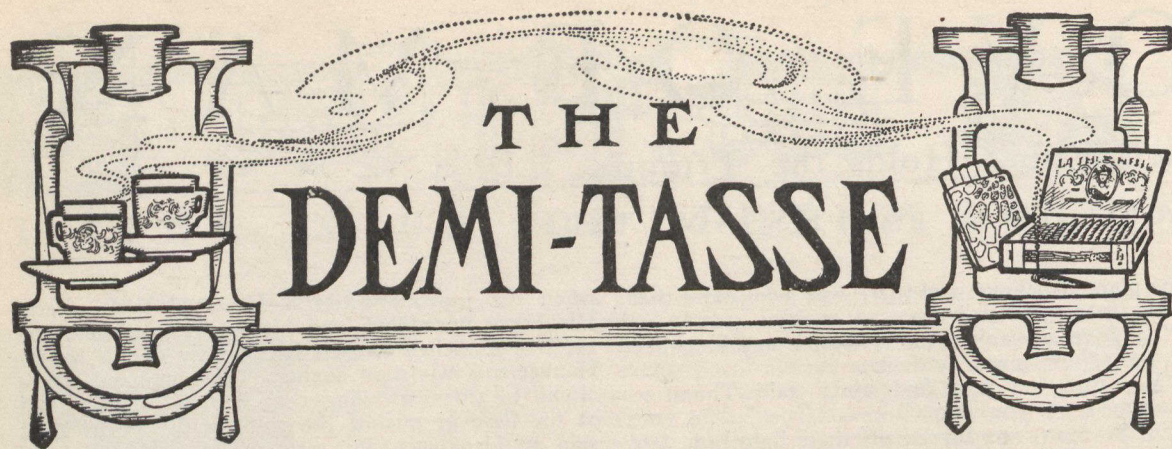




THE FAIRY OF THE ICE.

Her wand of shining crystal
She stretched across the stream,
And bound its flashing waters
With winter's frozen gleam.
She piled the glittering splendour
In towers, fair and high,
Until there glowed a palace
Beneath a sapphire sky.

She laughed amid the radiance
When soft the moonlight fell
And flung a tender magic,
The Northland's silver spell
"Let rose and violet bloom again
When come the summer flowers
All colours of the year I hold,
Within my icy bowers."

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

OTTAWA is a city accustomed to sensation and political contrasts, but those citizens of the Capital interested in Westerners who come and go, had the privilege lately of seeing Mr. Dan McGillicuddy of the *Calgary News* and Mr. "Bob" Edwards, chief oculist on the *Eye Opener* going about the "Buildings" during the same week. The former was engaged in renewing political acquaintanceships and personal friendships in the hearty fashion, which has made both his sympathies and antipathies so full of dramatic interest. The latter was absorbed in an effort to get his animated journal once more on the mailing list.

The recent numbers of the *Eye Opener* are said to have been entirely innocuous. In connection with this circumstance, a good story is told of a highly respectable middle-aged woman in Toronto, who had heard of the *Eye Opener* as a terror to evil-doers and an appetiser for the righteous.

"Is it so very bad, John?" she asked her husband curiously.

"Um—I don't buy it—sometimes see it in the office."

"I—I'd like to see what it looks like. Of course, I don't suppose it would do for the children to see it."

The next day, either John looked about the office carefully or had five cents to spare, for he produced the *Calgary Eye Opener* from his overcoat pocket, after the children were safely asleep, and his worthy wife dropped her "darning" to inspect the columns of this highly fascinating sheet. She read patiently for about an hour and then deliberately folded the western weekly.

"I declare," she remarked in disgusted tones, "there's not a thing to shock you in this paper. I've read every word in the 'personals' and you'd never know that those men in Ottawa weren't saints."



Kind Hearted Lady: You poor little fellow! what are you doing out in that garb on a bitter day like this?
The Poor Little Fellow: Aw, go chase yerself; don't youse recognise a Marathon Race when you sees one?—*Life*.

Why, you'd hardly know you weren't reading the *Christian Guardian*."

You ought to be glad it's such a fine paper," remarked John mildly, as he laid the harmless pages on the top of the pile in the waste paper basket.

A SAD CASE.

A GENTLEMAN, versed in graceful gallantries, recently made some highly complimentary remarks to a pretty woman whom he had met at an evening party and was surprised that her only reply was a series of remarks on the weather.

"Didn't you know," said a sympathetic friend, "that Mrs. Blank is deaf?"

"You don't say so," was the disgusted response. "Then I've just wasted those bright remarks."

"Wasted them on a desert ear," chuckled the fiendish friend.

AFTER THE CONCERT.

A WICKED young man, for whom there is no hope, said softly as Dr. Vogt made his final bow in smiling refusal of an encore: "This is the Augustan age of Canadian choral work."

