

Why any child can do such work; our little Jim can write." And then that man! you'd think he was a lunatic maniac quite. And he'll say with a naughty, naughty word, "Begone, you woman, you; For don't you know I've got to write, so leave me, female, do."

"But you're not writing," then I say, "you're sitting loafing there, A-looking at your boots—and big ones, too—a-smoking in your easy chair; Whilst I must wash and cook and bake, and toil around the house; While you squat there and smoke, and swear if I make more noise than a mouse."

Ah! then he does get angry, and he roars, "You'll drive me mad; D'ye think I can write without a thought? you're, too, too downright bad."

"You want to think, then, do you? Why I can think and work, And why can't you? Go and cut that wood, you great big lazy shirk;

You can think and saw." "Oh! leave me, do," he'll yell—then perhaps I stop. In a little while he'll write ten lines, when in again I'll pop

And say, "I hope I don't intrude; but did you order the coal? And did you see if the ice was cleared from the top of the cellar hole,

And did you—?" Then he ups and bangs the door with an awful clatter.

Oh! a precious time has a poet's wife, and that's just what's the matter.

SOPHIA SNIPSNAP.

P. S.—DEAR MR. GRIP,—I didn't compose the above myself, but I got a friend to do it and copied it out, and I think writing poetry as easy as easy can be, and I can't see what makes Snipsnap so angry when I speak to him. Your literary men are funny birds, and have a remarkably easy time, and that's just my opinion. Certainly my husband gives me plenty of money, but he must gamble or something, for he could never make so much just by sitting in a chair, and smoking and writing and scowling at me and the dear children.

S. S.



DANGERS OF THE TELEPHONE.

(Brown, wholesale grocer, going out of town, instructs Mrs. B. to continue his practice of calling up the watchman at the warehouse through the night.)

Mrs. B. (at 2 a.m.)—Hello!

Watchman.—Bur-r-r! r-r-r! hello!

Mrs. B.—Is everything all right?

Watchman.—Yes, all right. Lie down, you brute, and be quiet!

[Mrs. B. retires astounded and indignant. Subsequent interview between Brown and the Watchman. Watchman explains that his closing remarks were addressed to his dog, which was worrying his trousers while he was at the telephone. Everybody happy.]

G. E. C.

A PLEA.

The melancholy days have come, the trees are leafless, the fields are bare. Our morning paper spoils our appetite by dismal accounts of wages being cut down, or firms assigning; the North-west boom-crang has hit us badly on the rebound; we are all going to retrench, here and now; nor will we feel one bit better until we have a real good old-fashioned fall of snow, that which the poetkins call the beautiful. Not without reason. Beautiful it certainly is—to the grocer, the dry-goods man, and all the other men who have shingles hung out—for it brings to them visions of an interminable procession of sleighs, from away off in the country, each laden with produce, and with well-to-do farmers in thick mitts and overcoats, driving in on business bent, and the jingle of their money and their sounding sleigh-bells combined will "drive care away." For even as a soft answer turneth away wrath, so will the soft feel of the well-thumbed dollar turn away the wrath of an impecunious creditor. By-and-by winter will knock the snow off his boots on the door-step, hang his coat in the hall, shake down the stove till it glows like a comet, and draw in a chair and make himself comfortable

The boys will make "hunkey old slides" on sloping sidewalks, and every rink in the city will reverberate with the sounds of merry laughing voices, and with the whizzing ring of steel skates on the ice.

And Christmas, vending his way down from the dim days of old, will revisit us once more. The children will hear the patter of reindeer hoofs on the roof of the garret, and the much-abused and matter of fact stove pipe will become a sacred and mysterious avenue, a sort of enclosed Jacob's Ladder, on which in infantile dreams, the ministers of Santa Claus can be seen ascending and descending, laden with, oh! unspeakably beautiful things for little boys and girls. And all over, around every store in town, you will hear tinkle, tinkle; jingle, jingle, sounding for all the world like brisk buying and getting change back, but that, of course is the peculiar silver and golden sound of the fairy sleigh bells of rare old Santa Claus. Even the policemen will look happy; they will be relieved; a load will be lifted from their minds, for will not all the students have gone home for the Christmas holidays?

