



THE INTERNATIONAL INVITATION.

(Which we hope our Dominion and Provincial statesmen will accept in the fraternal spirit in which it is offered, and let us return the compliment with interest!)

NOTES OF HUMAN NATURE.

OUR next door neighbor recently lost his wife. The bereaved was a Scotchman, and bore his loss with not a little philosophic resignation. His neighbor on the left, who is a veritable sister of mercy at such times, ran in to see if she could in any way add to the comfort of the poor man. On his return from the funeral she found him in the dining room devoting himself, after the Scotch custom, to biscuits and whiskey. In the words of the song, "to keep his spirits up, he poured the spirits down."

"Oh ay!" he said with a sigh, in answer to some words of consolation, "It's a great loss, a great loss. It's no every day a mon can pick up a wife like Susan. But the Lord's will be done," he continued, after a glass of whiskey. "They hae pit her in a nice place, and there's jist room for ma ain coffin beside her; but what's puzzlin' me is, *whar'll I pit ma second wife?*"

Two ladies were going down Yonge street on one of those beautiful spring-like days we had about a fortnight ago. One was apparently about thirty years of age, dressed in the deepest, heaviest mourning; the other, much younger, was evidently a mere acquaintance. Their conversation showed that there is indeed but "one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

The elder began the conversation in a clear, sweet voice, saying, "I suppose you heard of poor dear papa's death."

"Yes; I saw the notice in the paper," said the other in a sympathetic voice, then stopped, as if fearing to step on delicate ground.

"Poor dear! he suffered dreadfully—cancer of the stomach, you know," and she told with painful minuteness the details of his sufferings, how pathetic he was in his weakness, how awful in his pain and delirium, but not without a certain pathos and feeling which showed itself on the younger lady's face, which paled, while her eyes filled with sympathetic tears. "But just before he died," she continued, "he became conscious and calm, calling us all to his bedside to bid us farewell, leaving mother last, then taking her hand in his"—here the mourner abruptly stopped, and darting towards a fancy store win-

dow exclaimed, in a most ecstatic voice, "Oh, what a beautiful pincushion!"

DARBY and Joan were at breakfast the other morning. Joan, who had a swollen face from the toothache, which had chased "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," from her weary eyes during the night, said to Darby, who is extremely absent-minded on occasions, and who never thinks of contradicting his wife, "Darby, dear, if this pain does not stop by to-night, I'll either have the tooth out or be *dead!*" (with great emphasis). "Well, dear," said Darby, absently, "either way will please me!"

[QUERIES.

WHEN universal matter was a nebulous affair,
Ere the macracosm started to evolve,
When a sort of atom-anarchy existed everywhere,
Ere the nuclei had started to revolve,
And matter to these centres had begun to gravitate
Did nascent gag-constructors at their own wit cachinnate?

When the Eozoon was hustling in the deep Laurentian seas
His calcareous secretions to amass,
Did he dare in the security of rhizopodic ease
And with facial development of brass
An Eozoic neighbor to accost with accents bold,
And fiendishly ejaculate "Good morning! Ain't it cold?"

When the prehistoric critic to the prehistoric bard,
With post-glacial gelidity and nerve,
Said cacophony and ruggedness of metre often marred
The sublimity of flow and rhythmic verve
That should mark all epics based on anthropogenetic spats,
Did the prehistoric versifier dare to murmur "Ratz!"
P. Kus.

NOT A TIMELY TOPIC.

RAB—"Weel, Jock, what is it a' they releegious novels are claverin aboot, noo?"

JOCK—"It's jist the same thing ower again—eternal punishment."

RAB—"Hoot, that's an everlastin' burnin' question. I thoct they hed got Farrar years ago." Mc.