

THE SONG OF THE FLIRT.



WITH feet quite weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman reclined on a ball-room chair
When she ought to have been in bed.
Rich ! rich ! rich !
In her low-necked silk admired,
But still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She muttered, "I'm awfully tired !"

Dance ! dance ! dance !
Till her head begins to swim,
Dance ! dance ! dance !
And whirl with a horrible vim.
It's O ! to be a girl !
I would teach them a lesson of wit,
For when they get into this maddening whirl
They never know when to quit.

O, girls with mothers dear !
O, young and giddy wives !
It is not slippers you're wearing out,
When your spending such giddy lives ;
But your wasting away your brains,
To your mothers and husband's hurt,
And you'll find that never a bit remains
When you get too old to flirt ! W. H. T.

FROM A PROMINENT CONSERVATIVE M.P.

"SUCH a paper, as you now seem to realize, should be impartial as regards the two political parties, and I think you can fairly lay claim to that character."

STUBBS ON BEE RAISING.



WHEN I focus my thoughts upon the dim vista of the past, and review the several energetic attempts I have made at gaining information and experience, I am led to wonder that I have not before now achieved a greater degree of success, and created more mundane furore by my extraordinary capabilities than I have. There have been men who seemed to hanker after nothing so much as post-mortem admiration. I am one of the ante-mortem chickens. I love to be admired (by my wealthy uncle). A phrenologist once informed me that my bump of inquisitiveness

was abnormally developed. Perhaps he was right, but

I am morally certain that the skating rink was answerable for the phenomenon.

Among many other accomplishments I consider myself a very fair apiarist. I have always taken a deep interest in bees, ever since I was a boy. This may be owing to the bump, or it may be explained by my utter indifference to fluid lightning. Where others quail before it, I rather enjoy the sensation.

I remember one day I found a hollow stump containing a bumble-bee's nest. Now it was an undecided question with me whether this insect could really burrow in the ground, as I had seen it stated, and a resolution took possession of me to fill that stump with a chunk of dirt and watch the result. No bees appeared for some time, and walking away I concluded that the question was settled in the negative, but thought I would take one more look at the stump before fully deciding. As I turned around I observed a large bee making towards me at a business gait, and before I had time to wink he turned a back somersault and landed stern foremost on my upper lip. In two minutes from that time I couldn't see where I was stepping. I did think of returning and clearing the dirt away from the stump, but owing to the vindictive spirit displayed by that bee, I refrained from doing so.

My last lesson was learned last spring, when I attempted to hive a swarm of bees. They were bunched on the limb of an apple tree. I sawed the limb off, but didn't take into consideration the weight of the bees, and the confounded thing dropped before I thought it would. That whole six or eight pounds of bees struck me square on the head, and dropped over me like a black pall of living death. They explored my back and dug for oil on every square inch of my body. They imagined me some new-fangled patent hive, and tried to walk into it through my eyes and nose. Then they went shooting through the bush on top of my head, and dug for ground nuts. I made a rush for a mill-pond, from which I was fished out in a semi-conscious condition, and lay for weeks under the doctor's care.

If any person desires to receive any pointers about bee raising, I will be happy to accommodate him. You will see by the above that I have been entirely successful in every instance where I have attempted to raise them.

STUBBS.



CURIOSITY.

"MA, what is a curry ?"

"A highly spiced dish which is much used in East India. It is very, very hot. But why do you ask ?"

"O, 'cause I heard pa tell Uncle Ben that you were peppery enough to season a curry, that's all."