



TO THE MANNER BORN.

ENAMORED SWAIN.—“Dearest, I love you, and I long to have you say you return my love.”
 HIS IDOL (*the daughter of an editor*)—“Then I won’t keep you in suspense. It is hereby returned—
 with thanks!”

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.

II.

THE MAN WHO IS TOO HONEST TO GET ON.

MOST of us have heard of him from his female relatives. They are very proud of him, which is one of those delicate social adjustments, by which things keep their equipoise in this otherwise topsy-turvy world.

When he was a boy, he showed no signs of abnormal goodness, or badness. He was never at the top of his class at school, and not very often at the foot; it was only after he had been in business for some time that he discovered how few really good people there are, but it was very gratifying for him to feel that he himself belonged to the narrow minority. He went into partnership with the first man he met who thought as he did, and with experience as their sheet anchor they were promptly submerged by the first snag they struck in the commercial sea. His parents commiserated with him, and provided him with more money, and told him to look out for “snags” in his next partner, and he did so, and failed for the second time, for the partner got the money, and he got the experience, but it never occurred to him that a man who believed that “honesty is the best policy” wanted any other equipment for merchantile warfare.

His parents were poorer, but they said they “felt themselves fortunate to have a son whose integrity was unimpeachable.”

When he launched out into something entirely new they were confident that his virtues would be rewarded.

They weren't, though; there was not enough variety to them, and those he did possess he hadn't the napkin of common sense to wrap around them.

His third failure made him very suspicious of the success of other people. A fourth and fifth completely wrecked his belief in the truth of his favourite proverb. Perhaps you expect to hear that his sixth and seventh efforts made him drop the only prop it had ever occurred to him to raise for his own benefit? Not at all; it was just then he realized

that he was “too honest to get on.” He concluded, under these trying circumstances, that he required the sympathy of some simple soul, and he got married. In a few years there were several little unfortunates thrust into a careless world. What, should you fancy, would be the moral status of children brought up and underfed by a parent who was “too honest to get on?”

J. M. Loes.

“AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER.”

A PROSE POEM.

THEY met upon the beach one afternoon at four, In fact t'was I, I think, who introduced them. Not thinking that from it harm should arise. I left them tete-a-tete, then I slumbered.

From that time on for several weeks
 These two were well nigh inseparable,
 A red parasol and four tan feet,
 On the shore—the result, alas! of my introduction.

When the fall came round at the usual time,
 And the leaves were beginning to redden,
 They married—this couple of seekers after trouble.
 Cards for the christening arrived to-day.

ALWAYS EXCEPTED.

PAYMENT by fees—let it be understood—
 Is never wrong, when payable to W—d.

A LARK.

THE rumoured change of editorship of *The Empire* turns out to be a LARK(E).

HUSBAND—(*during a domestic difference*)—“I don't know how it is that you have such a bad temper!”

WIFE—*with whom patience had ceased to be a virtue*—“It's because I've kept it too long—far too long! No wonder it's bad!”