

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW READING BOOKS
BY MY GRANDMOTHER.

(Suggested by a picture in verse (not Romney's) in "The Week," Jan. 3rd.)

This publisher so sage
His name is Mr. Gage;
He's not dead—
By the papers you may see
He's as lively as can be
To be read,

In broad spaces in the *Mail*
His "ad." tells a tale,
Don't you think?
It is surely not in taste,
And it looks like a waste
Of the ink.

But side by side with him
A publisher named Jim—
Fallala—
Is puffing readers to;
Do you think they will do,
Grandpapa?

As any mortal sees,
His "ad."s to catch trustees,
Though they, dumb,
Don't change their stolid looks
When he says "adopt my books,
Prithee come."

What funny fancy slips
From atween their juicy lips
In dumb show?
They only look so sad
And answer to the "ad."—
"Not for Joe."

But readers No. Three
All shivering we see
In the cold;
The publishers, *not* the books,
You can see by their looks
Are the "sold."

Now all the farmers say,
And mechanics echo ye,
"We don't see
That we want three series new,
When one as well will do
As the three."

So they're glad to hear that Ross,
The new school reader boss,
Has begun,
And will strive with all his might
These series to unite
Into one.

Though he work in pain and tears,
As with fardel of his years
Overprest,
Yer as sure as you are born
He'll set this thing forlorn
All at rest.

Then Bob and little Bess,
His dear old name will bless,—
So will ma;
And this nether world agrees
He will all the better please
Grandpapa.

From poems by FREDERICK MOCKER.



UNKISSED KISSES.

"O the rain that never falls, O the buds that never bloom,
Woes that threaten, threaten only, joys we wait that never come,
Many are the unshed tears, many are the unknissed kisses."

I never wrote any poetry myself, but I've read a heap of it and meditated on what I've read, according to my usual habit when I find

anything I don't quite lay hold of. I put down that book and pondered, "Sampson Jones," I said to myself, do you know what that poet means by *Unkissed Kisses*? Is there any such things?" I wrestled with that problem quite a while, sent my mind running back over my past experience and at last came off victorious as I generally did in my intellectual musings. That poet knew what he was talking about. There *was* such things as unknissed kisses. I'd had some myself or *hadn't* had, just as you like to put it. There's a kind of untangible evanescence about them. A *transcendentalism*, as Emerson would say.

I remember an evening in June when the roses were yielding up their fragrance, and the stars were gleaming down through the ethereal vault of blue, and I was just turned twenty and she was sweet sixteen; we were standing at the garden gate, I had been saying some poetry to her in a low tender tone (I always was powerful fond of poetry), and then we stood a spell and looked at each other. I ventured a little nearer and put my arm round her waist; her eyes, bright with emotion, were lifted to mine for an instant and then the lashes swept her velvet cheek. It was one of those supreme moments when two hearts were so brimming full that a breath almost would make them run over, in one second more our spirits would have rushed together at the touching of our lips, as Tennyson says, but—there was the sound of an opening window, and then the voice maternal rang out on the still night air, "Esmeralder you come right in the house, nice time this to be out there foolin'!" This was all I heard plain, but I guess the old lady went on quite a while, I could hear her at it when I was clear down the next street. After this when I wanted to go with Esmeralda (and I wanted to pretty bad for a while) I just kept telling myself all the awful yarns I'd ever heard about mothers-in-law, that was the only thing that kept me from taking a step that might have led to suicide or worse.

My latest experience happened right here, while I've been writing; my wife came in looking sweeter than I'd seen her since I gave her money to buy her winter bonnet; after poking up the fire a bit and making a few pleasant remarks, she glided into my chair without first allowing me to vacate it, then she put her arm round my neck and whispered, "What are you writing Sampie dear? You are always writing or reading or something when I want to talk to you; I was down town to-day, and Sampie, I saw the *loveliest* mantle fur; so cheap too; only ten dollars a yard; real sable." She let her cheek touch mine just the least bit, and stroked my hair lovingly, but I didn't call her pet names and kiss her and tell her she should have all the fur she wanted. She's sitting at the other side of the room now, working at a crazy-quilt, and her face looks as though she might burst out crying at any minute, saying, "Sampie, you never treated me so before." If I was sure she felt bad because I didn't kiss her I'd feel meaner than anything, but if it's because I didn't give her a check—well—that's just it, you never can tell about women, they're a sight harder to understand than poetry.

HE WAS INFLUENCED.

The boys were talking together in the basement of the Salvation Army Barracks at Barrie, the other night. They were a mixture of sheep and goats, with the goats at the head of the poll.

"Yes," one of the goats was saying, "it is true. I didn't work last Sunday, and I ain't ashamed to publicly declare it right in this Barracks." As he spoke he spit in a corner where the basement guard couldn't see it, and a smile of conscious pride lit up his noble face.

"Ah!" exclaimed a listener, who belonged

to the sheep faction, "it does one good, Bob, to hear such a declaration from you. I have long wanted you to give up your evil doings, and join in with us. You appear to be in a fair way to come around."

"Well," resumed the goat, as he poked up the fire to get a chance to expectorate, "I can't say that it's got as far as that. But there is no use denying that an influence was at work to keep me from my job last Sunday, and I'll tell you just how it was. You see I'd laid out to go to the rink and keep a flooding her so as to get the ice good and solid for Monday. Saturday night when I left the pump I made up my mind to do this. Well, I got in, took off my coat, grabbed the handle—and suddenly stopped right dead. I gave her another grip, but it was no use. Something came over me and I couldn't have turned on the water if you'd given me a hundred dollar note. So I put on my coat and left the place! Now, there's solid gospel truth for you, and you can make out of it what you like!"

"But what was the feeling like?" asked the sheep eagerly.

"The feeling!" repeated the goat, "Well, you can judge what it must have been like when I tell you the reason I couldn't work the pump."

"Just so! Just so! Why could you not work the pump, my brother?" There was a whole bottle of concentrated anxiety and expectancy in the sheep's enquiry as he leaned forward with his face lit up in anticipation of the answer.

"The reason was," came very slowly and deliberately from the goat as he bit off another section and returned the plug—"The blamed thing was frozen up stiff!"

The sheep was absent from the subsequent review of the corps.

RANK ATHEISM.

The *Globe* is evidently striving to deserve the criticisms of the *Mail* as to its being a "Dirty Atheistical sheet." In its newly issued calendar Sunday is entirely left out—possibly because the *Globe* thinks its usefulness is gone. This is the worst blow the *Globe* has struck at religion yet.



GOOD NEWS.

JACK.—Listen here, Jim—(reads from the *Speech from the Throne*).—"I would urge upon you the expediency of providing for a regulation of factory labor, and the *Protection of the working man and his family*."

JIM.—Good! I never could see no justice in protectin' the manufacturer and leavin' the workin' man to shift for himself! Bully for John A. I knowed he would give us Protection at last!