



HER TERMS.

"I WILL be a sister to you,"
Said the maiden, golden
crowned,
"I will be a sister to you —
But you mustn't boss me
round!"

"I will be a sister to you,
And you c'en may call me
'Sis',
But of course you won't expect
me
To permit a casual kiss!"

"I will be a sister to you,
You may criticise my frocks,
(If you think they're very pretty)
But I will not darn your
socks."

"I will be a sister to you,
And will cherish you alway,
And you know kind brothers
sometimes
Take their sisters to the play."

"I will be a sister to you,
Chiding you for faults I see,
But 'twill scarcely be good
manners
If you try the same on me."

"I will be a sister to you
If you're brotherly; I don't
But the young man, losing
patience
Curtly said, "Oh, no you
won't!"

FELINE AMENITIES.

MAUD—"I don't like those cranky men. I want a husband who will be easily pleased."
ETHEL—"Er—Don't be apprehensive; that's the sort you'll get."

murmured A. "I don't know," said C, "but I'm going at any rate."

The end came soon after that. C rallied for a moment and asked for a certain piece of work he had left downstairs. A put it in his arms and he expired. As his soul sped heavenward A watched its flight with melancholy admiration. B burst into a passionate flood of tears and sobbed, "Put away his little cistern and the rowing clothes he used to wear; I feel as if I could hardly ever dig again."

The funeral was plain and unostentatious. It differed in nothing from the ordinary, except that, out of deference to sporting men and mathematicians, A engaged two hearses. Both vehicles started at the same time, B driving the one which bore the sable parallelopiped containing the last remains of his ill-fated friend. A on the box of the empty hearse generously consented to a handicap of a hundred yards, but arrived first at the cemetery by driving four times as fast as B. (Find the distance to the cemetery.) As the sarcophagus was lowered, the grave was surrounded by the broken figures of the first book of Euclid.

It was noticed that after the death of C, A became a changed man. He lost interest in racing with B and dug but languidly. He finally gave up his work and settled down to live on the interests of his bets.

B never recovered from the shock of C's death; his grief preyed upon his intellect and it became deranged. He grew moody and spoke only in monosyllables. His disease became rapidly aggravated and he presently spoke only in words whose spelling is regular and which present no difficulty to the beginner. Realising his precarious condition, he voluntarily submitted to be incarcerated in an asylum, where he abjured mathematics and devoted himself to writing the History of the Swiss Family Robinson in words of one syllable.
Stephen Leacock.

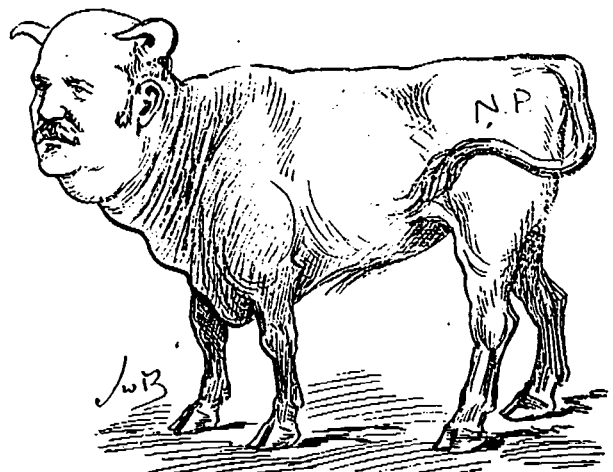
IN PERPETUITY.

FIRST SMALL BOY—"Say, Jimmy, what'll they do 'bout the twenty-fourth of May when the Queen dies?"

SECOND SMALL BOY—"When the Queen dies? Git out, *she* won't die. The twenty-fourth of May will go on for ever!"

"I'm no office-hog," said Mr. Benedict to his wife, "I'm satisfied to look after the Treasury and Executive; you can manage the Fire Department if you want to."

GRIP'S MIDDLE-NAME PORTRAITS.



HON. WM. BULLOCK IVES.