

vital spark was not yet extinct, and I thrust the corp—I mean glove—into my bosom. Again and again I drew forth my treasure and kissed it. The delicate rose scent still lingered around it. From that moment life seemed to be lit up with a roselite, glorious, final transformation-scene-in-a-pantomime light, and I walked on air. I weigh 210. What should I do with my prize? 'Twere bliss to keep it; 'twere blister to give it with my own hand to its fair owner. Perchance in the transfer my fingers might come into momentary, though blissful and ecstatic contact with hers. There was deliciousness in the very thought. For three days and three nights I kept it in guilty, sweet delight. By night I dreamed of it, and, waking, drew it from beneath my pillow and showered the spooniest of osculations upon it. Ah! love, thou art a mystery. By day I hugged it to my shirt bosom, occasionally, nay often, drawing it out to repeat the nocturnal process. On the fifth day I wandered forth to the spot where I had found my treasure. Joy of joys! She comes, she comes. I will return the glove, and thus secure an opportunity of addressing her. Be still, my heart. Peace, little flutterer. Bust not my costal cartilage. With face allam and faltering gait—rather poor style, laugh, all laugh!—I approached her, holding the dainty glove in one trembling hand, whilst with the other I raised my hat. With wild, wandering words of explanation, I begged her acceptance of her property. Ah! me. Those eyes; they pierced me through and through. I weigh 210 and am fat. With a blush, probably, methought, of the consciousness of love, she reached forth her taper fingers and took the little glove, and then, blind to my eyes' confession, she spoke—oh! those tones; rippling waters, tinkling of silvery bells, pink ice cream, everything that sounds lovely massed into one,—and said, "Thank you sir; my aunt, who lost it lately, will also thank you, I am sure," and with a stately bow passed on. Her aunt! her aunt! that prim mediæval old relic! that stiff, shadly old prude! fifty or five hundred at least. Ye gods! what have I done to deserve this? Heavens! spare my intellects. Anathema maranatha on the worthless, wretched, vile and hideous old glove! Fan me.

HIS LORDSHIP'S NOSE;

OR,

HOW JACK FROST SNUBBED THE PEER.

In a not very distant bygone year,
There sailed from England to Canada here,
Lord Ivanhoe Vereker Vere de Vere,
A peer.

His blood, if all that he said was true,
Was the deepest and darkest of indigoblu,
And he'd say to Canada's noblemen few,
"Pooh! Pooh!"

Don't talk to me of your gentle blood,
Why home you left is as clear as mud,
You deserted that land for England's good,
It would

Be rather absurd for any one here
To vie with Lord Ivanhoe Vere de Vere,
And the madness, as shown in the very idea
Is sheer.

This nobleman argued that what most shows
That the purest blood in one's arteries flows,
Is that feature one smells with and snuffs and blows,
The nose.

His own was an arch of a style unique,
With a lump in the middle and a turned down peak,
A little more Roman perhaps, than Greek,
Such a heak!

He cherished that nose like an only child,
He stroked its arch and complacently smiled,
And if you made fun of it, wasn't he riled,
And wild?



He held that nose high aloft in air,
He fondled it publicly everywhere,
At every fete that nose was there,
And seemed his Lordship's every care
To share.

Well, winter came on and the bleak winds blew,
The frost froze hard and the snow flakes flew,
The bays were congealed, and the lakes were, too,
Such cold was only remembered by few,
Whew!

Lord Ivanhoe Vereker Vere de Vere
Drove out in his sleigh as became a peer,
He defied the Canadian atmosphere
Saying "Nought in this land need a nobleman fear;"
But here

Came the first of Lord Ivanhoe's awful woes,
On peer as on peasant the chill wind blows,
And though it is fearful to tell—his nose
Froze.

He rubbed it with snow, which is good they say,
He poulticed it, bathed it with arnikay,
But it wouldn't get well, and in bed he lay
All day.

With grief it was thought my lord would have died,
When the doctor sat down by his grand bed-side,
And said, "Your nose is mortified;"
I decide

That it must come off. "And off it came
With a snip and a slice
Just exactly the same
As if Smith and not
Vere was his lord-
ship's name;
What a shame!"



And now when Lord
Ivanhoe goes to rub
His nose on the street,
Some ill-tutored cub
Of a boy calls out to his
pal, "Say bub,
Shoot that snub,"

My lord, they tell me
cannot live long
With a nose like those
of the commonplace
throng,
So I'll tell his knell at
the end of this song,
Ding dong!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHOE.

