

MUSINGS OF MISS TAYKE.



I MUSED before the mirror in a pleasant state of coma, for my maid was doing my hair.

It is bad enough to oil one's hair, but fancy anointing one's whole body, like the old Grecian athletes! Just to think of any poet's waxing enthusiastic about "the 'iles of Greece, the 'iles of Greece!"

How very artificial we all are in our toilettes. But little wonder, when the daughters of Israel indulged in such a lot of gawds and ornaments when the third chapter of Isaiah was written. And then Venus, the Queen of Beauty, as I heard Bob reading in his Virgin, used often to appear with a false form. Even at King Arthur's court they were not above wearing artificial flowers. There was the lily made of Astolat.

How the poets do study the various phrases of the moon!

I suppose those "moonshiners" in Ireland are named on the *Lucius a non incendo* principle of entomology.

Realism is very effective in poetry. How stirring is the Wizard's exclamation in *Lochiel's Warning*:—"Whoa! whoa! to the riders that trample them down;" though I should think "horses" would be more natural than "riders." Byron, however, carried realism to a vulgar extent when he spoke of the tragic and comic muses as "the sighin' and teeheein' muse."

Our heavy ordnance is for war; but the divine ordinance is against it. Shakespeare thought the same ordnance was aimed at suicide: "Hath not the Everlasting fixed his cannon 'gainst self-slaughter?"

This is a fiendish policy which is suggested—to treat our Indians generously and fairly! Why, they should not be treated at all!

One may be too soft-hearted to Indians, however; like the militia officer in the North-West who liberated his prisoners on patrol.

All metals have their allies, except, apparently, Britannia metal.

I have been sorely troubled lately. Some months ago I invested all my propriety in bank stock; and now they send me a book where I find my name among a long list of unfortunate victims who have NO SHARES printed after their names!

My brother Bob is awfully lazy in the mornings. "It is hard to begin dressing," he writes: "*Ce n'est que le premier bas qui coute*." "Go to the aunt, thou sluggard!" I wrote back to him; but he retorts that sluggards more often go to their "uncle"—though why he should treat "uncle" as a familiar quotation, I cannot tell.

One day last summer we were yachting. We fished for sharks, securing a stout rope to the captain and using a live boy for a float. In the evening I saw the phosphorus on the water. When I told Bob he laughed and said he had seen the Caucasus in Washington and in Ottawa too. But I informed him that this was a typographical error on his part, and besides that his remark was quite irrelevant to the matter.

I found Bob out in another mistake. He said he was going to publish some cereal articles on agriculture. I remarked quietly that I fancied all articles on that subject were cereal.

No, I will never marry! I detest carving and could never perform the duties of a help-meat.

Meanness may be profitable, but I never coveted the golden mean.

They must keep bees in apiaries now, from what I heard papa saying at breakfast. What unpleasant room-mates for the poor monkeys!

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

THE DESERTED TAVERN.—A SCOTT ACT BALLAD.

A CHANGE has o'er the taverns crept
In Scott Act county towns,
The "bhoys" alas! have shook the place,
Now that the whiskey's gone.
No longer an array of bums
The weary travellers greet,
Nor plan seductive little games
Suggestive of "your treat."
The village drunkard and his chum,
Who howled all night of yore,
Their jovial spirit's passed away,
And haunts the place no more.
Gone are the tramps of other days,
Quiet and stillness reign,
No longer broken by the shout
Of "Set 'em up again!"
Mine host in his arm chair dozing,
Dreams of the olden time,
Of spirits now departed
For a more congenial clime.
The watchman lounging 'long his beat,
His occupation gone,
Looks for some secluded spot,
And sleeps the whole night long.

—W. B. L.

KRAL'S RUMINATIONS.

"Down brakes!" or break down.

A COMMON act—Liquor and lick her.

If you are in narrow circumstances do not contract debts.

SOME stubborn men manifest a great deal of he-goatism.

WHY should a sailor be successful? Because he takes to his work from his berth.

COULD you call it an *affront* when some one hits you behind your back?

THE man who always says "*laissez faire*," is very often himself a lazy affair.

IF you contract debts, remember that they thus become larger the more you contract.

THERE is one legal authority that is apt to make a clear sweep of the law students—Broome.

THE man of fast life is generally loose in his habits thus playing fast and loose with his capabilities.

SOME men try to don the spurs before earning the boots. They win the jeers of the world and a pair of sore heels.

DO you think the world owes you a living? Perhaps it does; but, all the same, you will have to *render an account* before the bill is settled and you receive justice.

TUBER-CULAR consumption is still very prevalent among the Irish classes. The attack upon the *Solanum tuberosum* is generally beneficial to the person, but fatal to the *potato*.