Diamond Cut Diamond

OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

-CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"What was he up to at Riverside?" he asked, in a milder tone of voice.

"Indeed, uncle, I am afraid he was up to very little good. I am afraid he had been down to see a very dangerous woman, who used to live, last winter, at the very house I was just telling Aunt Jane about, when you interrupted me, for I met her only the day before. So I suppose she is living there——"

"Ah—h!" Mr. Dane began to see daylight; he leant back in his chair with a smile. "Dangerous, is she? What makes her dangerous, pray?"

"Well, to begin with, she is a foreigner."

"How sad!"

"And a Roman Catholic."

Shocking!"

"And a widow—or worse!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old man, "That's capital! Can anything be worse than a widow? My dear niece, you are really a very amusing young lady. I do verily believe you'll get a husband after all."

"I really don't see anything to laugh at," answered Miss Dane, deeply offended.

"Oh! but I do—that's where it is—that is what makes you so funny, my dear."

"I haven't the slightest intention of being funny!" she said stiffly.

"No, of course not, that's what is so delightful about it. It is just that makes you so clever. Upon my word, Florence, I begin to be quite fond of you! Now, pray go on about this dangerous woman you were telling me about. Let me see—" enumerating on his brown, claw-like fingers. "'A foreigner, a Catholic, a widow or worse! There's a category of crimes for you! Now, tell me, is there anything else against this person?"

"Well, uncle, I confess I don't myself see what amuses you so much—to my mind it is all rather dreadful, and if it was your own brother who had been entrapped——"

"But, you see it isn't my brother, but yours; if it were my brother, your excellent father, my dear Florence, that is—well, I should survive it, I should survive it;" with an amiable wave of his hand—"but go on and tell me about poor Geoffrey. What did the woman do to him?"

Mr. Dane was, by this time, evidently in the best of tempers. His wife, who understood his moods pretty well, wondered what had happened, whether his foot hurt him less, or his lunch had done him good, or whether in truth he had suddenly taken a fancy to poor Florence, in spite of her dumpy figure and her ordinary-looking face. She could not quite make it out, nor why, from being in one of his most savage tempers, he had suddenly become playful and sarcastic. She could not tell that it had been anxiety on Geoffrey's account, terror lest he should take the bit in his mouth and break away from him altogether, apprehension for the downfall of his most cherished schemes which were somehow all bound up in his nephew, and all depended upon what steps he would take next—that it was this, aggravated by Geoffrey's unaccountable absence from the office, that had gnawed at his vitals for the past two days with a far more agonizing pain than those twinges in his great toe which had kept him chained to his chair now, at this most critical moment of his life. Now he seemed to see daylight again, and a warm satisfaction glowed in his inner man. I had well nigh written his heart—but that I recollected in time that Matthew Dane could not be strictly said to possess such an article.

Mdme. de Brefour had knocked under then! She had driven away her boy lover. She must want her felon husband back again very badly then to have played into his hands so well.

As to Geoffrey, he was recovering from the operation in solitude no doubt! Ah, well, he would soon come round again, these sort of wounds are very speedily healed up. All was going well, and Mr. Dane became filled to overflowing with a spirit of charity and loving kindness.

"Tell me, my dear niece, how this dreadful person entrapped your brother?" he asked once more, and his eyes gleamed upon her so kindly and sympathetically that Florence was encouraged to go on with her story.

"Her name was Mdme. de Brefour, she lived in a mysterious fashion, in a house a couple of miles from our village, called the Hidden House, and Geoffrey used to come down week after week to stay with her."

"What alone? How very improper!"

"Well, no—I ought not, perhaps, to say quite alone, because her father lived with her—but still, poor Geoffrey became completely subjugated—he never came to the Vicarage at all. At last it became the talk of the village, I believe she was trying to convert him."

"Oh, indeed!" The intense amusement in the exclamation was such that no pen can do justice to it. Mr. Dane turned himself right round in his chair and faced his niece—"that was very terrible."

