



A DAUGHTER OF THE PERIOD.

"DID Mr. Ganderson—er—speak to you, papa?"

"Yes; he told me he had asked you to marry him, and you had consented; and then he wanted my permission."

"And what did you say, papa, dear? You consented, of course?"

"No. I told him if you had said 'yes' that settled it. Anything I might say or do wouldn't make the slightest difference."

TWO MINUTES BELOW STAIRS.

[SCENE—*The Kitchen. TIME—Early in the morning of 2nd July. Cook languidly lighting the fire. Enter Housemaid, yawning.*]

HOUSEMAID—"Good-morning, Cook."

COOK—"Good-morning, yourself!"

HOUSE—"Come, you ain't tired? if it was me, now."

COOK—"Tired? and is it only girls who leave their work and goes off galavanting that can be tired? Me not tired, a-wearing out my bones that you might have a holiday, indeed!"

HOUSE—"Now, Cookie, dear, don't be angry. I'm sure you were an angel to let me go, it not being my turn, ayther, and that same thing I said to missus the blessed minute I told her of it."

COOK—"Oh, well, hold your tongue; the fire can't light for your talking."

(*A few minutes' silence, during which both watch the fire.*)

COOK—"There, it's caught. (*She sits down and uses her apron as a fan.*) My, it's hot! Where was you yesterday?"

HOUSE—"Well, me and Kate Cooley and Mike Cooley and Pat Fagan wint first to see the percission. Mc and Mike was together, and I says to him, says I, 'It's myself wouldn't be here if it wasn't for that jewel of a cook.' 'Sure she's a dimint,' says he."

COOK—"Go along out o' that!"

HOUSE—"He said just that. 'Sure she's a dimint,' says he, 'and Barney will be a sad boy this day, thinking that barring a little indiscretion on his part he might have been with her.'"

COOK (*smiling*)—"Don't mention it. What was you saying about the percission?"

HOUSE—"Yes, we went first to the percission, and illigant it was. There was heaps av the boys there, and

ivery one wearing his bit av ribbon, and the school-boys wid their dear faces as red as could be, and their feet as dusty, marching wid their banners before thim, and the aldermen a-smiling away in their carriages. Says I, 'They wouldn't smile long that way,' says I, 'if they was walkin'.' But the darlints were the firemen, and if I don't know one illigant boy of them that smiled at me whin he rode past, my name's not Mary Carty. Och! his eyes wint clean through me heart."

[*Enter John, the footman.*]

JOHN—"Good-morning, ladies. What's the matter with your heart, Mary, my dear?"

HOUSE—"Nothing that you can mend, Mr. Dawkins."

COOK—"Sakes alive! it's most eight, and I hear missus coming down stairs!"

(*John disappears through one door, Mary by another. The Cook dives into the cellar after the breakfast, and leaves the kitchen empty, with the kettle singing on the stove.*)

PETER PENNY.

TO OBLIVION.

SEE here, now, Ob., it's deuced tough,

I swear it is, by Jingo!

That you should be so very rough

On my poetic lingo;

My muse has fashioned many things

Erotic and satiric,

But you devour whate'er she sings,

Ode, epigram or lyric.

But hear me, pray, make one request,

(Not that for which I've panted,

But this) I swear I'll do my best,

If you'll but deign to grant it.

Just let me have a little fame

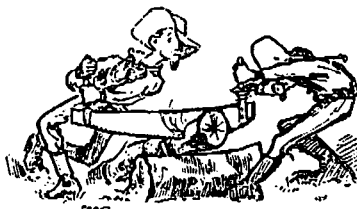
My fleeting life to solace,

Then swallow, when I die, my name

And writings, holus-bolus.

P. Kus.

AFTER THE MILLERS' EXAMPLE.



IT is now in order for the lumbermen of the country to call a convention and take steps to save their business from the fatal hug of Protection; and as soon as they have resolved to

the satisfaction of all interested, conventions should be held by all the other industries which are being done to death by the glorious National Policy. Then, by way of giving the convention business an ornamental wind-up, a mass-meeting of the consumers of Canada might be assembled to protest against the system which, from their standpoint, is simply legalized robbery. As a counterblast to all this there could be no reasonable objection to a public demonstration of those to whom the tariff is a benefit and a blessing. This body would consist of about a dozen fat monopolists, but it would be, in the eyes of the Government at least, more important than all the others combined.

THE Orangemen scored a glorious victory in Toronto on the 12th. Their big procession broke up the business of the Street Railway Company for more than an hour, thus damaging the business of a Roman Catholic concern and humiliating the Church to that extent!