

A child in a nursery crying a boy in a cricket field "out!"
A youth for a phantasy sighing—a man with a fit of the gutt.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

A Batch of Useful Recipes.

CUCUMBER SALAD.—Slice them and sprinkle freely with salt; put a plate on it with a weight; after an hour draw off the juice that has risen; dress with parsley, chopped fine, a small onion chopped fine, pepper, oil and vinegar.

COCONUT Pudding.—Grate one coconut, roll 4 soda crackers fine, add a little salt, butter size of an egg, pour over it 1 quart of scalded milk. When cold add 3 eggs well beaten, and 1 coffee-cup of sugar and the juice of 1 lemon. To make into 2 more eggs to the above which will make two pies.

BAKED LOBSTER.—2 medium sized lobsters, 1 small onion, 1 pint of milk, yolk of 1 egg, 1 teaspoon of flour, butter size of half an egg, bread crumbs, salt, pepper. Chop the lobster fine, add the milk with the onion chopped fine in it, add the flour to make into a paste (with a very little cold milk), add salt, pepper and butter. Put the lobster in the dish in which it is to be served. Pour the dressing over it and sprinkle bread crumbs on the tops. Bake about half an hour.

ST. LOUIS.—Two pound of veal, 3 pound beef, 3 pound of pork, 1 pound of mutton (which can best be done by the butcher), 1 teaspoon of cracked, rolled fine, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon fine majoram salt, a little red and black pepper, nutmeg, and juice of half a lemon. Mix thoroughly together and put into a pan used for baking bread, first setting the pan, place a dripping pan over it, and let it simmer over, when the loaf will readily slip out; then pour in a little water and put it in a moderately heated oven; bake it frequently, and bake one hour and a quarter.

OK-TAIL SOUP.—Take three tails, have them divided at the joints, put them in warm water to soak; put in a gallon kettle the eight or three onions, a few allspice, pepper and the tails; fill with water and let boil as long as any scum rises; take it off, cover the pot and let it simmer two hours; take out the meat and cut in small mounds; set the stock away until the next day; remove all the grease and put all in a tin; add two tablespoonfuls of brown flour mixed with butter; let simmer half an hour, then add two tablespoonfuls of catsup and two glasses of wine and salt.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Butter a deep baking bowl; line it with thin slices of wheaten bread which have been soaked in sweet cream; fill the bowl to within an inch of the top with sliced apples in layers, with beef marrow; sugar and grated lemon or orange peel; cover the apples with thin slices of bread soaked in cream; cover the bowl closely with an ordinary earthenware pie-dish, in which place water to prevent its cracking; bake in a rather brisk oven for one hour and one-half hours, according to the size of the charlotte.

TO BOIL A HAM.—Scrape and wash carefully in plenty of cold water. Put it to cook in boiling water enough to cover it entirely, hock end up; let it remain on the front of the stove till the water begins to boil, then turn it back and let it simmer steadily for three hours. Take it off the fire, and let the ham remain in the water it is boiled in till cool enough to handle; then skin it; put in a baking-pan, and sprinkle with about three ounces of brown sugar; run your pan in a hot oven for one hour; when done, cut the ham into slices, and serve with brown crust. This not only improves the flavor of the ham, but preserves its juices.

BAKED PORK AND BEANS.—A request comes from a Virginia housekeeper that we tell how the "Boston baked beans" that are sold in the city are made. We have had the recipe, and experience with store-baked beans, and do not know just how they are cooked, but for the best way to cook pork and beans in the New England style (we never could see the propriety of the "Boston" way) we may help her. Do not expect to find it in a cook book; as beans are not mentioned in any of the old cook books, and we have had to learn it by experience—nearly to the surface of the beans will answer for a first trial; put into the oven and bake slowly, at least five hours—6, or more will do a harm. Variations which may be tried: A tablespoonful or two of molasses when cut out from the recipe, and a fine color and a flavor liked by most persons. Sprinkle a little pepper with the beans. Ordinarily the upper layer of beans will be browned, and often hard and parched; to prevent this place slices of raw potato over the beans, but not on the pork. Leave out the pork, and substitute a small quantity of molasses, and a few drops of molasses. Variations not commended: Boiling the beans without first soaking; boiling them without changing the water; boiling the pork with the beans; baking the pork without first boiling; using the pork with the rind. In the days of brick ovens the bean pot was used in the morning, and taken out the next morning. Those were pork and beans! At the present day such can only be found where the bakepan and wood fires prevail, or in lumber camps. In either place the beans and pork are put into the bake-pan, and this completely covered with molasses. Taken out in the morning! Talk about Boston baked beans!

