

Kind hands bore them shoreward,
and still on the way
Another sad sight their eyes met,
The form of the younger boy, thought
to be safe,
On the ice lying silent in death.

Vain, vain, is the effort in words to
portray
The depths of that fond parent's
love;
It can only be judged and rewarded
one day
By an all-seeing Father above.

Seal Hunting Song.

(The following song depicts the methods adopted and the garb in which the hardy sealers of Newfoundland are robed in whilst treading the ice floe of the North in quest of seals.—Publisher.)

With knife and fork, with kettle and pan,
With spoon and mug and glasses,
To shield our eyes from glaring sun,
And we take our tea with "lasses."

CHORUS:—

For we are "swollers," toilers bold,
And we copy from pan to pan, sir;
With "pelts" astern we shipward go,
Nor yield to any man, sir.

With sheath and steel strapped to our waist,
And a stocking filled with bread, sir;
We leave the side away to stride,
O'er the icefields without dread, sir.

With a "bat" and a "gaff," and pan-
ning staff,
Surmounted with a flag, sir,
Away we go on the great ice floe,
And we never care to lag, sir.

With a "tow line" round our shoulders bound
Steel "frosters" in each boot, sir,
To aid us in our hauling to
The pans that hold the load, sir.

With "harps" to play on Patrick's Day,
We all take great delight in;
But with the "hoods" there's no such fun,
For they're the "devils" for fighting.

Old "bedlamers" we often take,
Their "pelts" being quite as good, sir,
As any "swoil" in yield of oil,
Be he "dog harp" or "hood" sir.

And when we're loaded—hold and deck—
With "pelts" and plenty "flippers,"
We leave the floe and homeward go,
To meet delighted skippers.

Eloping Up-to-date.

The coatless man puts a careless arm
'Round the waist of the hatless girl,
While over the dustless, mudless roads
In a horseless wagon they whirl
Like a leadless bullet from a hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod
With a dish of stringless beans,
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

—Motor Record.

THE CUSTOM OF MOURNING

The other day Pat strolled into a drapery shop in the town of A—. He inquired of the assistant if he knew the custom of mourning.

"Yes," he said, "I do. If it is a very dear relative you are to wear black clothes, and if a less near relation a band of black on sleeve or hat, and for a friend a black tie."

Pat considered and then said:—
"Give me a bootlace; it's my wife's mother."