

### The Traveller Convinced Her.

The other day an omnibus, full of passengers, drove up to its suburban terminus, says a contemporary. Side by side sat a commercial traveller and a lady temperance lecturer. The commercial traveller seized his bag and made a move to get out. The lady made a snatch after him and he halted.

"I beg your pardon" she said "but you have my bag."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveller said, courteously but firmly, "This is mine."

"No, sir," the lady replied firmly, "it is mine, I should know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the traveller persisted and the lady insisted and they came very near quarrelling.

Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin bag in the omnibus, and said:

"It isn't mine," said the traveller. It is just like mine, but this is mine.

"And it isn't mine," said the lady. "He has mine, and I want it, and I'll have it. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed or her property in broad daylight."

Finally the traveller said he would open the bag to prove his property.

The lady objected at first, saying she didn't want her bag opened in the presence of strangers.

But as there was no other means of settling the dispute, she at length consented.

The traveller took out a key, opened the bag, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the top of everything lay a big, flat flask, half full of whisky, a pack of cards, a meerschaum pipe, a quarter of a pound of tobacco, and a snuff box.

The traveller was the first to recover his self-possession and speech.

"Madam," said he, "You are right. The bag is yours. I owe you a thousand apologies."

But the lady had fainted and the traveller re-locked his bag with a quiet smile.

Early in the afternoon a sign painter received a note in a feminine hand, asking him to come to a certain house to mark a black bag in white letters a foot and a half long.

### A Summer Romance.

Of course it was very kind and thoughtful of Mr. Higginflyer to offer to go down all the way to St. Andrew and hunt up comfortable diggings for his wife and olive branches, and any reasonable wife would have admitted as much. But then, you see, a jealous woman is never reasonable, and we are sorry to say that the green-eyed monster had taken up permanent lodgings with Mrs. Higginflyer, and lost no opportunity of whispering doubts and suspicions concerning Mr. H's movements in her ear, and we are bound to admit he found an all too ready a listener.

But on this occasion, when her husband made the offer recounted above, Mrs. Higginflyer felt the necessity of dissembling. Previous experience had taught her that she either wronged her spouse with her suspicions, or that he was artful enough to take proper measures to allay them, when, as she had previously done, she had allowed them to become too apparent. The good lady was firmly convinced that the latter was the true state of the case and accordingly, when Higginflyer proposed to run down by the Flying Yankee on Saturday, select the rooms, and come up on Monday morning, she fell in with a readiness and absence of objection that was as novel as it was delightful.

Alas! appearances were ever deceitful. The next train that steamed into St. Andrew's from Woodstock, after the Flying Yankee, numbered among its passengers a stern-visaged female, of substantial proportions, whom, had you been previously acquainted with her, you would at once recognize as Mrs. Higginflyer. She was on the track.

We will not follow her in her weary search thro' the town, we will not wall upon her mind-racked promenade on pier and jetty, but follow her as with noiseless but trembling footsteps, with flaming eyes and breath that comes in short gasps, she steals across the beach to where, behind a heap of sand, she has at last run the faithless Higginflyer down. Yes, there is the villain in his hat alone would have betrayed him, even if his hair, and general back view had not been recognized by his outraged wife. There he sat, and beside him was—a girl—a minx—a creature!

Mrs. Higginflyer did not hesitate a moment. She stole softly up behind and put all her outraged feelings into one terrific blow with her umbrella.

A thud, an oath, a scream, a scuffle, and Mrs. Higginflyer stood rooted to the spot with horror and astonishment. She'd nearly broken the head of a complete stranger after all.

Ten minutes later, as Mr. H. turned out of the gate of a house, he encountered a little party consisting of his wife, the town marshal, and a small crowd of idlers, with a honeymooning couple, on the way to the police magistrate to make a charge against Mrs. H.

Mrs. Higginflyer returned to Woodstock and did not have a sea-side holiday, as it took the money reserved for that purpose to pay the fine.

Did Ananias live to day  
He'd get a berth, you bet,  
To write the little stories for  
A fisherman's gazette.

HE. I see from the newspapers that they have been sending out seven more missionaries to the Kook-em-alive-oh Islanders.

SHE. Oh, that's good; I am glad to hear that; there is no fear of the poor heathen starving at present, then.

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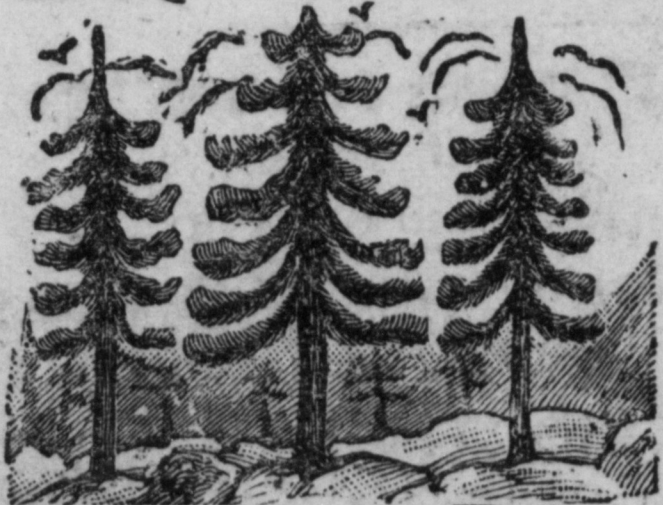
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