

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

(Continued and Conclude.)

"It would consume far too much time," continued Scheherazade, "were I to tell you all the wonderful things seen by Plumduff, the Bargee, in the city of which I have been telling you, and some of his accounts you would not for an instant believe."

"I haven't believed a single word of what you have already told me," replied the caliph, "and I set that Plumduff down as a most deplorable liar. However, tell me a few more of his adventures, and if you draw the long bow too much—tick!" and the caliph threw his head on one side, thrust out his tongue, and held his breath till he was black in the face, thus facetiously imitating the contortions of a victim being bowstrung, as a warning to Scheherazade of what she might expect unless she was more careful.

"I can only relate Plumduff's adventures just as they were told to me," replied the fair story-teller, sniveling. "On the following day," says Plumduff, "I visited a most astounding collection of curiosities from every quarter of the globe; this spot was named The Dza, and I was attracted thither by the delicious perfume surrounding the enclosure. Almost the first object that greeted my eyes was a large cage full of creatures which I immediately recognized as of the same tribe as the two Dhudes whom I had seen at the caravanerai; the only difference being that they seemed to be far more intelligent than the couple of whom I speak, and were not encumbered with the tight pantaloons worn by my friends of the preceding evening, the design of which garments I now perceived to be to conceal the long tails common to their tribe, but which it is thought proper to hide when in the public street. A wonderful horse, clad from head to foot in wool, like that of a sheep, stood—"

"Oh! come, old woman," interposed the caliph, "a woolly horse! ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! That baws Baugaher! Another lie like that and away you go."

"Plumduff avers such to be the case, and goes on to say, 'another object of interest was the whale that swallowed Jonah, and which was here on exhibition as large as life and far more natural.'"

"Well, I believe that, for I have read in El Khoran of the incident of Jo and the whale; but does Plumduff say what the whale looked like?"

"He says it looked very much like a whale, and was so large that he took it to be the Prince of Whales. 'Leaving this enchanted spot, which indeed I was not loath to do,' says Plumduff, 'for the perfume was exceedingly strong, I devoted myself to inquiries amongst the various bazaars respecting all I saw, and I was much struck by the difference between the weights and measures used by the merchants, and those to which we are accustomed, thirteen ounces making a pound, seventeen hundred and thirty-three pounds one ton, three half-pints one quart, and a gallon basket of berries containing but three quarts and a fraction. I found that the milk consumed by these people is of a light blue color and quite tasteless, and that their wines and strong waters are made from drugs and chemicals instead of being the produce of the grape and grain. The city is ruled by a man whose authority is boundless, his only outward sign or symbol of power being a high, black hat which he never removes during a meeting of his officers, the only other potentate who is permitted to wear this symbol of power being the chairman of the public school board, in whose case the hat is well nigh as large as the official himself—though not in his own mind."

"The city abounds in mosques and other places of worship, presided over by men of undoubted goodness and piety, whose duties are enormous, so much so that fully one quarter of each year is allotted to them for the recuperation of their health, which is quite broken down by their exertions, just at that period of the year when it is most pleasant to take a run through Yurup or elsewhere, especially when the cost of the trip is defrayed by the worshippers and the faithful, and not by the invalid himself."

"The greatest attention is paid to the health of the people and excellent sanitary laws are in force, and the draining of this vast metropolis is so excellent that not more than eighty-four per cent of the deaths from typhoid fever result from it."

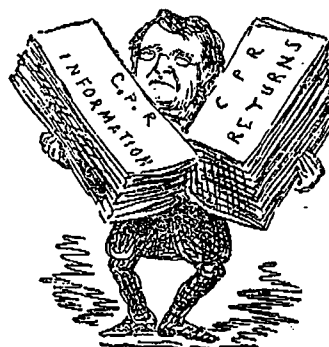
"It is everywhere acknowledged that the consumption by the people of strong waters is excessive and fatal, and every dealer in the fluids is compelled to pay vast sums into the treasury before he is permitted to slay his fellow-men. The number of deaths resulting from the use of these pernicious drinks is appalling, and it is calculated that three fourths of all the crimes committed can be traced to the use of them, but—"

"And you tell me," roared the caliph, "that the sale of these detestable liquors is permitted by the authorities?"

"So Plumduff states," replied Scheherazade, "and he further remarks that the authorities are deuced glad to get the money in return for the licenses to kill."

"Allah, Allah il Allah," exclaimed the caliph, sitting up in bed, "it is a base lie; no such country can exist under the sun. Say no more, Scheherazade, but get up at once. You are as bad as this Plumduff for repeating his villainous lies. Get up and take my compliments to the executioner, and request him to bowstring you at once."

Poor Scheherazade was forced to comply with this mandate, and in a few minutes her slender throat was encircled by the fatal cord, and her gentle spirit passed away as the caliph turned over for another snooze.



RAW MATERIAL FOR A COMING GREAT EFFORT.



"Three Wives to one Husband" is the title of the play at the grand. Go and see the poor man struggle. If you have any fancy for mormonism, it will cure you.

The Hollywood Juvenile Opera Company in "Cinderella" at Montford's, affords a fine

entertainment for all who delight in precocity. The little folks are very clever.

The Zoo is to the fore with an ice palace, second only to the Montreal edifice. See it ere it melts away, and see all the other wonders of the place while you are there.

The amateur minstrels will make a second appearance at the Grand on Wednesday evening next, 25th inst., when their former triumph will, we have no doubt, be repeated. The performance is to be in aid of the Orphans' Home, Dovercourt Road.

ADVICE TO THE CHILDREN OF A FRIEND.



ALWAYS be natural. If it were your nature to be like the innocent flowers there would be no fun in this, but as it is more natural to you to act like a set of wild hyenas, the benefit of following my advice is at once apparent.

When a lady visitor calls to see your mamma, immediately rush into the hall, seize her about the knees, and tread on her toes. You will, of course, be in different stages of extreme stickiness, sticking closely to the rule that the stickiest one should be the most affectionate. As she moves to take a seat, the eldest boy should snatch the back of her skirt, pulling with all his might, and howling "Gee up, here, now! Back, how about!" By this means he will rip off several yards of goods from the waist-band, and afford a great deal of amusement to his little brothers and sisters. When the visitor is seated, swarm closely around her, prodding and punching her wherever taste or fancy may suggest, and jumping on her feet whenever she winces. Suddenly a few of you should run to the kitchen, bringing back six soda crackers apiece, all liberally oiled and varnished on both sides with butter and molasses. Some of these may be eaten, and the rest deposited in the visitor's lap for safe keeping. Said lap should now form a battle ground, on which two of you must fight a duel, having for its object the decision as to which one belongs the crackers. The other children may amuse themselves by trying to force a whole cracker into the visitor's mouth, whenever she opens it to talk to your mamma. When this diversion palls upon you, lug in a couple of cats apiece, being careful to select those who are shedding their coats. The very sight of a cat makes the visitor exquisitely nervous and miserable, and that's where the fun comes in. Mix the cats and crackers well together on the visitor's lap, pulling their tails occasionally, so that they will scratch her hand, and make her soul sick with fearful sounds. Don't forget to keep on eating. The vital spark of heavenly flame will be apt to quit your mortal frame on short notice if you don't feed it continually. A big piece of juicy cherry pie, made with the pits left in, and eaten from the hand, is good. Hold it so that the juice will drip in the visitor's apparel, and aim the cherry pits at her face. Don't be discouraged if you fail to put her eye out at the first shot. Take a closer and better aim. If at first you don't succeed try, try again.