



INDIRECT DAMAGES.

"Do you consider marriage a failure in your case?"
 "Oh, it doesn't affect me much, but it nearly wrecked Papa."

THE QUEEN'S PARK.

MR. GRIP, SIR:

POETRY is not exactly in me line, but the infloonce av the Queen's Park on me divine afflatus wan foine morning lately was too much for me, so I sind ye these verses in place av me usual lettther,

Yours thruly,
 TIM O'DAY.

Bright sunbeams warming
 This fine spring morning,
 All nature charaing,
 Merry as a lark—
 From streets so dusty,
 And smells so musty,
 Steps, light and lusty,
 Lead me to The Park!

Through the boughs is seen
 A rich flush of green,
 Where the snowy screen
 Lately wrapp'd them dark;
 Wild flowers peeping—
 Mosses, soft, creeping—
 Earth wakes from sleeping—
 Life is in The Park.

Rooks, hoarsely croaking,
 Earth's bosom smoking,
 And tears provoking
 From bough and bark;

Dampness descending,
 First robins bleending
 Their notes, ne'er ending—
 Over all The Park.

Blest sun! bestowing
 Sunshine o'erflowing,
 All earth seems growing
 As I fondly mark:
 Beauteous and cheering,
 Mists disappearing,
 A seat I'm nearing—
 To rest in The Park.

What restful feeling
 Comes o'er me stealing,
 The scene revealing—
 Look around you! Hark!
 The bells are telling
 In tones proud swelling,
 A hundred knelling
 You'll hear in The Park.

Look round, and tint you,
 Look right foreint you,
 When steps have bint you,
 To cummune or "spark";
 Behind, before us—
 Rise buildings glorious,
 Where scenes uproarious.
 Take place, in The Park.

'Tis the grand resort
 In which children sport,
 And fond lovers court,
 As you may remark;
 Their footsteps staving,
 At the band playing,
 Or pleasant straying
 Through the noble Park.

For meditation,
 Or contemplation,
 Or an oration
 With genius' spark;
 Getting together,
 Kicking the leather,
 In all kinds o' weather,
 No place like the Park!

Halls o' legislation,
 And education,
 In emulation
 Ranging all around;
 And churches, plaising,
 High steeples raising,
 Th' Creator praising,
 All are to be found.

Those guns amazing,
 Whereon you're gazing,
 If once set blazing
 Would make a noise!
 From the far Crimea
 They were brought, you see,
 To the memory
 Of our soldier boys.

Toronto, proudly,
 May boast, full loudly—
 (I say it avow'dly)—
 That within the arc
 Of its circumference
 The world gives preference
 (Say't with deference)—
 To her own Queen's Park.

THE MERCHANT TO HIS TYPEWRITER.—"You press the button, I'll take a rest."

A LUCKY STAR.—Henry Irving.

HOT SCOTCH.—An angry member of the 48th Regiment.