

AN APPRECIATIVE LISTENER.

THE Canadian audience is remarkably intelligent—especially at election time, when each worthy candidate sees before him “those who are the backbone of the country, the cream of the constituency, the pillars of the Empire and the hope of the world.” But “Tom” Caron, a candidate at L’Islet at the last Dominion contest, was not impressed with this fact at the conclusion of the meeting held by his supporters, when the Premier and Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux went to the aid of their standard-bearer. The speeches were all that patriotism and politics could make them. As Mr. Caron was leaving the meeting, he met a Conservative friend who had happened to stray in, to hear the enemy. Anxious to know how the occasion had impressed a rank outsider, Mr. Caron asked him how he liked the speeches.

“You were ver’ good,” said the other patronisingly, “and Sir Wilfrid was ver’ good indeed. But the last one—Lemieux—who answered all you say,—by gar, he was grand.”

This interpretation of the loyal eloquence of the Postmaster-General left the candidate incoherent.

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A WORTHY CITIZEN.

“Your husband wor a good man,” said sympathetic Mrs. Casey.

“He wor,” exclaimed the tearful and bereaved Mrs. Murphy, “No two policemen cud handle him.”

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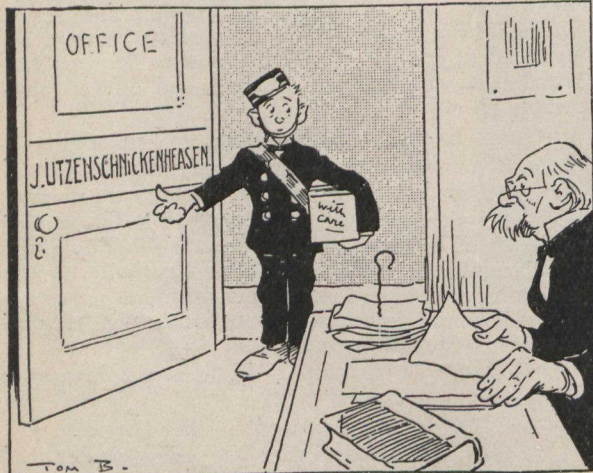
MAKING UP THE BILL.

SENATOR RILEY of Victoria, B.C., tells a story of a lawyer out West who did some work requiring delicate political manipulation and afterwards sent his client a bill for two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The client called to protest against what he declared an exorbitant charge.

“See, here,” the latter said stormily, “you know that charge is ridiculous. Why, you did not do twenty-five dollars’ worth of legal work.”

“That may be,” assented the legal gentleman blandly, “in fact, I’ll admit that there’s hardly ten

BRIEF, AND TO THE POINT.



Messenger Boy (pointing to name on the door): “Please sir, are you it?”—Cassell’s Magazine.

dollars’ worth of legal service in that deal. But you forget that there’s two-hundred-and-fifteen dollars’ worth of political pull.”

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UNEXCITING.

A TORONTO girl was met on King street by a friend who was surprised to see the extent of her shopping.

“Well, you see,” said the girl, as she bought ribbon by the bolt and chiffon by the dozen yards, “I’m going to be married.”

“Indeed,” replied her interested friend. “I suppose the happy man is Mr. C——,” referring to a young clergyman who had been most attentive to the young bride-elect.

“I should think not,” was the energetic reply. “You know, I was engaged to him for about a month, and no more curates for me! He wanted to tell me about his sermon and his plans for the poor. That month was the dulllest time I ever knew—like rice pudding with no raisins in it.”

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A HANDSOME OFFER.

A YOUNG millionaire, being enamoured of the new school of opera, persuaded Mr. Hammerstein to try his voice. He hoped to sing good parts in “Thais,” “Salome,” “Tosca,” and other famous modern works. Mr. Hammerstein, after listening to the young man’s powerful voice, said gently:

“I am afraid that you won’t suit for any of the subdued, very subtly modulated French and Italian works; but I am going to bring out ‘The Flying Dutchman’ later on, and I’d much like to engage you to do the howling of the tempest in the wreck scene.”—*The Argonaut*.

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A HEAD-ON COLLISION.

If a bonnet meet a bonnet
Coming through the door
Each with fowls and forests on it,
Three yards ’round and more—

If each hat, not measured double,
Grazes either side,
What mere man can gauge the trouble
When these two collide?

—Katherine Perry in *Woman’s Home Companion*.

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A FUTURE ARRANGEMENT.

“I canna’ leave ye thus, Nancy,” a good old Scotchman wailed. “Ye’re too auld to work, an’ ye couldna live in the almshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry anither man, wha’ll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age.”

