

and then, feeling somewhat fatigued, he repaired to his bed room and retired. He was prevented from falling asleep for some time, however, by his thoughts, which, do what he would, persisted in reverting to the charming face and figure of the bewitching Miss Elsie Douglas; and though he succeeded, at length, in wooing "Nature's sweet restorer," his dreams were still haunted by the same not unpleasing visions, from which the shrewd reader will, doubtless, perceive that the little archer had let fly his shaft with a true and unerring aim and that the usually unimpressible Bramley had fallen a victim to that passion at once so tender yet so irresistible.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO INTENDING COMPETITORS

FOR THE PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A POEM
ON THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE OFFERED BY AN
"ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY."

A GREAT deal of poetry is written "to order," but not much of it is read. Of course this will not much signify to intending competitors. What they are thinking of is the hundred dollars, not the being read. Besides, a hundred dollars ought to bribe any Muse. But to my hints.

You have no chance of gaining the prize unless your poem contains "Ring on, ring on, sweet bells, ring on," or words to that effect. If you like, in order to introduce a little variety, you can say, "Ring out, ring out," or you can say "Peal on, peal on," or "Clash on," or even "Jangle on."

When a sovereign has reigned fifty years (that is what you are writing about, you know; you must not lose sight of that fact), when a sovereign has reigned fifty years, it is natural to conclude that he or she must be at least fifty years old. Now it is unfortunate that in the case before us the sovereign is a lady, and you would have no earthly chance of winning the hundred dollars if you made any allusion to the age of the lady; you must keep this well in the back ground. Never forget, however, that it is the fiftieth anniversary of her accession that you are "singing." (All poets "sing." Remember this, if they don't, their muses do. *Vide Milton et al.*)

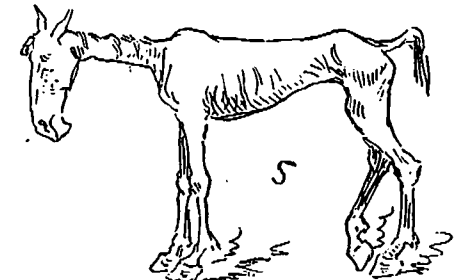
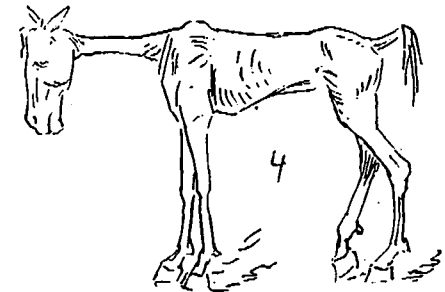
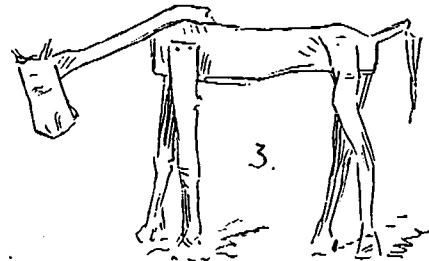
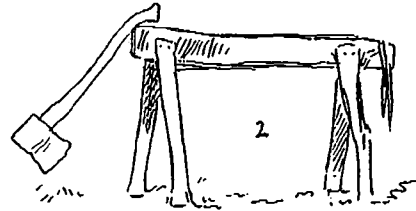
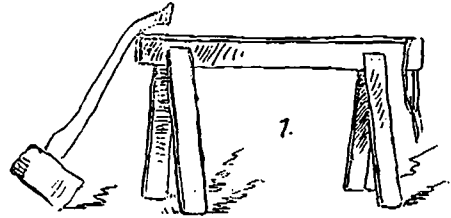
By the way, you must not joke about the sovereign; you must not say she is sterling, or golden, or is worth four crowns, or anything of that kind; and on no account refer to her as a "sov." This I know on very good authority will not be interpreted as a poetic license.

You will of course have to be tremendously patriotic, loyal, unionistic, and all that sort of thing. You must not dream of saying that you think perhaps we would have got on just as well in the past if we had had no sovereign, and would get on ten times better in the future if England were a republic and Canada independent. Keep in mind the politics of the esteemed contemporary which offers the prize. And after all, a hundred dollars is pretty good pay for assumed loyalty—especially as you needn't really feel loyal—you are only writing poetry to order, you know.

Don't for the life of you mention Gladstone's name, or, if you do, compare him to Nero fiddling over burning Rome. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Take a pessimistic vein. Bemoan the spread of anarchy, democracy, and Henry Georgeism. If you refer to them at all call them false hopes—you can easily find a rhyme to this—"copes," (they must be coped with), or "mopes," (of course a loyalist would mope under a democratic government), or "ropes," (well, let me see, ah yes, advocate giving Henry George *less rope*).

But above all you must be awfully down on temperance, and prohibition, and scientific instruction in temperance in schools. It will be a little hard to bring this in in a poem on the jubilee; you had better do it by "quaffing a glass to the Empress-Queen," (that is rhythmic) or something of that kind.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE CAB-HORSE.

(Redrawn from Tid-Bits.)

LIBERTY'S torch might be lighted with the poems that have been made in honor of the statue.—*Boston Post.*

