

Rev. W. H. McInnes, B.A., B.D., was married in Vancouver, January 3rd last, to Miss Mathilde Morganstern, of Cincinnati, United States of America. The many friends of "Billy" extend best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. McInnes.

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With their odor of damp cabbage,
 With their smell of pickled onions,
 Of the long mysterious sausage,
 Of the melancholy tea-cake,
 With its Ethiopian hue,
 I should answer, I should tell you
 "From a boarding house of Kingston
 From a boarding house distinctive
 Come these tales of pain and woe."

Some great faults have boarding houses,
 Singled out from many others;
 With their tough beef and their prunes
 With their soup so carefully filtered,
 With their cake so small proportioned
 Of so great specific grav',
 'Pon my honour if you take it
 It will make your stomach sore.
 And you vow right then and there
 That you'll never take it more.

Lives a legend oft repeated
 Strange tale of long ago,
 Of a turkey fat and juicy,
 Whose sole ambition only
 Was to see a boarding house,
 And the boarding mistress priced him,
 But she found the price too dear
 Sixty-nine cents said the butcher
 "That's quite too much I fear."

And in place of nice fresh turkey
 Bought some eggs of ancient lineage
 Bought some eggs of doubtful birth
 Brought them home to feed the boarders,
 Brought the boarders something cheap.
 How they twisted and contorted,
 Took fruitatives to ease the pain
 And each one cried with hands uplifted,
 We will never board again.—(Contributed).