



OBVIOUS.

DISINTERESTED FRIEND—"Well, Chappie, how are you getting on?"

EQUESTRIAN—"Use your blessed eyes!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

A SEASONABLE SIGN.

THE winter's ruthless rage is spent,
With joy I hail each vernal sign,
Though close within the city pent
Few pleasures of the spring are mine.

And yet methinks yestreen I scanned
A forerunner of blithesome days,
I culled it with a careful hand,
Quick as it met my raptured gaze.

For to my draperies there clung
A tiny, tender feeble thing,
A callow bed-bug pink and young,
Hail, gentle harbinger of spring!

DISILLUSIONIZED.

MISS ISABELLA PEAVICK was one of the numerous Toronto ladies who rejoiced at the prospect of the formation of a genuine Highland Regiment. Naturally of a romantic turn of mind, she had derived from the reading of Scott's novels and similar works of fiction an exalted idea of the Highland character and an enthusiasm for the Celtic garb and all its associations. She was disposed to see in every wearer of the kilts a Roderick Dhu or a Lochiel, and mentally invested the average Highlandman with all the

semi-barbaric virtues and chivalric graces so ably portrayed by the wizard of the North.

Naturally, therefore, Isabella was all enthusiasm when it was proposed to organize a corps of *bona fide* Highlanders with all the fascinating accompaniments of tartans, claymores, philabegs, sporrans and the rest of the historic outfit. As she told her dearest chum and confidant, Dora Milbank, it was "just too lovely for anything." When the Highlanders paraded in all the fantastic glory of their attire she was completely captivated, and prepared to fall in love with any one of the noble fellows at a moment's notice. She stole out at evenings

and watched them as they returned from their exercises in the hope that by some chance or other she might make the acquaintance of one of the objects of her admiration. Isabella was by no means of a flirtatious disposition and would have indignantly repelled the informal advances of any ordinary male. But the chivalrous, heroic sons of the heather were of course in an entirely different category.

She did not have long to wait. Soldiers in any uniform are never slow in catching on when lovely woman evinces evident admiration and manifests a desire for closer acquaintance. One evening as Miss Peavick was walking along Queen St. West she was overtaken by a fine looking Highlander, whose brisk and martial mien at once aroused all her enthusiasm. Involuntarily she slackened her pace as he passed. He stopped, gave a quick glance and remarked:—

"Ah, there, Birdie!"

Miss Peavick was rather staggered by this novel and familiar style of address, but not being up in the colloquialisms of the street she supposed it to be some peculiar Gaelic expression, and merely gave a smile of encouragement in reply.

"Begob, ye're a daisy," continued the soldier. "F'what's the matter wid us takin' a bit av a walk down Yorruck street, I dunno. I gev me last mash the dead shake, so I did, fur she thried to touch me for a V., but nixey! Och, come an," he continued, as she stared at him in amazement. "We'll go into One-eyed Lummux's place and I'll stand the eysters"—and to emphasize the cordiality of his invitation he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Go away," cried Isabella, now thoroughly disillusionized. "You're not a Highlander at all! You nasty, low, common Irishman! I never was so insulted in my life!"

The Highlander, equally staggered by this unexpected repulse, desisted from further advances and went off muttering "Sure it's crazy as a loon that she is. First she will an' thin she won't, bad cess to the likes of her!"

Isabella made the best of her way home and has quite recovered from her pro-Gaelic mania. She says it's a downright shame to deceive the public by dressing up a lot of Irishmen and common Canadians in kilts and calling them Highlanders.

THE LIE IS ENDED!

ENOUGH! the lie is ended. God only owns the land;
No parchment deed hath virtue unsigned by His own hand;
Out on the bold blasphemers who would eject the Lord,
And pauperize His children, and trample on His word!

Behold this glorious temple, with dome of starry sky,
And floor of greensward scented, and trees for pillars high;
And song of birds for music, and bleat of lambs for prayer,
And incense of sweet vapors uprising everywhere.

Behold His table bounteous spread over land and sea,
The sure reward of labor, to every mortal free;
And hark! through Nature's anthem there rises the refrain,
"God owns the world, but giveth it unto the sons of men."

But see, within the temple, as in Solomon's of old,
The money-changers haggle, and souls are bought and sold,
And that is called an *owner's* which can only be the Lord's,
And Christ is not remembered, nor His whip of knotted cords.

But Christ has not forgotten, and wolfish human greed
Shall be driven from our heritage; God's bounties shall be freed;
And from out our hoary statutes shall be torn the crime-stained leaves.

Which have turned the world, God's temple, into a den of thieves!
J.W.B.