



ASTRONOMY IN THE STREETS.

*Telescopist*—"Now, then, my little man, take a look at Jupiter! only 5 cents!"  
*Small (but advanced) Youth*—"Oh! hang Jupiter! let's have a look at Venus!"

## THE SIMPKINS CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 4.

To MISS JANE SIMPKINS, Simpkinsville, Ontario.

*My very dear Jane:*

I received all the news in mother's last letter, and congratulate you heartily,—(you sly little puss)!—Now to business. By no means think of coming down here to buy your wedding *trousseau*. I have made diligent enquiries about the price of such articles, in which I have been much assisted by the ladies at our boarding house. I find that all things of this kind cost here double what they do in Toronto. For instance, the silver-gray silks that mother speaks of cannot be procured under twenty-five dollars a yard. I am sure that, like a good girl, you will think of the vast amount that my professional education is costing, and will have a due regard to the many calls that our dear mother has on her purse at present. I should think too, that a visit to Toronto instead of Montreal would be more pleasant to you just now. You will have the advantage of the advice of Charles Larkins, who has excellent taste in these matters. The two Misses O'Toole have each bought new bonnets for the coming spring, and have had their photographs taken in them. These young ladies are among the leaders of fashion in this city, so I enclose their *cartes de visite*. The third portrait is that of Mrs. Flanagan, a highly respectable and experienced matron, who is their tire-woman.

You ask me about "Grecian Bends." You can learn more about them west of Toronto. In that excellent scientific periodical, *DIOGENES*, there has recently appeared a report of a lecture delivered on the subject by a distinguished Professor in Canada West. Larkins can procure you a copy of this lecture. These appendages are now always called in Montreal, "dorsal Korn Kobbs," doubtless from their shape and the luxuriance of their growth.

I failed to write to you last week on account of an accident that occurred to me. I had my pocket picked one night as I was returning from the b—d m—h between J. D—n and F—r. (Here the manuscript becomes totally illegible

on account of erasure.) I mean the Chemistry lecture at the College. You must intercede with mother and send me some more money without delay, though it breaks my heart to ask her for it.

There is a fourth-year student living in this house who says he knows Uncle John. He seems a queer kind of unsociable being. His name is Simon Cuteboy. He comes from Smartville, in the next County to ours. Do you know anything of him? He is very fond of obtruding his advice on other people in a very impertinent manner. He invariably sits up till two in the morning studying. I do not imitate him in this bad habit, knowing what an objection mother has to late hours; besides, it is never considered advisable to study too hard during one's first year. It disgusts you for that application which becomes absolutely necessary in future terms.

Your affectionate brother,

JEREMIAH SIMPKINS.

P. S.—Do not think of coming to Montreal just now like a good girl.



THESE ARE THE PORTRAITS OF THE MISSES O'TOOLE AND MRS. FLANAGAN.

No. 5.

To JOHN SIMPKINS, Esq., M.D., Simpkinsville, Ontario.

*My dear Doctor:*

Five years ago you set a leg of mine that was broken by a threshing machine in Smartville. I have been very grateful to you ever since. Your nephew, here, is making a most prodigious donkey of himself in more respects than one. I recommend you to come down here and see after him.

Yours truly,

SIMON CUTEBOY,

*Medical Student.*

## PROPHETIC.

Poor Mrs. Ottawa, as she herself describes her condition, is again in a state of "flustration." Her capitolian foundations once more are tremulous. She dreams, and she beholds a huge *roc*, surnamed Joseph, with her darling buildings in his talons, sailing away with them to the banks of the St. Lawrence. In vain she clutches at his tail: he goes, and leaves not a feather behind! *DIOGENES* consoles the dishevelled matron and assures her that, in any case, she will have *lumber enough* left behind.

## ONE FOR WOOD!

The Ontario Chancellor of the Exchequer deserves great credit for his legislation tending to the discouragement of intemperance. Drunkenness is a revolting animal:—tax, tax the "witlers," his ministering angels! But shutting up his dens at seven on Saturdays is a questionable proceeding—likely to lead to circumventions and side-doors. *DIOGENES* fears it will induce some who were satisfied with the spiggot to look for the bung-hole, and others, who drank like men from the glass, in sheer despoite to swill from the Wood.