"Indeed, you may well say so! I spoke to my father, but he is easy-going, as I daresay you know, uncle, and would do nothing. So then, what with the scandal, and the fear of Popery, and poor Geoffrey dragged into her meshes, all the way round, I thought I would take the law into my own hands—"

"Quite right—quite right!" murmured Mr. Dane, approvingly looking at her, curiously, between his half-closed eyes.

"So I went up to Hidden House, and gave her such a piece of my mind as drove her clean out of the house, and out of the country, within a week!" And Florence looked triumphantly from her uncle to her aunt, as though to say, "What do you think of that?"

"Brave, noble-minded virtuous British maiden!" exclaimed her uncle with enthusiasm. But Mrs. Dane raised her handkerchief furtively to her eyes and sighed.

"Poor Rose de Brefour! She was so pretty! I wonder where she went to—turned out of her home like that!" she said, almost in a whisper.

"You know her then?" gasped Florence. And then Matthew Dane burst out laughing.

"Oh, yes, my dear, we know her very well indeed. You have one strong characteristic of your sex, Florence—as our French neighbours would say—you have 'la langue bien pendue,' chattering comes natural to you. A very useful accomplishment, my dear; not so much to yourself as to your friends. Ha, ha! What have we here? A letter from Geoffrey, I declare! Talk of the Devil—excuse my profane language, Florence—"

A footman had brought in a letter on a salver. He tore it open somewhat breathlessly, striving to conceal his agitation from the two women, who were watching him.

There were a few moments of absolute silence—broken only by the fluttering of the letter, which, notwithstanding his utmost efforts, trembled in the two hands that strove to keep it steady. Then, to the utter amazement of his wife, Mr. Dane rose from his chair, standing erect before the fire—gouty foot and all.

"My dear Florence," he said with an impressive solemnity—whilst his eyes absolutely danced with triumph and satisfaction—"let me have the great pleasure of being the first to give you a piece of good news. Geoffrey is engaged to be married to Miss Angel Halliday, with my entire approbation and sanction. From this hour he becomes a partner in the great house of Dane and Trichet,—and the 'widow, or worse,' may go to the Devil!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the cold grey dawn of a December morning, Dulcie Halliday crept softly, with little bare white feet, across the floor of her room, and opened her sister's door.

It was Angel's wedding-day!

Half-past seven o'clock in the morning yet so dark still, and so cold!

"Angel!" in a soft whisper," are you awake, my darling?"

"Yes, I am awake," she answered, in an odd, quiet voice, and, in the dim light, Dulcie could see her wide-open dark eyes, that looked as if sleep had not been near them for many hours. "Draw the curtains, Dulcie. What sort of a morning is it?"

"It is rather dreary-looking," said her sister, as she obeyed her, and peered down into the still winter garden; "a hard frost, I think, and the pond is covered with ice."

"There might be skating to-morrow, if it holds out," said Angel, in a dreamy voice. "Dulcie, do you remember last year when the meadows were flooded and frozen over in that long, hard frost one evening, when you and I were skating together till it grew quite dark; and then someone came walking across the ice to us—it was Captain Lessiter, you know, and he came back to the house and had tea with us. Do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember; but why think of this now, dear?"

"And then, whilst we were sitting round the fire," she went on, still in the same dull, even voice, "Papa came in, and Geoffrey was with him—it was the first time we had ever seen him—and Captain Lessiter was talking about that ice dance we had, you remember?"

"Why not forget all that now, Angel dear?" said Dulcie, soothingly.

"Oh! I?" said Angel, with a sudden change of manner and a short little grating laugh; "of course, I forget everything now. Is it not my wedding day? But you, Dulcie—you don't forget Horace Lessiter, do you?"

"I don't think I am a good hand at forgetting," she answered, evasively, whilst in her own mind she told herself that it was unlikely that she would ever forget that Horace Lessiter had done his best to spoil her sister's happiness.

Then Angel caught hold of her hands with a sudden energy.

