

THE SHADOW AT THE FIRESIDE.

There's a shadow at the fireside when the sunset colors creep And crinkle into waves of gold along the "western steep."

RUTH'S FRIGHT.

It was the fifth day of November—"Guy Fawke Day" in the old almanac that hung above the mantel in my maternal grandmother's long disused room upstairs.

"Then," cried I, "that's what Peter meant when he said that—that—" "One of the poor creatures has something given 'em the slip," said Mrs. Gludge.

cutting at him like the crowning man at the proverbial straw. "Where are all the folks? What have you done with Carleton?" he demanded.

BUDGET OF FUN. HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES. An Enthusiastic Musician—A Soft Answer—A Horse of Another Color—Cause for Apprehension, Etc., Etc.

to be a good deal of sand in the sugar this week. "Grocer—"I'm very sorry, I'm sure."

A PORTABLE CITY. DESCRIPTION OF A RAILROAD CAMP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. An Almost Complete City, Ready to Move at Short Notice—Some of the Principal Tents.

A Young King's Squirt-Gun. The big-eyed little King of Spain is very fond of his garden, and some time ago one of the Queen's Austrian relatives, who was going to pay a visit at the Spanish court, bought a very nice squirt-gun in Vienna for the young monarch to use in watering his plants.