

GARFIELD.

At last!
The night hath passed;
The long, dark dream of suffering hath with-
drawn,
And o'er the everlasting hills the dawn
Of day that hath no night hath sudden
flashed
On his glad vision. Lo, he rests—at last!

Oh, strong and tender soul!
Patient beyond belief, nor once complained,
That thus thy sun must needs go down at noon,
Leaving a nation reft of that rare boon,
A ruler, noted for a life unstained,
An honest record and unchallenged worth,
Of dauntless courage, daring to unearth
The hidden evil and to set wrong right,
With steadfast purpose and with faith un-
feigned,
That failed not when with black and baleful
blight
The shadow of the assassin dimmed the day,
That day when men o'erwhelmed with grief
gave way,
Seeing but lowering skies and gathering gloom,
When amid blood and tears and strengthening
pains
From the dread entrance of the awful tomb,
Thine own calm voice was heard, "Still the
Lord reigns."

Oh, the rare beauty of the strong, pure life!
From the log cabin in primeval grove,
Clearing a path to wealth, and name and
fame,
Resting awhile with quiet and reverent love,
To woo the muse, conserving through the
strife
The fervent poet soul; and yet again
Haunting the halls of learning, so to frame
From all, stout stepping stones, whereby to
climb
To that high place his nation chose for him.

Yes! it was well he should be crowned so,
The people's chosen servant tried and true;
But yet another crown must press his brow,
With suffering's thorns, e'er we could fully
see.

How truly grand and great the man could be.
Oh! yet the world is wholesome at the core!
A war is killed, and there's but little rue;
But touch the good, and how its great heart
bleeds.

Mourning the loss of one of its great needs;
How every pulse doth quicken into pain,
While o'er the Atlantic comes the muffled
drum.

Of British horror, and a sad low strain,
With love and blessing all the lines between
The voice of England's and the world's one
Queen.

And we, by virtue of our near neighbourhood,
Of common brotherhood alike with all;
But chiefly, by the tender ties of blood,
A triple claim advance to hear the pall,
To share the sorrow, shedding tear for tear,
With his great nation, and his near and dear.

HAMILTON.

J. K. L.

The Great Unwashed.

The great unwashed. Numerous as the sands of Yonge Street, as the grass in Queen's Park; as the freckles on a newsboy's nose; or the groans of a North Waterloo Tory or a Colchester Grit; as the promises of a John A. or the dollars of a Cartwright; or any other equally numerous person or thing. Queer, but John A. is a numerous person; too numerous, too soon, and beforehand and utterly previous, as it were, for most people to comprehend. He went to England very sick, but prior to his departure for that haven of Canadian Finance Ministers, he made everybody in Canada, or at least the Tories thereof, believe that the North-West lands were pretty much a brawling wilderness. Now he has come back, has been feted and honored, and above all interviewed, and according to his own story has made the poor benighted English believe that that same land is a country flowing with milk and honey, and grain and beef ready dressed, to say nothing of mud-turtles and rattle-snakes, and blizzards and sieb. We wonder if this is another I—ah, Tupperism. If he has been making things howl on the other side of the big pond.

But to return to the great unwashed. They



IT WON'T FIT.

JOHN BULL (lcq.)—Blowed if I 'aven't houtgrown this 'ere garment! It's no use; I couldn't stand the pressure!

are ragged, that is they do not wear out-away coats and white kids, and — By the way, speaking of kids brings to mind the case which is now occupying the attention of police and other circles; principally other circles:—The "baby farming" case.

"When I was young and charming,
I practised baby farming."

It is bad enough to have to listen to this in Pinafore, but when a case comes up in court that proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that baby farming, in its most horrible form, is carried on with impunity right in the centre of the city of Toronto, the city of churches, the centre of the purifying influences of this Christian land; it is enough to make us blush, and we blush accordingly. That baby farm is a stain on the fair name of this city that no amount of Industrial Exhibitions, and Mayor's photographs, and orators like Ald. Baxter, men of genius like R. W. Phipps, or disinterested temperance men like Ald. Walker, could have wiped out. Speaking of the Industrial Exhibition recalls to mind the factitious countryman who tried to get a square meal on the grounds. He entered a booth, was lost to sight and memory dear for fifteen minutes, and emerged with a vacant far-away look in his eyes, and an expression of intense longing about the corners of his mouth.

"How did yer find the grub?" inquired his chum.

"Did'ent find it," was the sententious reply.

"Wall, what kind of a meal was it anyway."

"Oh, good enuff, good cruff, only, dang it, it was mostly made up of plates, and did'ent seem as filling and satisfying as it might."

He could not have described the average restaurant dinner better. But then to return to the great unwashed, they are here, and—well they are the great unwashed, and there is nothing more to be said about them.

A Social Fraud.

Peck's Sun.

A subscriber at Racine writes to know if it would be proper for him to speak to a lady that he has never been introduced to. He says he has met her on the street, in places of business,

and at parties for two years, that he knows all her family, and she knows his, and that she looks almost as though she wished he would speak, but he has never been introduced to her, and dassent speak. No, you must not speak to her. You may go along meeting her every day till Gabriel blows his trump, and she may look as familiar to you as your sister, and yet till some mutual acquaintance says; "Mr. So-and-so, this is Miss So-and-so," you cannot speak to her without society will say you are an impudent thing. She may wish she knew you, and yet if you should speak to her she would feel it her duty to society to say, "Sir!" and look greatly offended and then you would be all broke up. If she should drop her pocket-book and you should pick it up and hand it to her, she would say thank you, with a sweet smile, but you would have no right to speak to her next time you met. If she should meet you some day and say, "How do you do, Mr. So-and-so? I have known you ever since you have lived in this town, though we were never introduced formerly, and it has got so embarrassing to pass you half-a-dozen times a day without speaking, while I speak to those that may be with you that I have concluded not to wait for an introduction," some nine spot with a number six hat on would say, "Oh, my, what a flirt that lady is. She actually spoke to a man without being introduced." If you should frankly offer her your hand and say, "Thank you, madam, for suspending the rule of etiquette, and speaking. I have seen you so many times that your pleasant face is as welcome a sight as that of my sister, and I have wanted to know you, but had given up all idea that I ever would," some simpering female idiot would say, "Only to think, that bold, awful man has actually flirted with Miss So-and-so until he has got acquainted without a formal introduction." No, young man, go right along about your business, and don't try to hurry the cattle. Society must be consulted, though in some respects society may be a confounded fool.

Who was the first bridge builder raised to the pier-age?—N. Y. News.