



HER PREFERENCE.

Bookseller—That is the celebrated "She." Have you read it?

Miss Breezy—"She?" I don't care to read it. Haven't you something about He?

parliamentary matters do dip a fellow so. One must be patriotic, and that confounded Scott Act alone has been a regular sinking fund to me."

"Good heavens, Lucius!" I exclaimed, forgetting other things in horror at the thought that the honor of the Penchermans was at stake, "don't dare to tell me you've been bribing people." He glanced at me in an exasperatingly superior way.

"Ah, my love, what an excitable creature you are," he said, "bribing and all that sort of thing belongs to parliaments of the past, but if you will give me all your attention, I'll try and elucidate things to your understanding."

"Elucidate all you like," I replied, with the hauteur I felt the occasion required, "the unabridged dictionary is near me, and with its help I'll worry through your meaning, only don't forget that you are in the bosom of your family, instead of making a stump speech which nobody listens to." My dignity kind of flustered him, seeing which I folded my hands with a monumental patience that said plainly, Go on, I will endure.

"You needn't try to look so scornful, the Act or de-

bates have cost me a good square sum, and the Scott Act isn't the only one either. You see," he went on, "whenever anything comes up before the 'House,' on which you either have no particular opinion, or, having one, don't wish to express it, your only plan is to leave Ottawa on pressing business, so that if a vote should happen to be taken during your unavoidable absence you're not responsible, and can answer with a clear conscience any enquiries your constituents make as to the stand you took, but these trips cost money, what with hotel bills, going to the opera and asking the other fellows to dine with you. As the wife of a member your soul should soar above petty details of expense, but I see it is of no use to imbue the feminine mind with lofty patriotic sentiments," and without further ado he seized his hat and went down town, leaving me a prey to the most melancholy feelings. J. M. LOES.

SEA STORIES.

BY GRIP'S OWN ANCIENT MARINER.

A JIBE AT A JIB.

HAWKINS, who is the unfortunate possessor of an extremely long nose, was spending vacation with old Captain Finback (on the retired list), and one day noticed the old salt regarding him very meditatively.

"Well, Captain," he enquired, "is there anything new about me?"

"No, I can't say as there is," was the bluff reply. "But I was just athinkin' you'd never go to perdition for want of a jib to pay you off."

Hawkins simply remarked with a bland smile that he'd rudder think not, too; but there was no responsive smile on Captain Finback's bronzed visage. Captain Finback is eminently practical.

CRITICISING A CRAFT.

"MY eyes!" exclaimed Jack to his messmate, as there passed by a young lady dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, and with one of the latest panniers; "ain't that a tidy little craft?"

"Well, yes!" agreed his companion. "But it seems to me she's carrying to much after-sail."

LOST HIS BEARINGS.

A SAILOR about three sheets in the wind was leaning against a lamp-post and essaying to discover the use of one of the new letter boxes attached thereto.

A city missionary came along and addressed him in nautical vernacular.

"Ahoy, there, shipmate! whither are you drifting? How are you heading?"

Jack, with his eyes still on the box, managed to respond: "How (hic) kin a chap (hic) get his (hic) bearings when there's (hic) no compass in (hic) this bloomin' (hic) binnacle?"

A FRESH thing in hats is the head of the young man who says "Ah there."—*Oil City Blizzard*.