off the city's sor-lid dust, to live, for a time, purer, more ideal lives; to gaze on rippling pools, on lilies swaying on their slender stalks, on tender opal mists stretched along the hills. We seek the rural districts to enjoy nice country board, plenty of fre.h eggs, pure cream, plenty of shade, fine view, no malaria, two miles from station, fruit of all kinds in abundance, beautiful drives, no mosquitoes, excellent boating, spacious tennis courts a..d croquet-lawns, etc. Terms, six dollars per week.

All this appears very enchanting and attractive when you read it in the farmer's advertisement in the paper. But if you go down to pass the summer months on his estate, he will feed you on canned goods; and you will supplement the rural fare he offers you with a diet of quinine pills. All the milk you will get will come down from the city on the morning train. You will discover that the farmer was strangely mistaken about the malaria; as for the "fine views," you must do him the justice of remembering that he was reared on art ideals different from your own. And besides, you will not notice much the absence of the "fine views"; another sense will have so much thrust upon it as to absorb almost your entire attention. But perhaps we have maligned the country sufficiently. Before passing over we will pause to quote a picturesque stanza which has been haunting our memory:

" Now summer smiles on fields of dimpling wheat, With flaming poppies on her golden brow, And now we often see which is more fleet, The city maiden or the country cow."

Those of us who can't get away from our posts of duty go around in white hats, wilting collars, and seersucker coats and vests, and wonder how people can be fools enough to wear themselves out at summer resorts. And in the afternoon we loosen one lung and make wrecks of ourselves generally, howling at a baseball match. And when we read the papers we carefully skip the jokes about the prevarications of the angler, and the hotel-clerk's diamond stud; and we also avoid the familiar pleasantries touching ice-cream. For we have wrestled with these merry jests of old, and the summer is a time of relaxation. Bearing this in mind, we exercise great caution and are careful not to overtax or strain ____ system by too much work. We know of a Toronto man who, by too great attention to the affairs of business, so debilitated his constitution as to have to drink egg-noggs made from the eggs of one hen. Let this be a warning to us in these days when the mercury most unexpectedly slips and slides, like Lord Alfred's brook.

This, too, is the season of the circus—Det what we have just said about Lord Alfred's brook suggests much to us, and we will at once dismiss the circus, as being irrelephant to the matter in hand. As good a way as any to enjoy yourself in summer is to swing in a hammock, where the golden sunlight is sifted through the trees, by the side of some babbling brook. The prudent man first of all sees that the hammock is securely fastened; and is particularly careful about getting into it without damaging the greensward or the clear rippling of the brook by any hasty, unconsidered movements of his body. He sees the fine, delicate mists in the distance, of a faint, blue tint, and the leaves dancing in every breeze. He would no more think of improving on such supreme bliss than he would of gilding refined gold, or quaffing a John Collins from a lily. For gazing occasionally on the spray of white-blossoming wild vine that wanders in graceful beauty over the foliage of the hazels, scattering its deli-

cate odor on the summer air, he blows light clouds of smoke from his fragrant Cuban cigar, dallies with his GRIP, and is happy. W. J. H.

VOICES OF THE DAY.

MORNING

How blest behind the shutters cool, On warm Inne days to lie at ease ; While balmy airs, with perfume fuli, Steal through the slats and on the breeze Comes-" ~. r.r. resh feesh ! all alieve ! " Fur-r-r -esh feesh-all but alieve !'

AFTERNOON.

Sweet hour of rest, when, dinner o'er, A blessed forty winks we steal From out the silence, while life's roar Is hushed, and we naught hear nor feel, Save--" Stir-r-r-r-robrie ripe ! Strr-r-r-obrie r-r-ripe ! Strobrees ! str-r-r-obrees ! three for a quarter ! " EVENING

How beautiful the sunset gleams Athwart the maples o'er the way ! While through the open casement streams The golden smile of dying day— Hark ! " Whirr-co-rr-co-ping-ping-dir-ir-ir ring." "Tis man and his ancestor, " Beautiful spring !"



HEALTH NOTE.

fiss TRALALA, of Jarvis Street, is one of the healthiest young ladies of the city, and yet for the first half hour of the day she looks far from well,

GOOD FOR BOARDING HOUSES.

CUSTOMER-Give me another steak like the last one I got here.

Butcher-I don't remember the particular steak, 'jut this is a nice tender piece.

Customer-Who wants a tender piece?

Butcher—I supposed everybody liked that kind.

Customer-You must hink I intend to eat it. It's a door mat I'm after. The other steak is about from out. -Omaha Herald.