

## By PAYNE ERSKINE

It transpired by-and-by that Joyful had a lover, one whose masterful, cocksure wooing brought her fears and tears, and who, unlike her ideal knight, knew nothing of any monsters to be fought. Shortly after this discovery Mark was found in a wood, all but gone to death in some strange assault which he refused to explain to any-

**AMATEUR POETS!**

I want to publish a short, original poem each week. Canadian and timely topics preferred. Handsome book given for each contribution accepted. No manuscripts returned; keep a copy of what you send Address: Literary Editor, Sunday World, Toronto.

**The Departing Guest.**

"Jacob looks very satisfied."  
"Yes. Send Beckie to count the  
beans again."—TIT-BITS.

Dissolved. Not Broken.

"So you've broken off your engagement with Miss Stewart?" asked the acquisitive friend.

His victim shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I didn't break it off."

"Oh, then she broke it off?"

"No," answered the young man, enjoying his friend's growing wonder.

"But it is broken off, isn't?" persisted the curious one.

"Oh, yes!" explained the young man, gently. "She told me what her dressmaker's yearly bill was and I told her that my income was. Then our engagement was dissolved."

...nude were dark and threatening as the world looked so black."

Jimson: "What did he do?"

Jimson: "He lent me an umbrella."

A sad looking man went into the chemist's. "Can you give me..."

"Something that will drive me from my mind and the thought of sorrow and bitter reflection..."

Then the chemist added, and passed him a little dose of quinine and ironwood and rhubarb and Epsom salts and a dash of castor-oil. "I will give it to him; and for six months he will be able to think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting rich."

What the newspapers are now describing has been known to lovers of books for 220 years. Let not that hinder the search for the nature of the emanations!

It was the monthly meeting of the village council, and a project for providing a footbridge over an adjacent brook was being hotly debated.

"I think," said Mr. Jones, "you are making too much fuss about a thing that I could easily jump over."

"You are out of order, Mr. Jones," said the chairman.

A minister, who was not averse to an occasional toddy, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. Pat soon discovered a multitude of empty bottles, and he hoped repeated its speciality of spring eternal in the human breast. As he was carefully examining each bottle by holding it to the light, the minister saw him, and called out: "They are all dead ones, Pat." "Irishman," "Well, they're no good thing about it, they all are," replied Pat.

A leaf much like the wintergreen may deceive you into thinking that you have come upon a bed of that fragrant wild flower, but upon examining it you find bird-shaped, reddish-pink flowers standing up on short stalks that rise erect from the spreading, running shoots. The three petals

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**The Departing Guest.**

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"Yes. Send Betty to count the  
poons again." — **Tit-Bits.**

"Broken on your engagement with Miss Stewart?" asked the inquisitive friend.

His victim shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I didn't break it off."

"Oh, then she broke it off?"

"No," answered the young man, enjoying his friend's growing wonder.

"But it is broken off, isn't?" persisted the curious one.

"Oh, yes!" explained the young man gently. "She told me what her dressmaker's yearly bill was and I told her what my income was. Then our engagement was broken."

Jimson: "He lent me an umbrella."

A sad looking man went into the chemist's. "Can you give me," he asked, "Something that will drive from my mind the thought of sorrow and bitter recollection?"

Then the chemist nodded, and put in up a little dose of quinine a day with some wormwood and rhubarb and Epsom salts and a dash of castor-oil, and gave it to him; and for six months the man could not think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting

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"I think," said Mr. Jones, "you are making too much fuss about a thing that I could easily jump over."

"You are out of order, Mr. Jones," said the chairman.

"I know," said Mr. Jones, "but I can't help it."

A minister, who was not averse to an occasional toddy, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. Pat soon discovered a multitude of empty bottles, and hope repeated its specialty of springing eternal in the human breast. As he was carefully examining each bottle by holding it to the light, the minister saw him, and called out: "They are all dead ones, Pat." "They are, are they?" replied the Irishman. "Well, there's one good thing about it, they all be dead." The minister.