



TOO BAD.

THE VISITING BEGGAR—"Things is bad, Dan."

THE OTHER ONE—"Never knowed 'em so bad this twenty year. The manager in here (indicating the bank) was a-telling me as how they was bad with 'im, too."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

THE 'CYCLISTS.

As evening shadows fall,
And 'lectric lights are lit,
The wheels begin to flit
With riders great and small.

From off the block-paved streets
They wobble o'er the lumps,
With clumsy tugs and bumps,
To level asphalt "meets."

And here and there they fly
On noiseless rubber tire,
And how they do perspire,
The summer nights, oh my!

Club members clad in blue,
And wearing 'cycling caps,
And other common chaps
Who make plain clothing do.

And girls with frizzled hair,
In hump-backed attitudes,
Escorted by the dudes,
Like witches in the air!

Ride on, oh maidens gay,
Be strong and blithe and glad,
All hail the 'cycle fad,
Runs the world away!

FAMILIARITY with judges breeds contempt of court.

MEETING A POET.

"I HATE to meet a poet," I remarked to Merriman one evening as we were sipping our wine after a comfortable little dinner.

"I don't mean the poets who write verses for the papers and magazines, and who as a rule are jolly fellows; but the intense, dreamy-eyed geniuses who write the poetry that throbs like the pulse of nature, that breathes the grandeur of the elements and lives beyond the reach of 'time."

"You are not going into that line of poetry yourself, are you?" drawled Merriman: but he was always unsympathetic.

"No," I replied, "but I met a poet to-day, a true poet. One whose heaven-lit eyes told of a soul capable of communing with the Infinite; whose calm brow bespoke an imagination whose pinions could never droop with weariness—a poet such as a poet might dream of."

"I met him once myself," said Merriman.

"Were you embarrassed?" I asked. "I felt afraid to speak for fear that my words might jar on his sensitive ear, for fear that I might interrupt some heavenly thought."

"I felt that way, also," said Merriman, "but I was relieved by what seemed to be nothing short of an inspiration."

"Yes," I asked breathlessly.

"I met him once when I was strolling by the seaside. He turned and walked with me. It was a lovely morning in the spring. The south wind was redolent of flowers. The sky was dreamy with haze and here and there floated a cloud that seemed like a feather wafted from the wide wings of the day. The sea was murmuring far beneath us, and swift yachts were drifting like thistle-downs along the distant horizon. The poet was dreamy and silent, and I was afraid to speak. Suddenly I was seized by an uncontrollable desire to say something—something appropriate. I was afraid to speak, just as you were; but the words rose to my lips and I had to speak. I was surely inspired."

"And you said!" I gasped.

"I said, 'Would you like to have a beer?' and he immediately answered, 'Where is the nearest saloon.'"

"Whenever I meet him now," said Merriman, "I always ask him to have a beer and we are immediately at ease with each other." But Merriman is of the earth, carthy.

TAX THEM, BY ALL MEANS.

THE Quebec Government contemplates the imposition of a tax on "liberal professions." It is a good idea and worthy of being adopted in this Province. We are irritated by the politicians to so many liberal professions at election times which almost invariably prove fraudulent and disappointing, and it is time something was done to discourage them.

SLOW OF APPREHENSION.

BORAX—"What a stupid lot the detectives are!"
SANJONES—"Well, I have noticed that they seem at times somewhat slow in apprehension."

CELESTIAL INEQUALITIES.

ALAS! Not even among the saints
We find prevailing equal rights,
While most saints have but one day each,
St John has several thousand knights.