

And by dear Kushay's tide are friends who
 yield
 Tears, sad and silent for thine early doom.
 And the archangel, in the latter days,
 Will not o'erlook thy wave-lapped resting-
 place.
 Strangers and friends! this simple grass-
 grown spot,
 With broken rail, and headstone sunk
 away,
 Marks not the victim of some savage plot,
 Or hunter done to death in rude affray;
 A simple maiden, so the story saith,
 Sought here her love, but, jealous of her
 charms,
 The water maidens joined themselves with
 death,
 And snatch'd her from her loving lover's
 arms
 So sleeps she here, till, on that morning
 bright,
 She shall awake to truest love's delight.

—THOMAS C. ROBSON.

MINDEN, ONT.

THE DECLINE OF DIALECT.

(NOT BY J. WHITCOMB RILEY.)

Pretty soon I ruther 'spect
 They won't be no dialect,
 Wut with these here modern schools
 An' thar doggoned grammar rules
 Teachin' childern how ter talk
 'Bout ez quick ez they kin walk,
 Weedin' out each nateral phrase
 In our happy boyhood days.
 Risin' generation larn
 Not ter say "Begosh" an' "darn"
 An' sech good old standby's, wich
 Made our mother-tongue so rich,
 An' wich also helps us well
 So-called "poetry" to sell.
 Many wich has no purtence
 Uv conveyin' wit or sense
 Kin on dialect pull through,
 Better'n if they grammar knew.
 (Scuse needcessities of rhyme
 Ef I don't say "knowed" this time.)
 Wen folks larn to speak correct
 Whar'll we git our dialect?
 In the country, sloshin' round,
 Heaps uv farmers I have found
 Wich could chin in city style,
 No-ways "racy uv the sile."

Never frum thar lips would fall
 No sech phrase ez 'Darn it all."
 Cuss-words in a milder tone
 Seemin' ter be all unknown.
 Oh! 'Tis saddenin' ter see
 How thar nouns an' verbs agree,
 An' how seldom they will give
 A superfluous negative.
 Each quaint rustic simile
 Soon will all forgotten be,
 An' the speech in wich I've sung
 Be a dead unspoken tongue,
 Pretty soon I ruther 'spect
 They won't be no dialect.

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

HER POSITION WAS ASSURED.

The fact that some people can say and do
 things with impunity for which others of
 lower social station would be held to a
 strict account, has given use to many
 popular proverbs and furnishes a frequent
 text for the moralist or the satirist.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dusenbury to
 her husband, "I can hardly believe that
 that vulgar Mrs. Fastleigh we met the
 other day has any social position."

"But she has though."

"Her manners are atrocious."

"That may be."

"And she swears sometimes."

"I believe she does."

"And there are all sorts of stories
 about her."

"Very likely"

"Then what gives you the impression
 that she moves in good society?"

"I am sure of it, Rebecca. Why,
 when she was caught stealing goods at
 Eaton's last week they called it a case of
 kleptomania."—P. T.

FILIAL PIETY REWARDED.

"Morning, Brother John. Hard at
 work as usual."

"Yes, Dick. Clearing out this old
 desk of father's, and burning a lot of old
 papers and worthless truck that has ac-
 cumulated."

"But John—I wouldn't do that if I
 were you. It don't seem right. Some of
 them may be mementos linking us to the
 cherished associations of the past."