



TURN ABOUT.

WHEELER - "Been on your bicycle yet this year?"

TUMBLER—"Yes. Just about as often as it has been on me."

UNCLE JEDEDIAH ON RETALIATION.

"WHAT do you think of this here Retaliation policy?" asked old man Gaffick of Uncle Jedediah.

"Well, it seems ter me to be a darned good scheme," was the reply. "Ain't nothin' like giving folks a dose of their own medicine."

"That's so."

"And I'm just gittin' ready to go into the retaliation line myself. Ye know we've had a houseful of city folks half the summer."

"Yes, but what in thunder has that to do——"

"Hold up. I'm a-tellin' ye. Yer see, that lawyer feller, Jinglesnap, is Marthy's cousin, an' on the head of it he sends his hull fam'ly out here to have a good time in the summer, an' begosh, I tell ye it jest plays the very mischief. The kids eats green apples till they's sick, worry the hogs an' the chickens an' tramp down the wheat, the old woman gits up 'long about ten o'clock an' turns the house upside down wantin' meals at onreasonable hours, an' her daughter sets in the verandah readin' French story-books and foolin' with the boys so you can't git one of 'em to do a stroke of work. I stood it all, by jiminy, like a little man fur about half a dozen years, but this time, begosh, I'm a-goin' to retaliate."

"How d'yer mean?" asked old man Gaffick.

"Why, we're jest goin' down to Toronto, the hull slew

of us, ter take in the Exhibition an' stop with Jinglesnap fur a week or more. I've been achin' to git even with them city people for a long time, an' this trip, you bet, I'm a-goin' to work the Retaliation scheme fur all it's worth."

TO WOMAN.

WHY wilt thou twine and cling,
Oh, Woman!
As firmly to the reed that bendeth low,
As to the oak that taketh years to grow?
Poor thing!

Why dost thou, when thy life is in its spring,
Oh, Woman!
Plant only Love's fair flow'rets in thine heart,
Till of thy life they have become a part?
Poor thing!

Why wilt thou from the realms of Fancy bring,
Oh, Woman!
The brightest plumage thy fond heart can know,
Then find when decked thine eagle is a crow?
Poor thing!

And why let sighs thy foolish bosom wring,
Oh, Woman!
When thou dost learn the earth thou treadest on
Is not too gross for *him* to live upon?
Poor thing!

D.F.T.