

LIFE'S HARVEST.

Ho! reaper of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee
And day begins to fade?

TOM BLINKER'S SECRET.

Tom Blinker was a jovial, light-hearted, commercial "gent," who, after traveling some years for a London firm, had started in business as a commission agent in Bilchester.

buttonhole, he presented quite an imposing appearance, and it was observed that Mr. Pennington, the lawyer, treated him with marked courtesy.

a single specimen will suffice to satisfy the reader's curiosity:
DEAR MONTARLINGTON—I quite intended to call and see you about those two ponies I owe you, but his lordship won't hear of my leaving. Please let the matter stand over a bit, and spare yourself the trouble of issuing a writ. Yours ever, T. BLINKER.

Lord Montarlington left for the North on the day Tom entered upon his new duties, and three months afterward, on passing through London, he had an interview with Mr. Pennington.

Investors Wanted.
A new brand of soap is wanted that won't get into your eyes and cause you to grope wildly about to find the towel, swearing the while like the army in Flanders.

workingmen, by means of a wooden treadle—an industrial treadmill it might strictly be called—shoot out the nails from the slot in which they are fixed. They have previously hammered the top of the incandescent metal, with masculine firmness, so as to form the head of the nail.