

HALF HOURS WITH THE POETS.

Sir A—T—y—n.

MARY ANNE.

Oh, green, pale Mary Anne,  
Oh, bilious Mary Anne,  
What lends your cheek that marvellous hue,  
That sort of washed-out greenish blue?  
Whence borrowed you that crystal dew,  
Which trembling from your virgin nose  
Seeks on your handkerchief repose,  
And coyly hides itself from view?  
From the way-ward onion-peel  
As you cooked the evening meal,  
You have caught a lingering scent;  
Still, the perfume seems to steal  
Through the air with hair-oil blent.  
The very sniff with which you seek  
To rouse the echoes ere you speak,  
Is like the dinner-whistle sounding  
It's soulful call to chops and steak.  
'Tis yours when candle-lighted morn  
Your beauteous form from sleep hath torn,  
Adown the steep back-staircase bounding  
The hapless boarders to awake.

II.

Oh, green, pale, Mary Anne,  
Oh, bilious Mary Anne,  
Come down, come down, without delay;  
Undo thy curl papers, sweet fay,  
Bring in the steaming coffee-can.  
Across the dingy table-cover  
The kerosene lamp sheds its ray  
Dimly lighting up the scene.  
Nay, never turn thee from thy lover,  
Thou wilt not surely say him nay?  
Oh, be as thou hast ever been!  
'Tis half-past seven, Mary Anne;  
My early breakfast I await.  
Bring in the steaming coffee can,  
Or I shall be confounded late.

—L. G.

PAPER ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

(Not read before any institute.)

My neighbor is a reliable man, and so he comes and borrows from me. He borrows the very things I want myself. For instance, when the snow has to be cleaned off the sidewalk, he wants my shovel, and he sends in for my hoe when my potatoes are ready to bill. The other day I tried to reason with him on Free Trade, and the tariff, and such things, meaning that he could draw his own conclusion and not borrow the snow-compelling implement till spring time, but that he might have the hoe for the balance of the winter. But he is thick and didn't take the hint. Quite the opposite. "Your facts," says he, "are quite accurate, but your conclusion is not defensible. We produce one article and the Americans another. Well and good, I admit that." I inwardly didn't admit that he produced anything, but I am a man of peace, and looked up at the sky in the place where a clock might be in order to bring him to a sense of the brevity of time.

"We," he went on, "on the other hand do not produce one article and—our neighbors do—you admit that?"

"I do indeed," said I out aloud, before I could stop myself, "and I don't know," I went madly on, "whether I am more sorry that we do not than that the neighbor in question does."

"What neighbor do you mean?" said he, hotly. "I spoke of the Americans and of the raw material—pianos. How do you jump from generals to particulars in that illogical way? Perhaps you are not well to-day?"

"Oh! yes, I am," I said, "well enough to scoop off the snow if my shovel is to be got. What I meant was this, wouldn't it be better if the Americans produced all their own shovels—I mean pianos—and we produced hoes enough to last for ourselves?"

"There is something in that," said he, looking up at the clock—or where it should be, "You should have been a finance minister, you would have made a fool of them all, you would."

He was gone. I wanted to say to him "Why couldn't the Canadians make a treaty with—say

the South—so that they could have the hoes in our winter and we get their snow shovels in theirs."

After my scheme for paying off the National Debt is accepted I will bargain with the Government for this idea.

HENRY JUVENAL.

We live in the days of anomalies and incongruities. For instance: They have a "Home" for friendless old women up in Barric. Among the privates is one who is stated in the annual report to have received during the year "three night-caps." This, to be sure, wasn't much to encourage the old woman's tipping propensities. But think of it in a charitable institution in a Scott Act county!



MENDICITY AND MENDACITY.

(Scene—Near the Queen's Park; a beggar is preparing to enter the gates leading to a large house, whose owner is well known for his kindness to the poor; approach one of the unemployed.)

Unemployed—Dae ye think a puir man could get a bit bite up at that hoose?

