

# CONTENTS.

<p><b>POETRY.</b></p> <p>An Idyl on Ice..... 1</p> <p>Riverside Adventure..... 4</p> <p>Butter cups..... 19</p> <p>Painful Perplexity..... 26</p> <p>The Price of Love..... 23</p> <p>Thoughts of 1837..... 29</p> <p><b>THE STORY TELLER.</b></p> <p>In the Darkest Hour...9, 10, 11, 12, 13</p> <p>Cas. upon his care, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18</p> <p><b>LETTERS.</b></p> <p>Medical advice "Nyo"..... 20</p>	<p><b>ARMY AND NAVY.</b></p> <p>British Army list..... 3</p> <p>Canadian Militia..... 7</p> <p>Army and Navy estimates..... 21</p> <p><b>VARIOUS.</b></p> <p>Everything Lovely, Queen's message, A pretty How-d'ye-do..... 1</p> <p>A Swindler caught, Peopling the World, A colored preacher, The Temple, Important sale of colts</p> <p>Recent Discoveries, Invasion of Persia, Jews at Court..... 4</p>	<p>Missing Raft, A Fateful year, French Aeronauts..... 5</p> <p>Jockey, Amusement in England. 21</p> <p>Museum of Religion, Gift to the Queen. Her trip to Italy..... 22</p> <p>Rabbit Pla. The Great Pyramid, A Mail ler, Costly carelessness..... 26</p> <p>Execution of 150 men, Slipper Hunt, English Welcome, Bravery of an officer..... 27</p> <p>Money won and lost, Facts about Football..... 23</p> <p>Pittsburg Drummer..... 29</p>	<p>Story about Pinkerton, Selling Ivory, Industrious Housewife, Bustle in a New Role..... 30</p> <p>Graves of British Soldiers, Tiring each other out, The Arc Light..</p> <p><b>WORTH KNOWING.</b></p> <p>Household Recipes..... 22</p> <p>Family Matters, scientific and useful..... 23</p> <p>Statistics, Varieties... 24</p> <p>Prizes..... 25</p> <p>Tid Bits, etc., etc.</p>
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## AN IDYL ON THE ICE.

Fur-apparelled for the skating,  
Comes the pond's acknowledged Belle,  
I am duly there in waiting,  
For I'll lose no time in stating  
That I love the lady well.



Then to don her skates, and surely  
Mine the task to fit them tight,  
Strap and fasten them securely,  
While she offers me, demurely,  
First the left foot then the right.

Off she circles, swiftly flying  
To the pond's extremest verge;  
Then returning, and replying  
With disdain to all my sighing,  
And the love I dare not urge.

Vainly do I follow after,  
She's surrounded in a trice,  
Other men have come and chafed her,  
And the echo of her laughter  
Comes across the ringing ice.

Still I've hope, a hope that never  
In my patient heart is dead,  
Though fate for a time might sever,  
Though she skated on for ever,  
I would follow where she fled.—Punch.

## FROM LIFE.

Miss Saint John—I want to introduce you to Herr Squeekstringer, Uncle Reuben. You've enjoyed his playing so much you know.

Uncle Reuben—Proud to meet you, my friend. Proud to meet you. (In a whisper) Say, if you'll fiddle out th' "Rutland Quickstep." I'll give yer a quarter and dang th' expense.

**EVERYTHING LOVELY.**—"Why, you dear thing! How do you do? And how do you do? And where have you been all this time? I am so glad to see you! So glad! And you're looking just lovely—just perfectly lovely! What a sweet bonnet! Paris? I thought so. I'm so delighted to see you! And you are looking so well? What lovely weather we are having! And oh, how's baby? Dear, sweet little thing! He's the living image of you and Charlie!"

"Oh, thanks, dear, baby's doing splendidly, got another lower front tooth through and is so good! Never cries. Only we're afraid he's going to have a big pimple on the end of his dear little nose!"

"Oh, how perfectly dreadful! And how's Charlie? I heard he was run away with and awfully hurt, and I've been meaning to call and ask after him, for I knew you would be so awfully worried, but I've been so busy, you know!"

"Oh, thank you, dear, that's ever so kind of you, but it wasn't anything serious; he was only trying his new tandem pair, and he found out afterward that the shaft horse had belonged to a politician and had learned to stop at every rum shop they came to, and the leader was a circus horse that had been taught to reud, and so bolted for every sign of 'Hay for sale' or 'Meals at all hours' that he saw, and so poor Charlie was a bit shaken up, and decided to sell the beasts for ladies' saddle horses, and so he—oh, have you seen those new black silk stockings with the silver clocks that they've got at Carsley's? You must get some. They're just perfectly lovely—long ones, you know!"

"Yes, I just bought some; they are too sweet for anything, aren't they? Are you going to the Robinson's to-night? I hear it is going to be charming!"

"No, I don't think we shall be able to. Are you going?"

"Well, er—no, I don't think we shall be able to get off. It's so wearing, this going out every night, isn't it?"

"So hard, isn't it? Well, I must be going, dear; I'm already an hour late for my appointment at the dentist's! But I'm so glad to have met you, dear! And you will come and see me very—oh, there's Fanny Jones! I must run over and congratulate her on her engagement being broken! Good-by, dear!"

"Good-by! (sotto voce) Gracious, how her dress hangs behind!"

she has been moved not only by a desire to acknowledge this proof of your Holiness's goodwill towards her, but also to give expression to her feeling of deep respect for the elevated character and Christian wisdom which you have displayed in your high position. The temperate sagacity with which your Holiness has corrected errors and assuaged differences from which much evil might otherwise have arisen inspires Her Majesty with the earnest hope that life and health may long be granted to you, and that your beneficent action may be long continued."

**A PRETTY HOW-D'YE-DO.**—A well-known and wealthy manufacturer, Dubot, of Paris, has had a young clerk in his employ for two years, with whose services and behavior he has been greatly pleased. In fact, so much had the young man endeared himself to his employer that he was taken into the family circle and permitted to enjoy the society of his daughter, a blooming miss of seventeen summers. Some time ago M. Dubot sent for his trusted clerk, and said to him confidentially,—

"You are a handsome, clever, and industrious young man. My Minnie is but seventeen years old, and you please her much. She has a dowry left her by her deceased mother of one hundred thousand francs. If you have a mind to marry her we will arrange the wedding before Lent."

The young clerk, known to his employer as Ernest Lamotte, turned pale at this kind proposition, and was silent. Upon recovering himself he inquired,—

"Have I satisfied you in the performance of my duties during the last two years that I have remained with you?"

"More than satisfied me," replied the manufacturer, enthusiastically.

"Well, whatever the consequences may be," he began hesitatingly, "I now entrust you with my secret. My name is not Ernest, but Ernestine. I have passed through a commercial course of instruction, fitting me for my position in which a man would receive two hundred and forty francs per month. In female apparel I could earn but forty francs. This explains all."

M. Dubot, of course, was duly astonished. Taking his worthy clerk by the hand, he reassuringly replied,—

"I hope to be able to console Minnie in her disappointment. Her husband, I see, you cannot be, but what would you think of the proposition of becoming her step mother."

It was now the turn of Ernestine to show astonishment. Requesting a day for consideration, the friends under new relationship parted.

**THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE TO THE POPE.**—The Vatican official Gazette has given a translation of the address of the Duke of Norfolk when he was received by the Pope. The Queen's Envoy said:—"Her Majesty has commanded me to say that in confiding to me this high mission