"Dulcie, I want you to do something for me," she said, with a sort of feverish eagerness. "Will you promise faithfully to do what I ask you?"

"Yes, dear, of course."

"Then, when it is all over—my wedding, I mean—when I am married and gone away, write to Horace Lessiter—you can get his address from Venetia—write to him and tell him all about it. You can describe the bride's dress, you know, and say whether I was pale or red, and the bridesmaids' lockets and hats or bonnets, and all about the people who came—only let him know that I am married, and ask him if he is never coming back to England again?"

Dulcie heard her with an aching heart. Was it all a mistake, she asked of herself, this marriage which she had desired so much? and would it, perhaps, have been better for Angel if Captain Lessiter had never gone away?

For a moment or two she could not speak, only she sat cuddled up on the bed by her sister's side, stroking her dark hair caressingly.

"Oh, Angel!" she said, falteringly, "are you quite sure that you are happy, dear?—that you care for Geoffrey well enough? If not, dearest, do not go on with it. Even now it is not too late!"

But Angel pushed her away, almost roughly.

"What are you talking about, Dulcie! Is not Geoffrey a model lover, and am I not the very luckiest girl in the world to be married to such a man? Why you have said so yourself dozens of times. He is so handsome and well-mannered and agreeable; and he will be rich, too, now that his uncle has taken him into partnership. Is not Papa delighted, and Mr. Dane in a seventh heaven of joy? Oh, Dulcie, how silly you are to talk to me of giving up such a match as this—and on my wedding-day, too!" and then she laughed, but to Dulcie her laughter sounded hollow and unreal; and in the next moment she checked herself, and caught hold of her sister's arm.

"You must promise to write that letter. Why, Dulcie, you could not refuse me anything on such a day as this, and our very last morning together!"

"No, darling, how could I?" said Dulcie, suddenly bursting into tears. "I will do what you ask."

"Don't cry, dear Dulcie, you will see it will be all right some day. Don't forget to say that about his coming home, will you?"

"I will do exactly as you ask, dear. But he is settled out there. I don't see why he should ever come home."

"Probably he never will," with a wise little nod of her head, "but I should like you to say it, all the same."

"Very well, then I will." And then Angel was satisfied.

"If she writes like that to him," she told herself, "he will think her heart is changed to him, and he will come back to her, and then, because I am married and happy, and she thinks I have forgotten him, then it will be well with them both."

It was very cold on Angel's wedding-day—a cold hard black frost, with a lowering grey sky, against which the bare trees stood out dark and dreary, whilst even the evergreens and the grass seemed to have lost their color and faded away into the general slate-like hue of a photograph.

The bride, in her white satin and lace, shivered as she came up the aisle; the bridesmaids—there were only two of them, Geoffrey's younger sisters, Grace and Amy—had red noses that almost matched the crimson feathers in their white velvet hats. Florence Dane, who had refused to figure in the procession behind her new sister, stood with chattering teeth by Dulcie's side in the front pew, and all the wedding guests stamped their toes about on the tessellated pavement, and drew about their shoulders such shawls and cloaks as they had been provident enough to bring with them. As to the bridegroom, he was always pale, so that no one—not even Miles Faulkner, who was his best man—noticed how deadly white was the face that greeted his advancing bride, nor how dark were the circles about his careworn eyes.

Only once, when the ring had been fitted on to Angel's trembling finger, and when the words that made them man and wife had been spoken, then Geoffrey held up his head, and, as the light from the painted altar window reflected itself in those earnest brown eyes, there came into them such a look as might well have been seen in the eyes of those martyr knights of old, who went forth to do and die for a noble cause. It was a gleam of pride and of courage that shone in them suddenly.

"For her sake—for the sake of my queen, who is so good and true," he said softly to himself, "I will be good to this other, who is trusting her life to me. She shall never know that I have not always loved her best. I will be to her for ever a true and faithful husband."

Afterwards came a crowd of well-dressed persons in the Grange drawing-room—a host of smiling congratulations— many hands held out in friendly greetings, and a general atmosphere of hilarity and satisfaction. Murmurs of admiration, too, came from all sides.

