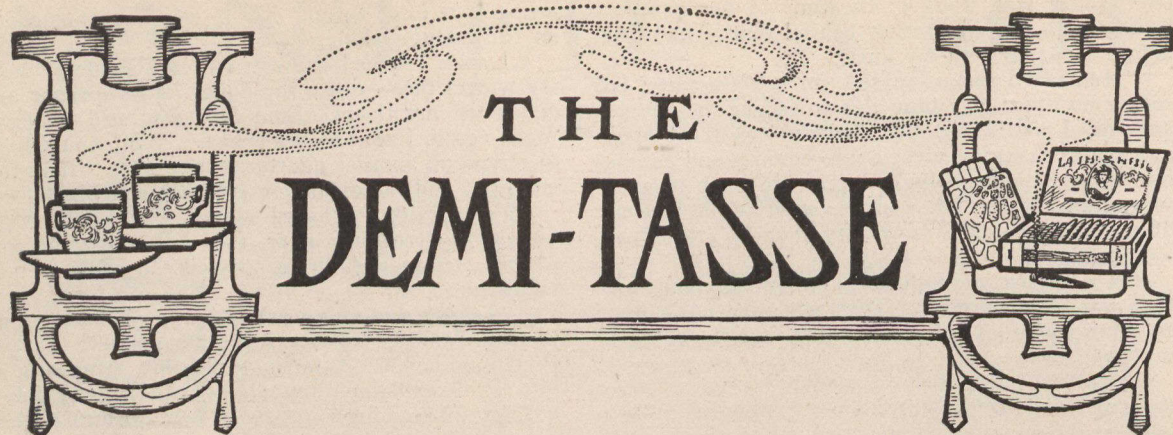




A STARTLING COMBINATION.

OF course, there is not anything in a name but the reader of Militia Orders does a whole lot of thinking when he comes to the announcement under G. O. 178:

"The 18th Mounted Rifles—To be provisional Lieutenant: Wilfrid Laurier Roblin, gentleman, to complete establishment. 12th August, 1908."

It is so reassuring to be informed that Wilfrid Laurier Roblin is "an officer and a gentleman." In these days he must find his Christian and surname somewhat at variance but it is nothing to the confusion his mind might know, were he Wilfrid Macdonald Roblin.

TROUBLES OF OUR VERY OWN.

Now, Turkey is a-flutter
With talk of Kaiser Will
And England thinks it time to add
Another Navy Bill.
And Europe's having quite a time
To give Sweet Peace a chance,
While Franz Josef is leading
The nations such a dance.

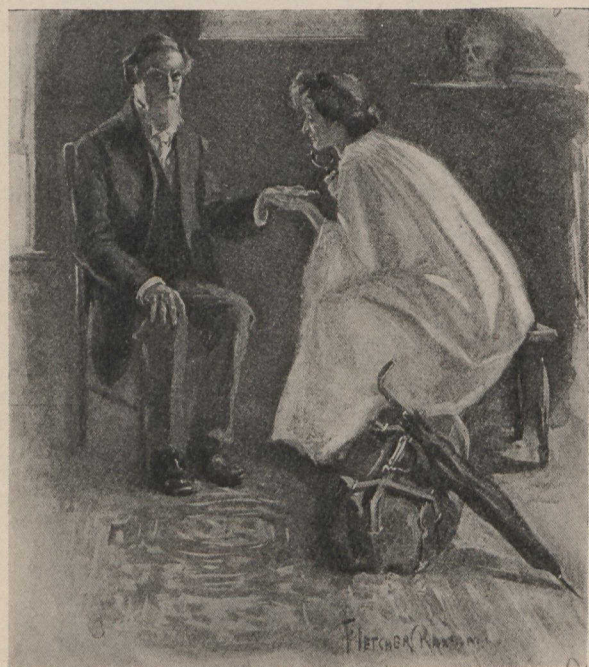
Now Austria is busy
And changes things about,
While Herze—what's the rest of it?
Is raising quite a shout.
But Brandon yawns quite audibly
And murmurs: "What's the use?
With Cliff and Daly on my hands
I'm busy as the deuce."

Away across in Serbia
They're having lots of fun
And Bosnia is seething,
For trouble has begun.
The Balkans once again break out
And play Old Harry's game;
But to the people of St. John
It seems a trifle tame.

J. G.

JUST LIKE SOME MEN.

Howell: "Rowell thinks he is the whole thing."
Powell: "Yes, if he leans against a post for a few minutes, he has the idea that the post couldn't stand without him."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.



NOT SO EASY.

"Now, suppose ye tell somethin' about the past, jest so I can figger whether I'm gittin' the worth o' my money."—*Life*.

A GALLANT POLITICIAN.

