

"BIDE A WEE."

NAE doot ye've heard yon auld Scotch sang,
They sing sae frequently,
A tender ballad o' the heart,
Ca'd better bide a wee.
It's o' a bonny lass, ye mind,
Wha wouldna married be,
But pit her lover off wi' sayin'
We'd better bide a wee;
A' bit o' Scottish caution yon—
We'd better bide a wee.

The burden o' yon auld Scots sang
It has occurred to me,
To mony things may weel apply—
It fits maist sensibly—
This furious age that gangs by steam
An' electricitee,
I'd gar it think the motto o'er
We'd better bide a wee—
There's little sense in sic like haste,
We'd better bide a wee.

Just tak a glance at Ottawa,
Observe the pooers that be,
They're pilin' up the kintra's debt,
In fact prodigiously;
I'm sore afraid if things gang on
We'll lose our last bawbee;
So my advice to Abbott is
Ye'd better bide a wee—
Put on the brakes, put in the peg,
Ye'd better bide a wee.

Then yon chiel, Mercier, at Quebec
(I think o'er previously),
Is calculatin' that he'll hae
A big majoritee.
I'm tauld he's busy pickin' oot
His comin' ministree,
But, ere the eggs are fairly hatched,
He'd better bide a wee;
The best laid schemes o' mice and men—
He'd better bide a wee!

MR. MOWAT says the Reform Party is "not avowedly a Prohibition Party." No; it isn't. It is only pretend-
edly for Prohibition.

OVERHEARD AT SCHOOL OF SCIENCE
OPENING.

(A FACT.)

SHE—"O look at this! I wonder what place it is."

HE (*fountain of knowledge*)—"Why, that's the Forum."

SHE—"The Forum! Where is it?"

HE—"In Rome."

SHE—"Well—but—(*doubtfully*)—It's not finished yet, then, is it?"

A FIGGER OF SPEECH.

Mr. Meredith throughout his whole life has never manifested either dignity or courage when a battle has been going against him, and his appeal to be allowed to go about the wards like some wax-work lady crowned with rose-leaves, is what in ordinary parlance would be termed squealing in advance.—*London Advertiser*.

SEVERED IN SORROW, OR THE LOST LOVER.

THEY stood in the porch conversing in low, deep tones, and it was all that the woman who lived next door could do to catch a few words here and there of the interview. His countenance wore a profound air of dejection, while her pale, sad features displayed a look of serene resignation as of one who had made up her mind bravely to face the worst.

"And so it is all over, Amelia," said the youth, as he convulsively wrung her hand, oblivious of the fact that it had several rings on it already. She gravely nodded—just a little nod for assent, as it were.

"Alas, then our dream of love is o'er, and the bright sunlight which formerly seemed to illumine our path of destiny is shadowed with a pall of gloom."

"It cannot be otherwise," she said in a wailing sob, which seemed to well up from the depths of her being. "Tis a destiny stronger than our will, which comes athwart our cherished purposes, and bids us sever."

"Alas, 'tis sever thus," he murmured in half suppressed tones. "But why, oh why, have you come to this sudden and unexpected conclusion? Why thus blight the cherished hopes of one who has long and ardently enshrined your image in his heart?"

"Ask me not," she cried, swallowing her wad of chewing gum in the intensity of her over-wrought feelings. "Seek not to know the secret sorrow, the blighting cause which has reft asunder the tie which erstwhile linked us in bonds that we deemed indissoluble. Oh, I beseech of you, do not press me further."

"Aha!" he exclaimed, as a baleful light glowed in his eye. "I see it all. Fool! dupe! that I have been. The plaything of a wily coquette, the toy to while away the ennui of a passing hour. False one! you love another—it may be several others."

And he ground the cuspador to fragments 'neath his heel to conceal the impetuous feelings which ravaged his tortured bosom.

"But never mind," he went on.