

A New Version of "A Man's a Man for a' That."

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
 "For a' that and a' that,"
 But though the song be clear and strong,
 It lacks a note for a' that.
 The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
 Yet claim his pay, and a' that,
 Or beg, when he might earn his bread,
 Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare,
 Were true and brave and a' that,
 And none whose garb is "hoddin gray,"
 Was fool and knave and a' that,
 The vice and crime that shame our time,
 Would fade and fall and a' that,
 And ploughmen be as good as kings,
 And churls as carls for a' that.

You see you brawny, blustering sot,
 Who swaggers, swears and a' that,
 And thinks because his strong right arm
 Might fell an ox and a' that,
 That he's as noble, man for man,
 As duke or lord, and a' that;
 He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
 And not a man for a' that,

And man may own a large estate,
 Have palace, park and a' that,
 And not for birth, but honest worth, be
 B thrice a man for a' that,
 And Donald herding on the muir,
 Who hae's his wife, and a' that,
 Be nothing but a rascal boor,
 Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
 The truth is old and a' that—
 "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gold for a' that;"
 And though you'd put the minted mark
 On copper, brass and a' that,
 The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
 And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that—
 'Tis soul and heart and a' that.
 That makes the king a gentleman,
 And not his crown and a' that;
 And man with man, if rich or poor,
 The best is he for a' that
 Who stands erect in self-respect,
 And acts the man for a' that

—Charles Mackay.

NO HARM DONE.

Chappie—I'd just like to know what you mean by being engaged to both Cholly and me at once?

Miss Pinkie—Why, bless me, there is no harm done. You can't either of you afford to marry me, you know.

WITH THANKS.

Lord Chumpley—Do you return my love?

Miss Millyons—Why, yes; I haven't the slightest use for it.



From the "Strand."

FASHION NOTES.

Spring fashions, it seems to me, are always far lovelier than those of any other season. They are always so dainty and airy and utterly fetching, and so like the sunshine and flowers that come at that time. They are always very much more novel than at any other season; fashion makers' brains seem to work better, and they give us fresh ideas and unusual modes, and this year they seem to have outdone themselves, for everything is so beautifully novel to us at least, and we do not mind at all the fact that our "new" fashions are only very old ones trumped up to catch our fancy.

The 1880 modes seem to be the favorites, and the canvas lined skirts, the great gigot sleeves and the wide-spreading revers appear everywhere. All the details, too, of that decade are creeping back to win their way into fashionable favor. The fancy for contrasting bodices also grows apace.

There is an American lady here who has very little of the world's goods, but who, at the same time, always manages to dress well. She showed me a very chic made-over gown of black and tan that deceived even me into believing that it was quite new. The bodice was of black surah, piped with tan cloth. It had a flounce below and very picturesque sleeves and was belted with a black silk belt, piped on either edge. The skirt was of tan cloth, and had one crossway band about the bottom of black surah. It was a rich looking dress and very distingue, and no one ever could have suspected that it was the result of patching together two old gowns.

Another combination frock, which was quite new, by the way, was of cloth and silk crepon, in a very much wrinkled pattern. The wool was of a dull gray blue in a pale tint, and formed the skirt, which was gored in nine breadths, the seams being outlined with narrow gold braid.

The crepon was very soft and rich, and shot in two colors, blue and gold. The

round bodice was fashioned of it, and had large gigot sleeves, falling over the hands in points. The body was seamless, except under the arms, being fitted over a lining of silk.

Small capes, sometimes single, sometimes double or triple, are seen on many of the new bodices. They are usually silk-lined and stand out stiffly over the shoulders, resting on the tops of the large sleeves. Most of the spring gingham and cambrics have these fetching little capes, the top one often being made of some coarse wash lace.

SMILES.

The present April is a "Bull" on wind.

"The doctor says Bingley is greatly improved by his trip abroad."

"Well, I met him this morning, and he wanted to borrow 50 cents, but I couldn't discover any change."

Smiles

When it comes to having the toothache, You will generally observe That a man may be a coward And yet have a lot of nerve.

Father—I am not annoyed because you asked my daughter for a kiss, but I certainly expect that you will now ask me—

Young Man—A kiss!

Father—No, sir; but for my daughter's hand.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Grocer—Ah, good morning, Judge! Tried them eggs I sent you yesterday morning, I suppose. How did you find them?

Judge Rascible—How'd I find them? Guilty, sir, guilty, every blamed one of them.

"How's old Blobbs?" asked Slobbs, who had just returned to the city.

"Why, Blobbs is in real estate now."

"Is he, indeed?"

"Yes, he's dead."