



BETRAYED!

MISS RICHES—"Then you really love me for myself, Count?"

COUNT SEEDI—"Lofa you! Ah, eef you coulda buta knowa how—"

BOBBY (under the sofa)—"Chestnuts!"

COUNT SEEDI (forgetting himself for the moment)—"Thisa way! Tena centa pinta!"

CALDER, THE TAILOR.

MAISTER GRIP,—I'm thinkin' ye'll no' fin' mony men here-awa hauf sae weel qualifeed tae gie ye soun' opeenions anent public affairs as I am, on accoont o' the fac' that I'm weel acquaintit wi' the Primeer himsel', an' often hae brief but pintit conversations wi' him on vera momentous subjects, for ye maun ken I mak' a' his claes, an' hac dunc sae for the maitter o' achteen or twenty years, an' ye'll un'erstaun that gin ye hae the leeberty o' pookin' a man's coat tail, pu'in doon his vest, an' grippin' him by the belly-ban' o' his breeks, it gies ye a degrec o' familiarity no' tae be expectit in the case o' men that are no' merchant tailors by profession, like me.

Weel, ye ken, jist last Setterday the Primeer ca'd at my shop, an' says he, "Maister Calder, I'm wantin' a new coat." "That's richt, Maister Mowat," says I, "ye ken whaur tae come for a guid bawbee's worth. Dae ye min'," says I, "the new shuit I made for ye whan ye gaed awa' doon tae Quebec aboot Confederation?" "I do," says he.

Then I proceedit tae tak his meesure, an' I remarkit till him that the cares o' offish didna mak' him onysma'er either roun' the breest or far'er doon; "for," says I, "ye're hauf an inch bigger boukit noo nor ye were when the Hoose open't."

The Primeer gied a wec lauch.

"It's an unco peety aboot this Jesuite business," says I. "It is," says he. An' says I agair, "Ye've had a fecht aboot the taivcrn leeshences an' French schules," says I. "Yes," says he.

"Noo, Maister Mowat," says I, "what'll I line your coat wi' this time?" "That," says he, an' he pintit tae as bonnie a swatch o' bricht green stuff as ye e'er saw. "Vera weel," says I. "Good day," says the Primeer. "Good day, sir," says I, an' he was awa'.

Noo, Maister GRIP, gin I was only a common man like the lave o' my race, I micht be able tae see no' vera

muckle in the remarks o' the Primeer upo' this occasion, but as I am a man o' jidgment and purspicacity, I can read atween the lines, sae tae speak, an' I gaiter frac this interview the followin' conclusions, that is tae say: Imprimis, firstly—That we'll hae nae general election this year. 2nd—That Mr. Meredith's nose maun bide oot o' jint a wee langer. 3rd—That a Lancashire man 'll get the Toronto Registrarship, but it'll no' be Mr. John 'Allam. 4th—That things 'll gang on jist as usual. An' 5th—That gin they're no' a' we micht like, they micht be faur waur.

I'm aften brocht intae contac' wi' ither great men, an' gin ye like, I'll gie ye, frae time tae time, the result o' sic interviews as I hae wi' them, whan they're aff duty, as it were, an' whan they feel that they are addressin' a person wha is their equal, an' mair nor their equal in every respect, an' wha's opeenion is accoontit vailuable as that o' a jidge, tho' no' o' a jury.

JOHN CALDER.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE RECORD OF A LEAP YEAR EXUBERANCE.

HALF friends, half lovers long we'd been
At party, ball and dinner,
And I'd resolved, time and again,
To woo her and to win her;
This night she told my fortune there
In window nook secluded,
Curtained from off the ball-room's glare
And of its throng denuded.

"A maiden"—thus my fortune fair—
"Who loves thee well and dearly,
And dark her eyes, and brown her hair—
A modest maiden, clearly;
Of wealth and beauty both a store,
Accomplishments in plenty;
Her age, methinks, a trifle more—
Yes, something over twenty."

She paused. Her parted lips between,
Her pearly teeth were showing,
And on her tender cheeks the sheen
Of blushes warm was glowing;
"Sweetheart," I cried, "I'll tell the rest."—
The leap year custom guessing—
And caught her quickly to my breast
With lover-like caressing.

"You are my fortune's maid, my dear,"
In tender voice I told her,
"I love you and your place is here,
Your head upon my shoulder;"
She nestled, seeming quite content,
My circling arms unbidden
Above her blushing face I bent,
And kissed her lips unchidden

She raised her dreamy eyes and caught
The look of love that greeted,
And in their depths I read, methought,
The answer I'd entreated;
"My sweet," I cried, "from out the rut
Of love, I learned to woo you;"
Then: "Jack, I can't be yours, dear, but
I'll be a sister to you."

W. C. N.

THE MEANEST MAN.

THE meanest man has been found again. A neighbor kindly gave him a cast-off suit of clothes which were somewhat too big for him, and now he invites himself to dinner at his benefactor's house every second day, in order, as he says, that he may get "the value out of them clothes," which he is determined shall fit him if he has to eat his friend out of house and home.