

## A WORD IN SEASON.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A WORD in season, how good it is! I was traveling northwards from Dundee, of which only the situation is "bonnie," while the other conditions do not encourage exhilaration. The train passes up Tay side. On one hand is a sheer cliff shining in the sun, feathered with firs, and comforted with the first signs of spring; on the other hand is the lordly river which the Romans saluted as the Tiber—

And where's the Scot who would the vaunt repay,  
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?

as the patriotic poet cries. Beyond the Tay, on a height among trees, were the grey old towers of Elcho Castle, and there we stopped at a little station called Kinfauns, which reminds one of Sir Patrick Charteris and "The Fair Maid of Perth." The March sun was shining, people were ploughing, the gulls were flocking and floating over the wet river-banks; boats were passing: all was fresh and vernal. At this moment my eyes fell on the word in season: it was printed in blue letters on a white ground of enamel:

CHEER UP!  
TRY (SOMETHING) SOAP.

I do not mention the exact name of the soap, though it was pleasing and appropriate, because a censorious world, and even the editor of this periodical, might suspect an arrangement between the enthusiastic writer and the enterprising manufacturer. No, of the soap and its qualities as a detergent I know nothing, but it was the advice so energetically given in the advertisement that appealed to me. My heart beat in union with the advertiser, and, like the Ancient Mariner, I thought of that soap-boiler, "and blessed him unawares."

Why have I not the pen of Mr. William Wordsworth or of Mr. William Watson? Then I could treat this simple yet grand and ennobling topic in appropriately lyric verse. It is just the kind of thing that Wordsworth would have enjoyed doing with a diamond on the window-pane of the railway carriage.

Lines written on the window-pane of a railway carriage after reading an advertisement of Something Soap:

I passed upon the wings of Steam  
Along the valley fair;  
The book I read had such a theme  
As bids the soul despair.

A tale of miserable men,  
Of hearts with doubt distraught,  
Wherein a melancholy pen  
With helpless problems fought.

Where many a life was brought to dust  
And many a heart laid low,  
And many a love was smirched with lust—  
I raised mine eyes, and, oh!

I marked, upon a common wall,  
These simple words of hope,  
That meek appeal to one and all.  
CHEER UP! USE SOMETHING SOAP!

"Behold," I cried, "the wiser touch  
That lifts the souls through cares!"  
I loved that soap-boiler so much  
"I blessed him unawares."

Perchance he is some vulgar man,  
Engrossed in £ s. d.  
But, ah! through Nature's holy plan  
He whispered hope to me!

## NO CHANCE.

RURAL EDITOR—"What sort of an opening is there for a paper in this town?"

NATIVE—"None at all, stranger. We've got a grocery, two dressmakers and a tavern, and what news they leave over ain't worth mentioning."—*N. Y. Truth.*

## AT THE AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

MISS HAWKINS—"I have enjoyed your play very much Mr. Scribbler."

THE AMATEUR AUTHOR—"Thank you, Miss Hawkins. Praise from you is worth striving for."

MISS HAWKINS—"Oh, not at all, Mr. Scribbler. My judgment is invariably bad."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE editor of the *Republican* at Burlington, Kan., thus makes an important announcement: "The editor of this paper, Grover Cleveland and Prince Henry of Battenburg, the husband of Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, have had additions to their families within the last few weeks. It is a great year for the aristocracy."

## A SUCCESSFUL SHOW.

FIRST CIRCUS MAN—"How do you manage to fill your show with only six performers?"

SECOND CIRCUS MAN—"I carry twelve bill posters."—*New York Weekly.*

## THE WORM TURNS.

EDITOR—"There are not enough feet in this line, sir."  
POET—"Feet, sir! Feet! I don't sell it by the foot. It's a poem—not a cord of wood."—*Life.*

ONE of the Hampton pupils, a young negro, wrote to request the editor of a local paper to publish an account of an address he had made, and began his address as follows: "Knowing your mediocrity to be of the most distinguished calibre, I respectfully solicit," etc.—*Harper's Bazar.*

WE shall never smile again until we exchange photographs with the young man that put shoemaker's wax on the benches of the front portico of this office.—*Eastern Free Press.*

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OR A CAMP BED,  
OR A FOLDING CHAIR,  
OR A CAMP STOOL,

Or Anything Else  
OF THE KIND,

Go to . . .  
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