



IT'S TORONTO'S IMPRESSION, TOO.

TRAMP PRINTER. — "Say, boss, the editor of the *Standard* asked me to look in and order you to send up a tin of concentrated lye for washing the type forms."

MERCHANT. — "You'll have to go to a drug store for it. Can't you read my sign?"

TRAMP PRINTER. — "Certainly. That's how I knew you dealt in lye."

Mr. S., looking up from his paper. "You want the double widows taken off. I hadn't any peace till you got them put on a little while ago. What the dickens do you want them taken off for now?"

"Why, John, we had them put on in the fall to keep the cold out, but its spring now, and—"

"Oh, my! Why don't you tell me something. We had them put on to 'keep the cold out' had we? Did you imagine I thought it was to keep the warmth out, or prevent flies getting in? or do you suppose I paid to get them just for fun, or because I thought they would be ornamental?"

"No, no, John—but now spring has—"

"Now *don't* tell me again that spring has come. I'm aware of the fact. You advertised it pretty freely a few weeks ago when you worried me into letting you get a lot of new clothes for yourself and the children. Do you think a mans' likely to forget the season after paying ten dollars for his wife's spring bonnet? It costs you women as much to cover you heads as if there was something in them to protect. Upon my soul, when I think of the money you've laid out this spring—"

"Now, what's the use of talking about my clothes and how much they cost, when we began about—"

"What's the use? You're right there, you may well say what's the use? I may talk until I'm black in the face, and you spend just as much. You seem to think I'm made of money. If you had to work as hard to get a dollar as I have I guess you'd look at it a little longer before you threw it away."

"If I looked at it longer than you do I'd *never* part with it. I never heard a man in comfortable circumstances talk so much of a few coppers as you do. I wish I could go without clothes, I hate to ask you for a cent—and as for the windows, they may stay up till they fall down for all I care!" returned Mrs. Sawser, with some heat.

"Well, well, well! Of all the women to make a fuss!

I can't say a single word without you taking me up—if you had some men to deal with, you might talk! You know well enough all you have to do is to ask me for anything you want. It's not as if you had a man that was unreasonable or close-fisted. I don't see what you want to lose your temper and fly at me in that may for! If you'd stick to the subject, instead of talking about all sorts of things and eternally rowing me, it would be a good deal better!—What do you want anyhow?"

"I think the windows should be taken down and put in the cellar."

"Well, so do I—ought to have been down a month ago to let some fresh air into the house. I believe you'd let them hang there till July if I didn't look after it myself. That's always the way—and I suppose always will be." And he subsided into his paper again with the air of a man over-burdened with domestic care.

Alice Ashworth.

EFFECTS OF ENVIRONMENT.

WITH a languid air they gazed out of the car windows at Hamilton station. "Do you observe that stout old waitress?" asked the One, "she has been there ever since I can remember." "Ah, then," said the Other, "she is quite *stationary*, I suppose." Even the engineer experienced an unaccountable depression.

"WHAT a lovely soft carpet nature lays in the spring," said she, as they walked through the park, over the smooth green turf the other morning.

"Yes," replied he, with remembrance of recent house-cleaning running through his mind—suggested by the word carpet. "and what I like most particularly about it is that it requires no stretching, and is fastened down without tacks."



CRITICISM.

SHE.—"What a very high note Miss Juch takes, doesn't she?"

HE.—(absently) "Yes; two hundred per performance, I suppose."