



A MOET POINT.

HE—"My dear, don't you think it is bad form for a woman to drink champagne?"

SHE—"It may be bad form but I'm sure it's good taste."

THE CHOICE OF TRADES.

THE "Second Reader," in use in the Public Schools, contains much interesting and instructive matter of literary excellence. But in some respects it might be improved and made a little more true to life. There is a little poem, for instance, on "The Choice of Trades," which represents the youthful Canadian "ambitioning"—there ought to be such a verb, if their isn't—to be a farmer, blacksmith, carpenter, or some such ordinary and plebian vocation when he attains manhood. The first two stanzas run thus:

When I'm a man
I'll be a farmer if I can;
I'll plow the ground, and the seed I'll sow,
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow,
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll make the hay,
And pitch it up in the mow away—
When I'm a man.

When I'm a man
I'll be a carpenter if I can;
I'll plane like this, and I'll hammer so,
And this is the way my saw shall go;
I'll make bird-houses and boxes and boats,
And a ship that shall race every vessel that floats—
When I'm a man.

Now we submit that this sort of thing doesn't at all represent the aspirations and ideas of the average Canadian youth. He doesn't want to be a farmer, mechanic, or anything of that sort which entails hard work and poor pay. Not he. What he's after is a soft snap of some kind. He wants to be a lawyer, preacher, doctor, or

official of some kind; or, failing that, to be a book agent, clerk, speculator, or politician—any sort of business in which he can keep his hands clean and soft, wear good clothes, and have a higher social position than the "mere mechanic," even though it entails a constant struggle to keep up appearances.

When our Public School pupils contrast the ideas of the very old fashioned youngster, who is represented as wanting to do something useful, with the *fin de siècle* notions of his elder brothers and other half-grown youths of his acquaintance, who are studying law, clerking in dry goods stores, or striving in some other way, by hook or by crook, to push themselves into the overcrowded ranks of the "genteel" occupations, he will be apt to lose faith in the Second Reader. It might be advisable, therefore, to substitute something like the following, which expresses far more correctly the real ambitions of nine out of ten Canadian school boys so far as they have considered the subject.

When I'm a man
I'll be a lawyer if I can;
I'll quibble and blather and rant and jaw,
And let on I know a whole heap of law;
I'll figure up costs with the greatest of ease,
And make folks pay for each time I sneeze—
When I'm a man.

When I'm a man
I'll be a doctor if I can;
I'll try and invent some nostrum, which
Will humbug the public and make me rich;
I'll make my patients believe they're sick,
And you bet I won't cure 'em up too quick—
When I'm a man.

When I'm a man
I'll be a lar downer if I can;
I'll buy and sell at a profit great,
And make my pile out of real estate;
I'm not going to do any work, that's flat,
For I know a trick that's worth two of that—
When I'm a man.

When I'm a man
I'll be a canvasser if I can;
With a fine prospectus I'll tramp the town,
And hunt unwilling subscribers down,
And bore them to death with a flood of guff
Till they weaken and pony up the stuff—
When I'm a man.

Now that is much more in accordance with actual everyday experiences than the goody-goody rhymes of the book. Nobody wants to do anything really useful these days who can possibly help it, and there's no use trying to fool the kids.

DIDN'T LIKE WATER.

PLUGWINCH—"What spendid peaches! Finest I've seen this season."

BOOZEY—"Come away. It makes me fairly sick to look at them."

PLUGWINCH—"You don't say! Don't you like peaches?"

BOOZEY—"Why, yes. They fairly make my mouth water, and if there is anything I detest it is the taste of water."

A SIR-PRIZE.

WHEN Smithers acquired a title,
The handle of "Sir" to his name,
Which the Government gave in requital
Of an old party hoodling claim,
He pretended he never had sought it,
Though 'neath such affectation there lies
Some truth—though the fellow had bought it,
To him it was "quite a sir-prize."