

HOW TO TEACH LOYALTY.

LASTING impressions oft we find
 Implanted in the childish mind,
 And, take it as a general rule,
 There's something to be learned at school.

'Tis obvious that never yet
 A child was taught the alphabet
 Without acquiring in degree
 Some knowledge of his A. B. C.

And so with other things than this,
 Instruction comes not much amiss,
 For education is designed
 To store and elevate the mind.

I might devote more space to show
 That 'tis advisable to know,
 As information well acquired
 Is very much to be desired.

'Tis also proper to infuse
 Loyal and patriotic views,
 Which in the future may ensure
 Snug office or fat sinecure.

No man not truly loyal gets
 The Government to pay his debts,
 And patriotic aspiration
 Is oft rewarded by the nation.

And so our school-children are taught
 True loyalty in deed and thought,
 By flag-hoisting and other rites
 In memory of Queenston Heights.

Now all this thing is very well,
 But if you want to make it tell,
 And rub it in so it will stay,
 Methinks I know a better way.

If loyalty you'd inculcate,
 The matter thusly you might state:
 "Dear children, you before you see
 The grand results of loyalty.

"Here's your inspector, Mr. Hughes,
 All know his patriotic views;
 With a three thousand dollar berth
 Well may he love his native hearth.

"And here's another favored one—
 Lieut.-Col. Denison.
 He works about two hours a day,
 Four thousand dollars is his pay.

"A warrior bold of martial mien,
 Well may he shout 'God save the Queen.
 To him it means 'God save myself,
 My office, perquisites and pelf."

"Sir Adolphe Caron—useless dude—
 But with true loyalty imbued,
 Draws seven thousand dollars clear
 For mighty little work each year.

"So from these specimens you see
 The value of true loyalty,
 So to the dear old flag be true,
 Perhaps some day they'll pension you."

AN UNFORTUNATE BARBER.

CUSTOMER (to barber at Regina)—"That was a great scheme of Cardinal Newman's barber to save the Cardinal's hair and then dispose of it to his admirers. I suppose you never thought of that."

BARBER (sadly)—"Oh, yes, I have. But, unfortunately, the only great man among my patrons has no hair visible to the naked eye. Just my luck!"



FISHED FOR A COMPLIMENT AND GOT IT.

ALICE (looking at her portrait)—"Don't you think that Van Brush has managed to make rather a pretty picture of me?"

EDITH—"Yes, he really has—what a remarkably clever artist he is!"—*Munsey's Weekly*.

PAUL PEEL.

THE London *Advertiser* honors Paul Peel by making him the subject of one of its well-written "Pen-and-ink Portraits." The young artist deserves the compliment, for he has fairly won his spurs, though he doesn't go around wearing them on his every-day boots. He is a modest, hard-working young fellow, and although the writer of the "portrait" mentions the "thick black lock falling over the brow," and the cravat which "oversteps the strict bounds of conventionality by presuming to be picturesque," the youthful reader with artistic aspirations is notified that these do not constitute Paul Peel. The trouble with some of our painters is that they go in more for thick black locks and picturesque cravats than for paint. Mr. Peel got where he is by hard study and faithful work, and we are glad to learn that he thinks there is a wide and attractive field for native artists in Canada, for it is probably his intention to settle down here for the future. He is now giving an exhibition of his works in this city.