



The sun was sinking in the west, its bright orb shining in a subdued manner, as if its dinner had not agreed with it. The wood was still. There was no sound to be heard except the drone of the bees, the whine of a saw mill, and the puff of a locomotive as it slowly laboured up the long incline to the town of Big Hollow.

Bill Bissett, our hero was sitting silently on a soft log beside Nellie Burns, daughter of the town detective, his arm carelessly thrown around her 22 inch waist. Still, all was still. Suddenly a sound broke the still stillness. Bill's arm tightened around Nellie's 32 inch waist. She sighed. The sound came nearer, and Bill's arm tightened. Nellie sighed. Again, and nearer the sound came. Bill's arm tightened. Nellie sighed.

Suddenly, quite suddenly, before Bill had time to withdraw his arm, a tall manly figure parted the bushes and stepped into view.

Nellie's face grew blue, she blushed furiously. It grew blue because she was blue blooded.

Bill slowly withdrew his lunch hook from around her 42 inch waist and looking the intruder in the eye, said sternly: "Got any tobacco, Skinner?"

Skinner, for it was he, or him, looked quietly at the ground, and absent mindedly chewed his beard.

"Yes, I have some tobacco," he said, "but——!"

"What kind?" eagerly asked Bill.

"Senator," replied Skinner.

The air grew blue; Nellie had burst a blood vessel.

No that's wrong, Bill had started to speak.

Unnoticed, Nellie slipped away—she wore slippers,—and climbed the long incline to Big Hollow. The sun had sunk. The air was bluer. Both Bill and Skinner were talking.

Hezra Judas Swife.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS EASY

To apologize,
To begin over,
To take advice,
To be unselfish,
To admit error,
To face a sneer,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To avoid mistakes,
To keep on trying,
To forgive and forget,
To profit by mistakes,
To think and then act,
To keep out of the rut,
To make the best of little,
To shoulder deserved blame,
To subdue an unruly temper,
To maintain a high standard,
To recognize the silver lining,
To be a true Christian,
—But it always pays.

Tobacco is a dirty weed,
I like it.
It satisfies no normal need,
I like it.
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean,
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen,
I like it.
(To be continued).