



HIS WEEK POINT.

CHAIRMAN OF SWEATING COMMITTEE.—"And what is your average weekly emolument?"

WITNESS.—"Eh?"

CHAIRMAN.—"Tut, tut! What do you get on Saturdays?"

WITNESS.—"Drunk!"

Quite undeterred by poison put
Upon it to secure their fall
And rid this garden of them all.
"I rather guessed they'd hev to go
At last, but what is this?" his hoe
An earth-stained, lower leaf had bent.
And showed a beetle there intent
On mastication—venerable
His form, the patriarch of this fable.
"Ho, ho, old crafty hardshell, you
Decline to taste my seasoned stew,
Yet will your wit not serve you much."
He spake, and with relentless clutch
Dragged forth his victim, whom he laid
With care upon the shining blade.
And of him an example made.

A fable should at bottom line.
Bear fruit like a potato vine.
And so in point of fact does mine.
Thrust deep the fork of calm reflection
And lo, a speedy resurrection
Of mora's trite in large selection.
Not always that which seems the worst
Proves in the end the greater curse.
Even wisdom sometimes fails to save.
And youth and age both find a grave.
And so on, near *ad infinitum*,
But further I forbear to write 'em.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

ONLY AN ENGINEER.

"THEY met by chance the usual way." It was at the Thousand Islands, or rather one of them.

She was an American belle of some nineteen or twenty summers, with a fondness for moonlight strolls and verandah flirtation.

He was the stalwart engineer of a lake steamer, plying to the Islands, and wore an official uniform with the word "engineer" conspicuously emblazoned upon his cap. But as it happened the letters were temporarily concealed by the strap sometimes used for securing the cap on the head, which had slipped over the inscription. So all that could be inferred from his official attire was, that he held a position of some sort on the boat.

They fell into converse about the weather or the boat, or some ordinary topic, and finally strolled off together

along the shore, conversing of the beauties of the spot, and giving utterance to such poetic and sentimental thoughts as naturally suggest themselves to two persons of opposite sexes on such occasions. She quoted Browning—he expressed his warm admiration for that poet, and his thorough appreciation of his sublime and soul-inspiring ideas.

"There is a subtle introspectiveness—a deep and profound significance which the ordinary mind might fail to grasp in the writings of Browning!" she said.

"There is indeed," he replied. "It seems to thrill the finer chords of being, and sort of lift us, as it were, out of the sordid realities of life."

"Do you not think that it requires a scene like this," she went on to say, "to enable us to realize in its fulness the rapt ecstasy of the poet in feeling his soul permeated by the effluent and gracious harmonies of nature?"

He remarked that it frequently occurred to him in that light, and much more to the same effect.

"How delightful," said the maiden, sinking gracefully upon a flowery bank, "were it to linger here for ever in soul communion with some one drawn close by common sympathies and mutual recognition of those grand truths which are revealed only to those of rarest insight, and make existence a joyous dream."

"Yes, indeed," said he, seating himself beside her, and carelessly throwing his cap down on the grass. The action slightly displaced the strap and exposed to full view the word.

"ENGINEER."

She saw it, and her manner changed instantly. He read coldness and disdain upon her scornful brow. She rose hastily, and said, "Excuse me, but I think I must go back directly to the hotel. Ma will wonder what has become of me." And without waiting for his escort or pausing to take leave, she quitted the scene abruptly. The idyl was over. He was only an engineer.



JOHN THOMAS LUMKIN, AS HE APPEARED ON HIS ARRIVAL IN TORONTO.



J. THOMAS LUMKIN, AFTER THREE MONTHS' STUDENTSHIP AT THE TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.