



SOCIETY NOTE.

MR. BERTIE KINWOOD IS IN THE SWIM.

SAMJONES AT THE FLOWER SHOW.

BORAX, suppose we take in the flower show. I'd like to take in a show of some kind just by way of retaliation—they've taken me in so often. There are many persons of affluence and taste who have contributed to make the affair a success, but Sir David Macpherson will bear away the palm—or probably send his hired man with a wagon for it, when the show is over.

I see the show is confined to the lower story. There is no display in the galleries, and, come to think of it, this is just what you'd expect at a floral exhibition—a kind of ground floor-al exhibition, as 'twere. What is this plant? Ah, lycopodium, is it? I thought it was like something of that kind.

Dost note the profusion of ferns? Why, anyone would suppose we were in some *furrin* (fern) country. Let us dahlia little at this table of cut flowers. I don't think I have ever seen finer phlox, even at a cattle show. That, methinks, is not the only point of similarity between two kinds of displays, generally supposed to be of a vastly different character, for I notice they have cattle-ogs, etc., here.

—Ah; what have we here? "Centre-piece design for the dinner table." Cheap enough. How do I know it's cheap? Why because they're only a cent-a-piece. Really, you are rather dull this evening, Borax.

It behooves us, does it not, to be a-bit-wary (obituary)

in approaching the funeral designs? No, I will not explain. If you ask me to do so again I shall take it as personal insult.

Now, there, I don't think that ought to be allowed. See that fellow going round with the sprinkler. Quite legitimate as regards some of the exhibits, but this Society have no right to water their stocks. There now, that's a nice, easy one for you, that even a child could understand. Talking about children, here is a very creditable children's display. Now that's what I call a lily—don't you?

I think it may fairly be said that the manager rose to the occasion. A feeling of harmony and sweet peas seems to brood over the scene. How tempting that fruit table looks with its gooseberries, raspberries, Terryberrys and other exhibits. Methinks I would stealthily purloin a handful were I not afraid some one might peach. Cultivation seems to have been carried to great perfection, but I notice that, nevertheless, the Wild fruits take the prize.

Hark, the band strikes up an ani-mated strain, "Little Annie Rooney." Several people are leaving. Even some of the plants are leaving. Let us follow their example.

THE ROARING OF THE SEA.

"I ASKED a sage of snow-white head,
'I cannot see my way,' he said.
'All things are out of gear and line,
Men worship money—their only god;
Each thinks himself, alone, divine,
And tramples his neighbor to the sod.
Ever the weakest goes to the wall;
None of us know what the end shall be,
Except that misery must befall—
We hear the roaring of the sea.'

"I asked of one who seemed a king,
Why to the shadows he seemed to cling;
Shadows behind and shadows before.
He answered, sadly: 'Ask me not
I strive to follow my father's trade,
I walk as I may—or can—God wot;
Stumbling and halting and afraid!
The time is passed for Right Divine,
The people have ceased to bend the knee;
The end is coming, for me and mine—
I hear the roaring of the sea.'

"Down there came like a river in flood
A crowd of people, haggard and worn;
Frantic and furious and forlorn.
'What do you want?' I asked of one.
He answered: 'The earth for its children dear—
Farms as free as the light of sun,
And a fair partition of life's good cheer,
Of corn, and wine, and sheep and beeves;
All that the earth produces free.
Why should we starve, 'mid bursting sheaves?—
We've heard the roaring of the sea.'

"The billowy, rising, roaring sea;
The stifling, swathing, blinding mist;
A chaos big with the new To Be.
And a ruddy sunshine, not uprist.
Hear it, ye preachers of the creeds!
Take heed, ye wise without a plan!
There's something better than sordid needs—
There's a futurity for man!
'Each for himself' is a gospel of lies,
That never was issued by God's decree!
There's fresh, fair light on the morning skies—
There's a health in the roaring of the sea."

CHARLES MACKAY.

SIR HECTOR won't touch lemonade these days. He objects to the tart flavor.