



PUTTING OUT THE LIGHTS.

The people of Fort William are in a flutter because the Minister of Marine is putting out their lights and abolishing their lighthouses. Mr. Gair has looked into the question and has come to the conclusion that the Minister is right in putting out those lights, because they are of no use. Their alleged purpose is to guide wandering mariners to a friendly harbor, but it appears that there are no mariners thereabouts to guide, and as for the harbor, it doesn't amount to anything. A frugal Government is therefore justified in extinguishing the lights and thereby saving a great waste of coal oil. As to demolishing the lighthouses, our opinion is not so clear. There seems to be no good reason why these buildings should not be left standing, if only for the benefit of the members of the Ontario Art School who go that way on occasional sketching tours. Lighthouses are well known to be the "pet bolt" of many of those gentlemen. Of course it may be that the exigencies of a frugal Government demand that the timber of the Fort William lighthouses be reduced to kindling wood, and if so, no art longings of ours shall interfere to prevent the demolition. What this country demands is economy and retrenchment, and the Minister of Marine is right.

The End of the Holidays.

Good gracious! whatever's the matter?
Such a horrible, heathenish clatter,
Such banging of doors!
Such hideous roars!
Such pounding and thumping!
O'er fences a-jumping,
Semersaults turning,
Cravatation scoring;
Every house in town turned upside down,
Whatever on earth is the matter?

With whoop and hello they come,
From seaside and farm house, home;
From shooting rock sparrow,
With bow and with arrow;
From sitting in cool nook,
With line and with fish hook;
From hunting the wood chuck,
From quizzing the green buck,
From diving and swimming,
With mischief o'er-brimming,
By rail and propeller,
Each tanned, freckled feller,
As fat as a pumpkin,
And ruddy as a bumpkin,
With ear-splitting whistle,
Or apple-core missile,
Announced vacation has ended at last,
And quiet and peace are now things of the past.

Now the cat with fur a-bristle
Flieth hence,
And the dog with horrid tussle
Scales the fence.
Now the trap is laid for pigeons,
Knives are swapt,
And the air is rife with Injuns,
And the scalpt.

Now are ten cent hats rejected,
Kicked out clear!
Cupboards, trunks, and drawers inspected,
Never fear!
Books, slates, pencils resurrected,
Far and near;
While the comet pales neglected,
In the rear.

Hark! the old familiar sound,
The voice of the shrill school bell;
It is answered with whoop and with yell,
In the air as it swayeth round,
As it swingeth to and fro,
With a hey ho, here we go!
Like ruddy leaves by the fall winds blown,
Through square, and street, and alley-way lone.

And Jack is promoted, square.
Tom copied and—nin!—"Don't care,
Oh! not for a cent! Where's Arthur Top!"
"He's gone to work in his father's shop,"
"Jim Ferrars?" "He's off to sea."
"He is! bully boy! And Lil, where's she?"
"Oh! yonder she is, over there."
She smiling at you, Jack. "Where?"
"You cow-breakfast down o'er her face and hair."
"Say, Tom, have you seen Willie fly?"
"Won't we have a good time, him and I?"
He's the bulkiest fellow to have for a chum,
And the smartest,—you ought to see him work a sum!
I know he's promoted, saw's name in the papers,
I've brought him a squirrel, won't he cut up capers?
What's up Tom? you're crying, here, turn round
your head!"
"I thought you knew, Jack." "Knew what?"
"Willie's dead!"



THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Scene—Departmental Buildings, Ottawa.

Elector. (on business).—Is Sir John Macdonald in his office?

Buttons.—No, sir; he hasn't returned from England yet.

Elector.—Well, could I see Sir Charles Tupper?

Buttons.—No, sir; he is absent from the city.

Elector.—Is Sir Leonard Tilley within?

Buttons.—Tilley? No, sir; he's down at St. Andrew's, N. B.

Elector.—Well, would you take my card to Sir Hector Langevin?

Buttons.—Please, Sir Hector is away on a tour up west.

Elector.—Perhaps I would find Mr. J. C. Pope in his office?

Buttons.—No, sir; I am sorry to say that Mr. Pope is at home ill.

Elector.—Is Hon. Mr. Caron to be seen?

Buttons.—He's down in the Maritime Provinces, I think.

Elector.—Which is Mr. Bowell's office?

Buttons.—Mr. Bowell is not in; he has just gone to Manitoba.

Elector.—Where am I likely to find Hon. Mr. Aikins?

Buttons.—I think he's in Toronto at present, sir.

Elector.—Hum! Well, who's running the machinery of the country just now?

Buttons.—Me and the other boys. Have you any message to leave for the Cabinet?

Elector.—Yes; tell them I've got a vote at the next election.



A NOBLE FELLER.

Another tree has fallen before the strokes of the brave old axe-wielder of Hawarden. England has good reason to bless the beneficent Providence which has spared her veteran Premier to cut down another giant grievance. The Irish question has long been a source of trouble and disquiet to the kingdom, and would, in all probability, long have remained so but for the masterly intellect of Gladstone. The session of the Imperial Parliament just ended sees that question settled, or, if not positively settled, robbed of all its dangerous and irritating features. If the provisions of the Land Bill are applied in a proper spirit, backed up by the weight of public opinion, the time is not far distant when Ireland shall cease her troubling and the weary statesmen be at rest. There are a few more gnarled and sturdy oaks yet awaiting the axe in the field of English politics, and all lovers of human liberty will join in the prayer that Gladstone may live to lay them low. Meantime another wreath is placed upon his grand though wrinkled brow.

The Lighthouse.

AN IDYL.

Oh lighthouse keeper, what a lot is thine!
Passing thy life where angry breakers dash
Against thy lone abode with angry crash,
Gazing out nightly on the hungry brine,
Where many a noble ship from foreign clime
Thou see'st strike upon the rocks' sea-weed
And smash her timbers into chicken feed.

It was in midsummer, the present year,
Upon a lighthouse on the rugged coast
Of Nova Scotia, there stood at his post
The lighthouse keeper, tho' the night was clear,
And goss betokened there was naught to fear,
He heard a murmur like a rising storm,
What could it mean? the night was soft and warm.

His wife, his darling Catharine, was there
Knitting and gazing out upon the sea,
Her baby sweetly sleeping on her knee,
The man was happy, free from worldly care
But yet—that strange sound rising in the air?
He clapped his weather eye—it was a wail—
Upon the distant western horizon.

"A gale," he said, "is rising; 'close the window,'
Kate,
But Catharine only laughed a gentle laugh,
As though she would her loving husband chaff,
And said, "You think the night a storm does indicate;
Sit down, you foolish man, and take your supper,
It's but a gentle breeze from Blake and Tupper—
Blowing out there on shore about the Syndicate."

There was a young lady (Miss Vaughan).
On her a young fellow was gaughan;
Although she respected him,
Still she rejected him,
He was not, d'ye see, *de bon taughan*.