

For the Torch.
A VACATION VAGARY.

BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

On the brow of a lofty pre-eminent hill,
The admiral ordered a halt,
Three cheers they immediately gave with a will.
On the neighboring trees
He suspended the keys
Of the mortgage-box hid in his vault.

He baited his hook with a tame garter snake,
Did the admiral rugged and stern,
And cast his line into the shimmering lake,
Remarking meanwhile,
With a weird, solemn smile,
" 'Tis knowledge we gain when we learn."

Four months he remained on that desolate rock,
But his fishing did no wise avail;
The course of events seemed his efforts to mock,
For purpose don't bite
Except every third night,
And the snake wouldn't wiggle his tail.

And the man who'd been hired to fasten salt cod
On the end of his pendulous line,
And yell to the fisher to pull up his rod,
Lay prone on the shore,
Having drunk rather more
Than he ought to of peppermint wine.

The general voice of the public exclaimed
In a tone which admitted no doubt,
That the admiral's course must severely be
blamed,
And the snake seemed to say
In a sibyllant way,
" See here now, this thing is played out!"

But a waiter from town brought him up every day,
When the weather was decently clear,
A bottle of winter-green beer on a tray,
Scalloped mulberry pie,
Roasted root-hog-or-die,
And a slice of an elephant's ear.

The widow walked up and the widow walked down,
When the weather was stormy or wet,
And marked her displeasure by many a frown,
But he gallantly bowed,
And exclaimed to the crowd,
" I'll fetch 'em ere Christmas you bet!"

On the day which preceded the 4th of July,
She failed on the shore to appear
But the telephone boy brought a message told why:
" I never will wed!"—
So the telephone read—
" One who lunches on elephant's ear."

Then he stood on his head on the verge of the sea,
And his boot-heels together he knocks;
The signal brought colonels of every degree
And the 14th Brigade,
All prepared for a raid,
From a secret recess in the rocks.

They beat the Dead March and proceeded in force
To the home where their leader abode;
He was mounted astride of a white chestnut horse;
They unfastened the locks
Of his strong mortgage-box,
And strewed its contents on the road.

There must be some deep, subtle meaning in this,
For it seems to have no sense at all;
I cannot at present find out what it is—
But some cleverer brain
May the riddle explain
And the handwriting read on the wall.
Boston, June 25th.

CURRENT CLIPPINGS CRITICISED.

Farmers, did you ever hear your corn stalk?
—*Rockland Courier*.

Certainly, and the voice sounded very husky.

A new paper has been started in Paris called the *Balloon*. It will probably go up.—*Genanda Enterprise*.

Th at most-pher-full pun nearly took us off our feet. It was gas ty.

When the ancient headsman cut off the wrong prisoner's caput by mistake, he called it an ax ident.—*Stanford Advocate*.

Do you call that caput al pun-i-hment?

A match game of base ball was played by deaf mutes, in Boston, Thursday. Each player wrote his opinion of the umpire on a slate, and handed it in.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

The side which was deaf eated probably called him a dumb rascal.

Why is the girl with a lover like a man opening a beer bottle? Because she is anxious to hear the "pop."—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.
Down this way, when the girl hears her "pop," she is mighty apt to drop.—*Meriden Recorder*.
No; it's because she doesn't know what ales her.—*Stanford Advocate*.

We thought it might be that she is anxious to have a young man to support'er.

A sewing machine is not always what it seems.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.
Seems sew to us, nevertheless.—*Meriden Recorder*.

If it's a "Weed" machine it out to be good for sowing tares. It "tuck" me some time before I "fell" into the racket. A hem!

The man who was watted away from a Western governor's residence by that dignitary's boot was under the impression that it didn't pay to pass anything over his V-toe.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

When Riggs see that heel tap his forehead and say something about having the sole right to perpetrate the bootful jokes.

A San Francisco woman, having no faith in banks, carried around \$2,400 in her bustle. Thus her income was always in arrears.—*Norristown Herald*.

