

accustomed; we are all submissive to precedent, but not obedient. Our first impulse when we are told we must do a thing, is to prove that the "must" is a mistake. We are ready to do as others do, and that with the zeal of the martyr, but not upon compulsion, and not upon argument. Mrs. Grundy's whisper in our children's ears is wiser than the rod of Solomon.



Whew! On the wings of the wind from the north-west comes a scent of the cold to be and man, even the brave and noble being who "rolls his psalms to wintry skies," shivers and turns up his coat collar, and, as one man, or one woman, we haste to put on something warm.

About this season the young man gets a hustle on him and redeems his winter overcoat from its summer seclusion "where the woodbine twineeth." That time his sisters are actively engaged in getting on the right side of a long suffering paternal parent, with a view to a new set of furs in the near future.

The human tide has rolled back to town from the seaside. Everybody is back again and the town is greatly rejoiced thereat.

Yes, they are all back, the summer girl, tanned and brown and happy, with her summer boy jaded and broken and sad.

Imagination recoils with a shudder from a momentary contemplation of the howling, dreary wilderness of sand and waves they have left behind!

I have it on the best authority too, that the little traitor Cupid is back again in the city. He has a few jobs on hand which he hopes to finish before the spring time blooms again.

Apropos of the coming winter, there is a movement on foot (movement on foot is all right, Mr. Editor) to organize a week of winter sports in Montreal. This is a capital scheme and I trust that it will not be allowed to fall through. Hang it all if it wasn't for those audacious claims on the city, we might have an ice palace every year and not feel it—the expense, I mean.

By the way I wonder if the city council intend to enlist the services of some eminent designer to commemorate the precedent of the Plourde horse incident. Were the C. C. to load such an artist with the surplus wealth of the city, he might evolve a panel to illustrate and perpetuate this act of civic wisdom. What's the matter with a night-mare rampant, with the mayor of the city couchant on a ground d'or?

About those pale abortions which are springing up like horrid weeds all over this fair city. Suppose a man should, of unforeseen accident jamb his umbrella against one of these poles and the umbrella in turn should ram his front teeth violently down his throat, beyond recovery, would he not be justified in joining in the general raid on the city treasury? Of a verity methinks he would.

Let the sowers of dragons teeth beware! I have such a man in my mental optic.

Sunday morning I donned the frockcoat and stonepipe hat of Respectability and hied me forth unto a church, with a heart full of pious resolves and the necessary ten-cent piece just where I knew where to find it. But—Alas! for the propositions of man! Like unto Marguerite was I intercepted by the evil one. "Behold," said he, "how beautiful upon the mountain." I beheld. The masses of autumnal tints, lighted by the morning sun, were a blaze of glory, the air was sweet, my heart misgave me.

"Come," softly insinuated the evil one, "is it not a lark to be alive on such a morn, come, and let the sunshine soak into your jaded system and the refreshing breeze fan that pallid cheek."

And I went.

From the look-out roamed my vision fancy free. Across the fair city at my feet, to the blue hills beyond the silver streak of the river, to the horizon and yet beyond. Across the seas with its moving hills and valleys and plains. In my vision I see a beautiful English home-stead, such as are nowhere else in the wide world. It is the home where Tennyson dwelt at Aldworth. To-day, me thought, the sweet singer would be laid beside his brother poet, Browning, within the hallowed precincts of Westminster Abbey—and again my spirit roamed about the "poet's corner," with its wealth of associations. I remembered Browning's grave. A plain slab of the pavement. In small letters the name (ROBERT BROWNING, 1888,) and a solitary wreath of flowers, lying there amid the feet of curious sight-seers. By his side will rest Tennyson with a name to mark the place. Sic transit.

Perhaps of all Tennyson's works none fitted or echoed the spirit of the age like "In Memoriam." I remember among the numerous sects which arise, revolve, and are lost amid the preatness of London was one the member of which may be described as humanitarian. In their church Tennyson and his poems were doctored and his verses sung as hymns. That is years ago.

Speaking of tourists. The American in London is a great object. Westminster Abbey is one of the few places where he puts his vaunted nationality in his pocket and treads softly.

ZERO.

What threatened lately in this city to develop into a jolly good family row has fortunately been adjusted without recourse to a court at law. White lies are not so infrequent as some people imagine; and the only peaceable way out of the difficulty alluded to, was the admission on the part of one of the ladies that she did not really know what she "was saying when" she "said it."

From "Pick-Me-Up."

Nothing is so elusive as wisdom. Those who seek it have to search long, and those who imagine they possess it generally find they are mistaken.

Long.—It was a rare boarding-house; there was one thing we always got lots of.

Short.—What did you get?

Long.—We got thin!

A STARIGHT TIP.

He.—The fact is I have been plugging—acting like an idiot, in fact, but I will do so more.

She.—That's a pity, for the part suited you.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Though you shatter the vase as much as you will,

The scent of the roses will hang round it still.

REVISED VERSION.

Though you scour out the saucepan as much as you will,

The smell of the onions will cling round it still.

School Mistress (to new pupil, who is unappreciative of the boarding-school fare).
—So you don't like Irish butter, Tommy?
Tommy.—Well, no, Miss Scorchers, I prefer butter-scotch!

Perdita.—Well, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy.

Penelope.—Did you and Jack have much trouble in getting your father's consent?

Perdita.—No; but papa and I had an awful lot of trouble in getting Jack's consent.—Truth.