I am a lady's shoe. One of a pair; size, No. 12. When the author of my being made us, he smiled quietly to himself, but I knew not why, then. I know now, for I have seen more of the world. For weeks, aye, months, I stood on a ledge in the window of a Toronto boot and shoe store. No one seemed to require my services, at least none of the ladies of the Queen city. Time passed on, and I observed that the old gentleman with the mowing machine always cast a glance of satisfaction, as he scooted by, upon the high heeled absurdities and thin, paper-soled monstrosities that stood in our window. He knew that as their popularity increased, so would the garner of his bosom friend—That "Reaper whose name is Death"—be filled in proportion: the Mower the Merrier. ha! ha!

And still I stood, unnoticed save to call a fleeting smile to the patrician features of such of Toronto's daughters as chanced to see me, till at length a change came o'er the spirit of my dream. One morning two young ladies entered the store, and asked to be shown some shoes. They were strangers and evidently did not belong to Toronto. "Certainly, miss," said the bland proprietor of the emporium, "about what size?"—glancing at the pedals of the lady who had spoken. "I take No. 4's" she replied. "These are the very thing then, miss," replied the urbane one, taking down me and my mate. "What size are those?" she asked. "No. 4's, miss," he replied. Heaving help him! The sight of me and my companion, a pair of 4's (!) brought a straight flush to the lady's cheek. "The dance" whispered my pal to me, "if we are soled we will never be-tray our master." "Never," I replied, though my respiration became slow—temperature 109 in the shade—and pulse feeble, as the would-be purchaser

removed the boot she had on and essayed to draw me on her foot. "Fits like a glove, does it not, miss?" remarked the oily one, as he dusted a little flour into my chum and soaped the receptacle for the *os calcis*. "It does indeed" replied the fair one, as I split from stem to stern, and gaped with suppressed agony and laughter at one and the same time, over the instep. "You have a very neat foot, miss" continued the bland one. "So I am told," replied the victim, "but our city is famous for the delicate feet of its lovely daughters." "And where may I have the pleasure of sending these shoes, miss," asked the leather moulder, "where do you reside?" "In Hamilton," replied the lady, laying down her card, and passing out of the shop.

SOME QUESTIONS

FOR THE NEXT CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.
Taken from Facts.

Two years ago an infant phenomenon was introduced to the theatre-going public. She was then five years of age. The same phenomenal child is still before the same public, but she is now only four years old. Twenty years hence, what age will she be if she lives?

If the poet Gay can make "blizzard" rhyme with "kangaroo" (as he can and does), why should people be prevented from punching his head? and how many thousand blows on his head with a s'edge-hammer would it take to produce concussion of the brain?

Zinci sulph. 1 oz. Value, 3 cents.

Aqua pura, 8 oz. Value, nil.

Phial. Value, 1 cent.

Put these three articles together and state their value, or allow a doctor to do the mixing and let him put a price on the combination. How much will he make it?

The *Globe* uses over 200 miles of paper in length per week in its daily issue; the *Mail* between 100 and 200. If the issues of each for one week were burnt in a separate bonfire, from the ashes of which could the greater amount of lye be extracted?

Find, by algebra, the percentage of bank clerks who part their hair in the middle, and the time spent daily on the operation. Then state what clothing they wear under their ulster besides a collar and pair of cuffs, and a boot or two.

Given, a girl with a large mouth, pulse normal, temperature variable, respiration, when not impeded by chewing gum, 19 per min., and No. 5 feet. How many pounds of caramels will it take to fill her up? And if her "feller" is a junior salesman at some haberdashery, with no credit at the tally architect's, how long will it be before she is filled up if he is her only "feller"?

A real blessing is the Stylographic Pen. It is the neatest writing instrument we have ever seen for the desk and the pocket, and uses any common ink, holding enough to write several days without refilling. It combines all the readiness of a lead pencil and the durability of any pen. For speed and legibility it is marvellous. There is no stopping to dip for ink when a word is half written. The entire material of the pen is non-corrosive. When it is not in use it may be closed up and laid away, or carried in the pocket for weeks, it being perfectly air tight, and then in a moment put to work. In writing, it does the next thing to thinking. Any person who has writing to do, will do himself a never-forgotten favor to get one at first sight.—*Editor Religious Telescope, Dayton, Ohio.*