A colored brother who was considered too pompous and too voluminous in his prayer-meeting exhortations was remonstrated with on account of his many inconsistencies. The official who administered the rebuke reminded him of the many sins he had committed and the disgrace he had brought upon the cause of religion by his frequent lapses into immorality. But the erring brother responded: "Yes, boss; I owns sinner up; I's done broke every one else do commanments, but bress the Lord I's never lost my religion." This shining light was permitted to continue to blaze forth in prayer-meeting with his wonted brilliancy.

For Rheumatism and Nervousness use Edison's Electric Belts. They act upon the nervous system.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Many ladies in Paris have abandoned the riding habit, and go boldly to the Bois in semi-masculine attire.

—Crown trimmings for bonnets will be of soft satin, duchesse, or satin sublime, and cashmere, and champagne and plain colors.

—Black chip bonnets for the coming season have the crowns only of white tulle. The brim and curtain are formed of lace straw.

—Some of the Yeddo foulards have solid grounds of pearl gray, cream and pure white, which appear small and graceful designs in flowers and set figures.

—W. E. Sheridan, who plays *The Parson in the Pantry*, is a captain in the 6th Ohio, and his military services gave him a magnificent floral tribute in Cincinnati the other night.

—At Rochester, N. Y., the other day, a roll of bank notes, caudoned by an elastic band, amounting to \$225, was found among the seaweed washed up by the recent gales. The notes were issued by an English county bank.

—Harten overheard his wife telling Cox at Eaton, O., that she would marry him as soon as her husband died, which would be speedily, as he was almost gone with consumption. Harten spoiled the plan at once by shooting Cox through the heart.

—The Earl of Dysart attained his majority on the 3rd of March. His grandfather, who died last year, left an estate worth \$40,000 a year and more than \$1,000,000 in personal property for the young man's benefit. The late Earl was eccentric, almost to insanity.

—Colonel Syng, who has been captured by brigades, is not a colonel in the British army, but a colonel of gendarmes under Baker Pacha, and his wife is not an English lady, but a Greek property. Mr. Syng was formerly a captain in the Fifty-eighth regiment.

—When Walker Kilgore left the jail at Mexico, Me., to go to the scaffold, Nat Faunt, who was soon to be hanged with a companion, said earnestly: "Walker, intercede with the Almighty for Muldrow and me, and for our sakes do all you can in heaven for us." Kilgore promised.

—An unpleasant little family scandal has arisen in a western county in England. The elder daughter of a county gentleman was engaged to the owner of an estate in the neighborhood—an excellent match in every way. But a week before the wedding day a family friend arrived to break the news that the bridegroom had just married the younger sister, who had been absent from home a few weeks visiting friends.

—The Russian government have just made an unpleasantly significant discovery. For years past the private sales of gunpowder throughout the Empire have not exceeded in value 700,000 rubles. In 1879, however, the returns reached the sum of 1,000,000 rubles. The increase is not naturally to be accounted for by the revolutionary party secreting large stores of the explosive somewhere or other, and a searching investigation has been begun.

—Personally Sardou is the most charming of men, thoroughly *gamin de Paris*, and free from affectation, and quite one of the most brilliant men in conversation of which France has to boast. It is not naturally that he is so charming, but it is that he is a little too quick, nervous and effervescent, for he flies about the room like one possessed when excited by conversation, letting off fireworks of wit every half a second.

