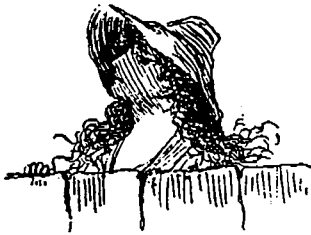




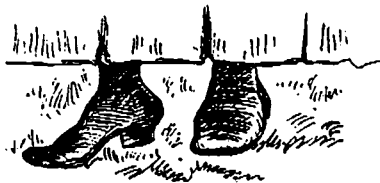
“DISPLACEMENT.”

STREET CAR CONDUCTOR (*politely, to stout party*)—“Would you mind standing up, sir? There's three ladies on the platform as would like your seat.”

BEHIND THE FENCE.



BENEATH the shade that dusks her face,
She coyly peeps across the street,
The blush that crimson lends her grace,
Whene'er our glances chance to meet;
Her tender smile, her laughing eyes,
Her pouting lips just made to kiss,
“I' faith,” quoth I, “your love I'd prize,
Were you my sweetheart, little miss.”
The crude board fence between us stands,
Me:thinks I fain would own the lot
Were she to care, with gracious hands,
For all belongings of the plot.
And so in ecstasy I dream
Her love has answered to my call;
I wonder if she likes ice cream;
Until my wayward glances fall,



And then my heart sinks low apace,
And almost pauses in its beat,
For what the beauty of her face
When she has such ungodly feet?

W. C. N.

THE UNLEARNED LESSON.

My little boy moaned with the tooth-ache;
The pain was prolonged and keen—
And it grieved my heart, though I sat apart,
And never by word or look or sign
Showed that his ache was also mine—
For I thought of the “might have been.”

In the dentist's chair, just the day before,
I had coaxingly set the lad;
And I told him the truth—that the aching tooth
Would never cease its cruel throbbing
Unless—“If—he—pulls—it”—here a sob—
“I—kn-n-now—it—w-w-will—hurt—me—b-b-bad!”

At the sight of the hawk-bill forceps,
At the thought of prospective pain,
The little man's nerve, his whilom *verve*,
Fled and left him a baby mere,
So fearsome and tearsome it was clear
We must force him or else abstain.

So I said to the child, with a chiding frown,
As I led him adown the stair:
“The pain may be keen, my obstinate wean,
But here I have offered the remedy—
You would not take it—and now tell me
Do you think if you cry I'll care?”

So I sat me and read there unconcerned
All outward—But, ah, dear me!
The mother breast was but ill at rest,
And rose and fell at each pitiful moan—
The mother heart's unison with “her own”—
He knew not her agony!

But a lesson I sought to teach my boy—
A lesson of cause and effect.
And I strove to be brave and the way to pave
To the understanding of the child,
With words soft-spoken and visage mild,
And his wilfulness to correct.

I fancied the thought of the spurned relief
Would be uppermost in his mind.
So I said, as I fondled his curly head:
“My little Boy Blue,
I've no feeling for you—
Can you tell why no pity you find?”

“I know that you suffer, my precious one,
But why should I care, forsooth?”
Oh, foolish thought that a work was wrought—
That my little one saw
Into natural law—
He sobbed: “‘Cos—m-m-ma—it—i-i-isn't—*your*—tooth!”

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

SHE—“You must come to my donkey party next Thursday evening, Mr. Jack. Now I will accept no refusal, for I do so want it to be a perfect success.” (And yet he doesn't know whether to feel pleased or not.)

HOW THEY DO IT IN GLENGARRY.

TRAVELLER (*to Hotel-keeper*)—“I say, boss, how much will you charge me if I stay a week with you? I do not know yet how long I may have to stay.”

HOTEL-KEEPER—“Only \$3.50, sir; that is our rates.”

TRAVELLER—(*after staying three and three-quarter days*)
“Well, boss, what is my bill?”

HOTEL-KEEPER—“\$4 50, sir.”

TRAVELLER—“I thought you said I could stay a week for \$3.50?”

HOTEL-KEEPER—“So I did, but—”

TRAVELLER—“Well, I guess I will stay three days more and I will get back a dollar.”

HOTEL-KEEPER—“All right; I won't go back on my rates.”