

CINCE YESTERDAY.

The man sang but yesterday... The windflowers by the wayside swung...

THRIFT.

His mother had insisted on calling him Thrift. No one knew why she had given him the name...

How far he believed this, or how far a man's dislike to scenes or a natural desire to have his wife's affection...

It was this fact that had come to tell Jean. He rather wished Thrift would help him to lead up to it by a scene...

Then, John Forbes, you're not a marrying man. Thrift gave him no help. He lay smiling impudently...

Thrift was annoyed by her tone. "And suppose I say I wanna have Thrift?"...

It struck neither of them that there were any paths in the sentence. A pathos of a ten year's mistakes silence...

After some few weeks she got a tumble down the little cottage about a mile from the straggly village. It proved too far, or the "haa" of the new dressmaker's skirts proved too much for Jean's old customers...

John Forbes would sometimes stop as he was passing the little cottage and say a few words. There was never any allusion to past times between them...

AMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

The first arrival—Why, what is that noise, Willie? Willie—Oh, that's papa and mamma trying to get the family skeleton back into the closet before the guests arrive—Truth.

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SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

Christians who get half over the border get it from both sides; the church clubs them on one side and the world throws bricks at them on the other.

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