"Such a lovely bride—how well she looks!"

"And he—is he not interesting-looking?"

"A thoroughly well-matched couple."

"As for me," declared Lady Lissiter loudly, "I invariably cry at weddings. It's a mistake, I know, especially on a cold day, because it makes one's nose red, but I can't help it."

"You are so tender-hearted, Lady Lissiter," said the ancient dandy to whom she was holding forth.

"I suppose it's that. All ceremonies affect me. Confirmations make me feel choky. At christenings I positively sob! and I declare, just now in church, when that dear girl took off her glove—no, by the way, it was when she handed back her bouquet to the bridesmaids, or else when she put the ring on, I really forget the precise moment—but I was absolutely overcome. See, my handkerchief is wringing wet"—holding out a little lace rag for inspection. "It's horribly solemn, you know. I wish I could find a drawing-room comedy with a bride's part in it suited to private theatricals. I know the part would suit me so well—I must see if I can't find one," etc.

To make an accurate record of all this impulsive little woman's voluble sayings would be an absolute impossibility.

Meanwhile the Bride and Bridegroom were bearing themselves bravely, and acting their parts to perfection. Geoffrey even began to be happy himself, after a fashion, for it must be physically impossible for a young man to be absolutely wretched at the moment he has married a very lovely girl whom he sincerely likes and admires, and whom he believes to be thoroughly attached to him. Perhaps, too, it is easier for a man, than for a woman, to transfer himself from one pair of fond arms to another, man's nature being of coarser fibre and sterner mould. Having taken the plunge, Geoffrey had no intention of spending the remainder of his life in futile regrets over the past. He had always liked Angel. Now, as she stood beside him in the throng of friendly faces, timid and pale, but lovely withal in the whiteness of her bridal finery, he felt very tender and affectionate towards her, and when their eyes met it was but to blend in a lover-like smile. And he could answer all the kind wishes and hopeful words about him with a frank and unclouded brow.

(To Be Continued.)

REAL ARISTOCRAT.

Indian Prince Boasts the Bluest Blood in the World.

His Highness Maharana Dhiraj Fatch Singh Bahadur, or Oodeypore, is the sixtieth or so chief of his dynasty, founded by Bappa about A.D. 728. His position was unique, for his house was the only one from which the Delhi Emperors could not force a bride. The Mewar Chiefs refusal to let the blood of the Mohammedan conquerors mingle with that of their daughters would probably have been got over had they been nearer to hand, as Jeypore and Jodpore were. It never was got over however, hence the bluest blood in India—the cream of Rajput aristocracy. His Highness, who was born in 1850, succeeded his kinsman in 1884, is reserved, dignified, of active and temperate habits, a good horseman, and has killed more tigers than any other Prince. He is the husband of one wife—another unusual distinction,—and has one son, born in 1884. As a ruler his instincts are conservative, rarely leaving his own state. He has seen little of the outer world.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

What the Legislators of the Country are Doing at Ottawa.

THE BUDGET.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, in his budget speech, showed the big increase in the receipts from customs, excise and post-office. The increases in expenditure had taken place mainly in sinking fund, immigration, the mounted police and militia. There had been a betterment of $538,937, in the Post-office Department, which led to the penny postage and two-cent domestic rate.

Mr. Fielding estimates the revenue for the year ending June 30, 1899, at $46,632,398, and the expenditure $42,026,628, leaving a surplus in round numbers of $4,000,000. He estimated the expenditure on capital account at $8,662,795, making an increase in the national debt of $1,700,000.

Mr Fielding commented on the fact that the proposal to reduce the rate of interest on savings bank deposits from 3 to 2 1-2 per cent. had not been carried out. Contrary to expectations the money market stiffened and it was thought advisable to keep the rate at 3 per cent. The Government, however, may reduce the rate at any time such action is deemed warranted, though the 3 per cent. rate will be maintained in the case of small deposits, as the Minister said, in order to encourage thrift.

