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SHORT STORIES.**THE OCEAN.**

"Why does the ocean rage?" of him
She sought the information.
"The ocean rages," he replied,
"Purely for wreck-creation."

A SURPRISING QUESTION.

"A man called whoile ye wes out, sir,"
said Pat to his master the other day.
"Had he a bill?" inquired the master,
who was heavily in debt.
"No, sor," replied our friend in sur-
prise, "just an ordinary nose."

THE HAND.

The mere sight of the hand thrilled
him, and caused a tremor throughout his
manly form. The touch of the hand
as his fingers closed upon it made the
warm blood of romance and ambition
course madly through his veins and
momentarily dim his vision. His heart
pulsed rapturously, and the faces of the
people became nebulous and unreal, seem-
ing to float before his startled eyes like
things of another sphere come to jeer and
mock his happiness.

For he was happy—gloriously happy!
The hand which his fingers caressed had
made him happy. He could have kissed
the hand—smothered it with passionate
caresses, but a timely prudence restrained
him.

For when you have picked up "ace,
king, queen, knave, and ten" of a suit
it is not a good player's policy to adver-
tise the fact. Is it?

HIS CHOICE.

She (fond of ragtime). "Now that you
have looked over my music, what would
you like me to play?"

He: "Whist or bridge."

THE OLD "NEW" STORY.

Mrs De Smythe was feeling very poorly,
she complained of pains in her head and
limbs, so she asked her hubby (who was
rather mean), to send for the doctor, but
he didn't see the necessity.

"Why not try rubbing with some oils?"
he said. "It's probably neuritis or neu-
ralgia."

"Oh, is it?" snapped she. "Then it's
the first thing I have had 'new' for
years."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Tired Tramp: "Can't yer help an old
soldier, mum?"

Kind-hearted Lady: "Poor fellow.
Here's a shilling for you. Were you
wounded?"

Tired Tramp: (pocketing coin): "No,
mum. But I was among the missing
twice."

Kind-hearted Lady: "How terrible.
When was it?"

Tired Tramp: "Just before the battles
of Neuve Chapelle and the Somme,
mum!"

SPECULATION.

Baby Mary, aged six, was paying a visit
to her aunt in the country, and was re-
ceiving her first impressions of rustic
surroundings. Having expressed a wish
for a glass of milk, her doting aunt led
her, glass in hand, to a cow standing
in the nearest barn. Her eyes opened
in amazement to see her aunt fill the glass
from such an unexpected source, but after
a pause she remarked, "I suppose the
other three taps are tea, coffee, and co-
coa, aunty?"

A CUE-RIGOUS INCIDENT.

A local football team was being out-
classed by their opponents during a very
disastrous game. None of the home play-
ers were able to do a thing right, and
even most ardent supporters of the team
were getting exasperated.

At last one of the home backs, who
was bald-headed, jumped up to head the
ball, but it skidded on his cranium and
went through his own goal.

"Hi, Jimmy," called a voice from the
crowd, "why didn't yer chalk yer cue?"



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