



NO HOME COMFORTS.

MR. KIRBY STONE (*just down from town*)—"And are you enjoying your camping experience, Miss Gusherton?"

MISS G. (*ecstatically*)—"Oh, ever so much! Everything is so lovely and disagreeable, you know!"

THE NEWSPAPER AND RAG CARPET.

A PAPER lying on a chair,
Was blown off by a puff of air,
And fluttered down upon the floor
On which an old rag carpet lay,
And never having met before
Each to the other said "Good day."
Then spake the carpet: "Learned sage
Oft have I had a wish to engage
In conversation with a mind
Like yours profound, and feel inclined
To seize this lucky chance, if you
Will kindly grant an interview.
For here my lowly duties doom
Me to seclusion in this room,
Save when to somewhat recreate me
They take me up and shake and beat me.
Such a restricted situation,
A mind so full of information
As yours can hardly realise
Nor guess the ignorance it implies.
I hope you will not take amiss
That I improve a chance like this.
For I have heard you are so wise,
That naught is done beneath the skies
Without your knowledge, and your skill
In magic such that at your will
He who but lays his eye on you
Far foreign climes may wander through.
Like that enchanted carpet, old
Arabian legends tell of. Gold
Possesses no such power, if I
Could hope to gain it, I could die,
Methinks, in peace though torn in pieces,
So that when this low drudging ceases,
I might be sure that I, like you,
Would form a magic carpet, too.
Now, honored sir, if you would teach
How such high fortune I might reach,
Whatever you may bid me do
I'll tax my breadths to keep in view."
And here the carpet ceased and sighed,
While thus the newspaper replied:
"My worthy friend, all that you see
And value in a thing like me
If you are cotton you may be.
Yet think not I congratulate you
Upon the honors which await you.
I was a door-mat once, like you
I've felt the tread of boot and shoe.

Know from experience the blows
That angry wives bestow on those.
The papers then I thought my betters,
But now since I have learned my letters,
My eyes are opened, and I see
The beauty of humility.
This learning with its magic power,
That spans all distance in an hour,
Confers, I own, distinction great,
But purchased at too dear a rate,
If you to mount above your level
Have dealings with the printer's devil.
What matters titles and renown.
The envy of the unthinking clown,
The talk and wonder of the town,
When character and self-respect,
And pride are all completely wrecked?
I was an honest door mat-once,
Though but a ragged, home-bred dunce,
With an unblemished reputation
For one in such a situation.
Such was I once; now what am I?
The cheap purveyor of a lie,
The trafficker in all the crimes
And monstrous follies of the times.
From senate hall to felon's dungeon
There's not a puddle but I plunge in;
Promoter of the social scandal,
In wrecking characters a vandal,
In all base tricks of this black art
I have been taught to take a part.
Far better had I borne the tread
Of passing feet till my last thread
Were cut, than such a fate to find,
To bear the foul print of the mind.
Degraded thus I feel resigned
To painful purgatorial fire,
By which such leaves as we expire,
If but its breath obliterate
The stains that blot my present state."
Much more the paper might have said,
But at this juncture came a maid,
And straightway picked it from the floor
And bore it off and shut the door.
The carpet never saw it more,
But thinking all the matter o'er,
And knowing it was old and rotten
It blessed its stars it was not cotton.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

WE note this interesting item of theatrical news: "John R. Rogers has made a contract with Minnie Palmer, by which, next season, her business will be under the management of W. W. Randall and J. Charles Davis." Theatre goers would be much better pleased to hear that Mr. Rogers had made a contract with this over-puffed "star" by which she would agree to learn the first rudiments of acting. Up to date she has depended upon diamonds exclusively for her success before the footlights.

LEGAL.

BLAKE—LAW—On July 16, at Murray Bay, William Hume Blake, of Toronto, to Alice Jean Law, of Montreal.

But why a second ceremony? It is well known that Mr. Hume Blake was already "wedded to his profession."

IN THE RESTAURANT.

DE FAIM—"Bah! This steak tastes of liver."

WAITER—"No liver has been cooked in any of our frying-pans for over two months."

DE FAIM—"That is not the point. What I want to know is, have the pans been cleaned since they were last used for cooking liver?"