



SCIENCE AT OTTAWA.

HAGGART (*taking observations of the Planet Mars*)—"The Canals are quite distinctly visible, and, as already noted by the astronomers, seem now to be duplicated."

FOSTER—"Guess they've got a General Election in prospect up there, hey, Jack?"

MR. J. No; I suppose I could hardly enter into the joy of being the mother of seven. Indeed, I find little joy of any kind in life.

MRS. McM.—Amn't I tellin' you, that's the very raison av it—you're not bein' married. Thry it, man—(av I may be so bowld). Look at Mистер Filtzaltamont down on the ground floor below. There's a sample av a married man for you—as happy as the day is long.

MR. J.—Do you think he is really happy?

MRS. McM.—Do I *think*? No; but I *know* it. Don't I do the family washin', an' see fwat's goin' on in the house whin I'm there on business? Happy, is it? Sure, he's happier nor a lark, wid his purty woife an' daughter, an' his birds, an' books. It's loike a shmall taste av heaven, Mистер Jinkins, an' makes me croy almost whin I witness it.

MR. J.—Much more cheerful than my apartments up here, you think, then, Mrs. McMurphy?

MRS. McM.—Well—savin' your presince—(av I may be so bowld)—*yes*, a *trifle* cheerfuller. I niver wance saw Mr. Filtzaltamont sittin' forinst the foire-place lookin' at nothin' an' waitin' for the funeral services to begin.

MR. J.—No: I suppose not, Mrs. McMurphy.

MRS. McM.—An' no more shud I see *you*. An I wuddn't av you had a beautiful woife an' little girrl—or maybe, siven av them, Mистер Jinkins, sor. An, fwwhy not? Av the tinder passion would only come to you wance! But

I suppose you know nothin' av what I mane be the tinder passion? I mane *love*. Mистер Jinkins, sor!

*Mr. J. starts as if a painful memory had been suddenly roused.*

MR. J.—I know more about it, perhaps, than you suppose, Mrs. McMurphy.

MRS. McM.—(*much interested*) Ah, well now! Wor you wance crossed, Mистер Jinkins, sor, (av I may be so bowld)?

MR. J.—You are a good woman, and the only mortal I may call friend. I am sure your enquiry is made in no light, mocking spirit. I will answer it. Yes. I once loved, madly, wildly. But it is all ashes now.

MRS. McM.—Saints presarve us! Is that so, Mистер Jinkins, sor?

MR. J.—Yes, Mrs. McMurphy, but it is years and years ago—oh, so many years.

MRS. McM.—Well, well. So you axed her, and she wuddn't have you, the huzzy!

MR. J.—No; please don't speak of her unkindly. Her image is still dear to me, though she is now the wife of another.

*He rises and walks about in an agitated manner. Mrs. McM. following him in a sympathetic way.*

MRS. McM.—Wint aff wid a handsomer man, I suppose - I mane to say—that is—

MR. J.—It's no matter, Mrs. McMurphy. But don't call her a *huzzy*. It was not her fault.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]