



TOO LATE.

FOR her so admired
By many a beau,
There are bachelors waiting
A long, sad row.
Some are fat, and some are lean,
And some have their faces shaven clean,
In hopes that this dark Canadian queen
Will perhaps imagine their age a dream
And their thin blue blood to be youth's red stream.
But still they are waiting
That fossilized row,
Their prospects debating
In accents of woe.
And I fear they will wait, and wait, and wait,
Till Time has denuded each thinly-clad pate,
As the years pass away without finding a mate,
But such is, alas, oft the ruling of Fate
With those who defer things until it's too late,
And flowers their tombstones decorate,
And the parson in sermon most ornate
Tells how they've passed through the pearly gate.

SKAGGS' STOVE PIPES.



I WANT to know when you intend to have a stove put up in this sitting room, or am I to freeze around here all winter?" was the first remark with which Skaggs greeted his wife when he came home the other evening. "It's plain to be seen if I was not here to manage this house it would all go to the dogs."

"Why you know I asked you a week ago to step in and tell the tinsmith to send two men over to put the stove up," calmly remarked his patient wife.

"Oh, you did ask me, did you; and you supposed that I was going to have two men come up here and spend two hours putting up a stove that I can put up in

fifteen minutes with my eyes shut. You hustle around now and get the pipe down from the attic, and, let's see, I will want the hammer, some nails, and a coil of wire."

Mrs. Skaggs started on her errand while her worthy spouse gathered all the dinner knives in the house and placed them on the mantel where they would be within reach.

"Let me see," he remarked when his wife appeared with the pipe, "I numbered all those pipes with chalk when I took them down last spring. Yes, here are the numbers plain enough. I'll get them up in two shakes of a dead lamb's tail, if you will just hand me that chair."

Having placed the chair on a small table, he proceeded to perch himself on top of it.

"If I was going to put up that pipe I would commence at the stove first," meekly remarked Mrs. Skaggs. "That's the way father always put our pipes up at home."

"Who is putting this stove up," yelled Skaggs; "me, you or your relations? Do you think I got up here to be bossed and bullied into your way of doing things? I tell you I know more about putting up stoves than you and all your relations put together. Now hand me number two pipe."

Mrs. S. handed him the pipe, and went after some newspapers which she placed on the carpet to catch the shower of soot that began to fill the air.

"What are you putting those papers down there for? Do you think I am going to get dirt on your blamed old floor? I'll tell you right here, that there is going to be trouble if you don't go and mind your own business. You have done nothing but poke fun at me the whole evening, and I won't stand it any more."

Mrs. Skaggs cast one anxious look at the soot-bespattered floor and left the room. She had been out about



OVERHEARD IN THE HIGHLANDS.

FIRST CHIEFTAIN—"I say, old chap, what a doose of a bore these games are!"

SECOND CHIEFTAIN—"Ah, but my dear boy, it is this sort of thing that has made us Scotchmen *what we are!*"—Punch.