—A well-known clergyman was crossing Lake Erie, many years ago, upon one of the steamers, and seeing a man in a rowing boat, steering the boat, expressed surprise that so small a lad should be placed in such a responsible position. At the request of the clergyman he boxed the compass, and then boxed it backward. He then asked the clergyman to repeat the Lord's Prayer backward, and the latter was compelled to admit that he could not do it. The boy added: "Now, you see, I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours." The clergyman acknowledged himself beaten, and retired.

—The Emperor of Russia is not the only potentate in Europe in fear of his life. The Queen Victoria is persecuted that Her Majesty the Queen of England is in the same predicament, and she is seriously suffering from a nervous disorder brought about by her fears. In this case the world-be assassins are not nihilists, but "Gomurloff," which is the Russian for "home rulers." It is claimed that the Queen, when Parliament was opened this year, had a violent apprehension of an attack on the Queen by the London Irish that she was escorted by 4,000 policemen. Owing to this precaution on the part of the "Lord Disraeli Beconsfield" no outbreak took place, but still the demeanor of the crowd was such that since then whenever she goes the Queen is always followed by an inspector from Scotland Yard.

—The Prince of Wales knows how to do a kindly action. During the Afghan debate in the House of Lords he noticed among the spectators Lieutenant General Sir Samuel Brown, who commanded the Khyber column during the operations in Afghanistan last year. Sending for him the Prince said:—"We are going to have a dinner in one of the private rooms here, and if you have nothing better to do the Princess and myself will be delighted if you can dine with us." Sam. Brown, a rugged soldier, was somewhat nonplussed, for he left one arm on a battle field in the Indian mutiny, and occasionally feels a little awkward when cut out from his position. He is the ruler of the room, and he has a fine assistance was offered by the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Frederica of Hanover, who were present.

—Some time ago an English lady purchased some diamonds and some "Queen Anne" silver. She had occasion to have the setting of the diamonds done, and she was looking for a jeweler to do the work. She was looking for a jeweler to do the work. She was looking for a jeweler to do the work.

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A BRAVE REVENGE.

"John Thomas," said a beautiful young lady, as she threw up the sash of the window at which she was standing, "I tell that dirty boy to get off the stoop at once."

John Thomas, the liveried footman, who was arranging the mats in an elegant coupe before the door, at once walked toward the two in obedience to his lovely mistress's command.

The boy, evidently a bootblack, spared him the trouble by rising at once and walking slowly away.

He was a poor, emaciated, forlorn-looking fellow, with his clothes hanging about him in tatters, and his bare toes peeping through the wide cracks in his ill-made shoes, but he had some pride in his humble, easy way, as the fair lady at the plate-glass window had in hers, and there was an unmistakable look of wounded dignity on his begrimed face as he turned it for an instant in the direction of the speaker.

"I'll not soil their stoop with my rags again," he thought, as the clear cutting tones ceased, and the window slid slowly down to the sill.

But having reached the next pavement he turned back, and again turned his eyes toward the lady's face.

She was a lovely, beautiful, reminding him of one of the bright prints he had been wont to admire at a down-town bookseller's, and for some moments he feasted his eyes on the charming picture before him.

"A cat may look at a king," was his inward comment, and leaning against a neighboring lamp-post, and from the precarious position he had assumed, he watched the carriage and driver as they went away.

Then pulling off one of the sheets he endeavored to tear it into shreds, but in vain; it was made of the strongest and finest of linen. His knife, however, was in his pocket, and hastily slipping it out he cut it into a number of strips.

Lying them together to form a rope, he fastened it about the middle of the child.

"Here it is," he shouted, and at once lowered the child into his grandfather's outstretched arms.

A great cheer resounded from the multitude before the front entrance, and without once opening his eyes or giving the least sign of consciousness, he was borne to a neighboring hospital.

It was days before he recovered his senses—weeks before he could walk. But he was the recipient of good tidings. The hundred dollars which seemed a fortune in his inexperienced eyes, was certainly his, but better still the news that the parents of the child he had saved intended to take his future in their charge.

Since, he has become a man of high position and unquestioned ability, and whenever he is asked how he came by the scar on his forehead his answer is: "I received it when I was a bootblack, and I call it my 'revenge.'"

"That a boot black's arrangement, ain't it?" said the man, nodding at the box and brush.

