

A Common Occurrence—continued.

sight 10 minutes and switching round about 2 degrees more right, "I'll let you know later what I will do, but, then, what will we do for gunners and drivers. We can run a depot battery unless we have a rank and file, can we?" "They'll come to us all right in due time," he confidently assured her. They were both so intent on discussing the various phases of their intended project that they failed to notice the approach of another gunner. He stopped short when he sighted the two lovers, but he quickly made up his mind and walked straight over to them. The girl's heart was almost stopped at the sight of the second gentleman, but she was equal to the occasion. She introduced the two men to each other, who reluctantly shook hands, the look in their eyes openly declaring hostilities. The first gunner was so pleased with himself that he immediately forgot that he was speaking to a rival, and proudly explained to him his proposed venture. The other fellow took in everything that his adversary was saying, and at the completion of the short speech, his tongue loosened and he opened his pent up wrath on the poor girl. "Look here, Mabel," he started, "Haven't I been your No. 1 for the last six months? Haven't I paid your way into the shelter every Saturday afternoon? Haven't I bought some fish and chips every night I was out with you? Now, tell me honestly, haven't I used you right. And now here you are going to give me the once over for the sake of that long drink of water from the west." The poor girl did not know what to answer to such a sudden outburst of passion that he would not forgive her at all. The first fellow took exceptional objection to the description given to him, and he forthwith invited the other guy to come down below and settle the argument properly, she tried to explain matters to him, but where no one could see them. So they left the girl to herself and both went away. What the outcome of the bout was we have never found out, but we do know that the girl has never seen either of them since.

A Stock Question.

Whilst o'er his shop the whirling planets
swung,
'Twas thus the timid, amorous grocer
sung:

"What if my pent-up soul is full of fire?
I cannot voice my dearest heart's desire;
Though many tongues I have upon my
shelf,
I'm tongueless when I would express
myself."

Then, looking round upon his well-
filled store,
He inspiration drew, and tried once
more.

"You are my honey, you are my daintiest
peach."
(In comb and can they stood within his
reach.)
'Nor all the mustard's saffron may com-
pare,
With the rare gold that glimmers in your
hair.

"The cream that nestles in its well-
sealed tin,
Vainly competes with rounded cheeks
wherein
The roses linger. Certes, sure I am,
Their blushes shame the encased
strawberry jam!

"Mock not, my turtle! Lift those eyes of
blue.
I reckon it not, if rash I've been, nor rue
Aught that I've said. Answer! Will you
be mine?
Goodwill and fixtures, stock and barrels,
I'm thine."

High o'er the clamour of a passing
bus,
The listening planets heard the answer:
"Yus!"