But there are those for whom the melancholy days abide. Of such are the sick in our general hospital. They have been sick and have been nursed and cared for; and, though convalescent now, though hope looks forward to the time when they shall again rejoin the company of those who enjoy life's blessings—still, while they wait the days are long and melancholy. There is nothing to cheer them as they weakly feel their way back to life again; nothing cheerful to look at, unless indeed the occasional glimpse of the bright, kindly face of a clever nurse. Day after day they lift up their eyes and behold the same bare walls. Now, can't we make the way back to health brighter and perhaps shorter to such as these? The love of beauty and of color is strong in human nature. There are few who have not been sick at some time and know what a weary thing it is, waiting to be quite well, even when surrounded by all that can please the eye and shorten the time. How much more to those having to spend the long days of convalescence in gazing at a blank wall? Cannot "we, the people of" Toronto, we, the workers who have been or may yet be benefited by the hospital, club together and get some first-class engravings and some bright pictures of summer woods, green fields, blue lakes, far-off hills and sunny skies; anything that will, during the long winter months, gladden the eyes, and awaken the interest of the convalescents things of beauty that will be a

joy to them, and a glad relief to the dreary stretches of the hospital walls. While outside the prospect is cold and bleak, in the corridors and convalescent wards let there be perpetual summer everywhere, rural scenes, rustic landscapes, scenes familiar, "just like it is at hum." Five cents a-piece would do it all. Don't laugh. Here is a precedent. Eighteen years ago a life-boat was wanted badly at Aberdeen, Scotland. The *People's Journal*, whose central office is in Dundee, hit upon a plan. That paper advertised for every subscriber, man, woman or child, to send them one penny, no more and no less, for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of a life-boat. The receipt for pennies was the names of the senders published in the next issue of the paper. Of course there were not wanting sages who laughed at such an idea. But they can laugh who win, and before many weeks had passed the *People's Journal* could laugh loud enough for all Scotland to hear, for not only did they by that means raise enough to purchase one life-boat, with all modern equipments, but there was surplus enough, with a trifling addition, to purchase another, which was presented, with the compliments of the people, to the town of Peterhead. Now, why can't we do likewise? Why cannot all the newspapers combine in this good work? Which of the offices will refuse to have an open list, a cash box and a column of the paper for the names sent in, no sum to be accepted over five cents. Let the people have the luxury of doing something for themselves and for others without looking to the rich to help them. Let us cheer these melancholy days by the accomplishment of what will be a joy for ever and an honor to the people of Toronto.

TOPICAL TALK.

THE OWN AND ONLY Democratic paper is down on the "nominative system." What would exactly suit the able editor is the possessive system. The absence of it puts him in the objective

TALKING about Sir John's predicted Peerage—how would Earl of Ephesus do? Everybody would like to see Sir John's famous fight with the Beasts of Ephesus so neatly and appropriately recognized.

MISS FORTESCUE, having got her £50,000 out of little Lord Gumboil, retires from the stage for a space. What a pity it is that some other "actresses" cannot get hold of a similar amount and leave the boards, not for a time, but for ever. Some amateurs, I mean.

I DEEPLY regret to see that Ald. Piper is losing his most prominent zoological specimens by degrees. First Doc. Sheppard collapsed, then the gigantic elephant, John A., and now poor Peter the Great, of irascible memory, has gone the way of all bear meat. The woolly horse and the whale, however, show signs of as much life and vigor as they have done for a long time past.

If George Eliot ever said that half the women in the world die prematurely old for want of an aim in life (as a Hamilton paper asserts she did), then I think more of George than ever I did before. It's enough to make a woman die before her time to blaze away at an object, be it her husband or a hen or anything else, and find her missiles invariably hitting something about ten rods off her mark. If women could only throw straight they would live forever. We have much to be thankful for in this world.

ANOTHER poet for Canada! Hurrah! McIntyre, of Ingersoll, is his name. Title of his book, "Musings on the banks of Canadian Thames;" style, McIntyriish; metre, go-as-you-please. For able critique see Hamilton *Times*, Nov. 25. All Canada wants now is a poet for Toronto who will write an opposition book and call it "Musings on the Banks of Can-