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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**Beauty vs. Science.**

A DRAMA OF THE UPPER TENDOM OF TORONTO.  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. TOMKINS JONES, a Toronto Citizen.  
MRS. TOMKINS JONES, his Wife.  
MATILDA, ROSE AND FANNY, their Daughters.  
CLASSICAL PROFESSOR: MR. PASSMAN, a Classical Tutor and Dean.  
Chorus of Scientific Girls.  
A Toronto Graduate in Honors.

Mr. Tomkins Jones—We have received, on this auspicious day,

A double card of invitation from His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, To say on Friday next that there will be Himself and Mrs. ROBINSON, "At Home." The girls are asked, I sign an ample cheque, Spare no expenses—we may hope to meet Two nice young English gentlemen of means Imported by the swell-importing one—The patron of all foreign college men, The snubber of Canadian graduates—Great Crooks—the super-fine—the high-toned Crooks!

Matilda—Delightful thought!—the young Professor mine!

Rose—But Mr. PASSMAN's youth I should prefer. He is to be Dean; will he wear leggings like Those of the Very Reverend at St. James'?

Fanny—The Passman and Professor are but two, The marriageable daughters of mama are three!

Matilda—And then those horrid girls—the Briggs,

Go in for science and for ologies,— For evolution and the processes By which the toad from monkey grew to man— They'll take the lead of simple girls like us.

Mrs. Tomkins Jones — Don't you mistake! Young men from Oxford, dears, Prefer bright eyes that wear no spectacles; Think more of glossy hair than addled brains— The all-important point is, what to wear.

Matilda—A jersey, myrtle green, and fitting close, With ribbons of pale gold, and tie of lace— One band of scarlet in my braided hair.

Rose—A jersey, too, but bright maroon, and trimmed With rich pink lace of slightly paler shade.

Fanny—For me a dress of lustrous green and gold, How trimmed this evening's shopping shall decide.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT II.

The Lieutenant-Governor's Palace. Distinguished guests. Enter Chorus of Scientific young Ladies, also in resplendent toilettes. Chorus of the Tomkins Jones' girls, seated at opposite sides of the room.

Chorus of Scientific Girls—We are for Learning and Science and Intellect; We do not want them to say we are beautiful! Dressed up like those horrid girls that are opposite;

And we are sure that these learned Professors Will much prefer us to those idle nonentities— Frivolous, vapid—not knowing the ologies; Going to parties and dancing there ceaselessly, While we sit still in our places with dignity, Going to church and believing implicitly All the old myths that great HUXLEY has exorcised.

[Enter Professor of Classics and Mr. Passman, Classical Tutor. They look in terror on the Scientific girls and with admiration on the Tomkins Jones' girls.]

Professor—I am the Senior, mine the right to choose, I'll seek those charming girls upon the right— You take the learned maids that leftwards sit.

Mr. Passman—'Tis hard, but I obey, as once I learned.

Experientia docet.—

Professor— Stop your talkingshop, Or take your learning yonder to your friends.

[They separate left and right. Professor sits between Rose and Matilda. Business to soft Music.]

Chorus of Scientific Girls (to Mr. PASSMAN)—

Very learned sir,  
We have much to question:  
Say, do you demur  
To HÆCKEL on Digestion?  
We have studied closely  
All that SPENCER thinks,  
Seeking comfort ghostly  
From that solemn Sphinx.  
Say, is it your opinion  
That we also share  
Equally with monkeys,  
Virtue, breath and air.

Mr. Passman—

Dear young ladies, do not  
Ask such awful things,  
For you surely know not  
What remorse it brings.  
Such hard questions ask not,  
Such I cannot scan,  
A poor Passman test not,  
Seek some Honor man.

[A Toronto Graduate in Honors appears, is seized on and explains everything.]

Chorus of Scientific Girls—This is the person to hold a Professorship!

All that we wanted to ask he explained to us; Still how we wish he would sit here and talk to us!

Toronto Graduate—Hold! I will escape these wrinkled faces

Since to the muses I prefer the graces:  
You pretty girls we'll seek.—I'll introduce you— Ask them to dance and they will not refuse you.

[They join the Tomkins Jones' girls. All three become engaged, one to the Professor, one to Mr. Passman and the other to the Toronto Graduate. Mr. Crooks gives his benediction. Lime light and tableaux of burning bliss.]

**The Irish Question.**

BY WAN AV THE B'YES.

