stolen a million dollars, and their health was so poor that they could not be kept in jail more than two months. What was the consequence of that? It was this: There are dishonest men in the world, we know that. Some people in Montreal say: "If, for having stolen a million dollars, a man is sent to jail for two months in jail, we would not be hanged if we stole a quarter of a million of dollars." They went right on, and the guilty parties, namely, Nick and Mike and Uncle Tom, got only two months in jail, we would not be hanged if we stole a quarter of a million of dollars. They went right on, and the guilty parties, namely, Nick and Mike and Uncle Tom, got only two months in jail, we would not be hanged if we stole a quarter of a million of dollars.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

You will expect me, I suppose, to say a few words upon the Manitoba school question. They say I am a bigoted man. I will tell you, however, I can tell you I am a plain Canadian, a loyal Canadian, a French-Canadian, and a Roman Catholic. (Hear, hear.) That is just what I am. On the Manitoba school question I took a very firm stand, and it is as follows: I claim that the French-Canadians have the same rights as you have. Is that fair or not? (Hear, hear.) In this land of Canada we are on the same footing. I claim that my fellow-countrymen are on the same footing as you are; my blood is just as good as your blood, I am sure of that. In Manitoba there was a system of separate schools; in Quebec there was a system of separate schools. Your English fellow-countrymen have the entire control of their schools; my countrymen have the entire control of their schools. Everyone is to have a school of his own. I claim that we have nothing to improve in Quebec. We have

VASTLY IMPROVED IN QUEBEC, and we are improving there every day. What I am here to say is this: That I won't allow you or anybody else to come to me, to take me by the throat, and to tell me you will do this and that for me. I claim that my countrymen in Manitoba have been taken by the throat in the very same way, and it was not fair. But bygone are bygone. I have not the time to go into the details of the matter. I want to address myself to the position as we find it today. The Government have bungled from beginning to end. They went to Quebec, and they said to the Roman Catholic clergy: "Give us your support, and we will re-establish the separate schools in Manitoba." They came to this great Province, and they said quietly to their friends: "Don't be afraid, we won't do anything." What did they do? Vercheres? You all heard of the election in Vercheres. I made the fight in that county, and we gained the battle there. Our opponents could not fight the men who were chosen to go to two of the bishops. They deceived them in the most shameful way, and they said: "My