

**THE LOST CORD.**

*(Music by Sullivan.)*

SEATED one day in the office,  
I was weary and ill at ease;  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Among my noisy keys,

I know well of what I was dreaming,  
And of what I was thinking then,  
Where, where had I laid that string away  
Last night at a quarter to ten?

It was just the right length and thickness  
For the parcel I wanted to tie,  
And I knew I had laid it somewhere—  
Where no one could find it but I.

I sought, but I sought it vainly,  
That one lost cord of mine,  
Which came and was lost, oh! so quickly—  
I must look for some other strong twine,

I borrowed a piece of the clothes line,  
And the parcel was sent on its way:  
When wishing to sharpen a pencil  
My hand to vest pocket did stray

In search of a knife, when a tangle  
My wandering fingers struck—  
And *there* was the string I had looked for!  
That's always my sort of luck!

But I put that old string in a drawer,  
And labeled it properly; so,  
Whenever I want a small piece now,  
It's there, and I know where to go.

G. O. N.

**WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THE GIRLS?**

It isn't the easiest thing in the world for a lady to bring up a family, or rather to speak with the accuracy expected from a Mrs. Pencherman, to know what to do with the girl part of it in a small town like Rural Dell, when having emerged from the tom-boy, bread and butter state, they come home from boarding-school full-fledged young ladies, eager for tasting the delights of freedom, the glories of trains and skirt improvers, and in all the delightful exuberance of that romantic time of life are ready to conquer or be conquered, and not a young man in the place worth the trouble, though I may say *en passant*, that such beaux as we have capitulated without any hesitation before the glowing roses in Molly's cheeks and the elegance of Jane's manners. Naturally I wouldn't feel satisfied to have them begin as Lucius and I did, and work their way up in the world step by step; but then, alas, it is quite true to adopt the sentiments of a poet, that in their native town,

" Full many a girl is born to live un-woo'd,  
Or waste her beauty on the *poor and crude.*"

Not but that the few young men in the place are nice enough, hard-working young fellows, honest, and all that sort of thing, but as the dear girls say "they ain't a bit nice," and of course the education my daughters have received makes them a bit particular; they take after their mother in that, though perhaps a passing glance at their Pa as I make the remark may tempt you to smile. Don't. A member of Parliament is elected for greater purposes than other people's amusement. But to return to the girls, we've done our best to amuse them. They've been to Ottawa, and picked up all sorts of nice ideas; not about politics, but sweet, æsthetic ideal theories of life, ideal theories that will require them to marry

millionaires; but being an observant mother, I see no such husbands waiting for them on their native shores, so I am constrained to leave their future to fate, and indeed the present is as much as I can manage to take care of. You see in Rural Dell the people are so busy with the every day affairs of life they do not as a general rule make the pursuit of pleasure the first object in existence, and Molly and Jane find home-life dull in the extreme after the amusements of fashionable society, and they get out of spirits when they contemplate the meagre supply of pleasure offered them in their own town. I've tried giving parties, but with four or five young ladies to every gentleman, they weren't as entertaining as they might be; and then Rural Dell has only two or three bank clerks, which makes matters worse. And time does hang so heavily on Miss Pencherman's when they come home from visiting. Lucius grumbles and wants to know why I don't make the girls useful. Now that's just like a man. After spending hundreds and hundreds of dollars to turn them off ornamental, to expect they'd take kindly to working and sweeping when they're just full of nonsense and looking out for a grand time. As I said to their father, if you'd spent years of your life learning the elegancies of life and literature, and taking care of your complexion, do you think that directly you were finished, you'd enjoy spoiling your hands in the kitchen? In the spring-time of young lady-hood, utilitarian ideas are positively repugnant to girls brought up as my girls have been; time alone can change the effect of their training. Besides, if things were otherwise, I'd like to catch him eating any of their culinary experiments,—only the affection of lovers or newly-made husbands could be equal to such a task. Dear children we've educated them to be highly decorative, as it were, and I'm not going to have them blamed for it, though in thinking of the possibilities of life, I sometimes wonder if for a Canadian Rural Dell existence they haven't got a little too much finish, and in the few quiet moments of a very busy life, I can't help asking myself now and then, What Shall I do with the Girls?

J. M. LOES.



**HIS MAIDEN EFFORT.**

" Mr. Kicker,—er—I mean Mr. Speaker, your elevation to that chair teaches us all the great benefit of judicious bolting, and I rise to let the Gov'ment know that *my* support this session depends on whether I get that charter I'm after or not!"

A FELLER dond can get away mit himself. So it was besser dot he make himself so goot vat he can.—*Carl Pretzel.*