



(Le Caricature.)

THE BANQUET A LA SUCCI.

Host—MY DEAR FRIENDS, I AM A SUCCI-IST. I REGARD FOOD AS IGNOBLE AND SUPERFLUOUS. I HAVE INVITED YOU TO DINNER, AND I SERVE UP THE JOURNALS OF THE DAY; PLENTY OF CONVERSATION, AND GOOD SPIRITS. WHAT MORE COULD YOU ASK?

TO A PIANISTE.

'Tis fabled in old histories
That Orpheus, when he smote the lyre,
Thrilling with some divine desire,
Touched the dead hearts of rocks and trees.

You play bright, rippling *fantasies*,
And frightful, tangled German things,
And nocturnes writ for throbbing strings,
And so on; and you touch the keys.

W. J. H.

OUR ROSE OF SHARON.

As a rule we are not troubled much with agents now. This has especially been the case during the last two or three weeks. Previous to that time they had worn out three door bells and two sets of door steps. We couldn't get a servant to stay with us more than a week, and my poor wife became so thin that she was obliged to use a magnifying glass when she washed her face. But, as I remarked before, those melancholy days are past and health and peace once more flutter their silver wings over the Stubbs wigwam. It is almost as quiet as the country with us now.

One afternoon this spring, upon returning from the office, I was informed by my wife that she had purchased a small rose plant. It was an extremely rare rose,—a tender climber for the house. The agent assured her that it would bear roses four inches in diameter; would grow in graceful festoons around the parlor window and make a bower of bloom such as had never been seen in

the city of Toronto; it was called the Rose of Sharon on account of its extreme beauty; in fact it was a direct lineal descendent of that magnificent exotic which gladdened the eyes of weary pilgrims in the Holy Land. As it was the last specimen he had for sale she might have it as a present for \$2—usual price \$5. And she took it!

When first I gazed on that rose I was conscious of a feeling of suspicion. I fancied I had made the acquaintance of the same species under a different name. However, I kept these suspicions to myself and allowed it to be deposited in a costly pot and placed where admiring passers-by could gaze with envious eyes upon its transcendent beauties when it should bloom. It began operations as soon as it had accommodated itself to the new surroundings; it began to climb, and a trellis for its support was manufactured. Then it grew all over the trellis and reached out its tendrils tendrily to grasp other support. Twines were strung around the window and it went on climbing and grasping, but it didn't bloom. It was amazing how that rose grew! It seemed to be in its native atmosphere and the thrill of far off Palestine just ran riot in every leaf. Still it didn't blossom. One day I noticed a farmer pause before the parlor window and gaze with open mouth at the rose vine. He looked surprised and seemed to drink in its beauties with every breath. He then rang the door bell. I answered it myself, when the gentleman from the country said:

"Would you mind tellin' me if that's a new kind o' pea you have in yer winder? If it is I'd like to buy some seed if so bein you might have any fer sale."