



### HIS LUCK!

If my mother could only see me,  
She'd hawdly think it was I;  
Just a month in this blawsted kentry,  
And my money all melted awiy.

That's the only thing that 'as melted,  
I'm frozen clean to the bone,  
My 'ands are all blistered and weltd,  
I am hungry and tired and alone.

When I took my B.A. at h'Onford,  
I never thought I would say:  
Mr Albert Edward de Roxford  
Shoveled snow at three shillins a day!

W. B.

### MRS. SNOGGLETHORPE'S SALON.

#### III.

As the foaming beverage circulated, the air of restraint, which at first characterized the party, wore off; they chatted away glibly enough, but somehow the talk ran in the familiar grooves of neighborhood gossip and business prospects. It wasn't at all up to the *Salon* standard.

"Your saloon is a great success," said the editor to the hostess.

"Sir," she replied, with as much asperity as she could assume, "I wish you to understand this is *not* a saloon. I am surprised that one who professes to be a public educator should fall into such a vulgar misconception."

The editor wilted and retired, muttering that he was blamed if he could see what the fool woman was driving at, anyway.

"Mr. D'Evlyn," said the fair entertainer, "will you be good enough to read aloud one of the soulful and sadly-sweet emanations of your muse?"

"Highly honored, I'm sure," said the poet, drawing but his MS.

"I move that it be taken as read," suggested a town councillor. The poet threw a scornful glance in his direction, and proceeded:

#### SOUL-THROBBING.

Oh, mystic shrine of wonderland!  
Oh, voices from the depths profound!  
Where swells the diapason grand,  
Enthralling with refulgent sound—  
Ere yet the moon and stars had birth,  
To panoply the whirling earth  
In its empyreal round.

"Hold up there, young feller," exclaimed Uncle Jake Bradley. "That idear was exploded long ago. The earth don't whirl, and 'taint round. It's flat—flat——"

"Rats!" "Chestnuts!" "What are yer givin' us!" exclaimed several voices.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" said the hostess, "please allow Mr. D'Evlyn to proceed with his poem."

"Well, but," said Uncle Jake, "I want to point out that he's wrong on an important matter of fact. Let's settle this here question about the shape of the earth before we go any further."

"I scorn to have any controversy with this person," said the poet loftily, "and decline to subject myself to further insult."

Meanwhile a hot discussion over party politics was raging at the other end of the room, where a number of the guests not interested in Mr. D'Evlyn's poetry had grouped themselves around Philander Morgan and Lawyer Gassin, the Tory and Grit champions, who were vigorously fighting over again the battles of the campaign. Such expressions as "corruption," "bribery," "Grit traitors," "Tory scoundrels," etc., were hurled at each other freely by the now heated disputants, encouraged by the applause of their respective partisans.

"You're a liar, Gassin; the biggest liar in two counties," at length observed Morgan.

"You can't insult me. A fellow who will shoot off his jaw in that fashion in the presence of ladies is no gentleman. He is a low, dirty hound."

"You come outside then, and I'll talk to you," retorted Morgan.

"You blathering fool, do you suppose I'm afraid of you?" replied Gassin, and the excited intellectual gladiators rushed for the door, followed by nearly all the party. The ladies had, before this, left in alarm, regretting their temerity in assisting at so rash a departure from the safe and beaten path of conventionality. The *salon* terminated in a tumultuous mob in the street where the Grit and Tory champions were endeavoring to punch each other's heads. Any serious consequences, however, were prevented by the prompt interference of the friends of the parties. The *entente cordiale* was restored, and after giving "three cheers for the saloon" the party dispersed.

It is needless to add that the Snoggleshorpes voted the attempt to establish a *salon* on the Parisian type a flat failure. It was some time before their social prestige recovered from the blow, but a liberal donation to Rev. Dr. Whanger's church building fund, and an elaborate dinner party, conducted on the strictest lines of etiquette, completely rehabilitated them. Mrs. Snoggleshorpe, however, is more dissatisfied with her surroundings than ever, and is continually urging her husband to move to Toronto, where she may find some more congenial society than the vulgar, commonplace persons who do not know the difference between a *salon* and a saloon.