“Nay, nay, Andy,” answered the good spouse. “I could na’ wed anither man, for what wad I do wi’ twa husbands in heaven?”

Andy pondered long over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

“I hae it, Nancy,” he cried. “Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He’s a kind man, but he is na’ a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an’ gin ye’ll marry him, ’twil be all the same in heaven—John’s na Christian.”—*Success Magazine*.

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A CHILLY TASK.

PRESIDENT EDDIE SHEPPARD of the Carnival Committee, in addition to his own troubles, is pestered continually by people looking for positions.

The other day a large coloured woman walked into the Carnival office and asked to see the manager. She was ushered into Mr. Sheppard’s private room.

“Are you the manager?” she asked.

“I am all the manager there is,” replied Mr. Sheppard.

“Well, Suh,” she said. “I would like a position in the Carnival.”

Although Mr. Sheppard, as a rule, cuts applicants short, he decided to find out what her idea of a Carnival position was.

“What do you think you would like to do?” he asked.

“Well,” she replied. “I used to be employed during the summer cleaning and scrubbing the race buildings at Blue Bonnets, and I thought I might get

a job doing the same thing in the ice palace.”—*Montreal Star*.

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A READY TEST.

A FAMILY which recently moved into one of Toronto’s new suburban homes, was assisted in settling by a Son of Erin,—not long over from the Old Land. The house, like many of its kind, while very imposing from the street is not what you would call finished in the interior. The old gentleman had quite a job of it planing off doors so that they would shut and windows so they would open.

“They’re building houses in Toronto now, like they do in Dublin.”

“How’s that?” he was asked.

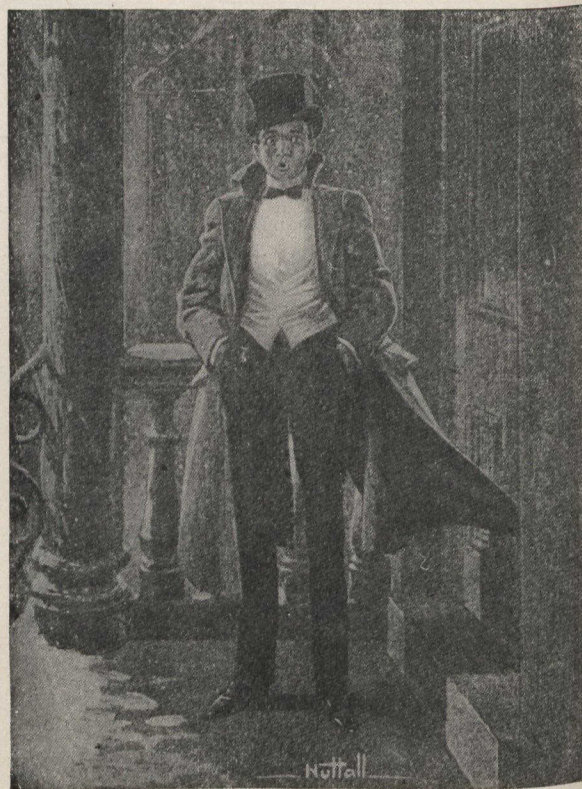
“The foreman on his last inspection passes into the building while the gang assemble on the lawn. ‘Men!’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Can ye hear me?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Can ye see me?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘This one’s finished. On to the next.’”

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NOTHING LACKING.

A HIGHLAND minister, who was rather a pompous gentleman, came to a shepherd’s house to baptise a child.

“Are you prepared?” he asked the fond parent.



I A.M.

“— And if I ring, I’ll wake her father.”—*Life*.

“Ou ay, munnister. I’ve gct a grand ham for tea.”

“I mean spiritually prepared,” thundered the cleric.

“Af coorse I am; oh, yes. I got twa bottles o’ first-class whiskey from the inn,” replied the imperturbable Scot.

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A BITTER REFLECTION.

Kaiser Wilhelm must be in the mood to cancel his subscription to the clipping bureau.—*Chicago News*.

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HARD LUCK.

James: “I get a penny every time I take my cod-liver oil.”

Thomas: “What do you do with them?”

James: “Mother puts ’em in a money box till there’s enough, and then buys another bottle of cod-liver oil.”—*The Sketch*.

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WHAT SIZE.

A UNT ANNE, an old family ducky, was sitting with knees crossed in the kitchen, when the young daughter of the house entered and, impressed with the hugeness of the old woman’s feet, asked what size shoes she wore.

“Well, honey,” replied Aunt Anne, “I kin wear eights; I ginerally wear nines; but dese yer I’ve got on am twelves, an’ de good Lawd knows dey hu’ts me!”