



CONCERNING HOSPITALITY.

A PROMINENT Canadian statesman who had been visiting the Old Country during last month was speaking with heartfelt enthusiasm of the way in which John Bull feeds his friends. "There were dinners—such long and elaborate dinners—luncheons, which were dinners in all but name, and breakfasts—early breakfasts, which sent a man on his way rejoicing. Ah! it was a wonderful experience but when I returned to Ottawa I was aware of a liver."

"But what were the meals at your London hotel like?" asked an inquisitive friend.

"Meals!" echoed the distinguished politician in disgust. "Haven't I been telling you about them? All I had at the hotel was tea and Turkish baths."

A Montreal "magician" recently visited Toronto and on his return to the province on the St. Lawrence was asked about the treatment he had received from his Toronto hosts. He waxed eloquent over his experiences in Ontario and concluded by praising especially the hospitable virtues of "Bobbie" Smith, who had taken particular pains to show him around the city of churches.

"Ah! That man is a prince!" he remarked with enthusiasm approaching the tearful. "When I hear his name, I just shut my eyes and see millions—millions of champagne!"

WHEN BROWN WAS TRUMPS.

MR. HENRY HIGHFLYER recently went into the white regions of Cobalt in quest of silver and "sich." In the course of his wandering and speculation, he made friends with Mr. Joshua Brown and proceeded to write to business acquaintances in Mr. Brown's home city, asking what manner of man Joshua had been. The details were quite satisfactory and Mr. Highflyer sent a further communication saying that he had decided to take the new friend into partnership. His correspondents then wrote in a hurry to say that Mr. Joshua Brown, although an excellent man, was possessed of neither money nor mining experience and that he would hardly make a suitable partner for a Cobalt magnate. The cheerful answer came with an assurance which showed the writer's knowledge of the public's little ways.

"I don't care about his money or what he knows about mines. What I want is a name that looks solid and respectable on the company's stationery and I guess 'Joshua Brown' is good enough for anything."

NEWSLETS.

Hon. A. G. MacKay is to have a temperance plank in his platform. Now, just watch Alec play teeter on that board.

Mr. James A. Haverson says that forty is his unlucky number.

Trustee Levee will not be invited to the Vatican when he visits Yurup. Such a shame for His Holiness not to catch a glimpse of the Chesterfield of Canada!

Mr. Joseph Martin and Mr. Henri Bourassa have applied for the secretaryship of the Canadian Peace and Arbitration Society.

The letter "u" has triumphed in the Province of Ontario and the *Canadian Magazine*, to say nothing of the *Canadian Courier*, may now say to the *Globe* and the *Tiser*: "I told U so."

REFORMED SPELLING.

THE *Toronto Star* remarks: "With a name spelled like Colquhoun is, the Deputy Minister of Education had better preserve a discreet silence in the matter of spelling reform. Scrutiny of the new spelling books may result in finding airship spelled balquhoun."

This reminds one of the colonel who declared

that Celtic ways of orthography were "simply infolonel."

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

A Resolution, grim and bold,
Was born in January's cold.
It lived a day and when it died,
Not e'en its maker sat and cried.

AT THE POLICE STATION.

Excited Lady: "Can you help me find my husband? He walks with a limp, has light hair, blue eyes—and a decided Roman nose."

Officer: "No, use, lady. A nose of that kind never turns up." G. N.

SIR WILFRID'S RETORT.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, whose twelve years of continuous power in Canada have now received a further extension, is generally considered, says *Tit-Bits*, to be the thinnest of prime ministers. And yet a big, burly Conservative M. P. was once maladroit enough to charge him with "fattening at the expense of the poor deluded people of this country."

Sir Wilfrid genially retorted: "I ask the House to look at the honourable gentleman opposite and then look at me and say which of us is most exposed to the charge of getting fat."

The contrast between the aldermanic proportions of the assailant and the slim figure of the assailed was too much for the gravity of the House, and there was a general and genial roar.

A PLAIN CASE.

THE Judge: "What reason have you to believe from the evidence, that this man didn't visit his home some time during the day?"

Foreman of Jury: "Because, your Honour, it was

disclosed by the evidence that on that day his wife was giving a bridge party."—*Life*.

LOCAL OPTION.

"You say that local option has been of great benefit to this section of the country?"

"Yes, sir," answered Colonel Stillwell. "As soon as a lot of us citizens realised how far anybody would have to go for a drink we organised a good roads movement."—*Washington Star*.

COULDN'T STAND THE TEST.

"Porter."

Thus the passenger for London hailed a railway servant at a small Scottish station.

"Yessir?" The man instinctively held out his hand.

"Do you think this parcel well enough tied to trust going in the van?"

"Weel, I'll see," answered the porter, dropping the parcel with a bang. "She'll get that here, an' she'll get that at the junction"—giving it another drop—"and she'll get that at Perth!"—banging it so lustily that all the contents scattered over the pavement. "Weel, sir, if she be goin' farther than Perth, she'll nae do whatever!"—*Illustrated Mail*.

AN INDEFINITE ORDER.

THE landlord of a small country inn was sitting listlessly before the fire in the bar parlour when the door opened and a loud-voiced young fellow exclaimed:

"Hello, grandad! Get your frame in circulation. Don't sit around here like an old woman! I want accommodation for man and beast."

"Where's the man?" asked the old landlord in a flash.

SAM'S JUDGMENT.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the playwright, told in a recent speech of a hunting trip he had taken in the South. They were after coons and possums, but the only trail the dogs struck was one which made them put their tails between their legs and turn for home.

"Just what does a polecat look like?" Mr. Thomas asked one of his negro guides.

"A polecat, boss? Why, a polecat's somefin' like a kitten, only prettier. Yes, a polecat's a heap prettier 'n a kitten, ain't it, Sam?" he said, turning to another negro for corroboration. Sam did not seem so sure. He hesitated a moment.

"Well," he replied, scratching his wool, "it's always been mah contention dat handsome is as handsome does."



Macdougall (to his new fourth wife). "The meenister doesna approve o' my marryin' again, an' sae young a wife too. But, as I tell't him, I canna be aye buryin', buryin'."—*Punch*.