#THE ANTIDOTE

Winter breathed again, and spring Cowered and shrank with wounded wing Down out of sight.

May, with all her loves laid low, Saw no flowers but flowers of snow That mocked her flight.

Love rose up with crownless head Smiling down on springtime de d On writty May. Sorrow, like a cloud that thes, Like a cloud in clearing skies Passed away.

AS I LOVE THEE

There's nae lark loves the lift, my dear,
There's nae ship loves the sea,
There's nae bee loves the heather bells,
That loves as I love thee, my love,
That loves as I love theel

The whin shines fair upon the fell,

The blithe broom on the lea:

The muriside wind is merry at heari:

It's a' for love of thee, my love,

It s a' for love of thee.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S SUPPRISE.

A lady well known in the highest circles of Montreal Society, but whose name we dare not breathe for the world, gazing out of her bow (or should we say beau) window, one day remarked to her friend Miss Violet. "There goes the gentleman! always call my Scotchman, who is he?" "That is Mr. Langsvee" replied Miss Violet, who of cause, being a daughter of Eve, the very first time she met the gentlaman told him what her friend had said.

"Weel!" was the astonished rejoinder "I hae been takken for a Garman, I hae been takken for a Franchman, I hae been takken for an Anglishman, but nivver 'til noo hae I been takken for a Scootchman." That was the way be spoke and yet he was perfectly surprised that his nationality had been discovered.

A LITTLE logic is a dangerous thing. So at least it proved in the case of a thoughtful man who was trying to teach hinself to swim. Having found that his feet insisted on sinking to the bottom he reasoned that they were too heavy, and remedied the defect by tying a bladder to each big toe. Then of course, his head went down; and although gagged by the water, he tried to call for help. He was nearly drowned before his frantic efforts displaced one of the bladders.

SEASIDE SKETCH.



"Will he come?"