

**THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER.**

The air grows damp, the evening breezes chill,  
The fairy summer season all is o'er,  
And Doty's orchestration now is still,  
And closed its slatted, once wide-open door.

We'll hear no more (this year) the piercing shout  
Of the bold man who runs the group of swings;  
We'll see no more the monkeys run about  
With dark Italians tugging at their strings.

The hobby-horse is gone, the peanut man  
And roller-coasters—all is peaceful now;  
We see no flitting, flirting, flouncing fan,  
We hear beneath the trees no whispered vow.

So every day I row me to yon isle,  
Knowing full well the nickels in my clothes  
Are safe from every known extorting wile;  
And these I call my summer's fading rows.

W. H. T.

**STUBBS ON THE WAR PATH.**

I DESIRE briefly to state that I hate and abhor cats. I have a deep-rooted prejudice against them, an inborn hankering after cat's blood, and all the water of the deluge could not quench these murderous fires in my breast. They will burn with raging fury until my hands can spill the blood of the animal I am about to tell you of.

For several days I was aggravated by the presence of a large black cat around my premises. At night he would howl and yell like a score of demons, a steam whistle and an auctioneer combined. It was agony to live within three blocks of that cat. His blasphemy was so horrible that my hair would straighten itself out and raise my head three-inches off the pillow. I am in the habit of wearing a night-cap, but that became useless—couldn't keep it on my head. You may not believe this, but I haven't time to stop and argue the point. One night while the moon was shining with a pale lustre I heard this black howler proclaiming in the back porch, and I decided to go upon a reconnoitering expedition. I softly tip-toed my way down-stairs and into the dining-room, a door from which opened on to the porch. This door I opened noiselessly about an inch and peeped out. There he sat, within two feet of me! I was surprised to think how easily I had approached him, and closed the door again to deliberate a moment as to the best method of annihilating my tormenter. I had not brought any weapon along, not even a boot-jack, and so I decided that my only plan under the circumstances was to open the door suddenly and kick daylight through him, not taking into consideration the nude condition of my feet. I gloated for a few seconds over the sweet vengeance I was going to reap. I imagined the nice semi-circle he would describe into the next lot when my foot lifted him, and it tickled me exceedingly to think of the tableau I was about to witness. Then I lifted the latch, gave the door a jerk and bounded out, making at the same time a double back-action swing with my right foot, and planted it square on the cats—

"Suffering Joseph! Hi, yi! Oh! O-o-o-o! Wh-wh-what in th-u-un-n-der!" It was a small black pot I had attempted to macadamize. The cat was four miles away by that time.

It is now two weeks since this happened. I am still on crutches, and spend my nights watching for that cat, with a .32-calibre bulldog in each hand, and he isn't dead yet

STUBBS.

**LACK OF CONFIDENCE.**

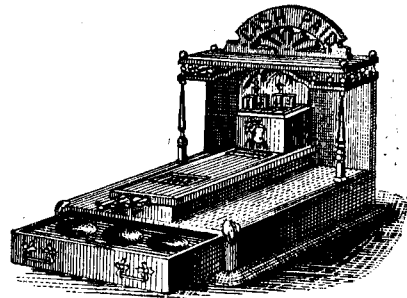
*Gentleman.*—There you are, Uncle Rastus. You just hand that order to Mr. Smith and he will pay you the money.

*Uncle Rastus (scanning the order)*—Am dis a verbul order, sah?

*Gentleman*—No. If I gave you a verbal order he wouldn't pay it.

*Uncle Rastus (relieved)*—Yas, dat's 'zactly wot Mister Smif sayed. He sayed ef I brought a verbul order dat he wudden't pay it. I reckon he hain't got much confidence in yo', sah.

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