



A SONG OF THE MERCURY.

We do not care to learn the news,
From any clime or place,
We care not how elections go
Nor yet about the race.
We merely ask for palm-leaf fans
And ice-cold lemonade;
The mercury is mounting—
It's ninety in the shade.

We do not ask who won the fight
Nor who, the swift home run;
There is no joy upon the links
Nor rest beneath the sun.
The lake—the broad, blue lake for us
With gleaming paddle blade;
There is no fun on land to-day—
It's ninety in the shade.

We care not how the glad Tercent
Pulled off at old Quebec,
But wish we were the happy boy
Snow-buried to the neck.
We are indifferent to the state
Of golden Western crops;
We but desire a cooling drink
Of stuff that tastes like hops.

We do not yearn to go to church
In sticky, Sunday clothes;
We'd like to sit in scanty garb
Beneath the spraying hose.
We do not wish to hear of Bridge,
Nor any game that's played;
We say of all things: "What's the use?"—
It's ninety in the shade.

J. G.

NEWSLETS.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has thrown a wet blanket over the woollen trade.

"Marathon was not much of a place, after all," says the Toronto journalist.

A small boy recited Kipling's *Our Lady of the Snows* at a church garden party last week. He was taken home on the churchyard gate.

Professor Wrong says the Tercent was All Right. The Canadian edition of *Collier's Weekly* got out a beautiful Bryan number lately. Any old school-boy can tell you when Canada annexed Denver.

"Wheat is king and it seems to have decided to hold out a golden sceptre this time," says Alberta's rising bard.

ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

IN a certain small town of Western Ontario there is a worthy spinster who presides over the meetings of the W.C.T.U. and who also is a Lady Bountiful to such wayworn tramps as strike the finest residential street in the place.

A week ago, during the heated term, a tramp of peculiarly woe-begone aspect reached the kindly shade of her verandah where he was entertained with raspberry vinegar and gingerbread and where he found a sympathetic listener to the tale of how he was travelling on foot to visit his dear old mother whom he had not seen for years and who lived near the city of London, Ontario. The lady was moved almost to tears by his account of a mis-spent life of which he had duly repented and with true feminine spirit she considered it a privilege to help in setting up the prodigal. She therefore handed over a crisp two-dollar bill to facilitate the progress towards the dear old mother and received the vagabond's blessing with proper humility.

On the following day, she was administering a rebuke to the gardener, who had forgotten to attend to the lawn the day before. "I'm afraid, Thomas, that too much of your money goes in beer. I've been told you spent yesterday afternoon at the Commercial Hotel."

"Sure, it was your money paid for that, Miss Blake," said Thomas with a hearty grin.

"My money!" echoed the horrified spinster.

"You see, it was like this, ma'am. There came along a ragged old soak who said he'd got two dollars from a lady at Maple Villa and that she was the finest he'd ever seen. So, him and me just spent an hour or so talkin' and drinkin' to the health of the country an' the first thing we knew the two dollars was gone. He was powerful sorry for he said it was the easiest money that had come his way in a month."

AUGUST FINANCE.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Make the swell blue ocean
With a beach at hand.

Then the thrifty financier
Hireth German band
And with gorgeous big hotel
Doth the dollars land.

HENRY JAMES AND LIFE.

THE storm of anecdotes that beats about most well-known authors, particularly of the best-selling variety, seems never to have struck Henry James. Perhaps it could not break through the barricade of sentences that surrounded him. It will be remembered that Mr. James was once called "an idea entirely surrounded by words." But, once in a while, a story trickles through. Not long ago a young lady, one of the earnest-seekers-after-truth kind, said to Mr. James:

"Oh, Mr. James, won't you please define life?"

Whereupon the novelist gravely replied:

"It is the predicament that precedes death."

Mr. James always fights shy of making speeches in public. He reserves them for his books. On one occasion he was the guest of honour at a dinner in New York. After much persuasion he was induced to speak. As he rose to his feet he naively said:

"You know, gentlemen, that I never make speeches, and when I have concluded to-night you will realise that I have not broken my rule." — *Saturday Evening Post*.

HIS WIFE'S ADVICE.

ONCE Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "cheap trippers." When the tree had fallen, and the Prime Minister and some

of his family who were with him were moving away there was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece, and exclaimed: "Hey, lads, when I dee, this shall go in my coffin." Then cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman with a merry twinkle in her eye: "Sam, my lad, if thou'd worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where thy chip wouldna burn." — *The New Age*.

A USEFUL RELATIVE.

Mrs. Caterby—"In a short time now we will do all our heating by alcohol."

Caterby—"That's good. All we'll have to do will be to connect your Uncle Jake to the furnace and range." — *Life*.

THRILLING.

"And when," said Mrs. Nuvoreesh, "those French pheasants came by singing the Mayonnaise, it was too deeply touching for words." — *Success Magazine*.

DARK DAYS.

"Did that fellow who wrote the book telling how to live on fifteen cents a day ever try it himself?"

"He had to before his book began to sell." — *Smart Set*.

NOTHING LEFT.

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently-convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?"

"No, your Honour," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last cent."

AN ARTIST'S APOLOGY.

THE *New York Times* is responsible for the following:

DEAR TEACHER: My muther says I haffto appollogise for doren your pickchure on the bored as if you was an olled made with curls and a long wissker on your chinn witch you could not help or me neether.

It was a meen thing to doo and I am sorry I didd it but I could not help it becaws you stood thare looken so nacherl with the curls and the wissker and all and Jenny Ames dared me to doo it at recess.

I doo not blame you for wippen me becaws it looked so mutch like you you had a purfeck rite to be mad. If I was you I would be mad too.

My muther says nobody is so nsensitive about her looks as a lady teacher espeshuly if she is a liddle olled but this was not to go in the letter.

If you only understood what is inside of boys heads maken them be misschefuss you would be sorry for them for it is not exactly there fault.

I know you feel worse about it than I do becaws my wippen does not hurt now but a pickchure goes on forever.

Teachers have a hard enuf time goodness knows without beien shode how they look for a whoal school to laff at.

Sometime if you do not care I will dre you on the bored looken swete and yung and put your name under so everybody will know who it is and so no more for the present frum your troo frend and skoller.

TOMMY.

NON-OLYMPIC GOLF.



Jones (who belongs to the Anti-Profanity League)— "Oh — you — you naughty caddie!!"