



A CITIZEN'S DUTY.

I knew a man once who told me he had been young and was old.

I believed him. If he had told me that he had been old and was young I should have called for the papers on the spot.

He said he had voted at every election in our town during the past quarter of a century. In all that time he had never known a man to be elected for whom he voted. It got to be so that his vote was equal to a defeat.

Sometimes a candidate would pay him \$10 to vote for the other man.

But his heart always failed him when he got to the polls; he had an abiding faith that his luck was going to turn that year, he couldn't find it in his heart to vote against his benefactor, and so he would vote for him, and beat him anywhere from ten to 5,000 votes.

He flopped in politics every few years, but he never struck it. He beat his own side every time. His party, whichever it happened to be, tried to buy him off or ship him out of the country. But he was a true citizen, and he did his duty. He voted every time, with disastrous effect.

Last year at the election for Councilman there were five candidates in his ward, two regulars and three bush-whackers.

The man communed with himself. He felt that he couldn't live forever, and he was bound to vote for one successful man before he died, if it killed him.

He went down, and at different times during the day he voted seven times, twice apiece for each of the two regulars, and once for each of the bush-whackers.

The fraud was discovered, the election in that ward was thrown out and a new one ordered. The man went to jail, and at the new election a new man came in and beat the five men for whom he had previously repeated clear out of their boots.

The man told me that as soon as he was out he was going to run for Congress and vote for the other man, and so he would either make a spoon or spoil a horn.

While I repudiated his methods, I admired the man's persistent devotion to the duties of citizenship. Young man, vote every time, We have not yet reached a time when there is nobody to vote for. This country may run a little short on voters some time, but on candidates never.—Robert J. Burdette.

An exchange says that "Maryland has a cabbage with seventeen distinct and well-formed heads." Maryland is not the only State that can point to cabbage heads, and they don't all grow on stalks in the garden either.

The "obey" part of the marriage ceremony has been dropped by the Methodists of Canada. That's business. Many a woman has answered "yes" when she mentally resolved "no." It saves a heap of prevarication and misunderstanding.



The Royal Museum continues to provide its patrons with first-class attractions, fresh every week.

Oliver Doud Byron, the well-known and popular sensational Star, is giving us another taste of his quality after a long absence from Toronto. His piece, "Across the Continent," abounds in startling scenes, and is enlivened by many amusing specialties.

Mr. Wm. McDonell's original romantic opera "Marina" is to be produced at the Grand on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of February. Strange & Co., (music publishers, King-street, have issued several of the gems of the opera in sheet music form. We trust a marked success will attend this original Canadian production.

"When you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do," as the American tramp said when he squatted on the steps of a cathedral in the Eternal City and held out his hat.

A person in company said to another:—"You are an insolent scoundrel." To which the other replied: "Gentlemen, you must not mind what this man says; he is only talking to himself."

It is no wonder that so many people are color-blind in this country, when some of the new colors are designated as "burned cream, baked pears, crushed raspberry, scorched banana, speckled green gage, and terra-cotta." Elephants' breath, monkey's smile, and canary's birds' gasp will probably be added in the spring.

A Connecticut man has a third arm growing out of his back. O, of course, if he has no wife to attend to his back when it aches or itches, the best way is to have another arm. They are killing off the women so rapidly in Connecticut that men will be compelled to grow extra arms, or back up against the side of the house to scratch.

A porcelain manufacturer has hit upon a novel idea, ornamenting dessert plates with the portraits of the members of the family. This may be a novelty, but it won't come into general use. No one wants to see the face of a father, mother, brother or sister, all smeared over with pie, stuffing or preserves, not even their picture.

Very few people ever heard of and few ever saw a humped-back hen. Yet a hen that had been stolen in Massachusetts was identified by the hump on her back. There must have been a great responsibility resting on that hen's shoulders to have humped its back. It probably happened when the hen was overworked during an egg famine.

A correspondent wrote to a patent-medicine manufacturer:—"For thirty-five years my wife was unable to speak above a whisper, owing to throat trouble. Two bottles of your medicine completely restored her voice." The patent-medicine man published his testimonial and a month later was sold out by the sheriff.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.

THE BELLE OF THE RINK.

ON WITNESSING MISS — A FEW NIGHTS AGO.

Oh! leave the ball-room's heated glare,
And leave the hushed boudoir,
For the open rink's bright bracing air,
Its smoothly polished floor;
Where leaps the blood from heart to cheek,
Where pulses throb and bound,
Where, shod with steel, the skaters wheel,
And music in the sound.

Mark where the belle, in flashing rings,
The throng of gazers through
Flies fleetly, while each movement brings
An added grace to view.
What crescent curves, what airy spires,
What arabesques of speed,
Her fairy feet form, light and fleet,
As sweeps she in the lead.

Her snowy, ermined robe afloat
Is wanton with the wind,
A necklace clasps her pearly throat,
Her tresses blow behind;
The rose of beauty wreathes her brow,
Her dark eyes gleam askance,
At hide-and-seek on either cheek
The roguish dimples dance.

An iris from the halls of morn,
A breath of music blown
From elfin revels, earthward borne
To keep the world in tone.
She flies the flag of utter joy,
And pins her laughing faith
On aught of youth or ruth or truth
Her happy laughter saith.

Now to and fro she softly swings,
The loveliest of girls;
And now with sudden joy she springs
In meteoric whirls.
Round and round and away again,
She floats from place to place;
Till once again across the plain
She glides in easy grace.

Crown her for love, ye jealous fates!
With fairest flowers that bloom;
And as she rules the world on skates
So may she rule her home.
Soft be her lines of life as those
Her gliding footsteps trace,—
Bright be her future as the rose
That mantles in her face.

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." "My dear sir," replied the lady gracefully, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."—Punch.

"Overcome by gas," is the headline on a daily paper. We knew these tremendous gas bills would kill somebody sooner or later.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Extract from a letter from Angelica: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-by, Henry."—New York Graphic.

"Freddie, did you go to school to-day?" "Yes'm." "Did you learn anything new?" "Yes'm." "What was it, my boy?" "I got on a sure way of gettin' out for an hour by snuffin' red ink up my nose."—Ex.

This is the way they are said to make love in Germany: "Do you love me, Gretchen?" said a burley Teuton to the maiden of his choice. "I do," was the meek reply. "And will you be my wife?" "I will." "Then, my darling, come here and pull off my boot," and the proper relationship between husband and wife was at once established.—Ex.

"How much do you think you can get along on, my son? I want to allow you enough to make a decent appearance in society, but yet I will not countenance extravagance." "Just my idea, dad; I think, say about \$10,000 a year—and—er—expenses, you know, would be about the thing."—Boston Transcript.

Some men who were pumping water from a vessel thought to be tight found that the water did not fall, after an hour's working. One of the laborers, an Irishman, after making an examination, found a hole near the stern, upon which he cried: "Shtop boys! Sure ye'd pump the whole ocean away before the ship would float."—Ex.