The boy nodded in return.

"Well, then, but you up and gloss my shoes, will you?"

This was only too glad to do, a faint smile fitting over his face the while.

In a few moments the "cowhides" were, and surveying them complacently, he fumbled into the depths of his great pockets for the change.

"You're what they call a professional boot-black, ain't you?"

"Zactly."

"Then, Jimmy! Yer a poor specimen uv the craft, but something of the sort as 'What's yer thought like, or 'Consequences,' though of an older origin. There have been some minute parties also, where pretty girls put themselves into the prettiest new-fashioned old-fashioned clothes they could muster, and move through the stately old dance where reading was one of the question, and other entertainment was fast becoming a torment. 'I can walk and tide and drive and do anything within my strength; if it wasn't that my eyes are in such a condition I could enjoy nothing,' was her woeful complaint. The oculist looked at her with his professional wisdom, and asked her various questions, and then suddenly amazed her by asking her to put out her foot. This sounded like the most extraordinary request. Had the good doctor lost his wits? or, thinking something of this kind, the foot in the smart kid boot with the wicked tall, little heel the worst torture she could undergo. The doctor eyed it a moment with a stolid face—'Go home,' he said, 'and take off those heels—keep them for a month, and then come to me again, and we'll see how the eyes are.'"

In a month they were well, and the young lady, armed by her experience and her little wise talk how near she had come to having no eyes at all. It may not follow that all young women equally devoted to wicked heels will be affected in a like manner, but it serves to show that there is the possibility, and always the certainty, with that instrument of torture constantly at work in the centre of the foot, where all these delicate nerves and tendons lie that are so intimately connected with all the other delicate nerves of the body, there must presently come some disarrangement and disease that may work fatal mischief with the health, and consequently with the enjoyment and good looks of the wearer.

A veiled figure entered a sick woman's room at Grand Rapids, handed her a phial and said mysteriously, "That is the boss medicine—take it—it will cure you." Notwithstanding the slang, the woman regarded the visitor as supernatural and took the prescribed dose, but it proved to be poison, and her life was largely saved. The poisoner has not been discovered.

A Virginia darkey has discovered that music will make hens lay where everything else has failed. The fiddle is what they want.

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FACTS FOR GOSSIP.

Types of Glibhood in a Hall Room—What a Distinguished Man May See.

It may be assumed that the ball-room is the peculiar province of a young lady, says an English magazine. When she is attending a dance she is treading her own ground, and so may be expected to appear to decided advantage. Does she? We are afraid that the majority of ball-room habitués of the male species would not answer the question in the affirmative. They would possibly be inclined to say that the girls whom they have met at evening parties, have, on the whole, been rather a disagreeable, uninteresting, or stupid lot. There would be some excuse for severe critics. At one time and another they have, no doubt, suffered something very much like the downright martyrdom at the hands of those whom they have essayed to pilot through the mazy intricacies of the waltz. They have unpleasant recollections. Miss Brown. Yet Miss Brown may, in a general way, be the most charming and amiable of creatures. But, unfortunately, so far as other male dancers are concerned, she is desperately enamored of Mr. Black. Consequently, when she goes to a party, the only individual with whom she cares to dance is the fortunate Mr. Black. You may see her looking at him with radiant face, whispering into his ear, and showing the keenest appreciation of everything that he says, or you may also notice that she allows him to clasp her a little more tightly than is absolutely necessary, and that she leans on him for support more heavily than is really called on to do. It is easy to perceive that she would dance all night if it were not for

THE WHOLESOME RESTRAINING INFLUENCES of etiquette, even though she may not be absolutely "engaged" to him. When, however, she is constrained to resign herself to her partner, she is subjected to a wonderful transformation. The radiance vanishes from her countenance, and her manners become frigid, especially if you evince the least desire to be friendly and confidentially conversational with her. She holds you at arm's length, and, probably, professes to be weary of the dance, and she is continually making the room. She forgets that with lucky Mr. Black she is able to keep up from the beginning to the end of a long waltz, but you do not, and your humiliation is, therefore, all the more complete. In case you should have some excuse for not thinking that you are really a bore, at least you may have to say with a *disdain* air, and receives your nearest things in grim silence. When you fancy that you have said something particularly smart, she will crush you by raising herself as if from a reverie, and saying, evidently in defence of the laws of politeness, "I have not heard you say anything. I have never seen you. What was it?" You reflect that she will not break her heart if you refrain from telling her what it was, and you are right. But her behavior is very hard on you, for to have to tell a joke twice over is very much like explaining the point of a jest to a diplomat, who you particularly pride yourself.

