

In a Lighter Vein

She had worked her leap-year prerogative, but he was trying to dodge the issue.

"I appreciate your proposal," he said, "but my income is not sufficient for two."

"Oh, that's all right," she replied. "When we are married, we'll be one, you know."

Mr. Stubb (in astonishment).—Why, Maria! That tramp has been singing out in the back yard for the last hour.

Mrs. Stubb.—Yes, John, it is all my fault.

Mr. Stubb.—Your fault?

Mrs. Stubb.—Indeed it is. I thought I was giving him a dish of boiled oatmeal and instead of that I boiled up the birdseed by mistake.

"I know what's passing in your mind," suddenly said the maiden as the habitually silent caller stared at her. "I know, too, why you are calling here night after night, appropriating my time to yourself and keeping other nice young men away. You want me to marry you, don't you?"

"I—I do!" gasped the young man.

"I thought so. Very well; I will."

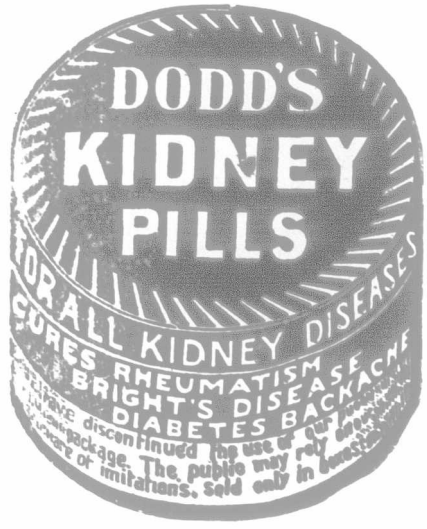
One woman asserts that she has discovered "just how to tell about furs." It is worth while knowing the secret, even if you never make use of it. "Double the skin over," she says, "with the fur outward and look through the ridge of overhair toward bright sunlight. The tips of the overhair in both nature and "shaded" skins are darker than the lower part of the hair, so, looking at it in that way, you perceive a high-water mark half-way between hide and tip, where the color suddenly darkens. Now, in the artificially "shaded" skins this high-water mark is an absolute straight line, but in the natural skin it is broken by curves.

An Erie young man called to take his sweetheart out driving the other day, but when the stunningly-attired young lady caught sight of the turnout the young man had hired for the occasion she feigned a headache and refused to accompany him.

"Why, Violet," asked the astonished mother, "why didn't you go with him?"

"Well, mamma," was the indignant reply, "I consider that a very foolish question on your part. How could I go when the horse he was driving didn't match a single thing I had to wear?"

Recently at a public school at Niagara Falls, a little girl complained to the teacher that another little girl—of Scottish birth—had called her a bad name. When questioned what it was, she said she did not like to repeat it, as it was a "regular swear word." Being pressed to tell, she said the girl had called her a "wee bairn!" The defendant was honorably discharged.



The book agent had spent a discouraging morning, and when he had an opportunity to scan the face of Eli Hobb at close range he felt that there was small chance of making a sale. However, he had more than one method of suggestion.

"Sitting out here on the piazza afternoons with your wife, this would be the very book to read aloud," he said, ingratiatingly, to Mr. Hobbs, taking the other rocking-chair and opening the large red-covered volume.

"I don't read, and I haven't any wife," replied Mr. Hobbs, drily.

"Dear me!" said the book agent.

"Well, if your wife is dead, perhaps there are children. Now, children find this book—"

"There are no children," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "There's nobody but myself and my cat."

"Well," said the book agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy book to throw at her, just to ease your feelings?"—*Youths Coupon*.

The eminent lawyer had stepped from the London train and was making his way to an hotel when he was approached by a porter. "I can see you're a commercial traveller," said the latter, with a touch of his cap. "Show me where your luggage is and I'll carry it to the hotel for you." The lawyer smiled in a quizzical way. "I am a traveller," he said, "but I deal in brains." The porter sniffed suggestively. "Fust time ever I see a traveller as didn't carry no samples!" he said.

A small boy whose chief fault was that he would interrupt his elders, had been repeatedly corrected by being told daily that he should say, "At your convenience, mamma, I have something to tell you." His sister, Lisi Cipriani, relates, in "A Tuscan Childhood," the results which ensued from the care with which he followed instructions in one instance. One day toward the end of the season my mother had taken Ritchie and me to the baths at Leghorn. The baths are built on piers and rotundas into the sea. We have no tide at Leghorn, and these piers are connected by bridges. Before the autumn storms begin, the boards are taken away, so that only two long wooden beams and the railings remain. There was absolutely no danger in walking across these bridges on the beams, as we could have all necessary support from the railings, and it was great fun. I had crossed one of these bridges quite a distance from where my mother and some friends were sitting. When I started to return I forgot that the boards had been taken away, and walked splash into the sea. Ritchie, who was standing by me, instead of taking the slightest concern as to what would happen to me, rapidly crossed the bridge and ran to my mother. Taking off his cap, the little fellow stood politely beside her for some time, waiting till she had finished a rather long story she was just telling. Then he said:

"Mamma, at your convenience, I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" said my mother, approvingly, for she appreciated that

her efforts were being rewarded.

"Mamma, at your convenience, Lisi has fallen into the water."

"What?" exclaimed my mother, jumping up. "Has anyone pulled her out?"

"I don't know," said Ritchie, very politely, "but I did not interrupt your story, and she can swim."

GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come to Modena,

Stop at a palace near the Reggio Gate

Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.

Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,

And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,

Will long detain thee; but, before thou go,

Enter the house—prithce, forget it not—

And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth;

She sits inclining forward as to speak,

Her lips half open, and her fingers up,

As though she said, "Beware!"—her vest of gold

Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot—

An emerald stone in every golden clasp;

And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,

A coronet of pearls. But then her face,

So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,

The overflowing of an innocent heart,

It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,

Like some wild melody!—Alone it hangs

Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,

An oaken chest half-eaten by the worm.

She was an only child from infancy

The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire,

Her mother dying of the gift she gave.

That precious gift, what else remain'd to him?

The young Ginevra was his all in life.

Still as she grew forever in his sight.

She was all gentleness, all gaiety,

Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.

But now the day was come, the day, the hour;

And in the lustre of her youth she gave

Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,

When all sat down the bride was wanting there—

Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,

"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"—

And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook.

And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,

Laughing and looking back, and flying still.

Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.

But now, alas! she was not to be found.

Nor from that hour could anything be guess'd

Black Watch
Black Plug
The Chewing Tobacco
of Quality.

2271

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery

AND ALL

Summer Complaints

DR. FOWLER'S

EXTRACT OF

WILD STRAWBERRY

IS AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE.

It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction.

Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is Dr. FOWLER'S. The rest are substitutes.

Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

But that she was not! Weary of his life, Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith flung it away in battle with the Turk. Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen An old man wandering as in quest of something— Something he could not find—he knew not what, When he was gone, the house remain'd a while Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers. Full fifty years had passed, and all forgot, When on an idle day, a day of search, 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery, That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra, "Why not remove it from its lurking place?" 'Twas done as soon as said; but in the way It burst—it fell; and lo! a skeleton; With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone, A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold. All else had perish'd—save a nuptial ring, And a small seal, her mother's legacy, Engraven with a name! the name of both— "Ginevra"—there then had she found a grave; Within that chest had she concealed herself, Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy, When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there, Fasten'd her down for ever!

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

All druggists: 40c. and \$1.00.

LYMAN, SONS & CO., MONTREAL