

HUSBAND: Dear, dear, I am sorry Johanna. Our children should not hear the altercations between their parents. There is no need to make a mountain out of a mole-hill. You mean well and do well, but one thing I will say, make your coffee strong.

WIFE: Tut, tut, dear sir, your talk won't wash. You plainly show that you are no man, you are a beast.

HUSBAND: We have now been married thirteen years and have never had a quarrel yet. I am sorry, Johanna, that we should start now, and that over a dish of coffee, which was far from strong.

WIFE: Good-bye, old coffee-bag, you better look out for another who can make your coffee, and when you find her let me know, for from that hour we part (wife cries bitterly). I would have been ten thousand times better off had I never met you . . . oh! . . . oh! . . .

HUSBAND: No, no, dear wife! I own I was wrong. I did not sufficiently control my tongue. I will never contradict you again, dear, so long as you remember that I wish you to make my coffee strong.

Women are dear creatures, indeed, but sometimes they have funny notions, and we husbands should always remember to keep a still tongue in our heads, for however lovely and beautiful woman may be, she can always get over her husband and make him feel ashamed of himself.

The next lines were evidently written in January 1900, after the arrival of Lord Roberts in South Africa; it is curious to note the fact that Lord Kitchener was supposed to have taken over Sir Redvers Buller's "command."

Wonder, oh, what a great wonder,
England's might is on the wane,
It is the will of the Lord to lower England's fame.

Penn Symons, the Commanding General at Dundee, has fallen