Having escaped from the hands of Miss Brown, you may possibly be handed over to the tender mercies of Miss Green. Now, Miss Green prides herself upon

THE STRENGTH OF HER CHARACTER and the power of her mind. She would have you believe that she has a command above the ordinary run of the dancing-room, and is able to talk to men on their pet subjects. So she will ask you opinions on metaphysical and philosophical works on which you may not even have heard the names and such her eyebrows in disdain as you say that you have not read them.

There is a Boston Gentleman's Astonishing Theory—An Argument Against French Jewels. (Correspondence of the Providence Journal.)

There has been a little fresh impetus given to the small social tea parties of which I have some time ago—a sort of making up for the little dullness which the cessation of the big fairs and the dearth of big things generally laid caused; and added to these, or as a sort of postscript to the same parties, there have been brought forward some of the old-fashioned games—not the childish games of cards, but something of the sort as "What's your thought like," and "Consequences," though of an older origin. There have been some minute parties also, where pretty girls put themselves into the prettiest new-fashioned old-fashioned clothes they could muster, and move through the stately old dance where reading was one of the question, and other entertainment was fast becoming a torment. "I can walk and tide and drive and do anything within my strength; if it wasn't that my eyes are in such a condition I could enjoy nothing," was her woeful complaint. The oculist looked at her with his professional wisdom, and asked her various questions, and then suddenly amazed her by asking her to put out her foot. This sounded like the most extraordinary request. Had the good doctor lost his wits? or, thinking something of this kind, the foot in the smart kid boot with the wicked tall, little heel the worst torture she could undergo. The doctor eyed it a moment with a stolid face—'Go home,' he said, 'and take off those heels—keep them for a month, and then come to me again, and we'll see how the eyes are.'"

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COMIC BUDGET.

"Exact punctuality is the only polite ness," says a writer on dinner etiquette.

The most determined woman-hater we ever met is so set in his dislike that he won't go near a gal-vanoo battery! Shocking!

The late fucus are very large and of Indian manufacture, embroidered on the edges. Sometimes they are made to the wrong ends.

The most novelties in the dry goods market that have appeared for several years are the Yeddo crapes and Yeddo foulards.

The time is rapidly drawing nigh when the prudent housewife will dispose of her husband's ulster in order to lay in a new supply of tinware.

Cowley paid lawyers \$1,200 to defend him. He now thinks it would have done better to spend the amount in broad and butter for the children he starved.

"Duty stamps me in the face," as a certain prominent senior remarked, when the custom-house officer caught him ransacking a few dozen promenade kids.

Selling kisses to swell the Irish relief fund threatens to be inaugurated by the girls. If complimentary tickets are issued to reporters we favor the plan.

Trout, the most beautiful of fish, are deceived by the flies that are most artificially made; but there is a reason why a girl should not love with a mere mistake.

"Prince Bismarck" according to a current item "has a profound contempt for dancing." Ah! and yet it has been thought he was particularly fond of leading Germans!

An unsophisticated young person of Kent brought the edit of forty old jokes on Lent; And kicked down the stairs.

A Tennessee man can go so perfectly imitate the croak made by two dogs engaged in fighting that he can call a Meme this congregation out of church in three minutes.

A little girl read a composition before the minister. The subject was: "A Cow." She weaved in this complimentary sentence: "The cow is the most useful animal in the world except religion."

A lady in Louisiana demonstrates to her selection that spring chickens are not so hatched by the farmer. The venerable hen was as much astonished at the extraordinary result of her labors as the lady was.

There are two classes who do not bear prosperity—one of them being those who do not get a chance to bear it.—Buffalo Express. There is a third class—those who have some one else to dispose of the prosperity for them.

