

THE DAUGHTER.

It's not myself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining... Do you mind the notes we walked to Mass when all the fields were green?

The Harp of Life.

By L. LOVEGROVE.

"Where's Nan?" That was the usual cry at the Coverdale's if the eldest daughter disappeared for more than five minutes... "Where's Nan?" again demanded Fred. His kite wanted mending and he was eager to be off, for the wind was glorious and the boys were waiting for him.

for his answer an ecstatic time followed, during which poor Nan's armour was penetrated by all sorts of arrows... "My word, Nan," cried Fred, coming in one day, with a hop, skip and a jump... "Not while I can have your kisses, darling," said Nan, the sore-hearted.

"This Is So Sudden"

By Winifred Black.

CERTAIN well-known and most estimable woman is going round the country telling all the women's clubs that it is time for woman to seize upon her rights and do her own proposing... Tish, tush and pooh; also iut.

Women as Frauds

By Marie Corelli.

SHOULD just like to say one word respecting a "right" which no woman appears eager to seize upon and defend—the right to protest against the vulgar and indecent manner in which she is given away as a great Sham in all her own special fashion books and pictorials.

Are American Boys Too Forward, Irreverent, Bold and Self-Assertive?

By Justice Leverone, Of the Juvenile Court of New York.

IF we concede that the American boy has all these faults, we only concede that he is typical of his age. He partakes of the greatly increased freedom of the individual in our time, and he shares the much more marked activity of his period.

The Man Who Runs the Railroad

By Thornton Oakley.

A MILE down the track the express comes round the bend. You watch it as it grows rapidly larger, then in a moment it thunders by. The tower trembles and you gasp in smoke. The signal-operator glances at his clock, then leans out and shakes two fingers at the engineer, who nods and pulls his throttle in a bit.

Down in Old Mexico.

An irate reader in Coahuila, an Hidalgo of the old school, says that the first time he has had time to get away he is coming to the city of Mexico to thrust a Toledo blade down our throat.