Beggar (wishing to frighten him off)—A bit bite? Atweel, aye; juist gae up an' ye'll get a guid yin—fræe the dug!—Glasgow Bailie.

FOUNDING A FEMALE COLLEGE.

HOW MARK TWAIN PROPOSED TO DEVOTE HARD-EARNED GAINS TOWARDS A WORTHY EDUCATIONAL OBJECT.



Florence.

WHEN a committee from a Woman's Progress Association called on Mark Twain the other day, they found the eminent ex-steamboat-pilot looking through copies of *Punch*, and doubtless cogitating how he would crush rival candidates for the Premiership of Modern Maniacs.

The spokes-lady unflinchingly stated the object of the deputation, which was to induce the ruthless roysterer to found a college for the Higher Education of Intellectual Young Women.

Mr. Twain said, in broken tones: "Mr. Chair—that is to say, Ladies and Gen—I mean, My Good Women, it affords me no inconsiderable pleasure to be with you on this memorable and auspicious occasion. If there is anything that stirs my naturally sluggish nature into wild enthusiasm, it is to be asked my opinion as to the agricultural outlook in this fair America of ours, wherein we move, live, have our being and regularly copyright our works and bank our percentages. Yes, fellow electors, ever since I boldly embarked on the stormy sea of agricultural journalism, I have devoted stated intervals of 'leisure to a contemplation of the vast possibilities before this great nation of ours, if cordwood were only cheaper and the farmers piled it with less marked attention to constructing large holes in the pile. Often and often have I lain awake nights, when the baby was in a thoughtless mood, and groaned under the pressure of the despot's iron heel, with eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen! How frequently has an unconquerable frenzy taken possession of me to burst with one mighty effort the clanking chains of the oppressor, and bring down the price of cheese to something like a decent level! Look, my countrymen, at agitated Europe! Direct the camera of your instantaneous impression machine in your mental photograph gallery on wretched, ignorance-steeped, besotted Boston! Resolve the Congo question in your unsuspecting minds! Turn your gaze towards anti-semitic Chicago and Cincinnati! Think of the vacant chairs and empty cradles in the land, and weep for grief-stricken surviving relatives, heart-broken mothers, and over-stocked furniture dealers! Picture the unsatisfactory state of the Canadian copyright laws and pity me with pitiful pittance, so to speak! But let us not dwell for too long on this gloomy picture! The cloud-capped horizon will yet clear! The darkest hour of the morning is the hour you fail to get up at and consequently miss the early train! Let our mottoes be, 'Work! Work!' 'Organize! Organize! Organize!' 'Please keep off the grass!' 'All are cordially invited!' 'No conversation with the man at the wheel!' 'Bills printed while you wait!' 'What is home without a mortgage!' I might go on in this strain indefinitely, Mr. Speaker, for I am thoroughly aroused. But I fear I tire you. Farther, I see that several other brethren are down on the programme for addresses. Thanking you once more, Christian friends, for this tangible token of your good-will, and assuring you that I shall ever wear your gift with pride tempered with the consciousness that I do not deserve it, and that only in the most extreme destitution will I ever attempt to pawn it, I remain, yours in haste, Mark Twain."

Then the spokes-lady, after casting her eyes about the room in search of empty bottles, mildly suggested that perhaps Mr. Twain would now give the deputation an answer as to whether he would or would not found a College for the Higher Education of Intellectual Young Women.

"By all means! by all means!" briskly responded the reputed author. "I was really forgetting that little matter under the excitement of the moment. I entirely approve of the project and feel deeply gratified at your thinking of me in connection therewith. There is but one thing that stands between my wish and my ability to found this college. It is the banks. From early infancy, when I surreptitiously rifled my little brother's tin money-box, I have been taught to respect the banks. I grew up with a great fondness for these institutions. In fact, so great a hold did it have on me that I once, in company with a select party of mounted friends, endeavored to take possession of a nice bank out in Nevada; but the officers had several objectionable backed up with improved fire-arms, and so we reluctantly desisted from our efforts to per-