

ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

The morning sunlight streamed over the well-spread breakfast table.

It lighted also the clear-cut features and stern dark eyes of Mrs. Standish, as she bent over her morning paper.

"You are late."

The words were addressed, as she raised her head, to a fair, pretty blonde man in a violet dressing-gown embroidered with daisies and sunflowers, who had just entered.

He made no answer, but slipped quietly into his place behind the coffee pot.

"I think," continued Mrs. Standish, with the growl matrimonial perceptible in her voice, "that considering I have to work hard all day and you have nothing to do but keep house, you might be down before half-past eight to see my breakfast is comfortable."

Mr. Standish pouted his red lips, and stroked his carefully banded moustache with a pretty gesture.

"Don't be unkind," he said, looking with his appealing blue eyes into his wife's darkly handsome face. "You know that I am not at all strong, and I have a headache this morning." He sighed a little, and Katharine's heart softened. Her husband's beauty had always a great fascination for her, and he looked lovely now.

"I didn't know your head ached," she said, half apolo-gizing. "But ring the bell for the girl to call a cab—there's a love—while I light up; it's so horribly late."

Mr. Standish rose to obey. One sees as he does so that he is tall—quite six feet—and has an exquisitely proportioned figure. Small wonder that he reigned king of his social world.

"I want you to have something nice for dinner to-day, darling," said Mrs. Standish, hastily lighting her cigarette, "as I shall most likely bring Smith home with me."

"Oh, Kate! and you know I hate that woman," cried her husband, as he sank into a low chair near the fire, and cast a sidelong glance at his fair self in the mirror above the chimney-piece.

"You hate all my friends, Herbie," said Mrs. Standish, with a mournful tone in her voice; "but we won't quarrel at parting. Good-bye, pet."

She strode across the room, and, taking the cigarette from her lips, stooped to kiss him. But he pushed her pettishly away.

"You know how I hate that horrid smoke," he said; "it makes me feel quite ill. Do go."

She laughed, but her big womanly heart was wounded as she left him.

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He never forgot that day. He transacted his light household duties, visited the nursery to see his babies, called and shopped with a friend, and went through all the usual and monotonous trifles that make up a man's life; but through it all there seemed to run a foreboding note of utter sadness.

Towards evening he made a careful toilet, and sat down at the window to watch for his wife.

Perhaps I was a little unkind this morning, he thought. The moments passed and the rain poured without. She did not come.

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All day Mrs. Standish has been thinking of her pretty husband, and wondering how it is that love seems to have faded from their home.

She remembered the joyful day when she had led him to the altar. How soon all joy had gone.

"Perhaps," she sighed, "I have been too much occu-pied with business. I must try and be more with him."

The end of the day saw her speeding home in the express train with joyful heart; a pretty present for her husband lay snug in the breast pocket of her coat.

She has not asked Smith home, and is looking forward to an evening's *tele-a-tele*, when much is to be forgiven and explained.

She leans back in the car and takes the cigarette from her lips, as memories of her husband's blue eyes come to her.

"My darling," she says aloud; "he shall never suffer again."

[Alas! thus do generous noble hearts waste them-selves on the vain, the weak, the narrow].

Even as the words crossed her lips there was a head-long crash, a flash of light, and then to her the world was no more.

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There was sorrow and woe in the home that night, where the young husband sits by his motherless children, widowed and desolate. "And I rejected her last kiss," he moaned; "I told her to go, and she went to her death." A moment's pettish caprice—an impulse of ill temper—had laid for him the foundation of years of re-morse and anguish.

TRIX.

N. P. OR N. G.

"What's the meaning of N. G.?" said Old Brown's little Pete, As he upon his little stool sat at his father's feet;
"And, dad, there is another: What's the meaning of N. P.?
I hear of them so often, and they always puzzle me."

Come hither now, my little Pete, and sit upon my knee—
Sit down, and be as quiet as you possibly can be—
And I'll explain the meaning and the philosophic
Of the cabalistic letters N. P. and eke N. G.

Not long ago we used to get our boots and shoes and clothes
From Yankee manufacturers, and underwear and hose
We used to buy in England. So our money, don't you see,
Was all spent out the country. Now, that we call N. G.

The implements for farmers' use and all the cabinet ware—
None were made in Canada, except, perhaps, a chair
Or so, with rockers, where old granny, like a clam,
Would rest all day contented—all came from Uncle Sam.

Our boys approaching manhood off westward all would go,
There was nothing here at all to do except to rake or hoe.
So they'd pack their traps and dust out for the "fair land of the
free"—

That's what they used to call the States. Now, that we call N. G.

Now, Petey, things grew wuss and wuss, and John A. says, says
he,
I'll try a little quiet scheme, I'll call it the N. P.,
And see if we can't keep our cash to spend right here at home—
We can't p'r'aps build it in a day, nor could the Romans Rome.

So he put a tax on foreign goods, and straight commenced to rise
Woollen mills and factories, with chimneys to the skies;
No Boston pegged boots now are seen, nor shoddy clothes we see;
They're blocked out by his little scheme that's known as the N. P.

Now clothes and boots, and household goods, are cheaper than
before,
Altho' the Yankee eagles scream, the English lions roar;
So, Pete, my boy, run out and play; I think you've learned from
me
(For your daddy wears a big head) what's N. G. and what's N. P.

DOMITIAN DUFFY.