

THE TOO-REALISTIC ARTIST



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WHO PAINTED A MONKEY "TO THE VERY LIFE."

AN ALLEGORY.

OLIVER Wendell Holmes' old-time comic poem of "The Deacon's Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" might easily stand for an allegorical autobiography. The celebrated vehicle in question was constructed on the principles of logic, the deacon's idea being that if each part was made equally strong with every other part, so that no portion could begin to wear out before another portion the shay would necessarily last forever. In this the builder was disappointed. It did not last forever, but, having reached a certain age, the whole thing suddenly "evaporated." Dr. Holmes departed in much the same way. There was no appreciable failure of his intellect, his poetic fire, or his bodily powers. All seemed to be of equal strength, and he frequently spoke of the probability of his being a centenarian. But this was not to be. Without any—or at least with very little—premonitory signs of a breakup, the noble old poet collapsed and passed away on the 8th instant, at his home in Boston.

LORD BRASSEY spoke at Laurier's meeting at Indian Head, and endorsed the Grit leader's claim that Reciprocity is not a disloyal policy. The Conservatives will now agree that his lordship is well named.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DIED, OCTOBER 8TH.

AT midday, when the sun was zenith-high,
Came the clear call for him
Whose sweet renown had reached meridian,
Whose eye was not yet dim
Though it had sparkled in its kindly mood
For more than eighty years of ill and good.

'Twas fitting that the gentle "Autocrat"
Who ruled the willing heart
Of his own time, should thus, Elijah like,
From earthly triumphs part,
Not dying, as it seemed, but caught away—
Translated in the fulness of the day.

His learning won our honor, and his wit
Our ready laughter moved,
But most of all we prized the man himself,
For while we laughed we loved,
And loving well, the common grief we share,
Each Breakfast Table has an empty chair.
J. W. B.

THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Not by Longfellow, but Another Fellow.

UNDER the spreading chestnut tree
The city urchin stands,
A Vandal and a scamp is he
With most mischievous hands.
And sticks and stones he throws aloft
And many a chestnut lands.

What cares he though he breaks the boughs
And knocks off leaves and twigs;
And makes the sidewalk look as if
'Twere overrun with pigs?
He's not afraid of cops—if one
Should come along he "digs."

What does the city urchin do
With the fruit of all this toil;
This annual ruin of the trees
Which cops don't seem to foil?
He "don't do nothin' with 'em, see?"—
Just leaves 'em there to spoil.

Or else, perchance, he gathers them
All round, and hard, and green,
And stores them in some safe retreat
Awaiting Hallowe'en,
When they are used for "pegging doors"
And raising people's spleen.



A BLACK CROOK