

IN MEMORIAM.

Genial sunshine under a cloudless sky, after weeks of rain and gloom, fell like a benediction upon our First of November. Obedient to the musical summons of the church bells, our Roman Catholic brethren, their hearts filled with tender memories, flocked to their intercessory services for the dead, for—

"There is no fireside, howsoe'r defended,
But has one vacant chair."

Fondly the human heart clings to the memory of its dead, who, perchance, amid all the alleviation that loving service could render, were forced to encounter that dread mystery, Death. But, when the messengers of the King of Terrors are the shot and shell of the battle field, falling like pitiless rain amid the roar of artillery, the clouds of smoke, the incessant flash of discharging musketry, the groans of the wounded, and, perhaps more terrible than all in its grim incongruity, the profanity of the desperate dying; how immortalized in our very heart of hearts should be the remembrance of those who, in the height of youthful vigour, voluntarily risked and laid down their lives in the maintenance of our laws and the protection of our homes.

A few feet beyond the entrance to our beautiful Major's Hill Park now stands a noble statue in bronze, first introduced to the gaze of our citizens in this bright November afternoon, when the giant Guardsman, with folded hands above his reversed rifle, seemed to bow his head in sad and reverent attention, as our Governor-General, Lord Stanley, with many dignitaries of Church and State, a strong representation of the volunteer militia, and all ages and classes of the inhabitants of Ottawa, gathered to do honour to the memory of "Osgoode and Rogers."

With reviving talk of the rebellion, its cause, and its suppression, our thoughts are carried back to that lovely spring morning, when, amid the gay strains of martial music, our little company of Ottawa Sharpshooters, perhaps scarcely suppressing the manly tear, turned a resolute face from home and friends, and with the outgoing train entered upon an experience that would enrich an ordinary lifetime.

Not without a realization of the solemnity of their position,—though, in laughing chat with lady friends, they spoke of the "grand chance to see the country," and the prospect of a "glorious picnic,"—they admitted, "Some of us, of course, will never come back." Who they were who then turned their backs upon home and friends forever, none might guess. But early one sweet summer morning, when few save the birds and the sunshine were abroad, all that was left of two of that bright band, the silent, coffined clay, was returned for committal to the friendly dust. We speak of them as dead, and yet, when from our aged, nerveless hands the tools of earth's interests shall have dropped; when, one by one, in the words of a brilliant young Canadian, we "lie down and beg our mother to take back the dust she gave," the old Guardsman, still bowing in reverent attention, shall receive, on behalf of the dead heroes he represents, the adulation of the oncoming generations. Osgoode and Rogers have won for themselves an historic name, undying fame, while lives this Canada of ours.

Nor is the noble monument silent toward those who remain. To many it speaks of the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer. To those restored from battle's danger, of the golden opportunities of life, opportunities to erect in the hearts of living millions monuments of gratitude to their Saviour and their God.

Ottawa.

A. C. T.

BANANAS AS FOOD.—It has been found that the banana supplies, in a cheap and convenient form, the nutriment needed for the support of a healthy existence. It has, in a larger degree than almost any other natural product, the elements needed to make good the waste of tissue, and furnish the body with the fuel that it needs. It is said that among working people it is found that a meal made largely of bananas is more sustaining than could be obtained by the expenditure of the same amount of money for other kinds of food.

FLO'S LETTER.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table,
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait awhile," said Grandma,
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, Grandma?"
Asked Flo, in great surprise.
"O my, but isn't it funny?—
No teeth, but nose and eyes.
I guess," after thinking gravely,
"They must have been forgot.
Can't we buy him some like grandpa?
I'd like to know why not."

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper, pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me;
If you do, it'll sturb my think.
I'm writing a letter, Grandma,
To send away to-night,
An' 'cause it's very 'portant,
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,
A wonderful thing to see,
And directed to "God in heaven."
"Please read it over to me."
Said little Flo to her Grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know."
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo:

"Dear God: The baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toofies
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
A purpose to let you know.
Please come and finish the baby.
That's all. From

"LITTLE FLO."

PEPITA.

FROM ALFRED DE MURSET.

Your mother, at the hour of rest,
Has kissed your cheek so fair,
And, by the lamp-light, half-undrest,
You bow your head in prayer:

But ere the restless soul in sleep
Finds solace for the night,
When, with your hair unbound, you peep
Beneath the bed in fright:

When, by sweet slumber's spell beguiled,
The house to rest is sinking,
O Pépita, my charming child,
Of what, dear, are you thinking?

