



PENETANGUSHENE.

THE word "Penetanguishene" in the Chippeway language signifies the falling or rolling of the sand, literally, "Behold how the sand rolls!" In the early half of the last century Penetanguishene was a small military frontier post on the south shore of Georgian Bay in Canada, in a wild and almost uninhabited part of the country. Now it is a flourishing town, a popular summer resort, with a name shortened to "Penetang." In 1840 a luckless subaltern stationed there wrote a poem on the post. The verses have been preserved, and were published by the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto. The "Tommy" referred to in the fifth stanza is a kind of pudding which was occasionally served without sauce.

To ye, who, tired of war's alarms,
In garrison or camp,
Are sighing for the many charms
Of march, route, or a tramp—
Or who, on board batteaux or ship,
Delight to vent your spleen,
I hereby recommend a trip
To Penetanguishene.

Oh! 'tis the place for youthful sprigs
Whose epaulettes grow dim
With city wear, whose rose-oil'd wigs
Want combing into trim,
Whose elbows are a little out—
Such things have often been—
They will be bettered by a bout
Of Penetanguishene.

'Tis here you learn true jollity,
And scorn the march of mind,
And live in fond equality
With beasts of every kind;
The Indian with his scalping knife
Diversifies the scene—
Oh! 'tis a mighty pleasant place
At Penetanguishene.

You shake a wild-cat by the fist
When in your path he halts,
With beavers take a hand at whist,
And gallopade and waltz—
With shaggy bears, who, when you roam
Afar in forest green,
Remind you that your nearest home
Is Penetanguishene.

Upon the article of grub
You must lay little stress,
For here with grief the starving sub
Bemoans headquarters' mess.
His pound of junk and "Tommy" bare
But makes the diner lean;
For surfeits they are very rare
At Penetanguishene.

And then for swipes, poor d—l, he
Must look and feel quite glum,
Since now a sober Treasury
Has docked the ration rum;
Unless it be with maple juice,
A drink that's thin and mean,
He cannot shake a top-screw loose
At Penetanguishene.

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CARELESS THEODORE.

President Roosevelt on his last trip South stopped at Charlottesville, Virginia, and a negro approached the President's car and passed aboard a big basket of fine fruit, to which was attached the card of a prominent grower. In course of time the orchard owner received a letter of acknowledgment from the White House, expressing the President's appreciation of the gift and complimenting the donor upon his fruit. The recipient of the letter was, of course, greatly pleased, and feeling sure that his head gardener would be much interested in

the letter, he read it to him. The dorky, who served in the capacity mentioned, listened gravely, but his only comment was: "He doan' say nuthin' 'bout sendin' back de basket, do he?"—The Argonaut.

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AN ALARMING TEXT.

The report that Rev. A. B. Chambers, D.D., is to become governor of the Toronto jail, the "Castle over the Don," recalls the story of the clergyman who preached a farewell sermon to his congregation, before his departure to be chaplain of a penitentiary. His text is recommended to Dr. Chambers' consideration: "I go to prepare a place for you."

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SIR WILFRID'S RETORT.

Ever since the Colonial Conference, anecdotes concerning Sir Wilfrid Laurier have been flying freely in British and United States newspapers. One of these yarns asserts that Sir Wilfrid has a facility for repartee which he sometimes turns to good account. He was addressing a meeting on one occasion, when a portly man in the audience, a large employer of labour, interrupted him, charging the Premier with "fattening on the sweat of the people."

Sir Wilfrid, slim and dapper, waited until perfect quiet replaced the commotion which this remark had made. Then he observed calmly: "I leave those present to decide which of us is the more exposed to that charge."

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A DRAWBACK.

"The self-satisfaction of Britishers is absurd," said a man from Detroit. "Some time ago I met a small boy about ten years of age, who had just come across from Ontario for a visit. I began to point out to him the superiority of Detroit to Windsor, and, further, the superiority of the United States to Canada, and finally asked him if

he wouldn't rather live in the great Republic. He looked somewhat embarrassed, but I pressed him for an answer.

"Well," he said, slowly, "of course, you're very rich and all that, and I wouldn't mind living over here—if I didn't have to be a Yankee."

"I never heard of such nerve," continued the Detroit man, "as if we weren't the freest people on earth! That kid doesn't know when he's well off."

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DESERVED DEATH.

"It's a good thing that James Russell Lowell is dead," said a Hamilton man last week.

"Why?" asked a curious friend.

"Because he wrote that blamed fool poem about 'What is so rare as a day in June!'"

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HOW SHE KNEW.

Wise—"He's very wealthy."

Mrs. Wise—"Yes, and very stingy and mean."

Wise—"Come, now, you're not sure of that. You must not judge a man by his clothes."

Mrs. Wise—"I don't. I'm judging him by his wife's clothes."

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ITS LITTLE TRICKS.

Away in last October

Our Reggie bought some stocks;
And now his mood is Cobalt blue,
For Reggie's on the rocks.

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LITERAL.

"I wonder how it is," said Mr. Banks, "that a man like John Morton can be such a hypocrite as to stay in the church when everyone knows how he would teach Shylock freaks of finance. There isn't a man down town who would trust him over buying a jack-knife, and yet he takes up the collection with a face as long as your arm."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Banks, "he doesn't let his right hand know whom his left hand is doing."

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THE KING AGREED.

Once while paying a visit to a Stockholm school the present King of Sweden asked a little girl if she could remember any great exploit of his reign. The child thought for a moment and then burst into tears.

"Please I don't know any!" she sobbed.

"Well, don't cry, little one," said King Oscar, patting her on the head. "Don't cry. I don't know any, either."



Safety in Custom.

MISTRESS (to servant who comes down very late in the morning): Doesn't that alarm-clock I gave you wake you up in the mornings, Jane?

JANE: Oh, no, mum, not now, thank you; it worried me at first, 'm, but I've got used to it.
—Windsor Magazine.