

Thoughtful Verse.

Slowly winds the river
Through the even marsh,
On the banks are marshes,
Burned and harsh.
Breathless air of Autumn,
Cloudless sky of blue.
And, clasping gathered withies, you.

I'd ask the river grasses
That summer's sun has burned,
Did April promise nothing,
And have you nothing earned?
What said the silent river?
Can life's intent be learned?

The earth and sky in April
Are big within the stream,
And we, beneath the willows,
Dreamed our April dream,
And saw it fade, and, fading,
Turn to light.
Red in the glare of sunlight,
And golden through the night.

Windsor Mag.

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There's a spot in my garden for dreaming
Where only the good fairies play;
They whisper such beautiful stories,
I never can tell what they say.

But they always are there when I need
them,
Each glad little face nods to me,
And whispers a kind friendly greeting,
Of things as they really should be.

And I'm sure that no matter how crowd-
ed
My dear little garden may grow,
I'll still find a place left for dreaming,
With only the fairies to know.

Canadian Magazine.

More Smiles.

"Grandfather won't you please croak like a frog?" said Willie.

"Croak like a frog?" said the bewildered grandfather: "Why little man?"

"Because I heard daddy say that when you croaked we would get ten thousand dollars."

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"You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have," said the English beauty. "I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear," said the heiress. "It's our greenbacks."

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"Jones tells me he has just started a bank account for his new baby."

"I see; a fresh-heir fund."

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TOMMY: Paw, why is the way of the transgressor hard?

PAW: Because so many people have tramped on it, my son.

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"Hey, Moike, and phwat do ye t'ink of these new sanitary drinkin' cups?"

"Shure, Pat, and soon we'll have to spit on our hands wid an eye dropper."

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The screen showed a comedian trying to make electricity by rubbing a cat's back.

"What is he doing?" asked little Mary.

"Getting electricity from the cat's fur," replied her mother.

"Ain't it funny," said Mary, thoughtfully, "the cat's got 'lectricity in his hair and gamma's got gas in her stomach."