

THE BALLAD OF P. BLOSSOM.

You never knew P. Blossom? Gad, I really thought that he
Was known as well by all the world as ever he was by me;
He had money and youth and wit; and all of us are aware
That either will do for a man at a pinch—he drove a spanking pair—
While I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

At all the routes and all the balls a central sun was he,
Round which revolved of widows and maids a dazzling galacee,
And mothers fond his ear would seek, to praise their daughters fair;
Oh, what a match, they said to themselves! (he was old Goldfinch's heir)
And I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

The Judge himself was heard to hint to Blossom that a wife
Would dignify his station and smooth the path of life,
And the Judge's daughter, Emeline, to her friends would oft declare
She never saw such whiskers nor such a head of hair!
While I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

Oh, what a lucky, lucky dog! I never could explain
Why he should never know to care nor feel the grip of pain;
His path was always choked with flowers, his sky was always fair,
He was courted, petted, flattered—he was welcome everywhere—
And I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

But Goldfinch died as all men must, after making a scoundrelly will.
The tenor of which gave Blossom a stitch in his side and an aguey chill;
It read, My housekeeper I make of all my wealth the heir!
Then Blossom grew a passion flower—he stamped and tore his hair—
While I—I drove my wooden horse whose stall was in the Square!

And Blossom faded out of sight—his hour of bloom was done—
For other fish the nets were spread that were for Blossom spun—
Though envied once by thousands his fate was hard to bear,
But so doth run the world away with all its joy and care—
While I—I drive my wooden horse whose stall is in the Square! E.A.

STORIES WE HEARD AMONG THE PINES.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

On a clear, cold night, one January, half a dozen men were seated around a roaring fire of huge logs, heaped on the rude hearth of a shanty, amidst the pines of the Ottawa. The pine knots crackled and sent up a vivid flame which lit up the little hut quite brilliantly. The atmosphere was certainly not of the clearest, for all were smoking energetically, only removing their pipes in the pauses of the conversation which was apparently of an interesting character. One of the party was an old lumberman, with a pleasant, frank expression on his