

bank account as well. Mr. Cogge did not love her, but he liked her—he liked her very much, and he liked her bank account more. The end of it was that he was off with the old love, by a little judicious engineering, and shortly afterwards was on with the new. He paid ardent court to Miss Bushton, she liked him at first, finally grew to love him, and they were married shortly afterwards. Mr. Cogge resigned his position with the wholesale house, and, with the capital supplied by his wife, began business in a humble way. He paid attention to it, was affable and polite, kept a satisfactory stock, was content with a profit of something less than a hundred per cent., and the business prospered. They made a comfortable living out of it, and were able to lay by something each year towards the proverbial rainy day. The sole regret of Mrs. Cogge's life was that no children came to bless their union. But she consoled herself for that by taking an active interest in church work, and so devoting herself to her husband, to district visiting, and to the manufacturing of flannel underclothing for the benighted heathen, her life passed peacefully and happily.

In the meantime, Bella Asherton had gone to the States. Her father had been offered a fairly good appointment there, and, after considerable hesitation, had accepted it. Mr. Asherton had a large family to support, and the expense of moving from Toronto to Philadelphia was a serious obstacle in the way of his taking the proffered position, but the matter was finally arranged, and he went. The increased living expenses in the States, however, left him but little better off than he was before. It was a constant struggle with him to make ends meet. For all that, they were happy and contented enough in a humble way. Parents and children were of cheerful and affectionate disposition, and the few pleasures that came to them were all the more delightful because of their rarity. There is nothing like poverty to give us a proper appreciation of life's joys and blessings, and if there is love, and peace, and happiness by the fireside, what does the rest matter? These things money cannot give, but what is life without them?

(To be continued.)

TOO BIG FOR ONE WORD.

FELICIA—"Oh! I have heard of the cutest idea to day. Mr. Dewde told me that one should be preparing to pronounce some word when having a photograph taken, so as to have one's mouth in pretty shape. I am going to have my photograph taken to-morrow. What word would you advise me to use."

MALICIA (*acridly*)—"I would advise you to be preparing to speak a whole sentence."

A POOR PLAYER.

SPARKLE—"I tell you on the dead quiet, old chap-pie, I had a dismal time at the party last night. I played whist for two long, lonely hours with Miss Light-head, and she would persist in returning our opponents' lead, and seemed to take a fiendish delight in trumping all my aces."

PUMPLEY—"I can sympathise with you, old man, for I played with Miss Noodle, and we had a ghastly time and were slaughtered from the start."

SPARKLE—"How does Miss Noodle play?"

PUMPLEY—"Play! Great Cæsar! Play! Judging from last night's dismal exhibition, I should say she played altogether by ear."



POETRY vs. PROSE.

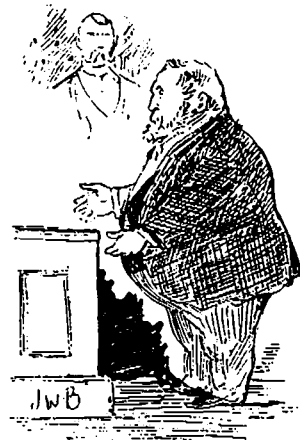
MR. SMITH—"Why that mournful, romantic look in your eye, Miss Adeline?"

ADELINE—"The doctor says I'm going to have a sty."

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, at the next sittings thereof, for an Act to incorporate "The Fenian Brotherhood," for the teaching and disseminating of sound views upon the Irish Question, and for the furtherance of the cause of liberty in that suffering country by military and other means.

DAVID M.—C.L.S.,
Solicitor for applicants.



SCRIPTURE AT THE CITY HALL.

ALD. BAXTER (*with pious indignation*)—"Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, I rise to denounce this lot-drawing system as a method of deciding disputes in this council. The last case mentioned in Scripture where lots were drawn, was to fill the place vacated by Judas Iscariot."

ALD. WAGGE (*sotto voce*)—"I protest against the comparison of Ald. Galbraith with Judas."

THE MAYOR—"It was—ahem—a somewhat unhappy allusion."
(Baxter, bosom friend of the absent Galbraith, collapses.)