

THE POPULAR MAN.

Who is the country's backbone strong,
Who helps us when the banks go wrong;
Whom do we praise in speeches long?
The farmer.

The politician works his spell,
And does in glowing language tell
Of how he ever loves full well
The farmer.

AN AWFUL THREAT.

Refused compensation for a cut finger, a domestic servant left her situation without notice, and wrote the following letter to her late mistress:

"Madam,—The cut is worst. The doctor says I have cut the spinal cord of my little finger. If you do not immediately send me five shillings a week I shall insult my solicitor."

NEWS FOR SIR JAMES.

"Ontario's strongly Liberal,"
Said a speaker at the Falls,
Whereupon the *News* got dizzy
And exclaimed: "Look out for squalls!
When our own Sir James returneth
In triumph o'er the sea,
We'll show the waiting country
Just how Liberal we be."

A WORTHY CHAMPION.

THE name of McCarthy is not likely to die in Canadian politics, as the nephews of the famous D'Alton are prepared to uphold it in East and West. In the strenuous Dominion election of 1891 when the late D'Alton McCarthy opposed H. H. Cook in North Simcoe, a prominent Toronto Liberal, noted for caustic speech, made an attack in Barrie on the Conservative or "Equal Rights" candidate. An old woman in the audience who had been a valued servant in the McCarthy household said loudly, as the indignant tears filled her eyes:

"Ye're lyin', that's what ye are. It's as false as the hair on the top of yer head or the teeth in yer mouth."

As the speaker's wig was somewhat notorious, this remark was promptly appreciated.

OUR GOVERNORS.

On Tuesday, September 15th, Sir Alphonse Pelletier was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec and on the following Tuesday Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Gibson murmured gently: "After you, my dear Alphonse," while the Hamilton Mountain tossed its crested head.

NEWSLETS.

Mr. Winston Churchill is married. Canada sends the bride sincere condolences and hopes the lady is a suffragette and an athlete, in which case Winston may get his deserts.

Welland Canal is to be deepened, but, even then, it will be shallow compared with the policy of some people.

Free rural mail delivery fills an ever-so-long-felt want. It was so nice of Hon. Rodolphe to think of it just at this time. He is a kind, thoughtful man who likes the farmers so much.

And a nephew of the late D'Alton McCarthy declares that politics out west is rougher than "Rugby." But how does it compare with a meeting of the Toronto Board of Control?

Dr. Gilmour will recite "Where are the Snows of Yesteryear?" at the next meeting of the Central Literary Society.

OUR SOCIETY NOTES.

The Dee Generats have returned from Atlantic City, where they wore perfectly splendid clothes and enjoyed the bored walk very much. Daisy Dee Generat is said to be engaged to one of the Grafternuthins of Chicago. The Grafternuthins are one of the old families of Illinois. It was a branch of their family that got broke in the panic of the seventies. Another branch owned the cow which kicked over the lamp which set the city on fire in the famous conflagration. The family motto is: "Let us then be up and doing." Mrs. Dee Generat is highly pleased that a Canadian girl should have secured Herbie Grafternuthin, for the competition was very keen.

The Rather Swells have returned from Europe and say that they enjoyed themselves in London when the season was all dead and gone. Their cousin, Eileen, who married Sir Ambrose Idderley, was not a bit nice to them, asking them only to a week-end with two elderly clergymen, while the Rather Swells had expected to be asked for a month at least, with all the best people. The Rather Swells had given Eileen a perfectly lovely dinner-set on her marriage and really had a right to expect something more in the way of entertainment; but, as Mrs. Rather Swell said to the girls: "Eileen always was a little common—you know her mother's people were the Higgins crowd, who kept a little shop on Queen Street about twenty years ago."

Mrs. Reggie Dopey is home from Germany. She left Reggie in a sanitarium and says he positively enjoys the life there and sends his love to the club.

THE CRUMBLING REMAINS.

English Visitor in Canada: "Aw! this country has so few picturesque ruins, doncherknow."

Hon. W. J. Hanna: "Humph! You just ought to see the Liberal Platform of 1893."

THE WAY IT'S DONE.

Wife: "What would you like for your birthday, dear?"

Husband: "Nothing at all. I haven't any money."

THE NAUGHTY ESKIMO.

ABOUT a year ago, the musical comedy known as "The Top o' the World" was played in Toronto, Miss Anna Laughlin taking the part of *Kokomo*, an Eskimo belle. The *Bohemian* declares that when Miss Laughlin was in Toronto she made the

acquaintance of a Northern Alaskan Indian, who was a feature in one of the Exhibition displays and from him she learned a number of choice words, "which sounded beautiful and listened good." Before leaving Toronto she saw another member of this same tribe, and without a word of warning but with great pride of heart she hurled at him with all the dramatic force of which her little body was capable, her newly acquired vocabulary.

