



A WAIL OF ANGUISH

BY A NON-PROFESSIONAL MODEL

Dedicated
to the
Art
League
Toronto

For 15 minutes I have sat
And brooded in this wooden chair,
Beneath my feet a crimson mat,
Above my head a yellow glare.

Although I suck my blackened clay
And lounge apparently at ease,
I dare not smoke, & sooth to say
I have a pain in both my knees

I long, O how I long, to stretch,
I'd give the world to scratch my nose.
To think that such a restless wretch
Should have to simulate repose.

I itch in here & there a spot
Yet may not scratch an arm or leg.
So hard is my unhappy lot
I cannot stir a single peg

Do fagging felons, may I ask
Who ceaseless climb revolving stairs
Get half so weary of the task
As I of mine? — I envy theirs.

Five awful minutes I must brook
(The anguish every minute grows)
For o! I weakly undertook
To do a 20-minutes pose.

BY
HOWARD

discussing and one or two other deserving politicians besides E. F. Clarke?

And why don't you furnish each of your readers with a microscope so that they can read the fine print in which doubtless much interesting and valuable information is concealed?

PARKS AND DRIVES.

THAT the rich men will drive through the Rosedale ravines
And enjoy the fresh air and the beautiful scenes
Appears a strong reason—though strange it may seem—
To many for killing the Parks and Drives Scheme.
The defeat of the by-law the rich can endure,
They have spacious mansions and grounds to be sure;
They have yachts on the lake and abundance of means
For seeking their pleasure in far distant scenes.
With the poor 'tis far different—they cannot repair
To the ocean or mountains to get change of air;
They are pent the whole day in close rooms—more's the pity—
And their breathing spaces must lie near the city.
Should you vote down the Park scheme few years will pass over
Before bricks and mortar the landscape will cover;
Then the chance will be gone and the boon will be lost
Through pig-headed obstruction, like that which has cost
Nearly all our Queen's Park; and the over-worked drudge,
To reach open country, miles further must trudge.
Let us ask then the question—say is it worth while,
In order that rich men may not drive in style,
To say to the poor man, "Here you shall not walk?"
One almost would think so to hear some fools talk!

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

E. E. SHEPPARD's new paper has made its appearance, and is without doubt the most handsomely printed and illustrated literary and society journal ever issued in Canada. Its 12 large pages, printed on fine paper, are replete with breezy editorial, lively articles, entertaining stories and humorous selections. "Widower Jones," Mr. Sheppard's last story, which has proven such a great success

in the *Fireside Weekly*, was begun last week in *Saturday Night*. Sample copies free. Two dollars per annum is the subscription price. Address your letters to the "Sheppard Publishing Company, 9 Adelaide street west, Toronto."

MISSED.

(SMITH is looking very melancholy. Enter Jones.)

Jones—Hallo, Smith, in the blues? What's the matter; have you lost your mother-in-law, or what?

Smith—Worse and worse! I have lost a magnificent opportunity. It might never occur again. Why, oh, why, did I not bank in the C—I, overdraw my account for \$100,000, put all my property in my wife's name, and then whistle? There's Jobblekins, to whom nobody would have lent \$10, has done it, and now he's independent!

"DAYS OF GRACE."

A COMMERCIAL master in one of our Collegiate Institutes sends the following:—

I have noticed several samples of English as She is Taught in your publication, but few of them have shewn more originality than the three following answers which I received from pupils of the Institute in an examination in Bookkeeping held a few days ago.

Question—What is meant by "Days of Grace?"

Answers—I. Days of Grace are the days on which stores are closed for the purpose of worship.

II. Days of Grace are days when the person does a large amount of business.

III. Days of Grace is the time when the business is prosperous.

I may mention that these answers were received a few days after Thanksgiving Day. J. N. McK.