



THE PROFESSOR AT THE LUNCH TABLE.

SCIENTIST.—“Bring me a decoction of burnt peas, sweetened with glucose, and lightened with chalk and water.”

WAITER (*vociferously*)—“Coffee for one!”

“The duty on this young lady will be just \$20,000,” he said smilingly.

“What?”

The exclamation broke from them both simultaneously. Mr. Cogge had grown pale and his face twitched nervously. The silence that followed was dramatic in its intensity. Miss Asherton looked at her lover doubtfully; her lips quivered; she seemed on the verge of tears.

Mr. Cogge was the first to break the silence. “What does she weigh?” he asked, and his voice was weak and husky.

“Two hundred pounds,” replied the official, the smile still on his face.

“And the duty is—?”

“The duty is \$100 a pound—\$20,000.”

“Well, we’ll return to the States. We can get married there equally as well as in Canada, and—.”

“It’s too late for that, sir,” interrupted the official. “The lady was not in bond, and of course when the duty is not paid we have no recourse but to confiscate the article. That is a long-established law. You, of course, are quite free to go if you wish, but the duty on this lady must be paid or we will be compelled to confiscate her.”

Mr. Cogge staggered—reeled—against the door. In that moment his brain worked with the rapidity of lightning. He loved this girl with a love that transcended his entire being. She was all he had to love in the world—the only thing, the only being, to make his existence rounded, happy and complete. His passion had taken entire possession of him, and he knew rather than felt that life without her would be poor, joyless and worthless. If he lost her he might never look for happiness again.

On the other hand, if he paid the \$20,000 he would be bankrupt. It would leave him without one solitary cent. He could just raise it by utilizing all his funds and selling all his property. If he paid the duty it meant a poverty-stricken, wretched future; it meant that he must resign the ease and comfort he loved so dearly; it meant that he would have to begin the battle of life all over again, to fight, struggle and toil for a bare existence, how he might. It meant misery for her, and for himself worse than misery, and the thought flashed across him that even if the Government did confiscate her she would be well fed and cared for at least until the sale by auction; and when that time came, what was to prevent his buying her in for—.”

“Well, sir,” said the officer, breaking in upon his reflections, a tone of pity in his voice, for Mr. Cogge’s agonized face revealed to some extent the terrible struggle he was undergoing, “well, sir, what is it to be?”

But the strain had been too great. Mr. Cogge glared at his questioner for a moment, wildly, then collapsed suddenly and fell in a senseless heap upon the floor.

THE HIATUS.

Whether Mr. Cogge ever recovered from that fainting fit, and, if he did recover, what reply he made to the question quoted above, the reader must determine, the author frankly admitting his inability to decide. Perhaps Mr. Cogge is there still, lying in a state of blissful unconsciousness upon the floor; perhaps the lovely but heavy Miss Asherton still lingers in the balance; perhaps Mr. Cogge’s affection was triumphant, perhaps his fondness for money and the comforts money can procure was victorious. These are things which the reader knows fully as much about as the author, if not a great deal more. That love is the greatest of human passions is a truth eternal; and when the great love of a man for a beautiful woman and his love for ease and money are of equal strength, and pull him by opposing strings, why, what the result will be, who can say?

OPERATIC JULES.

WHEN we state that Sig. Jules Perotti is a *Faust* young man and gets very high occasionally, we want it understood that we are speaking of him in his capacity of a lyric tenor. Do you see the Juch? For full explanation apply at the Pavilion on the 31st.

THUS DOTH THE BUSY LITTLE BEE.

A BUMBLE-BEE armed with a Gatling sting
To his home in the timothy sod took wing,
And lit on the ear of a sunny-eyed boy
Who was feeding on honey with juvenile joy;
With a yell of excitement the urchin arose:
For the language he used see the note in prose.

NOTE: —! —! —! —!

A BOLD front—Leg before wicket.

“I see the *Mail* is pitching into the Jesuits’ Bill right and left,” remarked Mr. Oldberry, the other morning.

“Is it?” said Mrs. Oldberry absently. “What has Willie been doing, dear?”

And there was silence.



IMPROVED CIRCUMSTANCES.

PATER.—“You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat.”

TOMMY.—“Say, pa, you’re having a much better time of it, now you are living with us, ain’t you?”