

for doing it—why can't I afford it?
I haven't got enough money.
How much money have I got?
Twenty and forty pounds a year.
How much in debt besides?

Thinking that aside for a moment, isn't it
worthwhile to marry on £140 a year?
The majority of people who have done it.
The majority of people?
The majority of curates, and actors, and people
in general.
Can't I do it?

(1 mark for).

He couldn't really marry on £140 a year.
I don't know.
He wouldn't let me.

(1 mark against).

Money doesn't always bring all the money
in a marriage.
A rich wife is sometimes an heiress.
If I were to marry an heiress it would be all
right.

(1 mark for).

Is there any one in particular in my mind's eye
whom I want to marry?

Is there anything to do with the point.
The heiress?

How much money has she got?

How much use thinking about that, is it?

(1 mark against).

It really seems as if I can't get married at all?

(1 mark against).

For the different sides of the argument
I have set down at the bottom of the
result was 3 marks in favour of marriage.

The paper bore the date of February 4th. On
February 5th Markham proposed to old Mr. Weston's
youngest daughter, and was accepted—by her, that is
to say. Old Mr. Weston is out of town. and has not
yet had an opportunity of expressing himself on the
situation.

A. H. M.

**BALLADE OF THE MUTABILITY OF
HUMAN AFFAIRS.**

WILD briar's a blossom that fades,
(Like litmus with strong alkalies);
And the love of terrestrial maids
Is tender—too tender—to prize,
In a minute it droops and it dies,
And happiness spills at the brink;
Love opens the window and flies—
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

Prosperity favoureth trades:
An hour, and then troubles arise,
The workers drop axes and spades,
And Brandenburg labour supplies
The goods. It is very unwise
Your money in labour to sink.
It will vanish, the blue in the skies!
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

And even the woe that invades
Will pass, I make bold to surmise,
Like a man who for salmon-trout wades
Till the water comes over his thighs.
He's wet, but he speedily dries
More quickly than most of us think:
His gaff he repeatedly plies—
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

Envoi.

Prince, we sell it in various shades,
In azure and purple and pink:
Things change by perceptible grades.
But Smith's is a permanent Ink.

A. C.