Why didn't she invest in a pair of diamond ear-rings and still always have it in her ears.

Ladies hose now have legends like "Good Luck," etc., inscribed at the top of the leg.—We know that because we saw them displayed in a store window.—*Par-Seeing Exchange*.

You haven't garter right to be stocking your mind with such leg-ends.

None of the professional boatmen can pull a sun-stroke.—*N. Y. Times*.

The boy who got a stroke oar the skull from his father thaut he'd had a son-stroke.

There are forty new brides at Niagara. Yum-yum.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

We know a young bride who was nigh-agra-ved because George told her he couldn't afford to take her to that Bride swell resort.

A sewing machine is not always what it seems.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

That's sew.

'Tis he man who is thrown upon his own resources necessarily a farm product because he has to root-or-beg? Eh?—*Rome Sentinel*.
Of course not; he doesn't carrot all whether the question is turnip or not turnip, as long as his nose is a little reddish.—*N. J. Republican*.

Are you not afraid that these mangle-d-words 'll turn-upon you at some thyme and beet you all to squash? No pun-kin stand such abusive language.

We have frequently heard a mill dam.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Did you ever hear a curs-ing?

Edison is engaged in inventing a boneless fish. Eel do it.—*Detroit Free Press*.
Perchance he may.—*St. John Torch*.
We should like to have him do it, for to us they have been a terrible bone us.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.
We hope he'll mackerel success of it, because it's for a good purpose.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The spirit of invention appears to be in-herr-in-t in Edison. But in this boneless fish business he has not a shad-ow of a chance to succeed. We had-ockasion to ex-sal-mo it and pronounce it a failure. Haddie sufficient time to fish it there might be chance of success, but, as it is, he will wait over his failure.

A young Oil Citizen calls his sweetheart Revenge, because she is sweet.—*Oil City Derrick*.
And the young married man on South Hill calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dang-r-ous.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.
And a South End man calls his wife Fact, because she is a stubborn thing.—*Boston Globe*.
And a fourth wife of a district attorney calls him Necessity, because he knows no law.—*New Orleans Times*.
And a Cincinnati man calls his coachman Pro-cra-stication, because he stole his watch.—*Breakfast Table*.
And a Syracuse man names his wife Sluggard, because she gets mad and goes to her aunt every time he stays out to the lodge.—*Syracuse Times*.
And a Whitehall shoemaker calls his wife Awl, because Awl is vanity. A Yonkers man calls his wife Frailty, because Shak-speare says, "Frailty, thy name is woman."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

And a St. John woman calls her husband You cur, because he "orders her up" every morning to light the fires.

[For the Torch.]

FRANCE AT THE CONFERENCE

Forgotten in her generous soul,
The memories of dire Waterloo,
Remembered is that time of dole
When red-coats joined with zovaves in blue
To laugh the *feu d'enfer* to scorn,
With blended banners bravely borne,—
Salut à la France!

The French and British sires bequeathed
A legacy of hate and hure,
And rarely have their swords been sheathed
Since the old days of Agincourt;
But, grander now, both nations seek
Each other's aid to help the weak.

When Kaiser Wilhelm's carles unkempt
Broke loose, when days with fate were big,
Brave France passed by with proud contempt
The peace prate of the British whig,—
Men who for peace at all pretexts
Stood by and quoted Scripture texts.

Now in the council, as in field
Do France and England bravely work
To hold the Ægis of their shield
Above the smitten, gallant Turk;
And that the crescent silver rains
On Stamboul's minarets' needle-vanes,
While Malouid holds the Bosphorus key,
Thank! Beaconsfield and Andrassy,—
Salut à la France!

HUNTER DUVAR.

Look out for funny-graphic fun at the Institute to-night. Oh! when Owen likes can't he be funny?

Mr. Ward arrived on Thursday afternoon from Toronto with Hanlan's new scull.

The Hon. Mr. Adams will not have any opposition in Northumberland.