

superintending the operation to see that the colors harmonize properly. The orange blossoms are hardly conspicuous enough to offset the liberal quantity of nun's veiling and shamrock leaves. A maple leaf or two might perhaps have been introduced with advantage to the general effect.

SOME OF THEM MUST LIMP BADLY.

THE poet is too poor to ride,
And so when on the street
He's forced to walk from place to place
On his poetic feet.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THREE Years Under the Canadian Flag as a Cavalry Soldier," by James Gibson Slater, is a neatly printed volume of 240 pages, devoted to a number of grave charges against several militia officers. The writer publishes a large number of documents in support of his claim that he has been subjected to serious wrongs at the hands of his military superiors. Moral—a man who can do anything else is a fool to become a soldier.



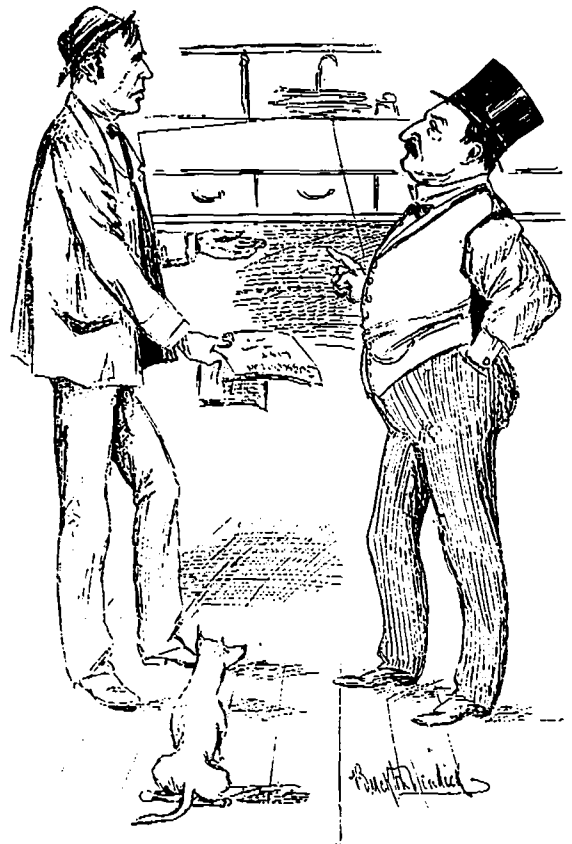
THE MANDOLIN'S FATE.

TINKLE, tinkle, little lute,
Can I wonder you're so cute,
In the hands of lady fair
Yield to her some haunting air.
Yes, you're really at your best
When by hand of woman pressed,
But now, alas, by ruthless man
Is beaten out a loud can-can.
He roughly sweeps your tender strings,
Your voice in discord wildly rings,
Not in the pure sweet songs of yore,
But one-two-three, the waltzing bore,
Which not to be you'd sooner stop
Neglected in some Sheeny's shop.
I plead for you a woman's hand,
"That men of grit be not half sand,
But let your tender shell alone,
And learn to play the sweet trombone."

W. COLBORNE THOMSON.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

I COULD not understand it,
But now, at last, I see;
Our love is dead and buried.
That's why she digs at me.



STEWING IN HIS OWN JUICE.

BILLY McLEAN—"Look here, Smallpiece, there's been a great alling off in subscriptions lately. How is it?"

SMALLPIECE (*general factotum*)—"I guess it must be because we've been 'hide-bound partizans.'"

"The public are looking these days for more independence than what they got in recent years, and they are not taking much stock in papers that are merely hide-bound partizans."—*World*, Jan. 27th.



THE POWER OF CANADIAN RYE.

(Market day at Pumpkin Corners.)

FIRST JAY—"Say, kin you get good whiskey in there?"

SECOND JAY—"Good whiskey! Holy potatoes, just look at me—fur five cents!"