Who knows? perhaps of some romance
Perfumed with love and youth—
Of Hope's gay visions that entrance,
Until dispelled by Truth;

Perchance of mountains in the moon,
That oft give birth to mice—
Of hearts you mean to conquer soon—
Of bon bons and of spice.

Perhaps, of school-girl friends whose chat
With sentiment is fraught—
Of waltzing and your last new hat—
Perhaps, of me—or night!

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

VACCINE VIRUS SAUNDERS.—A happy father out on Massachusetts street, Buffalo, had his first child, a girl three months old, vaccinated the other day. "By George, isn't that great!" he exclaimed as he saw the doctor at work. "By Jove, why, I guess I'll call her by that name! Vaccine? Why, that is a girl's name, ain't it? Vaccine Virus Saunders! Capital! People will think we are descended from some old Roman family. Dear little Vaccine!" The mother strongly objected to this appellation for her first born. She wanted it named Imogene; but the father was determined, and Vaccine Virus Saunders she will go through life. Her diminutive will probably be "Vacksy."



The shrewd member of the church choir is the one who, while he says little, always watches his chants.

THE SACKER SACKED.—To British subjects Mr. Cleveland will be known as the man who sacked Sackville. But Mr. Cleveland has himself been sacked.

"Mr. Gladstone is at work on his own autobiography," says a Chicago newspaper. Gladstone is a great man, but he could hardly write another man's autobiography.

Coal and bread are going up; in fact the only things that seem to be coming down are thermometers and cousins who reside up in the country until winter time.

About as useless a thing as there is in this world is the word "obey" in the marriage service. The bad wives won't obey, and the good ones never give their husbands occasion to command them.

Mother (severely)—Willie, you naughty boy! What have you been doing to your cousin Johnny?

Willie (defiantly)—I heard papa say that he hadn't any sand, so I've been filling his mouth with it. Cry-baby!

Local dignitary (addressing the prisoner)—"This, sir, is a serious case, and must be taken to—let me see now. Yes, sir, to aveezandum." Prisoner (excitedly)—"Na, na, sir, ye needna tak' it to him. He kens naething about it!"

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the garden of Eden, and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

An astral-echo—"My! what a wet night it is!" said Venus to Minerva, "and how feint the Milky Way is!" "Yes," replied the Goddess of Wisdom, "That clumsy Big Bear has upset the Little Dipper, and a good deal of the water has dropped into the Via Lactea."

Editor—Uncle Rastus, we want another man at the office to help keep things in shape. Do you think you would like the job?

Uncle Rastus—I reckon I wud, Mistah Shears; but I dun know. No man kin tell how he wud like editin' till he tries, sah.

Mr. Dunning was at one of Moody's meetings, when a baby cried. The mother tried in vain to hush the child, and seemed much annoyed.

"Never mind, madam," said Moody. "The baby doesn't disturb me."

"That may be," the woman answered, "but you disturb the baby!"

The maid expects
Her beau to-night,
And fills the stove
With anthracite,
Because the air
Is raw and damp,
But quite forgets
To fill the lamp.

Tourist, to Highland seaman on board steamer passing through Rothesay Bay: "I suppose there is good fishing to be got here at times?" Seaman: "Ferry coot fishing indeed at times. If you'll not get them at wan time you're sure to get them the sametime again." Tourist, who thinks he will change the conversation: "How fast does this boat travel?" Seaman: "She can go half an hour in five minutes."

Dullard—Can a man get damages when he is kicked out of a house?

Brightly—I guess so; I did.

Dullard—How much did it amount to?

Brightly—Well, I had a busted pair of pants, a battered hat, a lame spine, a doctor's bill and a few other trifles I don't recall. Oh, you can get damages enough if you are only kicked enough.

Under a walnut tree they sat;
He held her hand, she held his hat.
I held my breath and lay quite flat—
They kissed—I saw them do it!

He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time;
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme.
They never knew I knew it.

THE KIDS GREW WEARY.—Laughing over the story recently told about the old Chatham theatre, W. B. Gregg recalls that in 1846 or 1847 an old actor named Kirby was the favourite there. Kirby was strong on melodrama and could die so pathetically that he always captivated the house in that scene. Once he was going through a particularly dull play and a kid in the pit grew weary. Stretching himself for a nap he requested his nearest neighbour in a tone clearly audible, "Wake me up when Kirby dies." The expression raised a hurrah. The curtain was rung down and Kirby was obliged to make a speech. "Wake me up when Kirby dies" was a Bowery expression from that time down to a very short time ago.