

# CANADIANS SHOULD READ THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1903.

## Current Comments.

Sir Oliver Mowat (with frontispiece.)

The Dominion Coat of Arms.  
By J. Macdonald Oxley.

The Future of Canada.  
By Frances Cassidy.

High Park, Toronto (illustrated.)  
By Demar.

Miss Alicia.  
By Harvey O'Higgins.

Banked Fires.  
By Arthur Stringer.

Fashion Plates.

Suggestions to Housekeepers.

Home Department.

Literature.

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## Following Directions.

Mrs. Hogan: "Phat do yez mane Pat, by climbing into the bath tub ivery toime yez take a dose of that narve tonic?"

Pat: "Sure, didn't the docthor tell me I was to take a spoonful, three toimes a day in wather."

## Deceitful Man.

"The lips that touch wine  
Shall never touch mine,  
So choose!" she exclaimed to her lover.

"You," he answered, "till death,"  
Adding under his breath,  
"Just wait till the wedding is over."

## Something Just as Good.

Mr. Noolived: "Did you remember to buy some bacon for breakfast, Isabelle?"

Mrs. Noolived; "Yes dear, but the grocer was out of bacon so I got some bakin powder. That will do as well wont it?"

## An Evidence of Culture.

Rudford: "How did Prendergast ever get the *Polymathic Review* to accept that stupid article of his on the Eastern question? He knows nothing about it."

Boswick: "No. But he always spells Czar, "Tsar"

Detoudit agnum, delicias meras,  
Quocum solebat ludere junior,  
Auctum lates ex more summo  
Vellere postposito refertas.  
[ADDESIPOTA]

Mary had a little lamb  
With whom she used to tussle,  
She pulled the wool from off his back  
And crammed it in her bustle.

The fact that this anonymous fragment has escaped the wreck of time is evidence of its intrinsic vitality. The pathetic dignity of the original is almost entirely lost in translation. T. M.

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## The Only Man There.

They stood beside the sad sea waves  
At twilight's witching hour,  
He drew her close, they felt the spell  
Of love's entrancing power.

"And do you love me, sweet?" he said.  
She gave a poignant pout.  
"Why yes, of course, I love you, Fred,  
There's no one else about."

"And do you love but me alone?"  
He smiled and murmured low.  
"I love you best, but I must give  
The other girls a show." —P.T.

## He Wanted To Know.

Little Eric had never been to the country so that when his family took up their summer residence in the rural districts, he found dozens of new and unknown delights for each day. Shortly after his arrival, he happened to be over on the next farm at milking time, a process which he viewed in wide-eyed amazement. A day or two later, Mr. Bunning, the farmer, sent over a quart of cream. Its arrival brought forth Master Eric's comment on the milking operaton.

"Mamma," he questioned, "which 'stop does Mr. Bunning turn when he wants cream?" —HUBERT JOHNSTON.