

THE KHAN'S BEVERAGE..



ANY drink lager, whether peasant or banker,
While some are addicted to brandy and gin.
I admit that for drinks of that kind I don't hanker,
And for whisky or beer I don't care a pin.
For I've got a bev'rage as ancient as splendid,
Which many, no doubt, will sneer at and spurn.
With "sweetness and light" my tippie is blended—

A bowl full of buttermilk fresh from the churn.

Friends and companions I preach a revival
And now from my lips this true lesson learn.
There's no drink on earth can compare with or rival
A bowl full of buttermilk fresh from the churn,
In mud or in mire you never will wallow,
And you'll save all the wages you honestly earn.
If—whenever you're dry you'll take for a swallow
A bowl full of buttermilk fresh from the churn.

The Khan.

"WHOSE OX IS GORED."

A CHASTELY-WRITTEN leader in the *London Advertiser* thus starts out:—

"Mr. Mills, on a motion for going into supply, moved that the present mode of constituting the Senate was incompatible with the federal system of government; that it made the Senate independent of the people, and that such changes ought to be made in the British North America Act."

And so forth and so on, in Mr. Mills' own peacefully interminable style.

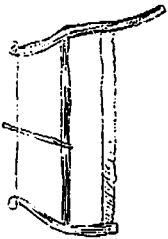
A few sentences down and we find this pensive observation:—

"At the present time the Reform party have but four representatives in the Senate out of 24 from Ontario.

As Dr. Barr once exclaimed, in the course of the brilliant peroration of a Legislative Assembly speech: "Yes, Mr. Speaker, the pruning-knife must be applied no matter whose ox is gored!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW APPLIANCE FOR MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.



AMONG the long-established and old-fashioned business concerns in a city one may often find the transition between store and museum. Many articles out of date, abandoned by fashion, or discarded through improvement encumber dusty shelves. It was in one of our very big, very old and very conservative stores in the hardware line that we recently spent an hour, rummaging about

with all the pleasure of a boy ransacking a garret and coming upon things he had long forgotten. But we must not anticipate.

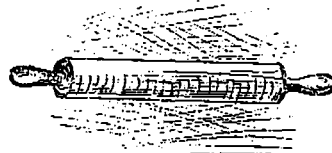
Before development had brought the natural man as far from his primeval simplicity as he is now. Work and exercise were one, they were not the different and distinct things they are to-day. In remote antiquity, digging, building, sowing, reaping, and the care of beasts provided mankind with sustenance, and at the same time made all appeals to dumb-bells, Indian clubs and patent lifters quite unnecessary. Progress, however, has in recent generations given us large classes of men leading sedentary lives, hence

the birth of exercise, as a thing apart from work,—hence a stated movement of muscles not directed to use, or profit. Exercise took the natural man as it found him, and as it was easier and pleasanter for him to move his legs than his arms, the already strong leg was made stronger, and the feeble arm suffered slight to its loss. The consequences, as the historians of many battlefields and other encounters have chronicled, have been deplorable.

To correct a baneful tendency whereby exercise leaves weakness to its debility, and confirms strength in its might, nothing is wanting but the adoption once more of a device such as we saw in the hardware store the other morning. A device which fashion's waves have in their folly stranded on the beach of the forgotten;—namely, the bucksaw. In the preparation of beech, birch, maple or tamarac for fuel or other useful toil, the bucksaw or other implement for which it may stand as type and symbol, reunites dis severed relations between work and exercise, and, by giving exertion aim, lends it pith and interest. In our degenerate times walking, running, baseball, lacrosse, 'cycling have all made legs firmer, swifter, and left arms to flabbiness. This, perhaps, has had something to do with the parallel decline of conviction into mere opinion, which our moralists mourn. Let argument resume the courage which accompanies firm biceps unallied with legs disproportionately developed. Then, and only then, will cowardly revolvers be flung away, for they are never held in broad, big hands convertible into persuasive fists of manliness.

ARTISTIC.

A CARVING IN WOOD.



A BEAUTIFUL effort in carved wood lies before us. Its main surface is much such a cylinder as Archimedes of old studied with delight and profit.

At either end of this graceful curve, the body of the carving contracts only to expand again toward extremities exquisitely rounded off. Does not reminiscence tell us that we have seen some such carving as this before? Do not its symmetric outlines thrill memory's fibres until the impressions of childhood live again? Yes, it was just such a deliverance of true artistic method as this which an indulgent, but competent parent used years ago to aid the in the construction of biscuit and pie.

Thou dear old rolling-pin! Thou wert token, emblem, implement of an art more precious than any which employs piano-key, crochet-needle, palette or ceramic glaze. What after all is rude man but a selection from meals, and if husbands are so largely becoming circumstances over which wives have no control, is it not because of the neglect thou sufferest at the hands of those who should never have let thee drop? Now that the biscuit and pie which should be as cement to households, are left to be tempered by untaught Bridget or Katrina, morsels which should be full of strength and comfort are agents of dyspepsia, dissension, disgust. Wielded in the fair palm of wifehood thou art a sceptre whose wholesome, kindly sway finds its realm, contented, loyal: brandished by the muscles of serfdom, thou art a weapon of offence, a weapon for disunion, discontent, dismay so great that men resort to clubs.