

"that I can have made any such unfounded statement as that."

"You didn't, either, dear," Ethel assured her promptly. "Tim, if you're going to be a snipe, you can go 'way." Miss Minerva fixed her ardent gaze on the toe of her shoe, but I didn't believe she wanted me to "go 'way." So I sat down and looked on her book with her, and told Ethel a snipe was a pretty little bird, and that she must have made a mistake. We'd just read about six lines when I began to ask questions. "I'll tell you what, Tim," Ethel said, "We'll just have coffee now, and you can read up between now and next time, and then we'll start fair. I've convoluted my brain enough for one night, anyway." And she withdrew the light of her presence into the kitchen.

"How long have you and Ethel been reading this, Miss Minerva?" I asked.

"Two nights, I think—no, three."

"And how much did you read this evening?" I asked again, eying the big "Baldwin" respectfully.

"Oh," Miss Minerva turned back the leaves, and looked at the text carefully. "Ah—two pages." I thought it likely I could catch up. TIMOTHY SCRAP.

WOMAN.

WHENE'ER she says, "A moment stay,
And I'll get ready right away,"
If young and green you will sit down
Without the semblance of a frown,
Watching like a patient sentry,
Expecting her immediate entry.
If older you will recognize
Among the possibilities
You may not see her in a hurry,
Though you'll neither fret nor worry.
She'll reward you two hours after,
Coming in all smiles and laughter,
And sweetly—though 'tis irritating—
Ask if she has kept you waiting.

G. C.

MAKING A BEGINNING.

TARIFF REFORMER—"So this is the way you fulfil your promises of tariff re-organization to the country. Reduction of duties on binder twine and coal oil! Do you call that 'lopping the mouldering branches away?'"

PREMIER THOMPSON—"Well, hardly, perhaps. But you can't deny that we've whittled off two good-sized twigs."

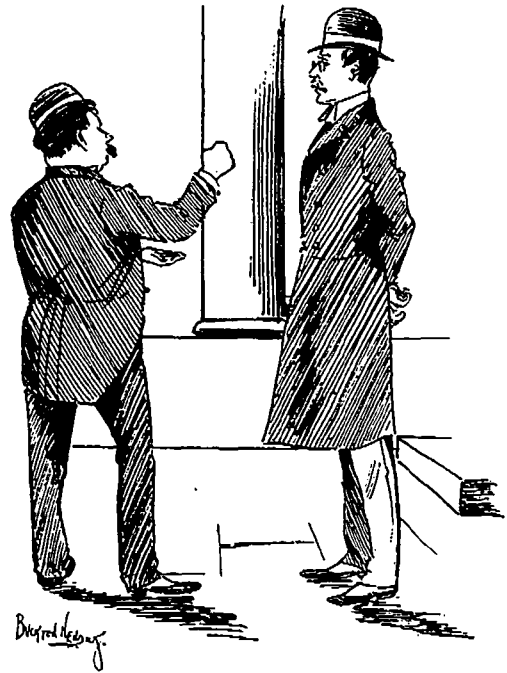
PULLIN WANTS TO CHUCK OUT.

MR. PULLIN, of the Ratepayers Association, proposes to expel all Single Taxers from that body. Considering the general lack of intelligence and the spirit of stupidity and greed manifested in its course it will be rather a surprise to the public to learn that there are any single taxers in it. That any idea so advanced as the Single Tax should have found adherents among such a selfish, hide-bound set is a striking testimony to the growth of the movement. In striving to repress it Pullin is pullin' hard against the stream.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

WALLY—"What is the political outlook now?"

HEELER—"Same as usually. Every man is looking out for himself."



THE DIFFERENCE.

"Clouds are formed of vapor."

"All except the European war-cloud. It is formed of vaporings."

MONTREAL'S ODE TO PADEREWSKI.

O H, Paddy, dear; dear Paderewski,
Our world seems dark, obscured our blue sky,
To hear of your sad persecution,
And not hear your sweet execution.

But Paddy, don't let Mrs. Thrower
Alfright you from our longing shore;
We'll wait for spring-time's genial breeze,
If you'll but come then; come, do, please.

How cruel to insist on bringing
You here, when winter's frosts were stinging;
How sad if you had froze your fingers,
Round which such sweetest music lingers.

If you'll but come you'll soon discover
You're dear to every music lover.
From St. Therese to far Rimouski
We'll come to hear you, Paderewski.

MONTREAL.

A. KEYDON.

THE MISSING JOKE.

SAMJONES—"That attempted failure of Bragshaw's was a very painful affair."

BORAX—"Didn't hear about it. What was the matter?"

SAMJONES—"Why, Bragshaw called a meeting of his creditors and offered to compromise at 42 cents on the dollar. They wouldn't accept, and his assets were enough to discharge his debts in full."

BORAX—"Well, what was there painful about that?"

The deed of a lot in Bellamy with an elegant blanket mortgage on it will be given to any reader who can find the missing joke.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.