



**A Possible Inference.**

Grant, M.P. for North Ontario : "It would appear, George, that my friend here doesn't require Fostering at the present time."

**Gabriel.**

**T**HE bright salon was crowded  
With a pleasure-loving throng ;  
But it echoed not with laughter,  
Neither heard was speech nor song.  
The guests wore serious faces—  
Grim and set and full of wist—  
For, though all was play and pastime,  
It was old Progressive Whist.

But suddenly there rang throughout  
The rich-appointed room  
A blare of martial music—  
Herald oft of cannon boom.  
It was the camp *reveille*,  
And the man who sounded it  
Stood up and faced the startled throng—  
Embarrassed? Not a bit!

"A member of the bugle-band,"  
He spoke with smiling look,  
"I brought my little trump along  
Because I've read the book  
On Whist. I trust I haven't much  
Put anybody out  
By playing what the book says  
When you find yourself in doubt.

—TALBOT WARREN TORRANCE.

**Literally So—and More.**

"The very light of the home, I  
should say!" exclaimed the visitor  
warmly, as the lovely girl left the  
room.  
"Light!" echoed the fond father  
grimly. "I should say so! And

heat, too. You ought to see the coal  
and gas bills I've been paying this  
winter. I never thought what I was  
doing when I told that young fellow  
he'd have to wait a year for her!"

**Spring.**

Little drops of 'lasses  
Shining in a jar,  
Little grains of sulphur  
Added to them are,  
Little Johnny Johnson  
Awful faces makes,  
As he takes this springtime  
tonic  
For his little tummy's sake.  
—BOB.