

marked I could not waste time. In a few seconds he had secured his friend's ear at the other end of the instrument and commenced:

"Hello! Bob! Is that you?"

"Yes! How are you?"

"Pretty well! Rather done up after last night. Did you get home all right?"

"Half past four. Had to see that girl Blinkers home. She lived about three miles away. Awful sell. Heavy weight and tired. Made my arm ache fearfully."

"Eighteen—all but two. Missed them at supper."

"What's that? Eh? Oh! yes. Deuced pretty waltz. Quite new."

"Eh? Yes! It goes like this."

Whereupon Filkins started singing in a beastly fashion something like this: "La——la——la, la, la, la, la, la——la, la——la, etc." Now Filkins has a cracked tenor and always sings as loudly as possible. It was perfectly unendurable, so I told him to stop that noise; whereupon he remarked to his friend White:

"Bob won't let me finish it; but that's how it goes. He's in a bad temper. Something's wrong in the office, I suppose."

"Eh? Riddle? No—give it us."

"What's that? Say that again."

"Why is a man asleep like a tomato? Eh?"

Filkins hereupon turned round to me and repeated the absurd riddle; but I paid no attention to him and he replied:

"Hello! Give it up."

"Eh? Because it's what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Filkins hereupon burst out into a fit of most ungoverned laughter, which so completely mesmerized the office boy that he joined in the hilarity. Peal after peal of hearty cacchination rang through the office as these idiots stood holding their sides. In vain I called the boy to order. There were only a few minutes left for the mail, so I copied my own letters and rushed round to the post office, glad to escape the awful noise and revelry. On my return, Filkins was gone; but he had left a piece of paper on my desk, on which was written, "If you want the answer to that riddle, ask the boy." On looking round for that youth, I saw him still convulsed with laughter, which he was vainly trying to suppress by stuffing a red cotton handkerchief down his throat. Calling him to my table, I paid him a week's salary and told him to go. I intend to pay Filkins a visit and bring our acquaintance to an end.

COURTSHIP v. MARRIAGE.

FIVE years to-day—oh, blessed date!

I was a ranting rover;

No care had I from morn till eve,

My time was passed in "clover."

My days passed like a fairy dream;

I thought they ne'er would vary;

My nights were threefold happier still,

When by the side of Mary.

And now to catch so rare a prize,

And reach joy's consummation,

I hurried on with buoyant glee

To fill the nuptial station.

No cloud bedimmed the honeymoon;

No transient darkening shadow;

And so methought I now had found

A perfect Eldorado!

The scene has changed—five years have fled,
And time has wrought some wonders;
The coals of love we've burned too fast,
And now we've nought but cinders.

The pet names now I hear no more—

The terms are more emphatic;

The "sweet" and "dear" have changed to "fool,"

And "darling" to "fanatic."

Her charming voice has lost its tone,

And turned an octave higher—

Of course I mustn't tell her that,

Or else I'm styled a "liar."

And when at night we go to stroll

(You know I still adore her),

How strange it seems, instinctively,

I walk a yard before her.

Yet, after all, it might be worse,

And things still more contrary;

What's done is done, and can't be changed,

No more than sulky Mary.



GRANITE ITEMS.

First Inexperienced Member—Say, Jim, how do you give a stone an "in turn" and an "out turn"?

Second do. do.—Well, when I slip with my right foot, that's the out turn, and when I slip with my left, that's the in turn.

First do. do.—Is that the only way it is done?

Second do. do.—Oh! there may be other ways, but that's as far as I've got.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN was a bouncing boy of one month, when, wearied with the cares of editorial labor and tired of reproducing the eminent statesmen of Canada, in endless phases (pun), we lay us down on the sanctum sofa. The kettle hissed a pleasant and soothing hiss on the grate, and there were the remains of what had been a smoking glass of lime-juice on the table. Nothing stronger, on our soul, for PROHIBITION, in capitals, is written above our door. Like Socrates, our motto is, "Let no one enter here who has not studied, not Geometry, but Prohibition."

Soon care and lime-juice had vanished into dim smoke, with only the dream faces of John A., Edward Blake, and others, peering through.

The shadowy form of an old man stood before us. He had gray hair, a flowing robe, an hour-glass with the sands run through, and a broken scythe, while on his forehead