A Toronto citizen who belongs to the Mendelssohn Choir was expatiating last week on the virtues of the "great little leader," when his small boy piped out eagerly: "Daddie, which would you rather be—Longboat or Vogt?"

The worthy conductor of that champion choir has been compared so often to Napoleon that it's dollars to crullers he'll be afraid to give a concert at Waterloo, when he takes the Mendelssohnians to Germany next year.

IN REPREHENSIBLE MANNER.

There was a young man from Savannah,
Who slipped on a vacant banana.

The words that he said
When he fell on his head
Wouldn't do for a Sunday-school "bannah."
—*Boston Traveller*.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

YOUNG ministers sometimes say some very irreverent things when first they get in harness, but seldom are so broadly condemnatory as the young clergyman who was called upon to act as chaplain at the opening of a recent term of court down in Maine. After covering everything he could think of as appropriate to say, from religion to law, he closed his prayer with the supplication, "And, finally, may we all be gathered in the happy land where there are no courts, no lawyers, and no judges." Then they changed chaplains.—*The Argonaut*.

SEASONABLE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.
"Tell me what at, my pretty maid?"
"Atchoo! Atchoo!" was all she said.

—*Transcript*...

NOT SCOTCH.

AN Irishman and a Scotchman were discussing the horrors of living in a local option town, when the Irishman remarked, "Sure an' you might git used to it after a while. You know, they say a camel can go eight days without drinking."

"Hoot, mon!" retorted the Scotchman, "it's little ye ken about the Campbells, when ye say that. There's nae one of them could go eight 'ours wi' out a wee drap o' something." That ended the discussion.—*Western University Gazette*.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

THE young man and the girl were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the door

post, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to complain of that now; but, for goodness sake, stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

INADEQUATE ADJECTIVES.

"I just love cake," said Johnnie feelingly. "It's awful nice."

"You should not say 'love' cake," corrected his mother. "You should say 'like.' And do not say 'awful'—say 'very.' And say 'good' instead of 'nice.' Now see if you can repeat the sentence correctly."

"I like cake," repeated Johnnie. "It's very nice."

"That's better."

"I know, ma," complained Johnnie, "but it sounds just as if I was talkin' 'bout bread."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

A DEFINITION.

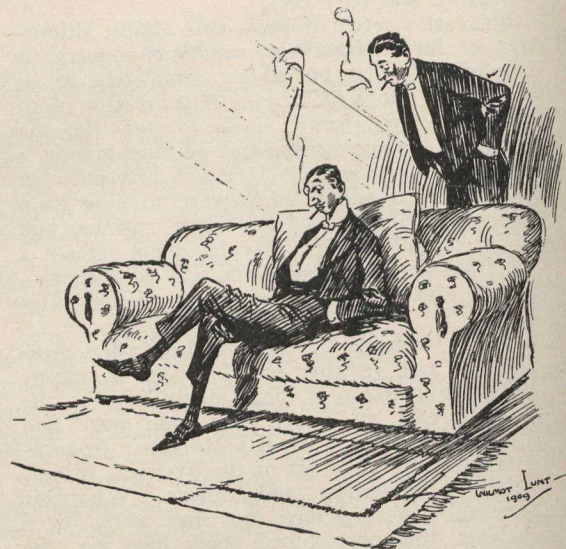
First Senator: "What is a blind partisan?"

Second Senator: "One who doesn't know the colour of money."—*Life*.

JUST LIKE ADAM.

Howell: "If I hadn't drawn that queen I might have had a straight flush."

Powell: "That's right; always blame the woman!"—*Chicago News*.



OUR THINKING CLASSES

Augustus: "Hallo! Fweddle, what are you doing?"
Fweddle: "Oh—just makin' a few mental notes, deah boy."—*Punch*.

ANXIOUS PUPIL.

Sunday school teacher (sadly): "I'm afraid, Johnny, that I'll never meet you in Heaven."
Johnny: "Why? What have you been doing now?"—*Orange and Black*.

INDIGESTIBLE.

AN Irishman was showing a friend an ash receiver he had bought at a church fair.
"An' phat's it made of, Billy?" asked one.
"Shure it's lava, Dan," said Billy.
"And phat's lava, Billy?"
"Why, Dan, sure it's what the Lord fed the Israelites on when they was forty years in the desert."—*Short Stories*.

THE DENOUEMENT.

DO you remember once how you and I
Were groping in impenetrable gloom
Until Love lit the way and bade us come
To a sweet spot which he did sanctify—
There he was king; his vassals in the sky
Stood round his court in serried, bright array
There on the air the breath of roses lay
And the ecstatic wind went slowly by.

Close-clasped we sat o'erpowered by the spell,
Our thoughts commingling in the void of night,
Enthralled with rapture, each to each enslaved.
But soon alas! the shades of sadness fell;
A passing cloud obscured the moon from sight,
And to my ears was borne—"You might have shaved."

—C. S. MILLINGTON in *Pall Mall Magazine*.