

fine art are continually been shot off by all kinds of persons: but have not yet been exploded.

They are eternally true and truly eternal. They will therefore form part of this criticism. Having found a catalogue under a bench, I proceeded to inspect the wall-coverings and will now give my impressions. Do not imagine that I am an Impressionist, however.

1. "Pansies." An excellent study. Observe the *pan's* size especially.

2. "Here Silence Reigns Supreme." No wonder. No one could say anything about such a scene.

5. "Scotch Terrier." *Rats!*

6. "The First Sniff." The fox has caught cold and is about to sneeze. There is a whole *tail* in this composition.

7. "Portrait" of man with hand partially concealed. Why didn't he stick his thumb in too?

8. "Sunset at Blue Hawk Lake." Probably at Red, White and Blue Hawk's on lake. A perfect kaleidoscope.

9. "May." It may be, but I can't see it in the same light as Homer.

12. "Midland Rover aground off Queen's Wharf." Any boat would hanchor after ground in such water!

13. "A Courtyard." Very green. The bird in the green cage must be a greenfinch. Feel inclined to *grin*, myself.

15. "Cuyp's Meadow. Holland." Cuyp can keep it; it is double Dutch to me.

16. "Twilight." The horizontal line is too bold. Don't believe the sun could ever get over it. Eye cant.

17. "Yellow Roses." Look so natural, I can actually smell them. Paint can't be quite dry.

19. "When the Kye Came Home." The best exhibit of this artist. Every inch a man and a good deal of the rake about him.

23. "Morning." The artist could not have been quite awake when he painted this picture. It seems as if you saw it through damp glasses. Nature's spectacles are generally clean.

24. "Cattle." Evidently quite young and lost their *wehy*. Weanlings in fact.

26. "Portrait of W. Lees, Esq." The best portrait in the room. It is labelled M.P.P.—"much prized portrait,"—deservedly.

27. "Le déjenuer pour Marie." I don't know what a *déjenuer* is; but probably it's something good to eat. There's Mary's cat, but where's her little lamb? Probably in the *pot boiling*.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

GIVE me my mandolin,—for I would fain
A rare, sweet, gasping soulful song begin,
Some sad, low, tender, soft, bald-headed strain.
Give me my mandolin!

So my wild, reeking heart I will attune
To the weird, wooing, desolate refrain
Of my drear, wan, sweet song, whose soulful rune
Is half akin to pain.

Ah, let me strum the wailing, throbbing strings,
And thrill my song as birds do, free from care,
Who nest in all the apple-trees and things,
And sing rich songs and rare.

And while I chant of dews that bathe the grass,
And raindrops on the leaves,—adown the valley
An *écru* mule, and a pale-gray, brindled ass
Chant also musically.

Afar on the sky-rim one small, soft, white cloud
Just rests upon the blue lake, desolate;
A Charlotte Russe, it seems, in beauty proud,
Upon an azure plate.

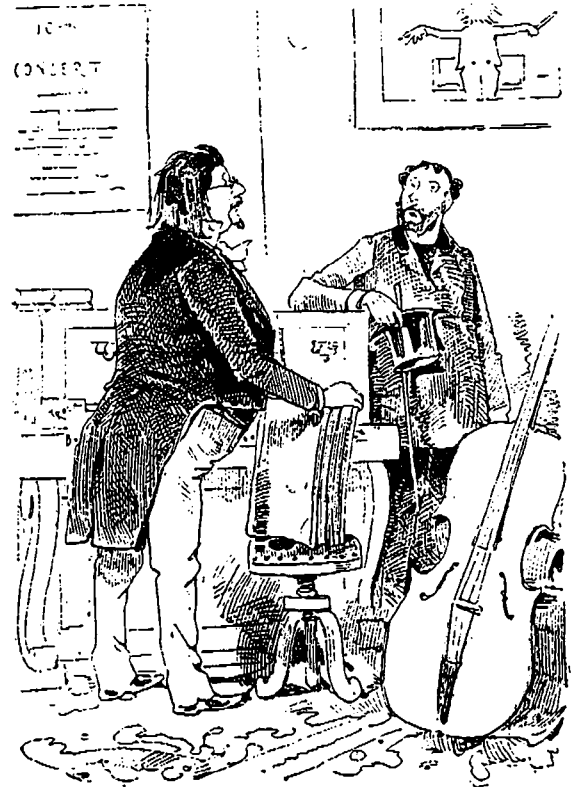
Oh, now the sitting song-birds' piping wakes
A tender rapture round the plashing rills,
And now in agony the young man quakes
Before his ice-cream bills.

The fields lie dreaming in the golden noon,
Like snow-drifts now the cloudlets dot the sky;
And thirsty mortals groan in each saloon,—
The beer runs dry.

For all things pass, with sudden gloom and gleam;
With sumachs soon the hills will flame and blaz',
And melancholy, misty Autumn dream
In the faint and tender haze.

Be still, my reeking heart! Ah, I would fain
A weird, wan, wailing, soulful song begin,
Some wild, low, tender, sad, bald-headed strain.
Give me my mandolin!

H.



THE NEW PROFESSOR.

Herr Scootz (who has just settled in Toronto, to courteous citizen who has called upon him)—Der drouple is. I speak not your lank-vitch vell, und so shall be stranche to your society.

Courteous Citizen—Pray, don't let that trouble you, *Herr Scootz*; every musical professor in this city forms a Society of his own, you know!

A GRUMPY old bachelor contributor (he glories in being so-called, so that we have no objection to giving the fact publicity) has just been reading Darwin's "Descent of Man." His only comment on the work is that he wishes somebody would write a "Descent of Woman!" We believe a married friend of the G. O. B.'s recommends rather a work on the "Dissent of Woman"—he says he has had large experience of it.