My son is a good boy, and would succeed in life, but he won't make an endeavor," said a poor parent to his neighbor. "What, no endeavor?" "Well, hardly endeavor." Their pistols were discharged at each other simultaneously, with fatal effect.

There will be a pretty story of wrath and murder coming from New York in a few weeks. An artist in that city has announced that he is going to paint the portrait of the prettiest face among the girls who have made their first appearance in society this year.

Straight where she strayed, with stride he strode, and on the end and said, "Sad sighted, see I sign and see you." She had no head, but had her head—Maud's head was pained by the mad; No answer knew she now but "No."

A wealthy gentleman recently said to a friend: "If I hadn't been born rich I might have been miserly."—Exchange. Yes, he might have been a cook on a canal boat. Or a tramp.—Variation Herald. Or a stevedore in a hospital, to be kicked out without warning.

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two ducks." Then silence fell.

Pleasure and business. Lady—"A pretty sight, isn't it, doctor, to see a man and a woman in a room together? I hope you don't disapprove of juvenile parties." Dr. Littletons (famous for his diagnosis of infantile disease)—"I, dear madam! On the contrary—I like them!"

Somehow the ladies don't seem to grasp the leap-year idea as they should. They ought to fly around and spend their time and money on the boys, and have to do that sort of thing three years on a stretch. Leap-year was designed expressly to give the boys a financial rest, as it were, and they need it, too.

Some people are bound to make blunders. The story is told that at a German watering-place, at the Hotel "Europa," a man of money-boxed off to the wall outside the Kursaal by the local benevolent society was opened it was found void of money, but full of the letters of an American visitor to his family at home.

A young girl writes to an exchange: "For a night, I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theatres." O certainly. When a young lady hasn't a bean, nor a new bonnet, nor a new walking-stick, she generally prefers to remain home with a book—which she is mad to read.

A citizen of Sredon, Kansas, having disappeared from that place, the local paper says it is a good deal of a puzzle because "he was an honest, loyal man to his friends, no respecter of his benefactors, a rebel against God, the terror of good men, and a fit companion for the fallen angels."

OUR NATIONAL HYMN. The following is the first verse by the new Canadian National Hymn by Arthur Sullivan, the composer, sung by the government House private theatricals on a Thursday night.

God bless our wide Dominion, Our fathers' distant land, And from Atlantic waters, From the Pacific strand—To where the salt sea mirrors The true Pacific Ocean, O Canada! O Canada! True freedom's almost gone; Defend our people's union, O Canada! O Canada! Queen.

They tell a wicked story about a jovial soul that came up to the gates of heaven and asked admission. "No," said St. Peter, severely; "you can't get in; you're not fit." The traveller stepped back, looked the old saint steadily in the eye and crowed three times. St. Peter was obliged to explain how the fellow can go in, "said he, in a rather sly voice, 'but don't do that to me again.'"

There was a victim in a cart, One day, for to be hanged, And his reprieve was granted, With much matter for to stand. "Come, marry wife and save your life," The judge you did cry, "Oh, woe! I'd corrupt my life!" The victim did reply.

For her a crown of every sort, And why should I prevent their sport? She should be ought to explain how she got there, but couldn't get a jury that was willing to listen to the explanation; they were kind of shy of him, as it were.

A POEM WITH A POINT. Only a pin; yet it can lay a line, On the cut-throat, in the light of day; And it shows severely fair and bright, Reflecting back the noonday light. Only a pin; yet you have said that pin, And it has done its duty, and it's true; He stooped for a while, with a look intent, 'Till he saw the pin and he was bent. On the floor he saw a needle and thread, A white bent pin found safe retreat; Nor had the keenest eyes discerned, That the needle was a needle and the thread. Only a man; but he chanced to drop Upon that chair, when 'fizz bang! pop! He leaped like a cork from out a bottle, And he was gone, and he was never more. Only a pin; though an honest one, It lacked the element of fun; And he should be ought to explain how he got there, but couldn't get a jury that was willing to listen to the explanation; they were kind of shy of him, as it were.