



THE MAN FROM MARKDALE.

MR. I. B. LUCAS, who was recently included in the Ontario Cabinet, is deservedly one of the most popular members on the Government side of the Legislature. In the old days, when Sir James Whitney was merely Mr. J. P. Whitney, leader of a fighting Opposition, Mr. Lucas could always be depended upon to lend strenuous support to debate, although his natural urbanity of temper prevented his speeches from degenerating into party diatribe. On his first appearance, his extremely youthful and fair countenance misled entirely the policeman who guarded the entrance to the Assembly Chamber and the stalwart worthy immediately protested.

"This is no place for boys," he remarked with scorn. "The likes of you had better try to get a ticket to the Speakers' Gallery."

"But I'm the member—from Centre Grey," expostulated the cherubic legislator.

"That's a good one," continued the valiant guardian of the portals, "you look mighty like a member, I must say. It'll be many a year before Grey or any other county sends you down to Toronto as member. Now, get along to the Gallery!"

At this interesting juncture, Mr. J. W. St. John, in portly impressiveness, appeared on the scene. Now, the late member for West York dearly loved a joke and when he learned of the cause of the stoppage of traffic he solemnly assured the policeman that he did his duty in keeping "boys" off the floor of the House, and seriously advised the new member to betake himself to the ranks of spectators. Finally, a more helpful friend appeared on the scene and succeeded in convincing the horrified policeman that the fair-haired youth was none other than Mr. I. B. Lucas himself and a valuable acquisition to the Conservative ranks.

In later days, Mr. St. John and the Centre Grey representative became close friends with adjoining desks. After Mr. Whitney swept the province in a blinding snowstorm of 1905, Mr. St. John became Speaker and Mr. Lucas acted as Deputy, the change in the occupant of that office being marked by all, when Mr. Lucas' slight, boyish figure would, for a half-hour or so, take the place of Mr. St. John's tall, portly form in the "throne" of the presiding member.

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AN INDEFINITE NOUN.

THE Quinquennial Congress which assembles in Toronto brings together women of representative talent and influence from over a score of countries. One feature of the opening meeting is an address from each country, delivered by its chief delegate. It is unlikely that an experience of some years ago will be repeated this week on that occasion. The most imposing delegate from the United States had given a glowing address, concluding with the sentiment, uttered in fervent tones, "America greets you."

An alert little woman from London, Ontario, arose promptly to the occasion and said in incisive tones: "I should like to ask the latest speaker in what sense she uses that word? Does she speak for Canada, for Mexico, for Brazil, for Honduras, for the Argentine Republic and for Patagonia?" There was an awed silence, and the delegate from Ontario continued: "She speaks for the United States alone and utters the greetings from that country. America is quite a different matter—a continent, in fact." After this cheerful little comment, the greetings languished for about five minutes.

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A VERA EXPENSIVE FRIEND.

THERE is one indignant man in the circle of Mr. Thomas Blank's friends. He explained himself thus to a sympathising circle the other evening:

"I tell you, I have no use for Blank. He's the only man in Toronto whom I don't want to meet. Three years ago, as you may remember, his first

wife died. Well, Jimmie Blake and I, as Blank's best friends, went to the funeral and did our best for the poor bereaved husband. If you'll believe me, he made such a fuss that we had to help him into the hack and take care of him all the way home. When my sister smiled and said he'd soon get over it, I thought she was simply brutal. Within a year Blank was married again, and Sister Mary said, 'I told you so.' I sent the bride a fish set and thought Blank was a fool. Last year the second wife died and I'll be blessed if Jimmie and I didn't have the same strenuous experience with the grief-stricken husband. Just yesterday, I got an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. — to the marriage of their daughter, Gladys Marie, to Mr. Thomas Blank. I have just ordered a salad bowl to be sent to the fair bride elect. Of course, I don't especially mind the series of wedding presents but I'm going to tell Blank distinctly that I'm not going to any more funerals in his family and if he wants to be helped into a hack again, he can depend on some more sympathetic friend."

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ONE OF THE REASONS.

A WESTERN school journal is responsible for the story that a youthful pupil in the history class wrote the following statement: "The American War of Independence took place because the Colonies refused to submit to taxation without temptation."

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A STRING TO IT.

"I WAS walking along State Street, Chicago (the windy city), when a sudden gust relieved me of my straw hat. I turned, gave chase, and after a lengthy run at full speed pounced upon it. At the same moment a stranger (also perspiring and almost breathless) took it from me and thanked me kindly. 'But it's my hat,' said I. 'No,' said he, 'yours is hanging down your back on a string.'—*London Globe*.

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HIS LONGEST ENGAGEMENT.

AT the Army and Navy Club in Washington one evening a group of officers, most of them young men, were swapping stories of various engagements during the war with Spain and the subsequent troubles in the Philippines.

Among the silent listeners was one grizzled veteran, a naval commander of national renown. It must have occurred to one of the young men that it was peculiarly ludicrous that officers not long out of the academies should be holding forth with

respect to their exploits, while this old fellow sat silent in a corner. So, turning to the veteran, one of the young officers blithely asked:

"What was the longest engagement you ever participated in, Admiral?"

"It lasted three years," said the old chap, without a suspicion of a smile, "and, worst of all, the young woman married another man." — *Sunday Magazine*.

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A CHEERFUL DISCOVERY.

SIMEON EASYGO, after living sixty years on a farm, finds his quarters on shipboard somewhat cramped. He obviates the lack of space, however, by stowing his trousers and shoes into a round cupboard in the side of the vessel on going to bed. Seven a.m.—Startling disclosures: "Steward, las' night I put my shoes in that 'ar cubby-hole, an' they haint thar now." "That ain't a clothes-press; that's a port-hole, sir."—*Argonaut*.

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THE LIMIT.

AMONG the habits which have grown apace among Americans of recent years has been that of souvenir-hunting. Souvenir spoons, knives, forks, plates, photographs, postal-cards, and what-not have been a perfect passion with the multitude. The thing seemed to have been carried a little too far when somebody at a reception to Mr. Wu, the Chinese Ambassador, some years ago tried to snip off a piece of that eminent humourist's pigtail with a pair of pocket-scissors; but even that was surpassed by a certain Chicago woman of great personal attractiveness, who seems to have reached the ultimate.

A stranger speaking of her to another woman, and not being familiar with certain facts in the family history of the lady to whom she was talking, observed that she had heard that she was a confirmed souvenir hunter.

"Not really a kleptomaniac, you know," she said.

"Oh, no, not at all," was the reply. "She is just the ultra of souvenir hunting. I happen to know her, too. You see, some years ago she paid a week-end visit at our country place, and when it was over—"

"You missed your silverware?"

"No, indeed," was the answer. "My husband!" — *Lippincott's*.

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THE CLIMAX.

HE was telling a thrilling story out of his wallet of a thousand and one hairbreadth escapes over in Santiago, doncherknow; and his pretty listener was leaning anxiously toward him, hanging on his every utterance.

"The wolves were upon us," he said, "bellowing and roaring, as I have so often heard them. We fled for our lives. I don't deny it; but every second we knew the ravenous pack was gaining on us. At last they were so near that we could feel their muzzles against our legs—"

"Ah!" gasped out the lady. "How glad you must have been they had their muzzles on!" — *Answers*.

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NOT HIS FAULT.

The Poet—"Poets are born, not made."

The Girl—"I know. I wasn't blaming you." — *Boston Transcript*.

