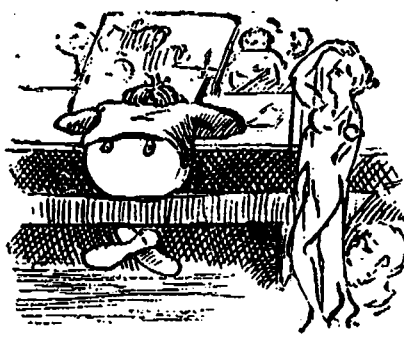


A SAD MISTAKE.



Snobbs believed he was an Artist, e'en from his youth.



He attended the Art School for a few years



At the age of twenty he commenced to paint a Battle Scene, in Oil Colours.



At the age of forty he gave it the finishing touch. "Now," thought he, "I will bring it to the Exhibition, where I can get a good price, and a prize perhaps."



This is the result



He now goes in for a higher style of Art.

the local government, when he reached the Mallory mansion. Offering a copy of the report of the Agricultural Commission which he



had preserved in pay for a night's lodging, he was accommodated.

"What, Ferdinand!" said Eugenia, on seeing the youth on her return from a neighbor's, where she had been to borrow a pan for preserving. "Why, I thought you must have perished."

"Why, no, Eugenia," he said, in the intervals of clasping her to his bosom, "although I must have passed through several perishes—parishes—see?—in the meantime,—in fact a very mean time. Nothing but the soothing reflections excited by the perusal of the report of the Provincial Secretary for 1880-81 sustained me. I wonder if your old man would trade a hat for it as I have lost mine, and he will find the report a mine of statistics for the approaching campaign, which, I need hardly

remark, promises to be an exceedingly close one, and will go far to decide the fate of the local government. Now obviously, a volume like this, neatly bound, very slightly damaged, and replete with the most copious information on a variety of questions in which the public are interested, is one which at a crisis like this in the history of our common country, at a time when the feelings of every patriot are awakened by the importance of the issues presented—"

"Mr. McIntosh," said Eugenia, suddenly tearing herself from his embrace, "I recall my pledge—I can never be yours!"

"But why—what—" he stammered.



"I will never marry a man who has been a book-agent. He is liable at any time to relapse."

And so they parted. Eugenia still leads an existence of blessed singleness, while Mr. McIntosh intends doing some stumping this fall if arrangements are satisfactory, failing which he will travel in the interests of a leading grocery firm.

THE END.

SIR AUGUSTUS FITZBROWN.

Oh! he was a warrior bold,
A nineteenth century knight;
And he sighed many sighs
For the beautiful eyes
Of his lady so fair and so bright.

His lance was his cane, light but true,
His air was haughtily meek,
With a cutaway coat
And a well hidden throat,
And clad in invulnerable cheek.

Oh! bravely he entered the lists,
Where the modern joust is held,
And he doffed his new helmet
And he murmured well met,
As his fair lady-love he beheld.

He threw himself low at her feet,
He grasped her kid covered hand,
And he swore, "Lady love,
By this ten button glove,
I am thine, ever thine to command!"

Three long weeks have passed since I first
Met thee my charmer, my queen;
In thy smile is my life,
Oh! sweet bird be my wife,
Ah! such bliss the old world has n'er seen."

The lady lay back in her chair,
And never a word said she
Till the bold knight had done,
When she murmured "What fun!
And then drew herself up royally.

"Presumptuous youth," she began,
"Knows't thou that which you would beg,
On this instant, begone!"
Then she smothered a yawn,
And he fled to the far Winnipeg.

MORAL.

Oh! harken all gallant young men,
Who now so anxiously wait
Take heed! Swear not your love
On a ten button glove,
Nor propose to an heiress au fait

LIMP O' THE LAW.