



"Come to papa!" An X-ray in the home.

No Better and No Worse.

Great men had better ne'er been born,
 Than live to meet the withering scorn
 With which their sacred thoughts are hurled
 Forth in derision by the world;
 This glittering age of arrant pride
 Knows Virtue only to deride;
 To it Truth's false and False is true,
 To take a pessimistic view;
 And all this world of men are liars,
 Consigned to singe in sulphurous fires.
 But then the optimist will say
 'There never was a better day.
 But he who goes to no extreme—
 And who is nearest right, 'twould seem—
 Refuses aught to bless or curse;
 Says 'tis no better, and no worse.

—PETER JOHNSON.

There are Others.

"There is many a slip
 Twixt the cup and the lip"
 So some sage of the ancients has said;
 But he knew when he spoke
 That when one cup is broke
 There's another for use in its stead.

To the Laird.

Dundonald o' Scotia
 Right proudly we ken
 You're famed as a leader
 O' brave-hearted men,

But didna your dignity
 Suffer a blow
 In posing—a feature—
 For Toronto's show?

From fighting fierce foemen
 In van and on flank,
 'Tis a gey serious drop
 To a plain mountebank.

Struck Simultaneously.

Wearily the city cousin scanned the "joaks" in the old yellow almanac.

It was of the vintage of '83.

The big clock in the farmhouse kitchen struck two, arousing her from her apathy.

She yawned and gazed again—this time less reproachfully—at the almanac.

"Well, this is something like "Life," she said.

The resemblance was striking too.

—A. L. W.