

Parody.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH. I. The son of him with whom we strove for power— Whose will is lord thro' all his world domain—

Tales and Sketches.

MY BIT OF ADVENTURE.

I had always wanted to be a heroine, but my opportunities were limited—most people's are, I believe, unless it be for the sort of heroism that possibly is the highest after all—that of being contentedly commonplace.

curiously diversified performance. "There!" returning with a flourish of fresh linen, "Green peas you said, didn't you? Is that all?"

"Don't trouble yourself, ma'am. I see what I came for, and I can get it without much bother," was the cool reply. Little bother, indeed. The accomplishing of his scheme would be only too easy.

was there, and Bridget for some undefined notion that she would be safest near me. I had never in my life fainted, but as the officer sprang forward into the dreaded room, everything grew dark about me, and I leaned against the wall for support.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JAMES EWART.

(Written for the Ontario Workman.) Dear Jamie's gone, our darling one, We think of him with grief; He was beloved by all he knew

Gains of Gold.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out. They who know the truth are not equal to those who love it. The universe is lodged as collateral security to insure bliss to every sparrow that falls.

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