

LOVE.

Love is a stray leaf of the rose,
Of vagrant winds the floating prey;
Inhale its fragrance as it goes—
But touch it, and it fades away.

Love is a fragile butterfly.
The brightest of created things;
Its brilliant colour charm the eye—
But grasp it, and you crush its wings.

[For the Torch.]

USEFUL LESSONS FROM ANIMATED NATURE.

BY A. E. SOP.

Never be silly like a Goose.
Or too cunning like a Fox.
Or repeat the sayings of others like a Parrot.
Learn to say *Nay* like a Horse.
Never be stubborn like a Panther.
Or treacherous like a Panther.
But be faithful like a Dog.
And never quack like a Duck.
Or be vain like a Peacock.
Or stupid like an Owl.
Or changeable like the Chameleon.
Or deceitful as a Snake.
Or venomous as a Toad.
Never sting like a Bee.
Or be lazy like a Drone.
Or sluggish as a Sloth.
Or grasping as a Hawk.
Or voracious like a Shark.
Or inquisitive like a Ferret.
Or dirty as a Pig.
Or boorish as a Boar.
Or ravenous as a Wolf.
Or strut like a Rooster.
Be innocent like a Saint.
Don't be made a butt of like a Goat.
Always keep one eye open like a Weasel.
Keep a sharp look out like the Lynx.
Be brave as a Lion.
Never be cowardly like a Calf.
Or timorous as a Mouse.
Be full of the milk of human kindness like a Cow.
Be jolly under all circumstances like a Cricket.
Be active as a Flea.
Be industrious like the Ant.
Work like a Beaver.
Be pure and simple as a Dove.
Abstain from croaking like a Frog.
Never be rough like a Bear.
Or clownish like a Monkey.
Or hypocritical like the Crocodile.
Be domestic as a Cat.
And never be caught, as a thief, like a Rat.

FEEBLE FLICKERINGS.

Under the above heading we intend to devote a column each issue to the first fruits of amateurs in the flowery paths of literature, with the hope that by so doing we may aid in developing the dormant genius of some of those literary aspirants whose virgin offerings are generally consigned to the editorial "waste basket." Contributors will please write legibly, and only on one side of the paper, keeping brevity and point well in view, as well as carefully abstaining from private personalities of an objectionable nature. Contributions not accepted will be noticed in the "Chat with Correspondents" column.

A youth who signs his name "Shop Boy" sends us the following, which is not so bad. To that "Shop Boy" we say: As you grow *str* may you keep improving in your literary efforts:—

A GROSSER PARTY.—A man went into a grocery store of Charlotte Street the other day to buy some tea on credit, which the grocer refused to give. "Do you know," said the man,

"why you are like a merchant who never fails in business?" "No, Sir, I don't know. Why am I?" "Because you don't *trud-let*."

Our friend "Spark" forwards us a nice lot of "Kindlings" from Halifax. Much obliged. Do so some more.

KINDLINGS.

Are "spoon oars" made from silver ores? One who moves in the higher circles—the planet Saturn.—*Es.* Oh, yes, a kind of satellite society. By the way, don't the "Milky Whies" belong to the "craie de la craie?"

The statue erected to Plimssoll is a statue wet of a wreck-tangle-r form, and should be paid for out of the "Sinking Fund."

What kind of a tree is the best for making card-board? The *You pass* tree.

What is the most mournful tree of the forest? The *Weeping* Willow.

Which is the most happy? The Maple's sappiest.

A conscientious barber will hone up when his razor is dull.—*Es.* Yes, if he's an honest one.

New Orleans amuses itself on Sunday by racing in tubs drawn by swans.—*Es.* That's wan way of spending the Sabbath.

FUNNY FLASHES.

BY FELIX FLASHER.

.....Slaves of Fashion—Gall-ey slaves.

.....A "still" wine—Mumm.

.....The fashionable new color in cats is yellow.—*Es.* Thought it was ver-mew-lion.

.....What part of a church does a ticket in the Irish Friendly Society resemble? The chance-sell.

.....Mexican mustangs are a drug in the Pittsburg (Pa.) market.—*Es.* They must hang heavily on the dealer's hands.

.....What are most appropriate flowers for decorating Churches at Christmas? Christmas.

.....A Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language is now in full life in Dublin. They will probably Cork it up.

.....Where is the best place to launch an ice boat? On the Alps they av-a-lanche 'bout every day.

