

Song of the New Woman's Husband.

With his right hand he hastes to rock
The pretty wicker cradle;
And with his left hand in a sock,
He stands beside a pot of mush,
Of seething mush, of red-hot mush,
And tries to wield the ladle.
And as he works he faintly sings,
The restless twins to quiet;
But, ah! his rhymes get sadly mixed
In with the corn-meal diet.
"Hush! hush! hush!"
Mush! mush! mush!
Lie still and slumber;
Mamma's got wheels in her head;
She's gone to the polls,
You poor little souls,
And I wish that your daddy was dead! dead!
How I wish that your daddy was dead."

This lullaby the twins doth shock.
They shriek; he rocks the faster;
And from his left hand slips the sock
Into that iron pot of mush.
Of seething mush, of red-hot mush,
To heighten the disaster,
In vain he tries to claw it out,
And cooks his brawny feelers;
"Hush up!" he roars unto the twins,
"You everlasting squealers!"
Hush! hush! hush!
Mush! mush! mush!
Lie still and slumber;
Mamma's got wheels in her head;
She won't care a skip
If you die of the pip.
Nor if daddy is burned till he's dead! dead! dead!
In a pot of hot mush, till he's dead!

Just then his voting wife walks in.
Alas! 'tis she, none other;
And asks, with elevated chin,
"Sav, do you boil your socks in mush?"
Is this your way of making mush?
Is this the way of your mother?
"No-o," stammered he, "the sock fell in,
This sock that I was darning;
It scorched the-e twins, and screamed the-e mush
Without a moment's warning."
Hush! hush! hush!
Mush! mush! mush!
Lie still and slumber;
Mamma's got wheels in her head;
She's home from the polls,
You poor little souls,
And I wish that your daddy was dead! dead!
dead!
How I wish that your daddy was dead."
—Jenny Terrill Ruprecht.

THE MATCH-MAKING MAMMA.

A Warning to Eligible Bachelors.

Scene—A drawing-room in a French country house.

Monsieur—Well, at last we are to have a little rest, after a season of seaside casinos which, I confess, I find rather wearing.

Madame—Wearing indeed, especially for a mother, who must sit against the wall for five mortal hours at a time, while her daughter is being whirled about the room, with her head pressed against a lot of polished shirt-fronts, under any one of which may beat the heart of a future son-in-law.

Monsieur—It was for her sake that I have suffered a similar martyrdom myself. But after five years of this sort of thing, it seems to me Agnes might be able to make up her mind. What is she waiting for?

Madame—Let me question her. It may be that she has singled out some one without our suspecting it. Ah, here she is.

Agnes (entering)—I have just been feeding my doves. They look at each other in such a funny way.

Madame—Come and sit here beside me. I want to talk seriously to you.

Agnes—Yes, mamma. (She sits.)

Madame (solemnly)—My child, you are now old enough to marry.

Agnes—Yes, mamma.

Madame—You know that every year since you were 18 we have taken you to all the seaside resorts that seemed to promise best. Well, my child, we can not go on like this forever. You do not wish to sentence your father and mother to a round of casinos forever, I hope. Haven't you made a choice from among all your partners?

Agnes—A choice? I thought it was the gentleman's place to—

Madame—To propose—of course, my child. But it is the girl's part to make them wish to do so.

Agnes—But I don't know how, mamma.

Madame (a little sharply)—Let us see—haven't your partners said anything to you?

Agnes—Oh, yes, they generally say: "It is very warm this evening, don't you think?"

Madame—Well, what more do you want? This is the first step—that is the way I married your father: I scarcely knew him. One night at a ball, he said to me: "It is quite warm this evening, don't you think?" I replied, with a smile: "Oh, yes, sir." And a fortnight later he was—

Monsieur—Caught!

Madame—My poor child, you are desperately simple. Life is a highway in which two go easily in double harness; but, on the other hand, it is a hard road to travel alone.

Agnes—I suppose I shall have to travel it alone, mamma.

Madame—Nonsense, child. A marriageable young girl should read men's thoughts in their glances. And even if the gentleman does not say anything, it is often just then that he is most eloquent.

Agnes—Ah I thought so. One gentleman who never says anything when he is with me is M. Latour.

Madame—Our new country neighbor! He has a substantial fortune and a good presence. And he is a confirmed bachelor, in the bargain. They are always the easiest to land.

Where have you met him?

Agnes—Since we have been back here, he has called three times when you were out. He has always been shown into the drawing-room, and he never says anything but: "Pardon me, mademoiselle, but I wish to see your father," and then he goes away.

Madame—He wished to see your father, and you did not detain him.

Agnes—But he didn't come to see me.

Madame—You poor innocent! Why should he call on the father of a marriageable young girl except to propose for her hand? A husband, let me tell you, should be taken by assault. And if a girl wishes it, in an instant—

Monsieur (aside)—My wife is an admirable tactician—when she is attacking somebody else.

Agnes—Oh, here he comes now! He is coming up the walk.

Madame (triumphantly)—Well, we shall try conclusions, M. Latour. Your father and I shall leave you, Agnes, and you will receive him. Don't by any chance let him get away. I shall be here when I am needed. (They go out.)

Agnes (alone)—I don't know what to say to this young man. I certainly can not propose to him myself.

(A servant shows in M. Latour.)

Latour—Pray forgive me for disturbing you, mademoiselle. I called to see your father.

Agnes (aside)—There—what did I say? (Aloud.) My father is at home, I believe. Will you not sit down, while he is being informed that you are here?

Latour (aside, as he sits)—The old gentleman seems to be pretty hard to catch. However, I am glad to have a moment's respite to run over my plan of campaign. I have certainly a very delicate matter to propose.

