



SHE WONDERED WHETHER HE UNDERSTOOD HER.

Captain Fizzleton.—AW, YES, THE THEATRE IS AMUSING ENOUGH FOR PANTOMIMES AND BURLESQUE, DON'T YOU KNOW; BUT WHEN THEY COME TO REAL LIFE, BAI JOVE, THEY MAKE AN AWFUL HASH OF IT. HOW RIDICULOUS THOSE ACTOR FELLOWS LOOK IN A DRAWING-ROOM SCENE, FOR EXAMPLE. BAI JOVE! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GO ON THE STAGE, JUST TO SHOW THEM, DON'T YOU KNOW.

Edith (with dangerous sweetness).—WELL, TO CONFESS THE TRUTH, I HAVE SEEN SOME DRAWING-ROOM SCENES ON THE STAGE INFINITELY PLEASANTER THAN THE REAL THING.—*The Chief.*

BILL TAKEN IN.

A TRUE STORY OF THE MONTREAL FLOOD.

"THE flood is rising!" ran the cry
Along the city streets;
"It swirls around, we'll all be drowned
Unless it soon retreats."

Amazement seized the populace,
And from their homes they rushed
To glaze and stare; for everywhere
The melting torrents slushed.

Bill Bumptious heard the cry, and came
With open mouth to see.
The shores were black with cart and hack,
And people scared as he.

Such floods were never seen before;
Such water, icy cold;
Such ice, mast-high, that drifted by,
As green as emerald!

Bill Bumptious, bumping thro' the crowd,
Heard, o'er the dreary waste:
"Here you are, sur, take a car, sur—
No danger in the laste!"

He got confused with all the cries
That smote his bumptious ear:
"Ten cents a ride to th'other side,
And back again to here!"

"All round the flood for fifteen cents!—
We'll start in half a minute;
Come on, be quick, we'll do it slick,
If once we get you in it."

Bill shut his mouth and stepped on board,
And off the cabby whipped him.
A novel ride!—But woe betide
Poor Bill—a shark had shipped him.

"Now then, my cove, I keeps yer here,
Unless yer give a quarter."
Bill looked amazed and then he blazed
With wrath, as he had orter.

"Don't try no games on me, my cove,"
Said cabby, with a grin.
"Yer jess shell out, or right about
I'll git, and throw yer in."

But Bill refused to be thus duped,
And swore he'd kick the bucket
Before he'd pay, in that forced way,
A solitary ducat.