THE CENSUS.

Mr. McInnes moved that an address be presented praying the Imperial Government to amend the British North America Act, 1867, so as to provide that the next general census of Canada be taken in the year 1900, and that each subsequent census be taken every ten years thereafter.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that to him there was an unanswerable objection to the proposal—that is, that Canada will do well to refrain from lightly amending the provisions of the B. N. A. Act, except in cases where there is not merely a strong, but an overwhelming, case.

The motion was declared lost.

C.P.R. BONDING POWERS.

There was a very interested discussion before the Railway Committee in reference to the bonding powers to be given to the Canadian Pacific through the mining districts of British Columbia. Several members, including Messrs. Robertson, Richardson, and Sproule, sought to secure the restriction of the bonding power to the actual cost of construction, less the subsidies granted Mr. Clarke, for the company, made a vigorous fight, and was successful.

The bill was eventually amended so as to specify the sections to be bonded, total 132 miles, and the Minister of Railways promised to look after the location of the station.

THREE GOVERNMENT BILLS.

Sir Henri Joly gives notice of three Government bills. One to amend the Petroleum Inspection Act is to amend the regulations governing the inspection of oil, as announced by Mr. Fielding in his budget speech.

A bill to amend the General Inspection Act will embody in large measure the suggestions of the recent conference at Ottawa between the Western grain delegates and the officers of the Inalnd Revenue Department.

A third bill proposes to make some important changes in the Weights and Measures Act.

FENIAN RAID MEDALS.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson will ask if it is proposed to grant the Fenian raid medal to those Canadian volunteers who organized in Chicago in May, 1866, and arrived in Toronto on June 4, and volunteered for service in the front.

TELEGRAPH LINE.

Col. Prior will ask if the representatives now in Ottawa of the Northern Commercial Telegraph Company have communicated to the Government their readiness to commence forthwith the construction of the telegraph line from Skaguay to Dawson under the charter granted last session, and whether the Government has received any information from the High Commissioner that the company is quite capable of carrying out the work. Whether, under the circumstances, the Government proposes to continue the work of construction in opposition to the charter granted to the company last session.

HOME LIFE ASSOCIATION.

The Committee on Banking and Commerce passed the bill respecting the Home Life Association of Canada. The company is now an assessment concern, but, warned by the failure of the Massachusetts and other assessment companies, desires to be made a straight-life company, and the bill makes provision for this.

A STEAMSHIP LINE TO TRADE.

A bill was passed in committee, authorizing the Quebec Steamship Co. to do a mercantile business. This is an exceptional privilege, and was granted because the company does a large trade with the Windward Islands, and in a contract with the Imperial Government it proposes to tender for respecting mails, etc., there is a provision that the successful tenderer must purchase all fruit offered it at specified ports in these Islands.

AN INSURANCE DEAL.

The committee put through a bill respecting the Canadian Railway Accident Insurance Co. The company is authorized to increase the kinds of insurance it does, and to reduce the number of directors necessary to form a quorum.

YUKON INVESTIGATION.

Replying to a question by Sir Hibbert Tupper, the Minister of the Interior stated that he was not informed of the conclusion of Mr. Ogilvie's inquiry into the grievances of miners in the Yukon. The report would be laid before parliament when it is received.

THE INTERCOLONIAL SHOPS.

Replying to a question by Mr. Gauvreau, Temiscouata, the Minister of Railways stated that the government did not intend to remove the I.C.R. shops from Riviere du Loup to Levis. Mr. W. A. Dube had been appointed superintendent of the Montreal and St. Flavie district of the I.C.R., with his headquarters at Levis because that place was more central than Riviere du Loup, owing to the extension of the Intercolonial to Montreal. The despatchers were not included in this transfer.

REDISTRIBUTION BILL.

Sir Charles Tupper had several questions to ask the government. The first was that unless the government's redistribution bill was speedily brought down there might be trouble in proceeding with supply and other items of business before the House. It would greatly facilitate public business as far as the Opposition was concerned if this bill were promptly laid on the table.