Had I better say to him, boldly: "Sir, I am an enthusiastic sportsman. My preserves are not large enough for me, and you have four partridge fields on your estate, as I am informed. At what figure would you be willing to lease them to me?" But perhaps he might not like to lease his ground, he might be offended. Would it be better to ask permission to ramble over his fields with my gun?—for he doesn't shoot.

Agnes (aside)—And this is the gentleman mamma wishes me to talk to! How easy it is!

Latour (aloud)—Perhaps your father is busy. I will call again. (He is about to rise.)

Agnes—Do not go, sir. He cannot be long. I have already told him that you have called several times to see him.

Latour—It is a matter of great importance to me.

Agnes (aside)—According to mamma, I should consider "great importance" an avowal. (A pause.)

Agnes (aside)—Now it is my turn to say something. (Aloud.) It is quite warm today is it not?

Latour—Oh, yes, indeed, mademoiselle. (The door opens and Madame enters.)

Madame (with impression)—M. Latour, our neighbor, is it not?

Latour—Yes, madame; I called to see your husband—

Madame—My husband or myself, it makes no difference.

Latour—Oh, certainly. (Aside.) How much shall I offer her for her partridge fields?

Madame (affectionately)—I have divined, sir, the object of your visit.

Latour (surprised)—Indeed? (Aside.) My gamekeeper must have been gossiping.

Madame—Your intentions do us honor.

Latour—I shall not haggle over the matter. So—

Madame (quickly)—Nor shall we, for we deem you worthy to possess such a treasure.

Latour (aside)—Four wretched partridge fields a treasure.

Madame—In a word, we confide to you our most cherished possession.

Latour (aside)—Does she imagine I am going to rob her of her crops? (Aloud.) Madame, you may rest assured no one could husband more carefully—

Madame (exploding)—Now that we understand each other, come to my arms, my son-in-law!

Latour (startled)—Me! I—

Madame—And kiss my daughter, I permit it.

Latour—Pardon me, I—

Madame—Nay, banish your timidity!

Latour (bewildered)—But I assure you, I— (stammering.) Marriage? No—partridges!

Madame—Ah, what a mother feels at such a moment! But, calm yourself, son-in-law. (She threw herself upon him and clasped him in her arms.)

Latour (aside, weakly)—I must have suddenly gone mad!

Madame (triumphantly)—In a fortnight we shall have the wedding.

Monsieur (opening the door and contemplating the group)—There you are! (Sighing.) Caught!—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Desmoliens by L. S. Vassault.

A Great Home Paper.

Toronto turns out some excellent home and general newspapers, but none that is superior in any respect to THE WEEKLY GLOBE. THE GLOBE'S enterprise is well known, and its reliability as a medium of information has always been its proud distinction. No Canadian journal devotes more space to purely Canadian topics, nor deals with Canadian affairs more fairly nor more thoroughly. Every Canadian home is the better for the weekly visits of this great paper.

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Neglect cold in the head and you will surely have catarrh. Neglect nasal catarrh and you will surely induce pulmonary diseases or catarrh of the stomach with its disgusting attendants, foul breath, hawking, spitting, blowing, &c. Stop it all by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box cures.

A Hint to Judges.

The Law Journal of Canada makes an attack on the Supreme Court. It charges that it has an atmosphere of uncertainty, irritation and disquiet, which makes it anything but a pleasant place to attempt the argument of a point of law. There is some force in the impeachment. The impatience and ill-temper shown by some of the judges, when a young counsel, or for that matter an old one who is new to the procedure, essays to raise a point in law, or interpose an objection, is certainly not in keeping with the dignity of the highest legal tribunal in the Dominion. The usefulness of a judge is done, when he fails to follow the development of an argument with an unruffled temper. He ought to make room for some one else when his demeanour raises the suspicion that his particular seat on the bench has been decorated with tacks.

—Hull, P. Q., Dispatch.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A.,

San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. Sold by Garden Bros.

A Joke on the Proprietor

A young newspaperman working his way east from Denver tells of some amusing incidents of his experience in a city which is

one of Denver's rivals. The newspaper on which he worked was owned by an old fellow who had worked his way up from poverty to proprietorship and whose proprietorship of a newspaper was acquired under a mortgage foreclosure.

As soon as the old man got hold of the property he began to look around to find out where he could save a few dollars in the running expenses. Several weeks passed before he ventured a suggestion. Said he: "Do you know that fellow in the little room upstairs—the fellow who works with a pair of shears and a paste pot?"

"Why, yes; that is Tompkins, the exchange editor," said the manager.

"Tompkins? Yes, that's his name. Well, you want to keep your eye on him. In fact, if you take my advice you'll give him the grand bounce next pay day."

"Why? He is one of the best men on the force."

"Don't you believe it. I have been watching him unbeknownst for days, and I give you my word 'n honor he don't do a thing from sun to sun except sit there with his feet cocked up and read newspapers. Fire him! He is soldiering, an' you can bet on it."

With great difficulty the manager made the irate proprietor understand that it was the business of the exchange editor to read newspapers, and that the more he read the better his work was likely to be.

—New York Herald.

The Best Cough Cure
is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Garden Bros.

"Is there really a man in the moon?" he cried.

To his girl with the eyes so bright;
"Why, of course, there is," she at once replied.

"And I think he is full to night."

—New York Herald.

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

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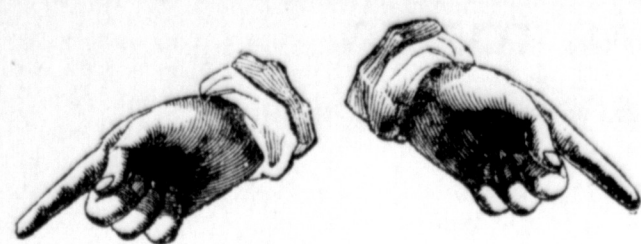
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