

NOTHING SERIOUS.

A WOMAN—OF COURSE.

"That 'five topic' printed a while ago about the chemist who got tired of letting postage-stamps go on a customer's charge account was not a circumstance to an experience I had this week," another chemist said.

"One of our well-to-do customers—a woman, of course—asked me over the 'phone if I had change for five pounds. When I said 'Yes,' she inquired if I could send the boy up to her home with it. The boy had errands enough already, but I did not wish to be disobliging, so I sent him.

"She opened the door for him herself, and, upon receiving the five pounds in change, smiled amiably, and said, 'Tell Mr. Squilla to charge it, please,' and sweetly bowed the boy away."

The 'Boy's Brigade' were on parade, and the corporal, thinking they had been out long enough, gave the order to return on arriving at the corner of the street leading back to the school from where they started.

"Right wheel—no, left wheel—no, right wheel!" he shouted.

The boys noticing his confusion, started laughing, when the corporal shouted: "Hang it, boys, turn up Green-street."

Scene: The bar of a public-house. Enter poor woman, weeping bitterly.

"My poor little Nellie has just been run over and killed," she moaned.

They were only hard-working men but their hearts were touched, and soon a hat was being passed around the bar for the afflicted woman's benefit.

"How old was she?" asked one of her rough sympathisers.

"Five years," she answered; and then paralysed them all with: "And I've had her ever since she was a kitten."