



THE HEELER'S AMBITION.

I want to be a delegate
And in Convention stand,
A silk hat on my forehead
And boodle in my hand.

"Put me to the test," eagerly exclaimed Harold. Bid me drink city water by the quart, or shout for Home Rule at a McCarthy meeting, and I will do your will."

"Nay, I ask a stronger proof of your devotion. My



ROPING HIM IN.

"The world is still deceived with ornament."
—Merchant of Venice.

aunt is coming in from the country to-morrow and wishes to attend a debate in the Provincial Legislature. Be it your perilous task to escort her to a front seat in the gallery."

Harold's cheek paled for a second while the workings of his capacious ears betokened the intensity of his emotions. Then his eye flashed with the fire of resolution, and he said in firm, ringing tones:

"I'll do it, or perish in the attempt."

He did not perish in the attempt, for a portly legislator broke the violence of his fall. There is a vacancy in a rural constituency. The wedding will take place as soon as the bride's new set of teeth are constructed.

THE BACK YARD FENCE.

THE back yard fence, the back yard fence!
What memories sweet the mention brings;
It takes me back to boyhood's days,
And I oft recalls forgotten things.

The back yard fence, the back yard fence!
When three years old I learned to climb,
And from the top would gaze around
Our neighbor's yard with thoughts sublime.

The back yard fence, the back yard fence!
From it I could reach up with ease,
And help myself, till I was full,
To cherries off our neighbor's trees.

The back yard fence, the back yard fence!
On it I learned to carve my name,
To which my present aim I owe—
To carve it on the fence of fame.

The back yard fence, the back yard fence!
I love each board and nail and crack,
"Arm chairs" and "buckets" may have charms,
Against all such, the fence I'll back.

The back yard fence, the back yard fence!
As I am short of wood—I'll burn,
And put its treasured ashes in
That barrel—or, I mean, that urn.

GEO. M. L. B.

AN IRRELEVANT ROBIN.

THE Khan has a poem in the *Evening Star* commencing:

"There's a robin in the tree,"
My baby said to me.

I looked and watched and heard and gazed and drank.

He naturally would. But why did he have to wait till he saw the robin?

SLATING HIM.

SMILAX—"Those charges of Slater against Police Magistrate Denison are a chestnut."

BORAX—"I judge so by the way he is trying to get at the kernel."

SHORTENED HIM.

JASPER—"Did the loss of his fortune shorten his life?"

JUMPUPPE—"I don't know; but it made him short."

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