

CANADA.

ALL-WORTHY Offspring of Earth's noblest,
 Thou!
 Bold in thy blameless life and staunch-knit
 frame
 (Through which full course, as thy stout
 deeds proclaim,
 The healthful currents that from freedom
 flow),
 Thou stand'st among the nations! On thy
 brow
 Beams Virtue's diadem, whose jewels
 bright,
 Kept by thy jealous care, a peerless light
 Unwavering shed. With equal balance, lo,
 At thy right hand sits Justice, Mercy-
 crowned!
 Thy hand-maid Honour; while firm at
 thy side
 Stands armoured Loyalty, pointing with
 pride
 To thy Imperial Mother o'er enthroned!
 Champion of Justice, Truth and Liberty,
 As they are great, so shall thy glory be!
 —R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

'See here,' said a fault-finding husband, 'we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept.' 'With all my heart,' sweetly answered his wife: 'and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept.' He let things run on as usual.

Two grandsons of a late millionaire had quarrelled, but were reconciled not long since over a good dinner and a bottle or two. Quoth one of them to the company, after the other had departed, 'That is my brother, you know. We have had a difference, but it is all settled, you understand. Same blood in his veins as in mine, you perceive. He can have a hundred pounds from me if he wants it. Yes, by George, he can have a thousand! Yes, ten thousand—if he gives me the securities!'

Sir Humphrey Davy, when a raw, awkward young man, once found himself in the company of a number of literary men much older than himself, and the conversation turned on the poetic beauties of Milton. In the middle of a declamation of one of the poet's finest passages by an enthusiastic admirer, Davy interposed the infelicitous remark that he 'never could understand Milton.' 'Very likely, sir,' said one of the company witheringly—'nothing more likely; but surely you don't mean to blame the poet for that?'

During a debate in the American House of Representatives on a bill for increasing the number of hospitals, one of the Western members arose and observed, 'Mr. Speaker, my opinion is that the generality of mankind in general are disposed to take the disadvantage of the generality of mankind in general.' 'Sit down,' whispered a friend who sat near him: 'You are coming out of the same hole you went in at.'

The *Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat* contain many capital stories, but none neater in repartee than that of Bonaparte and Grétry. Bonaparte was in many respects less great than some of his admirers have given the world to understand. One of his favourite tricks was to disconcert people by pretending to forget them, just as at one time he took immense pains to captivate his soldiers by always managing to recollect them. He used to go round the ladies of his Court and enjoy the amusement of throwing them into confusion by asking them, 'Pray, who are you?' Gentlemen who attended his receptions in a semi-official way were exposed to similar interrogations. Grétry, a member of the Institute, frequently attended the Sunday receptions, and the Emperor was always coming up to him and asking his name. One day Grétry, who was tired of this perpetual question, answered the Emperor's rudely-uttered 'And you, who are you?' by replying, 'Sire, I am still Grétry.' Ever afterwards the Emperor recognised him perfectly.

A BALLADINE.

She was the prettiest girl, I ween,
 That mortal eyes had ever seen;
 Her name is Anabel Christine,
 Her bangs were curled with bandoline,
 Her cheeks were smoothed with vaseline,
 Her teeth were brushed with fine dentine,
 Her face was washed in coaline,
 Her gloves were cleaned with gasoline,
 She wore a dress of grenadine,
 Looped over a skirt of brilliantine.
 Her petticoat was bombazine,
 Her foot was shod with kid bottine,
 Her wounds were healed with cosmoline.
 She sailed away from Muscatine
 In a ship they called a brigantine.
 She flirted with a gay marine
 Till they reached th' Republic Argentine,
 Where they were married by the Dean,
 And lived on oleomargarine.

—Scribner.