

lure a party of yellow-haired children to a beautiful hidden glade, where large butterflies hover lazily, and wild flowers nod and blow.

When September comes I am going to persuade our artist to get after him again, and sketch him in the act of swinging his censer, whose smoke is the haze of autumn. Or perhaps our artist may come upon him while he is spilling all the flaming crimson and gold that blazon the uplands like an illuminated medieval missal, when wild birds are flying south.

TRISTRAM S.

OUT ON THE FARM.



I'm a merry old yokel,
And out on the farm
I hustle the hired man,
Josh Brown;
I'm as spry and as wily
As any bold pirate
Who e'er took in boarders
From town.

Just now I'm purusing
The *Weekly Hoehandle*—
I can read without specs yet
Quite well.
I'm known as the Deacon,
And I never yet blew out
The gas in a city
Hotel.

But I'll be gol-swizzled
If I can get onto
What struck that fool artist
From town,
To show me arrayed in
A gay Mother Hubbard—
A gaudy and sinful
Long gown.

I'm no dude, let me tell you,
To fix myself up in
Operatic and pictur-
Esque suits;
The broad sunlit landscape
I ornament mostly
With my jean pants tucked into
My boots.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

MONTREAL.

THE century was in the nineties; and the thermometer had climbed up there, too. Montreal was hot. A certain high civic dignitary in his office mopped his manly brow with a *Bleu* bandanna; he was seated in his shirt sleeves at his desk. The warm wind bore in the noise of the streets and quays through the open window, stirred the files of papers, and passed out, leaving the room more fevered still.

The High Constable—for he it was—leaned back in his chair, blew a summer cloud of cigarette smoke, and watched it faintly circling up to the fly-marked ceiling. It was evident that the High Constable reflected; one might see a mighty brain at work; for he was bald. You might suppose he was untracking in thought the coils and windings of some dark tragedy. But no; a more difficult problem sought solution at his hands—how to escape the flaming dog-days. The memory of the cooling waters of blue Ontario increased his longing—some pretext of business, or the rate-payers would raise trouble about paying his expenses.

He rises and paces the matted floor; suddenly a brilliant thought strikes him. "It shall be done!" he

exclaims. He extracts with unfaltering hand a time-stained, travel-worn document from its pigeon-hole; he anxiously inspects its condition, and then breathes more freely. It would outlast his time, and after him, the deluge.

Quickly the High Constable summoned his faithful follower, and handed him the paper. In answer to the look of inquiry, he slapped his martial breast and orated in large tones: "Yes! the honor of the braves of the 65th is safe. It is my care. I go to avenge the insult to the *grande nation*. Make ready! I leave to-morrow."

The High Constable immersed himself in his duster, and flapped his way to the editorial rooms of *Le Crie du Peuple*. The evening edition announced in circus poster type "Revanche"; "*A bas la sanguinaire secte l'Orangiste*." The tail of this kite was a local in-humbler guise to the effect that *Le brigand She-par* had not escaped. He shall expiate in the Montreal Bastille his foul attempts to sully the honor of a chivalrous people. The flag shall be avenged! . . . The patriotic High Constable leaves in the morning for Toronto. . . . *Allez! Brave! Allez! les cœurs Français vous accompagnent dans cette mission heroique!*

On the morrow the High Constable receives an ovation from his compatriots as he steps on board the Corsican for Toronto. Bravos and waving of cambrics by fair hands encourage him. Overcome with emotion, he seeks the cool cabin.

TORONTO.

The well-known military air of the High Constable creates a furore on King Street. He approaches his hotel. A tall gaunt man wearing a mousthace and a chin tuft, whose raven hair is now besprinkled with gray, is tearing along the street. The High Constable salutes him and enquires after the health of the respected *M. le Redacteur*, and entreats him to care for himself.

"*Bo jo! Bo jo!*" returned the *News*' man affably. "The usual business, eh?" "Quite ze same," answered the High Constable, a two by nine smile playing over his features. "I now go to ask ze fat alderman to-to-vat you call it again? *Merci—oui to se reverser*, back ze warrant. "May his shadow never grow less! It is a harmless amusement," remarked the editor. "Ta, ta!"

A citizen of the Queen City seeing the meeting disperse and no arrest, inquired of the High Constable why he didn't take his man when he had him. The High Constable regards him with astonishment. "Arrest *M. le Redacteur? Sacre nom de guerre!* Vat for does I come here to? To act as one policeman, think you?"

The fat alderman declined, and after a pleasant visit the high dignitary returned.

THE RETURN.

The High Constable is once more at his office. "Michael," says he, "have ze goodness to replace this with ze great care. Ah! some more times to visit Toronto, and I speak ze language Anglais perfect!"

Mike, his devoted follower, returns the warrant, and mutters fervently in a rich Parisian accent born of Cork: "Holy murther! but its a great schame!"

QUITE AP-PARENT.

"A subscription of \$500 is being raised amongst the friends of Parent, the defaulting cashier of the Hochelaga Bank, to pay his counsel's fees."—*Montreal news in "Mail."*

How lovely it is thus to see the Fifth Commandment fulfilled. "Honor to Parents" it is clear has duly been instilled.