



THE EXPLANATION !

### WAR DECLARED !

SIR ADOLPH.—Attention ! General. This spread eagle bluster of the Yankees has raised within my breast a thirst for gore, and from yon ancestral hall, will don me a coat of mail before the morrow's sun has shed its first bright rays. To arms ! to arms ! and that immediately, for I have said it. They have shown their hand, their coasts are unprotected, their army is demoralized, and while they are yet napping we will them annihilate. Call out the troops, horse, foot and artillery.

General Sir Fred.—You have spoken, my dear Sir Adolph, and thy command shall be obeyed.

Sir Adolph.—Ere to-morrow's sun sinks below the distant horizon the world will learn that I, Sir Adolph, have declared war against the United States. Yea, more, have declared it in French.

General Sir Fred.—Stay yet a moment longer, good Sir Adolph ; pray, what disposition shall be made of Amyott ?

Sir Adolph.—By the gods of war ! Yes ! what shall I do with Amyott, the *bete noir* of my very military existence. Eureka ! Eureka ! Had Aristotle been possessed of only one-half my tact, that makes me equal to any emergency, he would have made his mark in the world, and his name would never have sunk into obscurity. I have it, dear Sir Frederick, I have it. Why, invalide him of course ; make him *non compos*, or anything, only that I may be rid of him.

General Sir Fred.—But really, Sir Adolph, you take me by surprise, as you no doubt hope to surprise the enemy.

Sir Adolph.—Thou hast spoken well, my dear Sir Fred. Is not this world made up of surprises ? and are not the happiest events of our lives often those of surprise ? Was it not a suprise party to both of us when Her Royal Majesty said "arise Sir Frederick," "arise Sir Adolph,"

and only because *we* killed a few Indians. 'Tis by this little piece of strategy which I have just imparted to you, dear Sir Frederick, that I hope to win fresh laurels when Her Gracious Majesty shall say, "arise Lord de Quebec," "arise Lord Batouche"—for you shall share half the plume—when the war is over. Good morning, General ; don't forget to call out the troops to-morrow.

### PASSING SHOW.

THIS week the favorite German Comedian, Chas. Gardner, is appearing in "Karl the Peddler."

"PASSION'S SLAVE," which is to be presented at the Toronto next week, may be emphatically pronounced a success. It is a powerful melodrama full of interest from beginning to end, and abounding in passages that give scope for fine acting. The plot, which forms the basis of the play, is intricate and admirably developed. The scenery is very effective.

### SENTIMENTAL.

"Ah !" sighed Angelina, as she gently closed her blue orbs beside her Edwin,— "Two heads are better than one."

*Young Woman*—Mr. Algernon, can you tell me the name of that Bulgarian prince who has lately had so much trouble ? *Dude*—Er—Let me think. *Young Woman*—Oh, pray, don't let me put you to so much trouble.

*Barkeeper*.—You don't need a drink. Take the ten cents and get your shirt washed. *Guzzler*.—Can you get a shirt washed for ten cents ? *Barkeeper*.—Yes. *Guzzler*.—I didn't know. I don't wear nothing but a necktie. Gin, please.