

THE DOG IN POETRY

THE *Mail* recently reprinted an article on "The Dog in Poetry," giving numerous Shakespearian quotations showing how frequently this animal is referred to by the great dramatist. As editors have good reason to know, the connection between dog and poetry is closer than it might seem. Much of the current poetry—so called—is dog-gerel, and some that doesn't fairly come under that category is cur-tailed with advantage and a blue pencil.

HE WOULDN'T BE IMPOSED ON.

THE taking up of a collection is a rather unusual feature of a wedding ceremony, but the innovation was introduced the other day on the occasion of the marriage of ex-Ald. Frank Moses, of this city, when the officiating clergyman, at the close of the ceremony, announced that a collection would be taken up for the poor. Among the spectators who were rather taken aback by the approach of the contribution plates was an elderly gentleman, who, happening to be a little deaf, had not heard the preacher's announcement. Turning to his neighbor he said, "Well, this is a new scheme. I never heard of a collection at a wedding before. What's it for?"

"For the poor," was the answer.

"Oh! For the tour! Well, now, I call that cheek! To ask people to come to the wedding and then pass around the hat to pay the expenses of the bridal tour! That don't go with me, by thunder! I hate such meanness. I don't give a cent. If Frank Moses can't go on a bridal tour without asking the public for the cash, he ought to stay at home, and I'll tell him so first chance."

ECHO ANSWERS.

WHAT was intended to be free to all men, as things were by the Creator planned?—land.

What is often added to news as it flies?—lies.

To whose advancement are we apt to lend our greatest powers?—ours.

What would a lion do to a pretty girl if he chanced to meet her?—eat her.

What the dude very often does for his clothes—owes.
How he feels when he gets the bill—ill.

ALD. SAUNDERS' VIEW.

I THINK it highly *infra dig*
To see Toronto's Mayor
In common everyday attire
When he is in the chair.
He ought to wear a dandy hat
'Twould give him dignity,
Also a grand official robe
—And have it made by me.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.



FAITH.

MAMMA—"Elsie, dear, you have got into bed without saying your prayers. The Lord will not take care of you if you do not pray."

ELSIE (*very tired*)—"Oh, mamma, let's just try Him to-night."

TO MY MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

THE first was Maude—blue eyes and golden hair.
Eighteen she was and I was twenty-one.
She said she'd be "my sister." In despair
I thought of loading up the family gun.
I loaded *thee* instead, my colored friend,
And Maude was nowhere when I reached the end.

Her eyes were midnight (so I used to tell),
I was their slave (I was a poet then).
Whom do I mean, you dolt? Why, pretty Nell!
She was my next, you know. She said she'd send
My letters back. I hope she is not proud,
For letters, Nell, and love all vanished "in a cloud."

They say that men are fickle. I am not.
I loved a third—my dear Evangeline.
She wore blue glasses; had a corner lot.
The *curate* had a "Prison Mission" scheme.
He got her. It serves the duffer right,
He has a pipe that she won't let him light.

You want to know the *fourth*? Why it was Bess.
She caught me fast and sure. Her eyes are brown,
And beam with love for me. I do confess
I love my wife. Hark! there she comes. Don't frown.
You see, she likes a kiss, and *you'll* not pout,
When *she* comes in, that I must put *you* out.

STRATFORD, Jan. 15, 1892.

H. F. G.

PROMISING.

FATHER (*to writing master*)—"How is my boy getting on?"

WRITING MASTER—"Well, if he goes on as he is doing I think he will make his mark in the world."

PLEASED FATHER—"Yes."

WRITING MASTER (*gloomily*)—"Yes; I don't think anything earthly will ever teach that boy to write his name."