



THE RISING GENERATION.

AUNT FLORA.—"And do you like going to the Kindergarten, Reginald?"

REGINALD.—"Well, no, can't say I do; it's rather childish stuff, you know."

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY THE LYRICAL LUNATIC.

NO. 5.—A DAY AT THE ISLAND.

A DAY at the Island quite lately I spent,
Where they sell pickled onions and beef,
But why do the cottagers have to pay rent?
So before all my money in candy is spent
I'll describe my sensations in brief.

The Island is round and lies facing the East,
But it seems to be facing the West.
It is otherwise mostly—or sometimes at least—
When the roar of the wind in the evening has ceased,
But the monkeys, they tell me, know best.

For a monkey is not to be passed in disdain,
If you do—but I must not digress.
I recall what Matilda was saying to Jane,
I didn't quite hear it—she didn't speak plain—
And she wore a new calico dress.

And at that time the Dude wasn't known in the land,
It is right that I mention it now.
So the pump wouldn't work till I tried my left hand,
Then quickly the bucket was filled with fine sand,
By the Mugwumps who followed the plough.

Matilda turned sulky and said to her beau,
"Tis the Mugwump, I know him of yore,
He will get us some lemons." Then I said, "Oh no,
He must follow the plough—it is off—see it go
Cavorting around by the shore."

"Let it go," said Matilda, "nor deem that delay,
Would be fraught with a pensive regret,
There are those who emotion will oftentimes display
Over joys that have vanished and hopes that decay,
And the Deacon responded, "You bet."

He was always a person of apt repartee,
Suave, polished, paternal and trim,
The sound of his laugh 'tis a pleasure to see,
But why did the crowd throw tomatoes at me,
When they might have hurled Tomcats at him?

Then the chariot drove up and the man at the wheel
Kept hollering out, "all aboard!"
The Deacon look'd grave and began to appeal
To Matilda's young man, but he turned on his heel,
He wasn't asleep though he snored.

And the scene that ensued was a caution to snakes,
But there wasn't a snake within view.
"Please get some," I said, "and to make no mistakes,
Ask the man at the wheel just to clap on the brakes
'Till we get of and go to the Zoo."

So, of course, that concluded the sports of the day,
Though the hours we might gaily prolong—
I forgot the collection that's always to pay,
It was mostly in peanuts, 'tis hardly fair play,
But it pleases the ignorant throng.

I would merely suggest—I would simply propose,
That in future, whatever we do,
We must have the spectators arrayed in black clothes
In order that each may discriminate those
As to which is distinguished from who.

THE LOVING SISTER-CITIES.

(SCENE—Yonge street wharf. Man from Hamilton meets Toronto man.)

HAMILTONIAN—"I now know why Toronto harbor has the reputation of being so very safe. It is because of the consistency of the water in it. No storm could possibly ruffle the eternal calm of such a quantity of sewage."

TORONTONIAN (*being a Bachelor of Arts, his sarcasm is classical in its nature*)—"It seems very appropriate that the people of Hamilton should call their demonstration a carnival, for the word is derived from two Latin words, *carnis* and *rule*, and really means, "Farewell to the flesh." Going to Hamilton amounts to about the same thing as leaving the world."

HAMILTONIAN—"I know why it is that no one ever shakes the dust of Toronto off his feet. It is because there is no dust there. Every spot within the limits that hasn't a telephone pole stuck in it is a mud-hole, and there aren't many mud-holes, either."

Just then the departure of the boat interrupted the conversation.

THERE WAS HOPE FOR HIM.

SPACER—"I have just been looking through the jokes in *Warper's Weekly*, and they didn't strike me as being at all good. I shall have to send them some myself."

BIGREE—"You might be able to get some accepted. They publish some pretty stale things."

A NICE DISTINCTION.

I DO detest a man that's close,
And furthermore, a day;
But if a pretty girl is close
I feel the other way.

WHILE talking about royal grants in England, would it be out of place to suggest that it is about time the Prince of Wales had begun to lay up something for reigny days?