WHEN Sir John A. Macdonald was conducting the campaign of 1887, he came, in the course of political events, to the town of Cobourg where Victoria College then existed. The students intended to present the Conservative premier with an address but the Liberal element among them protested against this proceeding and it looked as if no college delegation would be formed. However, Mr. E. B. Ryckman, now a prominent lawyer in Toronto, and at that time a promising student, came to the front and led the Tory boys to the hall where the youthful admirer of Sir John read a glowing address of tribute to the premier's policy. Sir John replied with his usual urbanity and was applauded with vociferous student yells. At this point, a pretty young girl came forward with a bouquet of Sir John's favourite crimson roses. The gallant old gentleman showed his appreciation by kissing the lady of the roses, whereat the student body cheered more wildly than before.

"Ah! young gentlemen," said the Statesman of the Cardinal Cravat, "how rejoiced would you be, if in this instance, that motto held good." He pointed, as he spoke, to the end of the hall, where hung in gorgeous letters "One Law For All!"

THE CAREFUL CANDIDATE.

A GOOD story is going the rounds in Nova Scotia, and just at present it is being applied to "Ned" McDonald and his opponent, Charles E. Tanner, who between them are making a pretty warm and interesting fight in Pictou County. Pictou is one of the counties in Nova Scotia where honey will catch more votes than tomatoes—the only form of bribery that goes there is a casual J.P.-ship or so. Pictou is said to have a denser population of J. P.'s to the square mile than any other portion of the earth's surface. Not long ago, both Messrs. McDonald and Tanner were abroad, feeling the electoral pulse and struck the same district, unknown to each other, at the same time. Mr. Tanner drove up to a farm-house where the owner was considered by both sides as hopeful, but needing encouragement and cultivation. The good woman was out in the yard, chopping wood. Mr. Tanner jumped from his wagon with alacrity and gallantly proffered his services. He would not listen to the lady's protest that she could manage it all right herself; so she finally relinquished the axe with the somewhat disconcerting observation: "Well, well, have your own way; but I was only chopping a few sticks to get a cup of tea for Mr. McDonald. He's out in the barn, milking the cow."

IN HISTORIC KEEPING.

"That play, 'Samson,' at the Princess last week was a dandy," said one Toronto man to a facetious friend. "It was enough to bring down the house."
"It strikes me that's what Samson did." There was a hurry call for the ambulance.

NEWSLETS.

Mr. Carnegie has given one million and a quarter dollars to found a hero fund in Scotland. The ghosts of Wallace and Bruce are simply torn with envy.

A Canadian physician says that rabies is epidemic in the United States and Canada this month. He has been reading the political editorials in the party press.

There has been almost as much excitement in Serbia as if the country were having an election. Sir Wilfrid and King Peter are really very busy in these beautiful October days.

There are "affidavits" to burn in St. John, New Brunswick. Where have we heard that word before?

It's like old times to have categorical denials served with the breakfast bacon.

Hon. R. P. Roblin has recovered his voice which he dropped in the neighbourhood of Brockville. It had suffered no serious injury beyond a few dints in the upper register. He advertised in the "lost" columns of the *Globe* and cannot say too much in praise of that organ. Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Roblin is to write an article for the *Canadian Magazine* on "Wild Animals I Have Skinned."

Mr. Daniel McGillicuddy is in the lions' den and the Huron Old Boys are sorry for the lions and are laying heavy odds on Patriarch Daniel, whose vocabulary is all his own.

THE NEW STYLE.

"How's the campaign getting on in your section?"

"Very exciting," answered the sarcastic citizen. "Next week we're going to have a joint debate between a phonograph and a graphophone."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



Tourist (after a long discussion with station-master on the subject of catching a steamer). "So you would advise me to come back by the Sunday night train in order to catch the boat on Monday morning?"

Station-master (severely). "A wud advise nae mon tae profane the Sawbath; but a'll jist repeat—if ye wait till the Monday ye'll nae get the connection."—*Punch*.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

THAT eminently proper journal, *Good House-keeping*, relates that Mr. C., a distinguished lawyer of Boston, was on his way to Denver to transact some important business. During the afternoon he noticed, in the opposite section of the Pullman, a sweet-faced, tired-looking woman travelling with four small children. Being fond of children and feeling sorry for the mother, he soon made friends with the little ones.

Early the next morning he heard their eager questions and the patient "Yes, dear," of the mother as she tried to dress them, and looking out he saw a small white foot protruding beyond the opposite curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite: "This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef, this little pig had none; this little pig cried wee wee all the way home." The foot was suddenly withdrawn and a cold, quiet voice said: "That is quite sufficient, thank you."

Mr. C. hastily withdrew to the smoker, where he remained until the train arrived in Denver.

THE TRAMP'S REFUGE.

Weary Wilkins: "Yes, mum, I had a fine comfortable home, but I lost it."

Mrs. Goodsole: "Poor man! How did it happen?"

Weary Wilkins: "An engine backed up and pulled it away."