



NOTHING TO ENTHUSE OVER.

GRIT "WORKER."—"Come along and register your name or you won't have a vote. This is the shop for you!"

TORY "WORKER."—"No, come with me, and don't fail to get your name on the list."

PATRIOTIC CANADIAN—"If either of your parties had any principles clearly defined and worth fighting for, it wouldn't be necessary for you to be so importunate all at once. As it is, I hardly care to choose between you."

COMPLICATIONS.

I. It was a pleasant June night. The three young people strolled along beneath the avenue of chestnut trees, pausing now and then to catch the sound of the distant band, borne to them on the light wind, or perchance to listen to the mellow chorus of the frogs.

During the course of the evening they reached home.

MISS RICHMOND—"Well, if you won't come in, Mr. Lester, I suppose we must say Good night! But really, now, while Miss Lightfoot is staying with me, I want you to come up often; just as often as you can."

MR. LESTER (*warmly*)—"Thanks; I will! Good night! (*pressing her hand*). Good night, Miss Lightfoot!"

MISS LIGHTFOOT (*extending a slim hand*)—"Good-bye!"

MR. LESTER (*feelingly*)—"Oh! not 'Good-bye,' I hope!"

MISS LIGHTFOOT—"Oh!"

II.

Five minutes later the two girls stood chatting softly in the dim-lit hall.

MISS RICHMOND—"Isn't he sweet, though?"

MISS LIGHTFOOT (*archly*)—"He's sweet, my dear, on you."

MISS RICHMOND (*blushing*)—"He's nothing of the kind, Gladys; don't I know? I should think not—as a matter of fact he is quite smitten with you."

MISS LIGHTFOOT (*screaming*)—"Oh! oh! you dreadful girl! I could see he was in love with you; he looked at you so, you know. Of course it's you."

MISS RICHMOND—"I tell you I have been noticing all along how he likes to talk to you—how his face brightens when you come in—I should think I ought to know. But come, we must be off to bed. (*Yawning and going towards the stairs*).

III.

Margaret Field sat on her verandah, pondering. On her lap lay two opened letters. She was leaning back in a large rustic chair; one foot tapped the ground meditatively.

Presently her face relaxed and she took one of the letters, and, holding it up lazily before her, re-read the last page:

"....And oh! my dear, sweet Margaret, if I could only tell you all about it. Last week he came and took us to a band concert—it was just lovely. We walked home slowly, and when he said 'Good night' he pressed my hand so, I was afraid Gladys would see. She thinks he is desperately in love with her—she is inclined to imagine that of everybody she meets. She is frightfully conceited. It amuses me, knowing what I know. She'll