

to row I held the trolling line, but generally I went alone, tied the line to my foot and rowed myself. Then when my foot jerked, an electric message was instantly despatched to my brain saying that either a fish or weeds was at the other end of the line. It always turned out to be weeds. But once when quite a party of us went out on the lake I felt an unmistakable bite, and this time it was a fish but not a very big one. However, it made up in energy what it lacked in size. No sooner was it landed—or rather boated—than it sprang up in the air and came down with a tremendous flop, at which we all screamed. Taking our screams as a sort of encore it kept on repeating the performance until we were tired to death looking at it, and wished from our hearts that it was out of its misery and that we were out of ours. I would have put it back in the water only I didn't like to, after being so anxious to catch it, and besides I knew no one at our house would believe that I had caught a fish if I didn't have it to show them. An anxious group of friends and neighbors were waiting at the dock to receive us, for our screams had attracted attention. They were greatly relieved when they saw the fish, and he went through some special gymnastics for their benefit. I put some salt on him and went to bed, trusting that the grim monarch, Death, might pass that way in the night. But the end was not yet. Next day when I was all alone, and none was by to question or condemn, I went out in the back yard to see if that fish was yet alive. Apparently the vital spark had fled, and the language of my heart was: Would that he had fled also. My neighbors' cats, a great number of them (one to correspond with each child, and their name was legion) came slowly over the way and watched me going through the last sad rites with close attention flavored with expectancy. One of them called "The Dr." viewed the remains with special and significant interest. I separated the fish's head, fins, gills and scales from the main building, and removed from the interior everything that was not good to eat nor to be desired to make men wise. It was a horrible process. Vegetarians say that if every one had to kill the animal he ate the number of exclusive vegetable eaters would be largely increased. I believe them. The next thing I did was to cut off the tail. This was a mistake. Even the cats saw that, and they withdrew in disdain—all except the "Dr." So true is it that even in our worst extremity there is always one humble but faithful friend at our side. Then—I didn't know whether it was my fevered imagination or a literal fact, but it did seem to me that that wretched fish moved. I went into the house and prayed for death—not for myself, but for the fish. I bathed in hot soap suds, finishing off with lemon juice, until I ceased to smell fishy and feel scaly. I returned to the scene of my late sufferings to find that the "Dr.'s" love of science had trampled over the principles of strict integrity in which he had been carefully reared.

A spring of love gushed in my heart,  
And I blest him unaware.

Had it been otherwise I would have given  
the corpse decent burial, putting over him the  
inscription:—

Weep Not For Me: I Still Live.

My child, the moral of this tale is obvious.  
Before you become a fisher of men consider  
whether you have any use for a man.

—A. E. W.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.—H. B. Cochran,  
druggist, Lancaster, Pa., writes that he has  
guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood  
Bitters for dyspepsia, bilious attacks and liver  
and kidney troubles. In no case has it dis-  
appointed those who used it. In Canada it  
gives the same general satisfaction.

#### BOOKS.

The *Elector's Political Catechism*, by Richard John Wicksteed. This is not a funny book, but it is one which we wish every Canadian would "read, mark, learn," etc. The author's avowed purpose is to elevate the elector and legislator of Canada to the standard of our judges, their duties requiring the same qualities of mind, and this high task he endeavors to accomplish by teaching in plain words the nature and scope of the Canadian constitution, a subject on which there is great popular ignorance. *Citizen Publishing Co., Ottawa.*

#### PORTRAITS OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.

Not from the G—e.



COLOR SERGT.



CORP.



PRIVATE.



LANCE CORPORAL.



CAPT.

Talk about the Spring Robin, but the *Spring Overcoats* selling at *R. Walker & Son's* at \$7.50, \$9.75 and \$12.00, are just the things to make a man fancy everything is lovely.

#### A CASK AID PUN.

In London west, Ontario, that darling  
Of the Conservatives, the great John Carling  
Doth own much property in house and land  
And piles on rent too hard for folk to stand.  
Jim Smith, a tenant, quotes fair Avon's bard  
At all times, be things good or be they hard.  
Quoth Jim one day, when told his rent was raised,  
As out toward John's brewery he gazed,  
"As Shakespeare in his 'Julius Caesar' said,  
'See what a rent the envious Casker made.'  
(Then they brained him.)"

#### SCOTTIE AIRLIE MEETS HIS FATE.

TORONTO, March, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—I never thoct sae muckle  
shame in a' ma life as I dae at the present  
ineenit sittin' doon tae tell ye what happened  
tae me sin' I wrote tae ye last—an' railly I  
dinna think I could thole tae live a day langer  
if it wasna that I tak intae consideration that  
the best o' us a' aro liable tae fa' intae temp-  
tation, an' come oot a sma'er man than he  
gaed in. An' then again I'm no the first  
great man that has made a mistak' in his life-  
time—another thing the deviltry in the ris-  
ing generation is beyond human comprehen-  
sion. Ye see I had gotten geyin weel ac-  
quaint wi' ane o' the clerks, an' had just open-  
ed ma mind a wee till him, an' tellt him that  
noo when I was in a gude situation, I thoct  
it was onbecomin' a responsible man like me—

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