.....If you are getting in coal, shute it.—*N. Y. Herald.* Wouldn't it be a grate deal better to "fire" it?

.....Two illicit stills have been seized in Renfrew, and still they are not happy.

.....Late news from China—A Chicago crockery dealer has gone to smash. Wasn't he a Phila-delf-in man?

.....A sweet thing in combs—Honey.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*
A very fine tooth comb to cell.

.....Please ask, through "Household," for recipe to prevent hair falling out. Mrs. J. C. Cleveland, Ohio.—*Free Press.*

Don't leave the "heirs" any money and there will be no danger of them "falling out."

.....A St. John man asked his sweetheart in New York, by telegraph, if she would marry him. That's what we call electric sparking.—*Philadelphia Saturday Night.*

It was a man in New York named Roop, merely ink-wire-ing if he could show Miss Roop, of St. John, how to tie a "Roop Knot."

.....During Miss Von Hillern's performances it was a noticeable novelty that the gait-keeper sat on the platform.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*
We saw the above just a minute before we were going to write Gait-anoney—Miss Von Hillern's.—*Cincinnati Commercial.* We mean no of-fence, but if you wish to bing-e-a-pun a gate why not say something about the lady's

shoes, which would be a gaiter joke?—*Free Press.*
Shouldn't these jokes be set up in a gate type?

PITHY PERSONALS.

—Levi Swartz, of Mansfield, Pennsylvania, while on a grape vine was mistaken for a wild turkey by Henry Croll, who shot and fatally wounded him.

It was a Cro'll thing for Henry to do. Did he shoot him with "grape" shot?

—Mr. Cask is a candidate for the Georgia Legislature. He has a good head, and will "whoop 'em up.—*Courier-Journal.*

If he's "not on the keg," when he gets a good "punch," in, he'll be able to give them a good "stave."

—Wm. Winters new book of poems will be called "Thistle Down." It is evidently light reading.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Isn't Winter the author of "Beautiful Snow?" —John Mellick, Esq., whose classic features are being transferred to canvas by Artist Miles, is at present rusticating in Boston.

—The sweet singer of Michigan, according to the *Graphic*, oils her hair with poem-aid. If Julia is a Michiganard, wouldn't goose grease be more appropriate?

—Wong Chin Foo, the Chinese lecturer, is on his way eastward. Hadn't Wong Foo better "wipe off his Chin'?"

—Mrs. Annie Edwards is out with her "Blue Stocking," and it is a darned sight better than the average novel.—*New Orleans Picayune.* Yes, it is a good yarn, but that needn't induce you to put your foot in it.—*Free Press.*

The wind must have blue or how could the *Picayune* man have seen it? Annie dear, can you tell us why that "Blue Stocking" is like the figure 1? Why, because it is the one u-nit.

—The first volume of Victor Hugo's "History of Crime" has reached its one hundredth edition in Paris.

—Gen. Hood's wife has presented him with three sets of twins since the war. For such a man to surrender the right of secession is no light task.—*Danbury News.*

He must have made a good lively hood to support such a family.

—Young Mr. Astor, who has just been elected to the Assembly in New York, has set his heart on the Consulsip of Hong Kong, China. If he gets it, look out for floral puns—China astor for instance.—*St. Louis Journal.*

Wouldn't Astor-nomical puns, such as Astoroid, be better for a resident among the Celestials?

—Archibald Forbes, the great war correspondent, was once a private in the English army.

—Mrs. Boss is lecturing on "Our Girls," and our girls say she is the "boss" lecturer.

—Prof. Graham delivered a free lecture on Phrenology in Boston. The *free knowledge* he dispensed was doubtless interesting.

—Claws of which no child is afraid—Santa Claus.

—Gen. Grant refused to grant authority to the illustrated papers of Paris to print his portrait.

—Sir Edward Thornton has declined the mission to Spain, and will remain in Washington.

—The Duke of Manchester will succeed Governor General Dufferin.

—The *Commercial* describes a ball in a jelly factory, at Hannibal, as being a perfect jam. Do you mean a jam-boree?—*N. Y. Herald.*
Suppose the ladies looked an-jelly-cal?

—Julia A. Morse, the sweet singer of Michigan, is giving readings of her own lyrics. The poetic effusions bear a singularly striking resemblance to those of our late lamented "Bard of War" Dixon.