



### A REALISTIC DRAMA.

ALGERNON—"How, oh, how can I prove my love for you, Angelina? Put me to the test—I would not hesitate to die to do you service."

ANGELINA—"Die, then."



ANGELINA—"Thank goodness. Now I am free from his unwelcome attentions and importunities!"

### THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

"Our life is a garden."

A SWEET poetess beautifully asserts, without fear of successful contradiction.

So it is—both flower and vegetable.

We look around about us, and on every hand we are greeted with the glories of floral perfection, and the prospects of prizes for roots at the next Fall show. Our eyes are gladdened by the sight of myriad-hued marvels of Nature's painting, and at the same time we notice that the potato tops need Paris-green.

Our senses are at once electrified and soothed by the exhalations from sweet-scented blooms, and we are only aroused to cold-fact consciousness by the sudden recollection that the onion-bed wants weeding.

As our gardens, so our lives. In the flower-garden of Life we must raise Sweet Williams—some of us are not familiar enough with them to call them bills—to pay our grocery account. This would not occasion us so great

concern had we Asters to pull. What day passes that we do not utter a Fuschias, not to speak of more able-bodied objur—or, rather, observations! And don't we know that our German neighbor, in the clothing line, never rises in the morning without anxiety as to whether there will "peony pizness to-day?" We are well aware that the crocusses at the scare in the corn-field, and harshly caws "Begonia!" Think, too, how well the maiden knows the daisies coming; while pansy eagerly, also, at the thought of the time when tulips will meet his, and pinks be on her cheeks as he whispers, "Petunia going to wed!" At other times, possibly, she is such a primrose that he will exclaim, "Damask-ing her!"

Does not there enter into every life experience of the verbenas, menas, minas, mos?

Is not our pathway often rugged, and are not the boulders blocking it no shamrocks?

O, flowers, I am so gladiolus in your sweet embrace! We could enjoy wine in the Garden of Life, but for the portulacca!

But thistle do.

In the vegetable Garden of Life do we not encounter beets? The pumpkin run dry, but the celery should always lettuce have water-cress we want. Sweet peas! I ate them, and my brother Tomato. Does ever a wurtzell befall us than when we proceed to get parsnip ready for him in the morning, and find the jar onion shelf empty?

Let us, while in the Garden of Life, take carrot we do not turnip our nose and cauliflower out of its name.

T. T.

### NOT WONDERFUL.

GRIT—"I see that Sir John has had an attack of grippe."

TORY (*furiously*)—"Oh that infernal paper is always going for the Old Man!"

HOWEVER short a ton of coal may be, it is almost certain to be long to some one.



### MISS BLANK.

SHE was a pretty girl when she came into the car, but the "gentlemen" opposite have quite stared her out of countenance.