The Premier intimated that he quite understood the hint of obstruction. There would be no cause for such tactics, however, as the nature of the measure would show when it was brought down.

ALASKAN MODUS VIVENDI.

Sir Charles Tupper quoted a London despatch to the effect that an agreement had been reached with the United States with regard to a modus vivendi for a provisional Alaska boundary.

The Premier replied that the government had received no instruction to that effect.

JAPANESE LABOR.

Sir Charles Tupper remarked that about a month remained in which time the government may disallow the anti-Japanese law passed by the British Columbia Legislature. He wished to know whether any decision had yet been reached in this important matter.

The Premier replied that he had no information on the subject at the present time. The government awaited a reply to a despatch to the Imperial authorities.

In reply to a question by Sir Hibbert Tupper, the Minister of the Interior expressed himself as willing to lay on the table of the House certain ordinances of the Yukon council and orders-in-council passed in confirmation thereof under sections 7 and 8 of the Yukon Territories Act.

A BIT OF LACE.

The possessor of even the smallest bit of choice lace should regard it as a treasure and keep it among her precious things. Lace, though so fragile, is nevertheless among those imperishable articles which, handed down in families, go from mother to daughter, and are as useful to the third generation as they were to the first. A certain fine sentiment clings to the lace which had been used at weddings and christening which has formed part of the grandmother's trousseau, and long after she has done with it adorns the wardrobe of some youthful bride, who repeats in her features the charm of her ancestress.

There are imitations of lace made today which almost counterfeit the real in the fineness of their threads, the beauty of their designs, and the intricacy of their meshes; nevertheless, no machine-made imitation ever competes in true value with a bit of lace patiently wrought by hand, perhaps in some quiet convent, where the nuns work hour by hour, stopping only to count their beads on their rosaries or chant their songs of praise; or made by a peasant woman in the intervals of her busy day, that she may thus earn her children's bread. Poverty and pathos are interwoven in the filmy cloud of lace which completes the toilet of the bride, and in the delicate edge of the same on the cap of the aged matron, or the gossamer handkerchief which finishes the costume of the great lady.

The plain gown fashioned without regard to reigning styles takes on an air of its own if a bit of beautiful lace be worn at the neck and sleeves. Lace is seldom out of vogue, though there are seasons like the present when its use is more general than at others, when lace shawls long laid away in lavender emerges from their seclusion and are fashioned into capes, overdresses and drapery to heighten the lavish finery of a modern belle.

Regarded as a gift, nothing is more suitable as an offering from friend to friend at a birthday, wedding or holiday occasion that a bit of fine lace. The woman is far to seek who is indifferent to its spell, and who does not love to look over her laces as she looks at her jewels, finding both among the delights of her life.

Not only has lace its use in the toilet; but it finds an appropriate place in bedspreads, doilies, and scarfs for bureau and table ornamentation. For theser homelier uses a heavier and more elaborate style of lace is chosen than for the dainter needs of the toilet.

SMITH, THE KICKER.

Merchant—Have you collected that bill of J. Smith?

Collector—Have I collected it? I called at the house and found that seven J Smiths lived there. Six declared they owed nothing, and the seventh kicked me out of the house?

Merchant—That's the one! Go right back and get the money!

A PERSEVERING YOUNG MAN.

Father—Didn't you promise to do all you could to discourage the young man who comes to see you? And yet I saw him kissing you last night.

Daughter—Oh, but you have no idea how hard he is to discourage.

All things come quicker to the man who meets them half way.

Monson—My wife's mother is a jewel. Brockley—Ah! but my wife's father is a jeweler!

Mrs Willikins—Did your girl bake this bread? Mrs. Youngling, proudly—No, I did it myself. Mrs. Willikins—I was going to say that if your girl did it she certainly couldn't be worth the $4 a week you say you pay her.

