

kind, and to a rich experience of early pioneer life in Canada, it fortunately happens that Mr. Haight added the talents of a capable writer, so that both matter and manner of the story are excellent. There are a number of excellent illustrations which greatly add to the value of the work.

**JOHN IMRIE'S POEMS.**—We should at an earlier date have called attention to this modest little volume, the honest work of an honest man. John Imrie's name is familiar to most newspaper readers in Canada, but many may not be aware that it belongs to a workman—an ardent follower of the printer's calling, who puts in a sturdy eight hours per day at his office on Colborne Street. Poetry is his recreation, not his business, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is a propensity which he *must* gratify after hours. His theme is the Home and its sacred pleasures, and in this day of artificial enjoyments, God be thanked for every joyful Home-poet, whether his literary merits be great or small. Mr. Imrie's poems are not great as such, but they are good and pure, and they have that special quality which marks every utterance that comes from the heart. The book is very neatly bound, and costs but one dollar.



LANSDOWNE'S LEVEE.

**FIRST CIVIL SERVICE DUDE, P. O. D.**—“Well, owld boy, are you going cwal on his Ex. to-day?”

**SECOND C. S. DUDE, INTERIOR DEPT.**—Blawst it, na, owld chap, for weally these weceptions, you know, are positively getting so awefully common. There is no discrimination between gentlemen and ordinary trades-people, and a fewlow, you know, who wishes to keep up his wespectability cannot affword to be rubbing elbows with his tailor.

**FIRST C. S. DUDE, P. O. D.**—Of cworse my dear fewlow, it is werry annoying, you know, but one cannot help that swort of thing. The only wemedy is to ask his Ex. to hold two weceptions, one for gentlemen and one for those dreadful trades-people.

**SECOND C. S. DUDE, INTERIOR DEPT.**—That's a capital idea, owld boy, but did I tell you, owld chap, of my twerri-

ble expervence at the levee last year? I was just receiving the congratwulations of his Ex., who still held my hand, when a horwid fellow who keeps a window on Sparks Street, who was just behind me, tapped me on the showlder and said, “Can you pay me that little bill this month?” Just imagine my mortification, perfectly awful, you know, and the same thing might happen again this year.

No, I wont go, owld fewlow.

### AN EPISODE.

THERE was a wild gleam in his eye as he broke into the sanctum; his gait was rather unsteady, and he seemed to have been rolling a little in the snow. After glaring around him for some time with an air of dignified uncertainty, he pleasantly poked the ribs of the gentleman who wields the blue pencil. “What's the matter with the eminent journalist?” he inquired in a husky, explosive voice, winking benignantly at the rest of the congregation. He then carefully steadied himself against the mantel; and having extracted from his pocket with great solemnity a large sheet of paper, he proceeded to read what he called a poem:—

#### JANUARY.

The snow a covering mantle weaves  
Over each winter field,  
And hanging from the sharpened eaves  
Ice-daggers gleam congealed;  
Fierce blows the northern blast, and leaves  
The ice-man a rich yield.  
The plumber worketh night and day  
At every man's behest,  
Rejoicing to himself alway  
With many a merry jest,—  
For frozen water-pipes convey  
Much gold unto his chest.  
The portly citizen doth chase  
The horse-car from afar,  
And badly worsted in the race,  
Doth cut a sportive star;  
He landeth in a slippery place,  
With a right pleasant jar.  
The small-boy, while he sadly sits  
As white as any lamb  
All in a snow heap, round him flits,  
And calleth him a clam;  
The portly citizen emits  
A frequent, cheerful damn.  
The busy barkeep ministers  
To all who throng his den,  
And carefully pours, and mixes, and stirs,  
For worthy aldermen;  
The festive druggist, on wealds and wolds,  
Driveth a roaring trade  
In “Muggin's Mixture for Coughs and Colds,”  
And “Anti-Chap Glycerade”;  
While the poet, rolling his flashing eye,  
With a fine frenzy fired,  
Doth stride about full loftily,  
And feeleth himself inspired.  
He setteth his foot in the broad gateway  
Of the Muses: and lo! cftsoon,  
With a mirthful whang he begins straightway  
To croon this melodious rune.

UNIV. COLL.

W. J. H.

### HIGHLAND TOURISTS.

**IRISH PACKMAN** (with an eye to business)—Are there many tourists knocking about the West Highlands at prisint, M'Donald?

**HIGHLAND CROFTER**—Well, tere's yoursel', ant ta mareens, ant what not! Ant if you wuss aal kno'ket about a wheen more ta Hielants wad pe nane ta waur o' you! [Exit.]—*The Bailie.*