



DEAR FRIENDS AGAIN.

LILA—"I always thought Mr. Slowpop very bashful and retiring, but last night he actually kissed me!"

MAUD—"Dear me! How surprised you must have felt?"

—Pick-me-up.

TO THE "OLD PARTY."

OUT from our bounds they're going, scores, hundreds, day by day,
O'er country roads and city streets they take their lingering way;
They choke down tears and smile "good-bye," our gallant boys and true—
The lads that love the dear "old flag" at least as well as you.

Yet must they seek an alien shore, to live as exiles there,
For lack of place to earn their bread, though that might be to spare;
Claim not of room for honest toil their feet afar must roam,
The lads that ought to be the stay of their "old folks at home."

Ye send our best and brightest forth, our nation's hope and pride—
More precious to our country's weal than all her wealth beside—
To be the strength of alien States, of empire not our own,
And all to "build the nation up" without its corner-stone!

Then, from the dregs of other lands, the wretched and the weak,
Unfit for what before them lies, new suffering come to seek.
Will they give back to Canada the strength she casts away?
Will they replace the gallant lads that leave our shores to-day?

Drag not the generous, brave "old flag" into a party cry—
Its folds have waved for freedom oft on many a day gone by;
Claim not its name, its grand old fame, for tyranny disguised,
To hide the need of selfish greed, or power and place misprised.

The motherland we hold so dear, across the stormy main,
Seeks not to fetter freeborn sons for sake of petty gain;
The mother liveth for the child, a mother sure is she;
Our gain is hers, her truest good a prosperous child to see.

Look at our ruined toilers driven from their father's fields!
See what a mournful harvest a selfish sowing yields!
Hear the "Starvation Army's" mournful cry for work or bread!
Will ye stop the tide of plenty from whence they might be fed?

Let the old free trade banner wave to the freshening breeze!
Let Britain's lead be followed by her sons across the seas!
Break down restrictive barriers that dam the waters back,
That in a thousand streams might flow with blessings in their track!

God gave this mighty continent to this our fathers' race;
The North and South He made for all, and crowned them with His
grace,
That each might fill the other's lack, and love and plenty reign;
What He hath joined together, let no man cleave in twain!

Good doth but grow by using, and mutual help begun
Shall grow and spread to other lands till all earth's trade be one!
Awake from prejudice and hate, and falsehood's baleful spell,
And save a suffering people, and the land we love so well.

Kingston, Ont.

FIDELIS.

AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

"THERE'S a good deal of bosh about many of the popular adages of our language," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I've often thought so," assented the Poet.

"For instance," put in the Plain Boarder, "the fellow who invented the saying, 'There's nothing like leather,' never tackled a beefsteak like this."

And our landlady looked daggers.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

OLD SCOTCHMAN—"Hoots man! but ye don't know what's nice gin ye no like the bagpipes! Its beautiful music, especially at a little distance!"

YOUNG CANADIAN—"Ah! Perhaps that's it! They have always been too near by when I have heard them played! Possibly I might like the music if far enough away—(aside)—Scotland is about near enough for me."

THE WHY OF IT.

WHY do mine eyes with sudden tears,
Unbidden, scalding, drops o'erflow!
I scarce can speak, dulled is the brain
That beats behind my throbbing brow.

It is not that my love is false,
Nor mourn I for some dear one dead,
I went to hear the band in the park
And caught, a-tchew, this cold in my head!

WORSE THAN VULGAR.

TOMMY—"Oh, ma, just look at this toad. It's the biggest I ever seen. It's a regular old he-one."

MA (member of the Woman's Enfranchisement Association)—How often have I told you, Tommy, not to use that expression. It's exceedingly vulgar, and worse than that it is based upon the false and exploded notion that the male sex is superior to the female."

A DUBIOUS PHRASE.

PLUGWINCH—"How time flies! I met Mrs. Boscoby on King Street. Why, it seems only yesterday that she was a girl, and now she has three blooming daughters."

MISS LETITIA PLUGWINCH—"Oh, papa, I do wish you would not use such horrid coarse language. It's shocking!"

HIS MOUSTACHE COMING.

FOND MOTHER—"Don't you think Johnny has grown since you last saw him?"

OLD FRIEND—"Well! well! well! He has grown up almost a man now, and (with a glance), not only grown up, but I see is beginning to grow down!"

NAT. HIST. MEM.

"NATURE'S REALM" has an interesting article on "The Crow as a Pet." The Raven is a greater family favorite in Canada. It answers to the name GRIP, and is only two dollars a year. Now is the time to subscribe.

FASHION ITEM.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN attended a swell function at Ottawa the other evening wearing his hair *decollete*.