



Living up to His Ideal.



D'Auber: "The true landscape artist is no slavish copyist. He invests the scene with a fresh and formerly unrealized significance, and aims to develop the artistic possibilities presented, so that in his work even the unimaginative can perceive new beauties in the prospect."

How he does it.

The Heavenly Robe.

A minister who has a pul-
Pit, said not long ago,
"The heavenly garment, white as wool
And beautiful as snow,
Will be a robe, whose every thread
Is but a noble deed
Or loving act or kind word said
To those who are in need."

Another man, not in the push-
Ing scenes of churchly life,
Drawled out, "Now, by the Burning Bush
And Adam's second wife,
A lot of those same robes will be
As brief as bathing suits,
And good as open-work to see
Through, you just bet your boots."

Tit for Tat.

Town Brown: "You won't marry me, my turtle dove?"
Country Cousin: "No! —sir-ee!"
Town Brown: "Wait; there's just as pretty ones in
the country as ever were caught."
Country Cousin: "And there's just as many jays in
town."

'Twas Ever Thus.

"Friends, vote for me, I'm true as steel,
I can't be bought or sold,
The cause of honest government
I'll to the last uphold."

The people took him at his word,
His pledge he did fulfil,
For he held up the government—
He's holding it up still.

In the Stone Age.

"Mr. Boyle," said the visitor to the Archæological
Department at the Educational Building, "did you in
your sepulchral researches ever come across any of the
toys used by the Indian children? Had they any play-
things in those times?"
"Oh, yes," replied the genial scientist, "decidedly
they had. In the course of my excavations I have found
many toise of stone."

"Instein is a dealer in sporting goods, isn't he?"
"Yes, he's a theatrical manager."