



BE THE HOCKEY-POKEY!

CASEY—"Look, Sullivan! Get on to the new stoyle av walkin' cane, wud yez!"

She had made this remark for the fourteenth time in the course of the P. M. But artless utterances of this sort, vapid though they may seem to those who are not in it, so to speak, fall with a potent thrillfulness upon the ear of the true and soulful wooer. Repetition palls not to the heart sustained and soothed by the assurance that the bull-dog is chained up in the backyard, and the old man laid up with the grip.

"Do you *really, truly* love me, Algernon?"

"Oh my angel, do you, can you, doubt my eternal devotion?"

And then they trysted some more in low, faint gurgles, till the gate creaked on its hinges. Algernon, as he paused for a breathing spell, thought of a pun about the h-injury inflicted on the portal, but wisely refrained from emitting it. Nothing mars the sympathetic flow of feeling on such occasions, like a crude and untimely jest.

"And you are *sure* that you *do* love me more than anything?" cooed Matilda.

And for reply he reached for another mouthful of pearl powder.

"I have but one wish—to make you happy, my gentle cherub. Oh, I would lavish all the treasures of earth at your feet. Let us not linger, but grasp the bright future, which destiny has showered upon our pathway. Fly with me this hour?"

"Nay, but Algernon, consider our poverty. Had I the dower of a princess, all—all—should be yours—but alas, we are penniless!"

"No," he cried triumphantly, giving vent to his emotions, "Say not so. I am no longer poor. I have wealth, ber-right glittering gold and you shall live in luxury."

"But what—how?"

"List—I have succeeded in a great venture. After devoting weary days and nights to wrestling with a problem, before which some of the keenest intellects of the age have shrunk back baffled and appalled, at last—at last I have solved it and acquired fame and wealth. I have won the first prize in the great *Weekly Sockdologer* competition, entitling me to a Dominion senatorship, a hundred acres or land, a mansion on Jarvis street and an untarnished escutcheon—and all—all—is yours, for keeps, if I may thus express myself."

"But, oh, Algernon," cried Matilda, as she wept tears of joy and convulsively carressed his north-westerly ear "how didst thou, at one bound achieve that for which men have struggled for weary years?"

"Thus," replied Algernon, drawing himself up with a flush of manly pride, "I gave the first and only correct answer to the question 'If my mother's son is my sister's brother, what relation would I be to my father's mother-in-law?'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Matilda. "Then, indeed, I am yours forever. 'Tis not title or land or wealth, that lures me to your side. No 'tis admiration for the intellect, the comprehensive, far-reaching mental power, the dominant and subtle brain which could solve that most intricate and perplexing of problems. Oh, how proud I am of you, my hero! I am yours from this hour."

And the deep baritone of the bull-dog lapsed into silence, as the moon, emerging from the rim of a fleecy cloud, smiled a benison upon the two fond hearts thus linked for life's toilsome journey.

THE PLAIN FACTS.

WE parted in the twilight
You bade me "go,"
Your mother, I remember,
Had wish'd it so.
I summon'd all my courage
And, feeling flat,
I mutter'd, "she's a tartar,"
And grabb'd my hat.

You curl'd your little rose-lips,
And look'd divine;
I press'd them, in a frenzy,
Quite close to mine.
Then came a sound of sweeping,
Throughout the room;
And, though I did some leaping,
I got the broom.

Then, gazing through the shadows,
Beyond her reach,
I heard that queen of terrors,
Your mother—preach.
The mem'ry of that sermon
It haunts me so,
Methinks it was a foretaste
Of endless woe.

Your face was full of beauty,
Your temper sweet,
I love you still and hope we
May some day meet;
But, love, I'll never seek you
In this dark world,
For fear of that same broomstick
Your mother twirled.

As patience is a virtue,
Let's wait awhile,
Until we reach the region
That's free from guile;
And then, sweet love, we'll wander
White-rob'd, feet bare,
Upon a golden pavement—
No "tartars" there!

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

THE *Hamilton Herald* complains that some of the policemen of that town are in the habit of loading up. The best thing to do with a loaded policeman is to fire him.