



ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

"He did entreat me past all saying nay, to come with him along."
—*Merchant of Venice. Act III, Sc. 2.*

Bookselling and umbrella-mending have for some time been recognized branches of the haberdashery trade up there, but cobbling is something of a departure from the legitimate. The enterprising proprietor, we understand, contemplates still further developments in the ramifications of the establishment, and nobody need be surprised if the announcement is shortly made that Eat'em & Co. are prepared to execute orders for well-digging, general housework, tending to horses, escorting old ladies to evening concerts, spring plowing and conducting evangelistic services on short notice and at reasonable terms.

AND yet, this big shop is developing along the line dreamed of by Bellamy, isn't it? It is gradually but surely extinguishing that baneful thing called competition. In due time all the other merchants and tradesmen of the city will be superfluities in their present callings, and can devote themselves to something else—if they can find anything Eat'em & Co., are not already doing. When perfection is reached, everybody outside this big shop can sit down and take life easy. The firm's advt. will then read—"You press the button—we do the rest."

TALKING of Reciprocity with the States, our literary men have been enjoying all the benefits of an arrangement in that line for some time. No writers for the great American magazines get a more frequent hearing than the Canadian poets, Lampman, Carman, Campbell and Roberts—a quartette we have good reason to be nationally proud of. Considering that the effusions of these gentlemen are the spontaneous inspirations of genius and not pumped-up poesy, it is a Reciprocity in Natural Products, too, notwithstanding Blaine's declaration that the States won't have anything of the sort on any terms. The only American writer, on the other hand, who gets access to the Canadian market is Mr. Erastus Wiman, who is neither a poet nor an American, so that the arrangement is literally—or rather literarily—jug-handled, too. *Apropos*

of this, Mr. Campbell, whose home is at Southampton, Ont., has just published a new volume entitled "Lake Lyrics, and Other Poems." Those who are familiar with the poet's charming treatment of the grander phases of Canadian scenery and life will be delighted with this collection. A perusal of it by others will convince them that the high praise bestowed upon the writer by Mr. Goldwin Smith in a late *Bystander* was not undeserved.

THE *Canadian Nation* says:

In a recent number of the *Toronto Globe* is an advertisement by a Buffalo saloonist offering his business for sale for a thousand dollars, and as an inducement to the purchaser he stated that five thousand laborers passed his house twice daily.

Well, that's all right, isn't it? It won't do the laborers any harm to pass a saloon. It's the fellows that don't pass that come to grief.

ONE of our exchanges speaks of an "infant baby;" another tells of a "widow woman;" another refers to something that will happen "next Sunday afternoon at three p.m.," and still another has a man "filled full."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Oh, come off! You're too pernickety and punctilious altogether. Would you want anybody to speak of a "grown-up baby" or a "widow man" or "Sunday afternoon at 3 a.m." or about a man "filling himself empty?" Such hypercriticism makes us tired.

THE ISOTHERMAL LINE.

HOW many lives are thrown away
In searching for the Pole,
Because they go by Baffin's Bay,
To reach the distant goal.

Whereas a governmental chart
Would give them weather fine,
Did they but follow from the start
The isothermal line.

Professor Krank, a learned man
And patriotic Blue-nose,
To reason with himself began—
"I'll solve this question, who knows?"

"With sledge and canines Esquimaux
I shall begin to travel
As soon as falls the earliest snow,
This mystery to unravel.

"A good thermometer alone
My outfit scientific,
With records true from zone to zone
Will give me clues specific.

"For northward though I steer my course,
Of frost's grim rigor wary,
I'll westward slant to gain its source
Through climes that never vary."

This sage began his journey on
The first snow in December,
And busy with his task was gone
Until the next November.

He found the Pole in shape was matched
By common fishing pole,
The isothermal line attached
Had led him to his goal.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

A PATENT medicine advertisement appears with the heading, "Is Life Worth Living? Depends on the Liver." Certainly. Depends on how he lives.