



HOW HE DID IT.

"You see," said the fat man who always gets on the car at the Dovercourt Road, as he stood with a friend waiting for it to come along, "there is a knack in doing all things. I never ask a driver to stop for me; Habit has become second nature to me and I had rather get on a car when it's in motion than when it's stationary. Now, here comes the car; watch me: I don't tell the fellow to stop: I merely watch my chance; I seize the rail with one hand taking my valise in the other, never for a moment losing my equipoise: I then—here she comes—by swaying to and fro, counteract the impetus of the moving car, and my centre of gravity remains in statu quo; then, lifting my foot—so,—I step gracefully aboard—so,—and he sat down in the mud with a "swoosh" which was like unto the passage of a herd of bison through a swamp.

—S.

POEMS OF LIFE.—No. 4.

OCTOBER.—A REVERIE.

Written during a severe snow storm.
BY MCTUFF.

(Concluded from last week.)

Now nearer to the wood stove—
To our well-beloved companion,
Whilst the charm of conversation
Lends its aid to present comfort
And gray jest and lightsome banter
Bytely pass around the circle,
Whilst strange stories of adventure
Wie away the evening hours.
Seemingly an earnest list'ner
Am I to their pleasant gossip;
Yet my spirit is not with them;
For the recreant is roaming
Midst the labyrinthian pathways
Of the unforgetten bygone,
Noting keenly life's digressions;
Brooding o'er its hopes, its failures,
Until gentle, pitying Somnus
With a wealth of fond carresses
Wooes my wearied soul to rest.

E'en within the realms of dreamland
Strange creations of the fancy
Of disturb our deepest slumbers;
Of times scenes that seem forgotten
By mankind in wakeful moment
Will uncalled appear before them
In the semblance of a spectre.

Thus it was that stormy midnight
That the record of the bygone
Was unfolded to my vision:
Earnestly I scanned its pages
Of with bursts of sun-hine gleaming,
Of times scarred, and seared and furrowed
By the rude blasts of misfortune,
Till my very spirit shuddered
At the ruin there depicted.

Now again the vision changes,
And I am a busy prattler
In the early years of childhood,
And a kind devoted parent
Watches with maternal fondness
O'er my plastic mind's tuition,
Guides most tenderly my footsteps
In the paths of truth and honor,
Teaches my young lips to utter
Words of gratitude to Him who
Is the source of every blessing.

Let not scoffers say such teaching
Will not leave a lasting impress:
On the temple of the young mind,—
Ne'er to be erased, though oft times
In the after years of manhood
Noxious weeds of scepticism
May outgrow the tender seedling,
Driving out the glad sunshine,
Till the germ that gave such promise
Fades and withers beneath their shade.
Yet when in the heart implanted
It requires but warmth and culture
To spring forth in full-blown beauty,
Giving to the mind a lustre,
Causing it to shine conspicuous
In its purity and power.

But the howling of the tempest
Wakes me from my restive slumbers,
And the phantasies of dreamland
Fade before returning reason.
Yet 'tis strange the mind should ever
Sympathize with nature's changes,
Now elated, hopeful, cheerful,
Now despondent, brooding, wavering,
Listening to the wily tempter;
Prone at wayward fate to grumble,
Yet in self a firm believer,
Though all past experience teaches
How unstable, faltering, helpless,
Is the idol which we worship.

Oh! the mind; how can we curb it—
How control it in its wanderings—
How subdue its wayward fancies—
How direct it that it may soar
Over life's defeats triumphant.
Truly 'tis a higher power
That must guide our wandering footsteps,
Curb the proud, rebellious spirit
Prevalent within our nature,
Now by gentle, tender pleading,
Now by harsh distressing measures,
Till the soul cries out in anguish
And submits unto the guidance
Of the author of its being.

But the morning light is dawning,
And the storm no longer rages.
Now my reverie is ended,
And the stern demand of duty
Urges on to greater labor.

Yet 'tis well the mind should sometimes
Have a season for reflection,
That it may by earnest searching
Know its mission and fulfil it.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE POETRY MACHINE.

MR. GRIP,

DEAR SIR,—As I was fooling with my poetry machine the other day, I fancy I must have got some of its delicate mechanism shaken up, for, without any warning, it started off and ground out the following extraordinary piece of versification. I call it extraordinary because I never saw anything like it. You will observe that the first and second lines both rhyme at both ends, the third and sixth do the same, as do the fourth and fifth. There seems to be a break, too, in the fifth line of the last verse: it doesn't rhyme with its predecessor, and evidently refers to some individual who seems to have a bad cold in his head and who would appear to be the author of the poem; if so, I should think his cold is about all there is in his head, judging from this singular specimen of his composition. I never knew my poetry-grinder to take such a freak into its head before, and doubtless my readers devotedly trust that it never will again. This is what it produced:

DECEMBER.

