



BASE DECEPTION.

Once I met the dearest maiden—
'Twas at Grimsby—lovely girl
With complexion like the lily,
Flashing eyes and teeth of pearl.

And I lost my heart completely,
When upon me she did smile;
Told her of my burning passion
In a real poetic style.

Told her of my love and longings
While the waves upon her beat—
Hiding both her pretty ankles
And her dainty little feet.

When I saw them in the sandals
Plowing on the sandy shore—
Lack-a-day!—my heart was broken
To recover—nevermore!



"THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS."

AMONGST the many literary products inspired by the Columbian celebration, this poem by Rev. R. Walter Wright, is entitled to a respectable place. Under the guise of a dream which visited Columbus, when, weary with his fruitless quest, he lay down to rest in the convent of La Rabida, is portrayed a prophetic vision of the new world and its history. The evils which afflict America are graphically described, and in many parts the work is distinguished by a noble eloquence. William Briggs, Toronto, is the publisher.

"Say, pa, what is that thing on the front of the motor car for?" asked little Willie.

"That, my son," replied Willie's pa, who was an ironical person, "is a new invention for killing the victim in a more gradual and merciful manner."

"Poor fellow, he's given to drink!" sighed Mrs. Jones.

"That wouldn't matter so much, if drink wasn't given to him," responded Jones.

THE WESTERN TOUR.



R. LAURIER'S starring tour in the West is proving a great success, according to all accounts. The *Regina Leader* is one of the few papers that have ventured to declare it a "disappointment," though the declaration is accompanied by a demand for the removal of the tariff taxes from articles required by the farmers of the North West. Just what the phrase means, therefore, is something which Davin alone can explain. The fact appears to be that the brilliant Irishman is rather "rattled" at present. He wants to go back to the House again, of course, because he has not as yet achieved his destiny in the shape of the Ministry of the Interior, and he begins to apprehend that he will never be able to get there on the protectionist buck-board. His constituents have their eyes wide open now, and can see the absurdity of such a policy as applied to a purely agricultural country. Davin can see it, too; has, in fact, seen it all along, but he has been a little dilatory in saying so, and now he finds a general want of confidence greeting him instead of the cheers his eloquence used to call forth in the earlier days. Eloquence without a basis of solid sense doesn't "go" any longer up there. The day of castles in the air is past; the boom, like a gilded bubble, has burst, and now the people have a taste only for hard facts.

PARADOXICAL as it may sound, the reduction of cost in the city electric lighting is by no means a light reduction.



LABOR'S BURDEN.