



AWKWARDLY WORDED, SOMEHOW.

GENIAL HOSTESS—"What, going already, Professor? And must you take your dear wife away with you?"

PROFESSOR—"Indeed, madam, I am sorry to say I must."

MISS CANADA'S COACHMAN.

MISS Canada is a high-spirited maiden,
With fallals and ribbons her outfit is laden,
And though she has little enough of hard cash,
She would spend her last cent on a feather or sash.
But of all her proud notions she specially dotes
On servants in livery with fine, gaudy coats,
And the pet of her household, her pride and her joy
Is the blue-blooded coachman she has in employ.
O! he is a dandy, a long-titled grandee,
Or she would have nothing to do with the boy.
A common-place working-man over the way,
Drives Jonathan's bus well enough for small pay,
But little Miss Canada never would dream
Of letting such vulgar guys handle her team,
And a blue-blooded coachman alone will employ,
A lord from the peerage to be her Viceroy,
He must be a dandy, an old country grandee,
Or she will have nothing to do with the boy.

KYDSICUS ON STICKS.

NO one given to speculative philosophy can fail to recognize the omnipresence of sticks in the ethical code of ephemeral man. In youth he crows before the insignia of the schoolmaster, and in latter days bows with reverence to that of sovereignty, in either case represented by a stick, now crude and birch-like, now curiously wrought and gilded. Happy he who doth not experience in the meantime that of the policeman. The French soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack. The baseball man suspends with ribbons his bat over his couch like an agitated Damocles. The child of wrath and four summers trails a cane in his left, whilst with his right hand clutching with earnest tenacity to the skirts of his nurse. The cream of manhood shape their course through life with minute attention lest a scratch appear on the golden head of the malacca.

The melton, the flowered waistcoat will be doomed to oblivion, but the stick once thrown aside, will again gently

be taken into favor with a mute apology as to an old friend, with the affectionate glance such as we bestow on the chalk portrait of our earlier days before we entered on the life of a high school. Does not the glove receive the impression of the hand and thus make palmistry to build a romance from a piece of French kid, the tanned skin of a dog? Who, then, can deny that the walking stick is similarly affected, the companion as it is of our country rambles, our four o'clock parades on King street? Nay, further, is it not the idea of bashfulness of an artificial life before a silent, deep-minded friend, that causes the stick to be left in the hall, while the owner pays his respects in the drawing-room? As the snake casts his slough, possibly the garment of his life before assuming poisonous fangs, so a man lays aside his staff; but as assuredly as that man yet again will revert to his darling sin, so will he again seek his mute accomplice—the walking stick.

Like the cuffs covering the knuckles of the undertaker, the stick is an assurance of respectability; again, it appears as the regis of potential power; anon fraught with the energy of the concomitant passionate mind; again, like a scarecrow or tatty-bogle as a guardian of the peace.

UNSELECTED.

THE bachelor sits in his old arm-chair,
With Darwin's book before him,
But his thoughts revert to hours that were,
When reading used to bore him.

For the book-mark that retains the page
Is a leaf from an ancient reader,
Which, though faded and worn with use and age,
Still bears the flourish of cedar.

Still bears in a faint, round, boyish hand,
His childhood's chosen verses;
The blanks his eyes have vainly scanned
His memory rehearses.

Thus resurrecting, line on line,
By perseverance and pluck, it
Rewards him with those stanzas fine
On an ancient oaken bucket.

And he thinks of the boys and girls he has known,
Of many a school companion,
And his life seems rocky, drear and lone
As a Colorado cañon.

Down the current of progress some have passed,
And some have safely landed,
While he, old saw-log, has stuck fast,
On a shoal of slumber stranded.

Time's tide to him brings only rot,
And his spirits are dejected,
He believes in Darwin, and thinks his lot
Is cast with the unselected.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

"WHAT is a good way to avoid taking small-pox, Charles?" "Well, the best way we know, on this short notice, is to swallow about a pint of prussic acid the day before small-pox is expected to arrive. This will probably have the desired effect."

CONSIDERABLE speculation has occurred over the name of the unknown lady who was entertained by Lord Randolph Churchill at the Boulanger dinner. The Empress of India, ex-Empress of the French, Amelie Rives-Chanler, Sara Bernhardt, Mrs. Grundy, and many others have been suggested, but we are in a position to surmise that the enterprising G. G. who has been recently visiting the Mikado of Japan and pulling the flowery kingdom to pieces in the press was the fair incognita.