

Dalhousie's Pride.

St. John's the town of stores and trade,

Moncton the place for churches,
While fair Newcastle has display'd

No soot or grimy smirches;
Bathurst leads in wickedness,

And Sewerville's great on beans,
And Chatham to the excess

Can boast the fastest teams;
But Dalhousie, all the rest confess,

Beyond all other places,
Has more of female loveliness,

More interesting faces.

"The Hero of Kartoum."

The fact of the fall of Kartoum having passed into history, a year and a half since detracts not from the interest in its magnanimous defender. The world is better for C. G. GORDON having lived in it, so let us drop a flower to his memory; and although there was an especial sadness to Canadians in the announcement of his betrayal and death, there is still a sadness by those to whom he was a friend, when his honored name is mentioned, and always will be until the same stern death severs their connection with earth and earthly things. He has been aptly described, "honest, manly, courageous, affectionate, gay and tender." He leaves a memory dear to all who felt at any time the magnetism of his presence, especially the faithful soldier who tramped weary miles by his side over burning sands beneath a scorching sun, and who now stands with bowed head listening to that sweet and imaginary appeal as it wafts across from the far Soudan—"My men, we are Englishmen; I beseech you to stand firm in defence of the old flag!"

Laughing Philosophy.

"BOOBY-TRAPS."

If all the engines for the entrainment of the unwary were as mild as the clothes-line fiend's, we should have good reason to congratulate ourselves; but they are not. Trap-doors over cellars and subterranean regions have frequently an awkward trick of betraying the confidence placed in them; the same with snow houses. Well do we recollect the night Duncan gave chase, but the pursuit was in vain—he quickly disappeared, precipitated ten feet down the snow-hole 'booby.' The world in which we live is not constructed for heavy-weights like elephants and Dunvilles; but even those who have no pretensions to undue dimensions, who are lean and lithe, are apt at times to suffer the fate of the more corpulent, when they tread on spots never meant to be standing ground.

"CHERRY RIFE."

An age of many opinions like the present cannot but be an age of immaturity. Crude sentiments, callow principles, hasty generalizations and ill-formed judgments flourish and abound. Unripe cherries are the order of the day. Unfledged and half-fledged politicians, doctors and lawyers, chirp and flutter their foolish ungrown wings on every perch and every platform. Look at a woman who possesses every charm, who has received the last touches and enchantments of her development, supremely perfect in all her parts, combining symmetry of form with color, rippling over with the rich impulses and effluences of conquering life. She is 'cherry rife.'