I have just learned, she said, with a perceptible tinge of asperity, that I am the ninth girl to whom you have been engaged. Well, he suavely replied, that ought to make you glad. Glad! she exclaimed; I'd like to know why? Don't you know, he answered, that there's luck in odd numbers.

TIT-BITS.

FASHION AND FOOD.

Husband—Mrs. Tiptop's dinner was grand, wasn't it?

Wife—I didn't enjoy it.

Why not?

My new dress was so tight I couldn't eat anything.

HIS WIFE'S RELATIONS.

Friend—If you have so much trouble with your wife's relations, why do you live with them?

Hatework—'Cause my relations won't have us.

GOODHEART'S SUDDEN CHANGE.

Returned Tourist—Is Mr. Goodheart still paying attentions to your daughter?

Indeed, he isn't paying her any attention at all.

Indeed? Did he jilt her?

No, he married her.

SHEER BRUTALITY.

Scribbles—My new book will soon be published. I hope you will lose no time in reading it.

Miss Cutting—Indeed I won't. I lost several hours reading your other one.

EXTREME POLITENESS.

Jackson—Easyton is very courteous to his wife, isn't he?

Mrs. J.—Oh, yes, he treats her almost as politely as if she were a total stranger.

ONE EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE.

Remember, said the good man, that there are sermons in stones.

Not in those that you run against with your bike, retorted the cynic, and the argument was necessarily at an end.

THE BEST PART.

Baby Fred has an auntie that he loves very mush indeed, but, of course, no one can quite equal mamma in his estimation. The other day he was asked the familiar question: Whose boy are you? I'm mamma's and auntie's, he answered; but, he added, quickly, my head belongs to mamma.

THE HUMOROUS ASTRONOMER.

They sell milk by the pound in some places.

Sort o' milky weigh, eh?

ENOUGH.

Ethel—Have you got any very expensive tastes, Charlie?

Charlie—Yes—I'm very fond of you.

GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

Speaking about infernal machines, it is almost time to use the lawn mower again.

VERNAL SENTIMENT.

Beatrice, dear, what is your favorite harbinger of spring—beautiful, balmy spring?

Well, Edgar, I would rather have a new hat than anything else I can think of.

FLAVOR KNOCKED OUT.

John, you don't seem to enjoy this asparagus.

No; just as I was buying it, that miserable Tom Biggs came along and dunned me for that $10 I owe him.

KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT.

Von Blumer—I am afraid we haven't much for dinner, but such as it is——

Clinker—Don't make any excuses, old man. Remember that I have dined at your house before.

MUST TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

Binks—Say, old man, do you know of any cure for incomnia?

Jinks—Counting 1,000 is said to be a remedy.

Binks—Confound it; that's what everybody tells me, but the baby's too young to count.

THE LIMIT.

Young Mooncalf—Do you know, Miss Wosy, that—aw—that I've been weflecting a gweat deal wecently and I've hawlf a mind—aw—hawlf a mind——"

Miss Rosy—Never mind repeating it, Mr. Mooncalf; it's far above the popular estimate, but I'll concede you that much.

MATURE CONSIDERATION.

Miss Peachblow—Was your marriage to old Moneybags the result of love at first sight?

Mrs. Moneybags—No; of second thought.

EVIDENCE.

Mrs. Witherby — They say that a husband and wife grow to look like each other more and more all the time.

Witherby—I have noticed how handsome you were getting to be.

HER RECEPTION.

Harry—I suppose your wife received you with open arms last night, even if you were rather late?

Dick—Well, not exactly; but she had her hands open. I remember that distinctly, with the fingers spread apart and crooked.

TELEGRAPHY.

Across the board she looks at me—
My soul responds obediently:
She is my wife, and with her eye
She tells me there is no more pie.

SALT IN THE OCEAN.

At present it is estimated there are in the world's ocean 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all this salt could be taken out in a moment the level of the water would not drop one single inch.

NOT IN THE BARGAIN.

The father—When you marry my daughter I intend to present her with a house and lot.

The accepted one—That's not a square deal. I thought I was to have her without any incumbrances.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO