



PEACE AND UNITY IN THE MICAWBER HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. MICAWBER—"I'll never desert you, Wilfrid, never!"

MR. MICAWBER—"And I may say, Mrs. Micawber, that I have not the slightest idea of deserting you."

HOW I LOST A FORTUNE.



It is an ugly man's conceit that the ladies find him fascinating. I think the fair sex not impartial to me.

The intelligence that I should have the opportunity of meeting, at the residence of my friend, Miss Primrose, Mademoiselle Montague, a beautiful French heiress, caused me transports of delight. I decided to marry her, if her beauty suited me—I am rather hard to please—and like a prudent general I planned the campaign. I resolved to learn a few French sentences, so that I might not have the disadvantage of appearing quite ignorant of her language.

With the aid of a French dictionary I concocted the following sentences:—"La passion fait souvent un fou du plus habile homme," ("Love often makes a fool of the cleverest man,") and "La richesse ne fait pas une dame," ("Riches do not make a lady.") By the first she would consider me a gentleman of culture, and from the second, when

clearly applied, infer me a cynic, which is rather fashionable, and understand at the same time that I considered her indisputably one of the "*haute noblesse*." By these sentences backed up by a small stock of parrot-French, I would lead her to believe that if I did not venture further, it was because I was abashed in the presence of so cultured an exponent of the language.

My friend Toots, who is sweet on Miss Primrose, was favored with an invitation to accompany me on the evening in question.

We arrived, and on being ushered in we found little Annie the only occupant of the parlor. She was seated on the sofa sucking her thumb gracefully.

The ladies entered, and we were presented to Mademoiselle Montague.

The conversation which followed was rather stilted, and I had the opportunity of observing Miss Montague critically. Her beauty had one defect—large hands. What a pity, I thought, that gloves are not strong enough to compress hands as shoes do feet. Otherwise, her beauty had not been exaggerated by report, and I finally decided that she would do. I walked over and sat down beside her. Our conversation progressed swimmingly, as she was accomplished in English, and I soon thought it was time to pose as the man of culture, by telling her that "Love often makes a fool of the cleverest man." So leading up to the subject carefully, I said, "Mademoiselle," then all knowledge of French seemed to leave me, but like a flash it came back to me, and I said, fluently, "*Votre richesse ne fait pas une dame*."

To quote the words of a dozen modern writers, "the effect was electrical." The lady arose, and, with flashing eyes, swept out of the room.

I was dumbfounded, and grew faint when I realized what had occurred. Merciful Heavings, in my excitement I had mixed my French sentences, and told her that her riches could not make her a lady.

Miss Primrose was alarmed, and giving Toots a look which I interpreted to mean, "take him outside and thrash him," asked to be excused, and followed her friend upstairs.

"It's all right, Toots," I said "come out and kick me, it will save me the inconvenience of kicking myself." Then opening the front door I strode home, on second thoughts not placing myself under further obligations to Toots. "Never mind," I muttered, as I banged the front door, "I could never live happily with a girl who has large hands."

PORT HOPE.

F. W. TRAYES.

AT THE DENTISTS' CONVENTION.

DR. YANKMOLAR—"Carious teeth ought to be attended to at once, before the disease has made headway."

DR. TWISTER—"Yes, treat them pre-cariously, and their condition will be less precarious."

WELL REPRESENTED.

The borough most strongly represented in the Imperial Parliament is that of Newry.—*Ex.*

BUT it is not nearly so strongly represented as is Oldrye in the Dominion Parliament.

THE weigh of the transgressor is fifteen ounces or less to the pound.