



A DETERMINED SUITOR.

EARNEST ALBERT (to Miss Toronto)—“Now, my dear, it's just like this—and you may as well understand it first as last—I want your heart, and I'm going to stay here till I get it!”

A GREAT WORK.

IN the 28th Annual Report of “Dr. Barnardo's Homes” a neat little volume of 112 pages, just issued, a detailed account is given of each of the 51 branches which are now comprised in the Homes, and a series of most interesting case-histories, and of letters from former inmates attest at once the real necessity for the work and the great success which has attended it. In the second part of the Report the Committee of the Homes dwells on the financial aspect of the work, and supplies an audited statement of accounts. It appears that last year the sum of £132,054 was received in no fewer than 87,709 separate gifts. Sixty-six per cent of the donations were individually under £1 each, showing that the institutions are really widely supported by the general public. Donations in aid of the Homes are urgently needed and are at all times welcome. We commend this little volume to our readers as a wonderful record of organized Christian philanthropy. A copy will be sent to any one on application to the General Secretary of the Homes, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

THE HIGHLAND GAMES.

E H, Mon, Jock, ye suld hae gaen
Up tae the Rosedal' Groon's,
An' seen the ploy that was gatten up
By a wheen wild Hieland loons;
Whaur the laddies louped, and the pipers blaw
Intae they fearsome pipes,
And garred sic a din 'twas enough tae gie
An honest lad the gripes.

An' ye suld hae seen ta Fraser thaur,
Weel kenned for a kindly Scot,
Wi' his lang bare shanks, an' a plaid sac reid
T'wad fleish a Hieland stot;
Wi' his goatskin sporrin hinged before,
An' his whinger hinged behind;
Noo here, noo thaur, noo everywhaur,
Like a strae in a gale o' windt.

An' had ye seen ta Currie thaur,
I wis ye had hae thoct

Ye could na find a prattier man
I' the ranks o' the forty aught;
Wi' a muckle bonnet on his broo,
An' gatten up sae gran'
Wi' three guid feet o' Scottish steel
Slung at his hinderlan'.

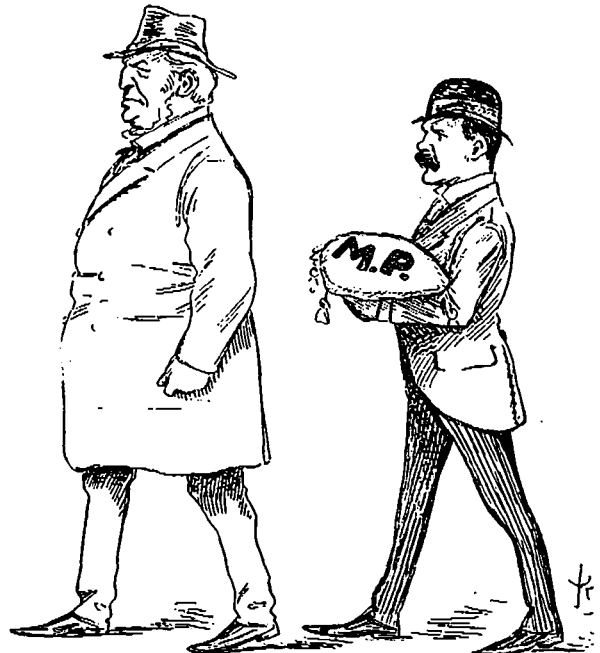
An' William Galt, o' ta *Daily Mail*
Was thaur in an ahfu' swither,
Wi' a penshil grippit in ae han',
An' a notebuik i' the ither;
Takin' notes while the draps o' swat
Were rinnin' doon his cheeks,
An' wussun' that he was Hielan' born,
To gang wi'oot his brecks!

Mony a sonsie lad was thaur,
An ilka Hielan'man
Frae east an' west, was brawly dressed,
I' the tartan o' his clan:
An' whiles they'd bide wi' their lugs spread wide
The lippen pipers blaw,
An' whiles they'd awa' tae a wee bit room
Tae drink the usquebaugh.

HOW PA' LOOKED.

MR. J. Macdonald Oxley, the well-known Canadian writer, has a bright family. One member thereof, a little tot of a girl, is an especially “old-fashioned” youngster, and her sayings frequently cause laughter in the household. On one occasion she came to her mother with a very thoughtful face, and said, “Ma, I went and looked into pa's room just now, where he is writing. He didn't see me, but he was sitting there, and oh! he looked so innocent!”

THEY call this season “Fall,”
'Cause things now take a tumble,
If those things were the price of coal—
The people wouldn't grumble.



A UNIQUE ARRANGEMENT.

It greatly adds to the dignity of Sir John Carling on all public occasions, to have his title M.P. borne by Mr. Hyman, to whom it rightfully belongs.