



ROUGH ON TOUGH.

UNCLE JASON—"Begosh, young feller, I never feltsh (*hic*) sho tough 'n all m' life 's I do now."

JUGGINS—"Well, I bet yer don't feel half as tough 's yer look."

dot I leaf on de counder; ant I lose me all mine best customers py de sand vot vas in de sugar by dose poys; and poor old Schnider vas de vorst, mit de molasses all py his fur, and sawdust all ofer dot. Now perhaps Schmelzer vas green maype, but dose poys fint out Schmelzer nod half so green as he looks.

FRIGHT.

HOW SHE FETCHED HIM.



AREN'T you coming to church this evening, John?" asked Mrs. Wagbustle as she stood in the hall-way buttoning her gloves.

"Well, no, Susan, I guess not this evening. I feel kind of tired and I must finish that book, its got to go back to the Library to-morrow."

"I declare, its really too bad, John. I don't believe you've been at church for a month and you used to be so regular. Dr. Groner asked me last Sunday if you were sick or anything, I felt so ashamed."

"Wish the parson would mind his own business. If he wants folks to come to church he'd better preach sermons that are worth hearing. Anyway, I don't see that he needs to worry so long as we pay our pew rent regular."

"Well, good-bye, John, dear," said Mrs. Wagbustle as the bell began ringing. "Its too bad of John," she thought to herself; "but he shan't get into this way of staying at home Sunday evenings as if he was glued to his easy chair. I'll cure him of that in a week or two, see if I don't."

It was nine o'clock before Mrs. Wagbustle returned and found John dozing on the sofa.

"The doctor gave you a good long sermon to-night. Glad I escaped the infliction," he said sleepily.

"Oh, no, no longer than usual, but I took a short walk before I came home."

"Humph! Don't see much satisfaction in taking a walk this time of night," replied he, and she changed the subject by telling him all about Miss Plugwinch's new hat and how shockingly Mrs. Gaffick's gown fitted her.

Next Sunday the same scene was repeated. Mrs. Wagbustle asked her husband, as a matter of form, if he was going with her to church, and he replied that he felt too tired and lapsed into his easy chair and Zola's latest novel. This time it was fully half past nine before his wife's re-appearance.

"Well, where on earth have you been?" he asked in a tone that indicated that he was not exactly pleased.

"Why you know John, I sometimes take a stroll after church if the evening is fine, and to-night I went a little further than usual, nearly up to St. Clair Avenue. It's a lovely night and I don't know when I've enjoyed a walk as much."

"Nice time for you to be gallivanting around the streets alone, I must say."

"I didn't say I was alone, dear," replied Mrs. Wagbustle sweetly.

"You weren't alone? Then who was with you?"

"Oh, I shan't tell you."

"But, madam, I insist on knowing."

"Oh, you needn't get in a temper about it. If you want to know who I walk with on Sunday evenings, why you'll have to come with me that's all."

"See here, Mrs. Wagbustle, I'll not stand this sort of thing any longer! I won't have it, I tell you. I'll go with you to church next Sunday and put a stop to this business of secret meetings and moonlight rambles in a hurry."

Mrs. Wagbustle was, of course, too good a diplomat to express any satisfaction at having gained her point, but from that day forth Mr. Wagbustle has never missed accompanying his wife to the evening service.



INSPECTOR OF CLOUD-LININGS.

TIRED WATSON—"What are you travellin' aroun' the country for?"

WEARY WIGGINS—"I'm stumpin' fer free silver."