The result was instantaneous. For a moment a flush of anger overspread his face, and he made a threatening movement towards the actress. Then some gleam of the real state of affairs must have come to him, for he muttered in broken English, "No good, heap no good. Pretty American girl — bad cuss words."

To this day, says the *Bohemian*, Miss Laughlin does not know what she said, but one thing is certain: she is using pidgin English now and not taking any more chances with that wonderful Eskimo language.

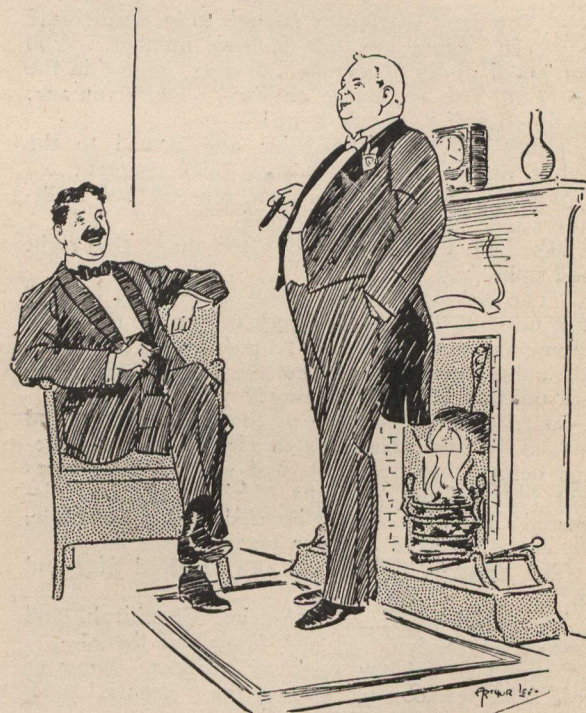
STARTLING.

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother: "Oh, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath."

HIS PROPER SPHERE.

Distressed at his son's refusal to enter the ministry and his preference for dealing in horses, a worthy farmer was telling his sorrow to a neighbour.

"Oh," said the latter, "don't take it too much to heart. I believe Tom will lead more men to repentance as a horse dealer than ever he would as a minister."



MISSING KEOWLEDGE

"Money! Pooh! There are a hundred ways of making money."

"Ah! but only one honest way."

"What's that?"

"Um—I thought you wouldn't know!"—Windsor Magazine.

A PLEASANT INTERCHANGE.

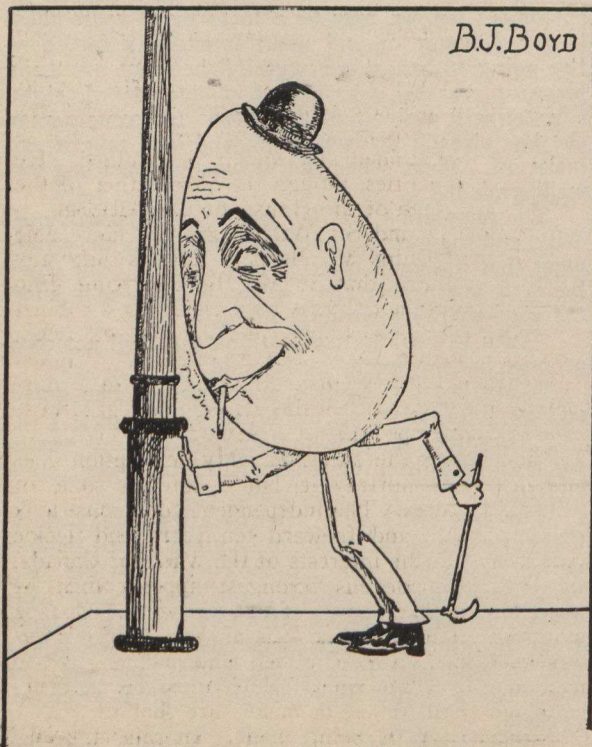
THERE had been an unpleasant moment when Mrs. Holliday realised that she had on a somewhat soiled shirt-waist, whereas Mrs. Greenough's thin, pretty silk was spotless and in the height of style. Then she remembered her blessings. "It must be so hard for you, having your husband away travelling so much of the time," she said, sympathy in her gentle tone.

"Oh, I've grown used to it," said the prosperous Mrs. Greenough. "When he's at home, I mean in the city, he's generally at his club for the evening."

"I don't know what I should do if Edward went to a club," said Mrs. Holliday, with restored confidence in herself. "He spends all his evenings right at home with me, reading or playing duets."

"He was always just like that as a boy," said Mrs. Greenough, warmly. "Solid gold. Never cared for pleasures or entertainment or anything of the kind. He must be a comfort. Good-by, dear, here's my car."

"Good-by!" said Mrs. Holliday. "Now I wonder—" she murmured, as she twisted the wrists of her shirt-waist to make the soiled places come underneath.—*Youth's Companion*.



A Bad Egg.—Life.