

further out until nothing but his head was to be seen above the waters. Now began she to work the scheme that had hitherto loitered around the craneries of her brain. A mighty wave approached, and as it broke over them, Miss Bella tripped her darling Thomas and he fell beneath the raging waves. When he came up with a chest full of sea water he was badly scared and entreated his love to haste into shore. But his love gently chided him for his weakness and promised that she would see that he was not drowned. Our hero kissed Bella for such comforting words, and swore he loved her more dearly than ever. Was that a gleam of joy or self-satisfaction that came into our heroine's eyes at that moment? In the midst of their joy another big wave came along, and, strange to say, our Thomas went under that after the manner of the first, only to be again dragged forth by his darling Bella. When our hero came to the surface his delicate moustache looked very sickly and he evidently thought a deal before he addressed his darling. But his heart was full (and his interior ditto) and he could not refrain from saying a great deal to Bella about love and what a prize she was to him; he would never be afraid of drowning when she was near. Our heroine smiled knowingly and said many nice things in return which highly elated Thomas and they gambolled on as if nothing had occurred. Again a mighty wave rolled towards them, and we grieve to tell, our hero fell beneath its powerful swoop. With a heartrending cry Bella clutched at him, but he slipped from her grasp. The second time he came up he was rescued from a watery grave by the water witch Bella. This last daring effort was too much for him, and as soon as he could articulate a word, he asked her there and then to be his (he didn't go down on his knees for obvious reasons); that day's experience had proved that he could not live without her. Did our lovely water witch hesitate? Not a second. It was for this she had schemed and worked. Cute girl, Bella! They are married now but never go sea bathing. Perhaps Mr. Thomas Duddlewugs has "tumbled." Who knows!

TORY TICKLEEM.

EASY GOING ESSAYS.

BY OUR HAPPY-GO-LUCKY PHILOSOPHER.

II.—FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, ah! As we pass along life's highway and lovingly, lingeringly recount the many bright scenes in the eventful past when sorrow was unknown to our young hearts and we gave little thought to the future, we are thrilled through and through. Now that we are in that future and realize the price of eggs in winter, we look back on the before mentioned eventful past with reflective eye and wonder however we were able to persuade the friends of our youth to lend us even a five-cent piece with a hole in it. Our experience is embodied in Sir Bulwer Lytton's lines:—

"'Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend or to spend or to give in,
But to beg or to borrow or to get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

As Sir Bulwer truly and poetically observed, it is a good world to lend in; one can have friends, whose name shall be legion, on this plan of loans without security. It is a good world to spend in; if you spend wisely. Stand treat to your friends at a saloon and remember them upon their several birthdays, and they will forget you when your dark days come round. It is a good

world to give in. Only give your \$500 to the building fund of the new Ananias church, and you will be known as a good giver the Dominion over. But to beg and—let us lump the sentiments of the two last lines—that is so. The Philosopher knows it. When he is rich enough to own a house of his own, it is his intention to hang Bulwer's verses on the front porch, and he guarantees them to scare away false friends as effectually as the emptiest of purses ever did.

We may conjure up the many beautiful sides to friendship and ruminate upon the golden gleams of hope that shine upon life's path, varied at times with the showers of disappointment and these in turn chased away by the breezes of cheerfulness, but when we come down to hard pan and languish for the loan of a dollar with not a friend to rely upon for it, the golden visions vanish and friendship fizzles into a fraud.

But the Philosopher digresses. This is not essay writing. Fact is, he did not intend to essay much on friendship, although it is a subject that has been little written upon by modern essayists. Happy thought! Will the lady students in our colleges give their impressions upon this interesting subject? It is a noteworthy fact that it has been almost overlooked by them. Think, ladies (with your fine susceptibilities), of the splendid opportunities for the display of choice language, (something within a shade or two of the Philosopher's at the beginning of this essay is specially recommended) and the telling of all you know of the dear friends with whom you went hand in hand in the days of your youth. The way is prepared for you, go on with the good work.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has purchased an estate. She will now cultivate her manor.—E.A.



THE ROSEDALE DRIVE.

PLEASE hurry, Mr. Hallam,
Like a darling little man,
And build that drive in Rosedale
As quickly as you can;
When you've raised the needed money
And carried out your plan,
I will fairly dote upon you,
And so will doggie Fan,
Won't you, Fan?

In my lovely little phaeton
Every other afternoon,
And sometimes in the evening
'Neath the silvery shining moon,
I will sweep—a dainty vision
In my Paris-made maroon—
'Round the drive with darling doggie
And some military spoon,
And I'll think of thee, sweet Hallam,
If you'll get it ready soon—

CLARA LOON.