



Oh! yes I loved her fondly and I scrupled not to show it,  
And she returned my love, nor felt ashamed to let me know it,  
She'd sit upon my knee and lay her head upon my breast,  
She'd weep whene'er I chided, and she'd smile when I caress'd.  
Her simple, guileless nature knew no reason for disguise;  
She loved me, and me only, and she show'd it in her eyes,  
For they, with tears would bubble when I fain would haste away,  
With joy would dance and sparkle when I promised her I'd stay.  
Oh! call her not unmaidenly, and wanting circumspection  
For thus, in purest innocence, evincing her affection,  
No tell-tale blush suffused her cheek when anybody caught her—  
For I was her papa—and she, my petted little daughter.

over the other, took a prolonged look at nothing, the cap of his glass being still on, and pronounced the strange sail to be a schooner rigged corvette." This remark, which was received with much deference by Mr. Coddleby, was



overheard by one of the officers of the steamer who happened to be passing as it fell from the nautical Yubbits' lips, and being of a humorous and joking nature he stopped, and taking in the situation at once, remarked, "Ah! I see, sir, *you've* not spent all your days ashore." Mr. Yubbits was highly gratified, and smiled with an air of superiority on his companions, as the officer continued, "but the most experienced of us are liable to be mistaken at times. You never cruised in the China seas when you were in the service, sir, did you?" Mr. Yubbits, still

more flattered and gratified, confessed that he had not, though his tone was intended to imply that he had cruised in all other waters *but* the China seas.

(To be continued.)

#### A SCOTCH GEM FOR HUGH AIRLIE TO POLISH.

I WAS sitting on a bench, on Phillip's square, about eight o'clock on Wednesday evening last, listening to the music of a Hieland pipe, when two sons of old Scotia,—attracted, no doubt, by the music, met on the gravel walk at my feet. "Aweel Awndy, hoo are ee the nicht," said the old man. "Brawly, Dawvid, hoo's yersel?" replied Andy. "Ooch, nae sae bawd mon," replied David. "Wull ye hae sum," handing Andy a snuffbox. Andy took the snuff, and in handing back the box, let it fall. "There David, mon, it faas doon accordin' tae the principles of gravitation—the larger buddy attracts the sma' yer." "Gae waa, mor," said David, "dinna speek sic buff—hoo cud a thing faa oop? It maun faa doon."

T. H.

ISN'T this international finny fuss between Canada and the States somehow traceable to the fiscal policy of the Ottawa administration?

THE Ottawa Parliamentary Picture Gallery needs a few more portraits, and we shall have a Legislative as well as a Police Rog—. But, no matter!