Winter is now drawing near,
Into the dismal and drear
Weeks of December we soon shall be slipping;
August's fine weather's long flown.
Raw gusts, with threatening tone
Seek to affright us, the flow'rets nipping.
Brief seemed the summer that's fled;
Leaf upon leaf falleth dead,
Down on the grass from the rudely kissed trees;
Grey is the sky and o'ercast;
Away is warm weather at last;
Frown follows frown o'er the sky; a hill breeze.

Sweeps o'er the forest and wild,
Keeps us all shivering with cold,
Touches our fingers and bids us remember,
Warning and comforting wraps
Charming fur mittens and caps.
Such is the courier in front of December.

Flowers are dead long ago;
Showers are turned into snow;
Trees are all leafless; the grass has ceased growing;
Flakes fly fluttering and quiver;
Lake, stream, brooklet and river
Freeze in the wind that so cheerless is blowing.

What can we do? I ask what?
Hot it is certainly not,
Freezing and breezing and snowing and blowing;
Lonely I sit by my fire,
Only a hardlet named Swiz,
Sneezing and wheezing and coughing and crowing,
Something smashed here and my machine was silent.
Swiz.

RESULT OF A LOVER'S QUARREL.

(As sung at the last Eisteddod in Wales.)

I'm going to try to tell a tale in an interesting manner
About a pair of lovers, who came out to Indiana;
His name was Morgan Meredith; her name was Mariana
M. a. r. i. a. n. a.; her name was Mariana.

He was a Welshman, Morgan was, and she was Welsh
as well;
He was a dashing beau and she was quite a dainty belle;
And all about their loves I'll try to rhythmically tell.
R. h. y. t. h. m.—rhythm; I'll rhythmically tell.

He loved; she loved, for he loved her, and she, why, she
loved him;
They therefore each loved one another; 'twas Cupids
whimsic whim;
Their cup of love was full, full up and running o'er the
brim.
R. u. n. n. i. n. g.; 'twas running o'er the brim.

He'd come and talk to her in Welsh, and she in English
would chatter;
Of course so many consonants would make an awful clatter.
But if the two were satisfied, whatever does it matter,
Double u; double l; double d, r; that's Welsh for
"doesn't matter."

The course of true love ne'er runs smooth, you've doubtless
all heard that;
And, in the usual lovers' way, our lovers had a spat:
She told him to begone, and he took up his cane and hat.
P. l. u. g.—Welsh for hat; he took his cane and hat.

They'd loved for years, and now, at last, were doomed
for years to sever
And dwell apart, perhaps to be divided thus forever:
'Twas very sad; to make you weep I really won't endeavor.

C. r. y. with a cry, I won't to make you cry endeavor
Years glided by as years will glide, and forty-five were
spent
Since Marianne told Morgan M. to go, and Morgan went,
And not a line between the two in all that time was sent.
No; no l. i. n. e. line; no line was ever sent.

Must fancy those two loving hearts, by passion separated
Each would have liked to make it up, but each, to say so,
hated;
And so they were divided, as I've previously stated.
A. s.; p. r. e. v. i. o. u. s. l. y. stated.

When forty-five long years had fled in customary manner
Al. Meredith was dwelling in the state of Indiana;
And so, but at the other end, was living Mariana.
M. a. m. a.; r. i. r. i. a.; n. a. n. a.—Mariana.

Besides these two there were two more; Ap Shenkin's
Hal and Sue,
Who, in the self-same country, Indiana, landed too;
(I wish I could romance a bit; I can't; this story's true.
T. r. u. e.—true: "I cannot lie, G. double U.")

And now, by rights, these lovers fond should meet, make
up and marry;
But, just to show how things that ought to be sometimes
miscarry,
They didn't; Morgan married Sue, and Marianne Harry;
Morgan, Sue and Marian; likewise Ap Shenkin's
Harry. Swiz

"Let no man enter into business while he is
ignorant of the manner of regulating books.
Never let him imagine that any degree of
natural ability will supply the deficiency or
preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable
confusion."—Day's Business College, 96
King St. W. Toronto.

SNAKES IN THE STOMACH.

Two parties claim that such are the wonderful
curative powers of the Notman Pad Co's
remedies that they will drive snakes or any
other reptile out of the stomach in two days.
Whether this is true or not we are bound to
say that these remedies are the best in the
world for all troubles of the stomach, liver and
bowels. Advt.