



MORET, FRANCE.—This is another view of this charming town, showing one of the gateways and the church. The latter is a fine edifice of the 12th and 15th centuries.

The Rose.

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful
blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old—so old! And he soon must die."

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare:
And she laughed once more as she heard his
tread—
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew and found
That the leaves of the blown rose strewed the
ground;

And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould,
And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is beauty, the Gardener Time.

—Austin Dobson.

"The Coon Has Sweened."

The Shakespeare Club of New Orleans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the Lords in Waiting, had only four words to say: "The queen has swooned." As he stepped forward, his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he

faced the King and said, in a very high-pitched voice, "The swoon has queneed."

There was a roar of laughter; but he waited patiently, and made another attempt:

"The sween has cooned."

Again the walls trembled and the stage manager said, in a voice which could be heard all over the house, "Come off, you doggoned fool."

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed: "The coon has sweened."



The Arbroath Kind.

Mr. M'Kerrell Brown, Bank of Scotland, told an amusing story at the Gillespie jubilee soiree in Dunfermline on the 5th inst. Two Newhaven fishwives had been to church, and had there been told that the wicked would be turned into Hades. This rather disturbed one of the good ladies, and on her homeward way she mentioned the subject to her companion. "Did you hear him say that the wicked would be turned into haddies, Maggie?" "That did I, Jean; but it's no' oor haddies—it's the Arbroath haddies—the smoked anes."



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