A matein wiz hild yestherevin,  
In Lombard Street, Accident Hall,—  
So called from the many mishapp'ns  
Thir since its erection, last fall.

It was thir that MICK BURNS lost a finger,  
An' O'ROURKE lost the use av his arm,  
Wid the ructions they raised last ilder—  
'Tis thim same dale a grate dale av harm—

There wiz DANNY MULDOON got his hid broke,  
PAT MAGEE lost a pace av his ayt;  
There wiz foightin' an' bolitin' threminjus,  
Nary favor w' d' an' no fear.

An' all that riz up this ribillion  
Wiz the iltors then med by thim Tories,  
Fer to make their Grip nabors believe  
All thim National Policy shories.

Sure ivry wan knows as the Lombards  
Is the pacifullist pable on airth,—  
An' it is'th' their fault if a ruction  
Arizes disturbin' thir mirth.

But the Tories an' Griits get a 'squabblin',  
And thim is the wans fer to blame  
Fer disturbin' our pace wid their gabblin'  
And deafenin' our ayrs wid the same.

But this is the whoy that the pable  
Our max'ins disorderly call,  
An' fer want av a better cognomen,  
Nickname the place Accident Hall.

Last noight, tho', it wiz'th' elections  
That called us together, ye see;  
We all wiz met there to consider  
How Oireland wans't more might be free.

Jist as whin in the days av bowld BRIAN  
She ranked wid the first in the world,  
Till the Saxons came in, wan foime mornin',  
An' down all her glory wiz hurled.

Thir was RORY O'MORE on the platform,  
Wid delegates from the Ould Sod—  
MICKY FREE and our frien'd PATSEV HAGAN,  
Wid FINNEGAN minus his hod.

PAT BOYLE, av the IRISH CANADIAN,  
Wiz there to the fore ivry time,  
And JOHNNY O'DONOOGHIE likewise,  
(Oh, I'm stuck now intirely fer rhyme).

JERRY SHIELDS, an' DWAN sat beside thim,  
As proud an' as happy as Kings,  
Wid the smile av contint on their faytures  
Which the conscience that's satisfied brings.

It wiz moved an' immajitly carried  
That General O'NALE take the chair;  
And we rose as wan man fer to chare him,  
On sein' him sated up there.

He shud up jist pale wid emotion,  
But his words rung out firmly and clear,  
'Ye all know what's called us together,  
Ye understhan' whoy we are here.

'Oh! ye men av a wan'st moighty nation  
Our country is crushed in the dust;  
She is ruined, dishonored, forsaken,  
A prey to the Sassenach's lust.

'She's poor and she cries o'er her childer,  
'How long shall this be! oh, how long—!  
Will the conqueror always dispoil us,  
An' the victory be fer the strong?'

'Her wans't haughty crest is now humbled,  
Her flag floats no longer on high,  
Her sons and her daughters by thousands  
Stretched out in their hovels to die.

'The famine fiend feasts on its victims,  
The fever exults o'er its prey;  
Oh! whom shall we turn to fer succor,  
Who'll hilp or assist us? Ah, say!

'The landlord looks down from his castle  
Upon his poor tenants beneath,—  
An' thinks as he sees all their sufferings,  
'The poor are created fer death.'

'The world turns around on its axis,  
An' what does she care fer their woes—  
Man springs from her breast, an' returns there,  
Sooner or later, she knows.

'Thin rally my b'yes fer your freedom,  
Lift high the green banner wans't more,  
Shout dith to the Saxon intruders,  
An' diluge the land wid thir gore.

But bowld MICKY FREE shood up shumilin'  
As bright as a basket av chips;  
'B'yes,' says he, 'It's a long time, I'm thinkin',  
Since tlicker has mistened our lips.

'An' what is the use av us throublin',  
Lif others take care av their own;  
Our loife is too short to take sadness  
That isn't fornist of us throu.

'An so fer the rist av the avenin'  
Our backs upon sorrow we'll turn;  
That the same may take place now immajet,  
O! move that this matein' adjourn.'

'Hooroo!' said the min on the platform,  
'Bhring phwusky and glasses galore;  
Let's pile up the binchins and tables,  
It's dancin' we'll have on the floor.'

And afther this,—wud yiz believe it?—  
Before we dispersed fer the night,  
We'd a dale av the ch'icest divarion,  
And wound matters up wid a fight.

PATRICK O'RAFFERTY

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