



A PROMISING NIMROD.

SCENE.—A Summer Resort near Montreal. A FACT.

MRS. OLDE.—“And this Montreal Hunt Club, is it really a nice club?”

MISS DORCHESTER.—“Yes; it is considered the finest on the Continent.”

MRS. OLDE.—“Then I must have my son join it. He is very fond of hunting, and is really an excellent shot.”

DETECTED.

We two in the parlor together,
Together alone while I knelt;
She allowed me one kiss, ah! the bliss
That I felt.

Next morning her father called on me,
Said from kissing I'd have to desist;
For proof of my guilt he'd produce (the deuce!)
The kiss that I'd kissed.

I couldn't deny it at all,
The kiss was my own, that was plain;
'Twas the phonograph did it, that effective detective—
I won't do it again.

SMIFF.

PRECEDENCE

“Now let us have an understanding about this business,” said the Premier to the Minister of Justice, when the Cabinet met the other day. “We are both ‘Sir John’ now, and it will lead to confusion unless we can arrange to distinguish the names in some way.”

“I have already distinguished mine,” said the junior minister.

“True; by doing nothing in particular and doing it very well,” retorted his chief; “but I'm serious about this; we can't both be called Sir John, you know. What do you suggest?”

“Well,” said Thompson, thoughtfully, “how would it answer to use your middle name, as Tilley does his, and call you Sir Aleck—or Sir Smart Aleck, if you prefer?” “I don't know how it would answer, but I wouldn't answer at all. No, you are flippant, Sir Thompson, and this is really a serious matter. I think I'm entitled to keep the Sir John by right of prior occupation. You

will have to give way, as my junior. Gentlemen of the Cabinet,” he added, turning to the assembled Ministers, “hereafter this fresh young person is Sir Johnny, and don't you forget it. We shall have an order-in-council to that effect before we rise.”

THE FAMILY BUCK-SAW.

O dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
And fondly doth memory such vistas recall,
The shed with its small store of cut, split and piled wood,
And its chaos of cordsticks with knots in them all.

Its chip floor, its rafters, whence scythes, rakes and hoes hung,
The old axe and sawhorse and huge splitting block,
Recipient of hard blows out-rivalling those sung
By bards who have lauded the tournament's shock.

Such ‘painfully pleasing and fond recollections
Are joined to an article potent to thrill
My spirit with obsolete youthful affections
As the soul of the scene which I gaze upon still

Ah! what a vain blank were this canvass of memory
If the object so blanked in the past were withdrawn
But engraven it stands uneffaced by Time's emery,
The buck-saw by which all our wood was sawn!

How oft while I day-dreamed on some foolish matter,
That saw foundered fast in the cleft it had made,
And wrecked by a blow that made all my teeth chatter,
My visions have vanished and left my chin flayed.

O now I confess, though then cursing my luck, saw
My youth no such other vain folly to flog,
As that wise ancient buck-saw (though dull for a buck-saw),
That ill-tempered buck-saw that hung in the log.—W. MCG.

OWING to English capitalists joining the Vienna maize ring, maize went up amazingly.