

It was told me, on excellent authority, a few days ago, that a certain young man, whose name figured in that receptacle for some of the most nauseating trash ever penned, viz: the "Our Bachelor's" department of a local paper, was rampaging round breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the writer of the alleged sketch of himself. The strangest part of the affair is, however, that he, the bachelor, was overheard, a few days previously, beseeching a reporter of the paper alluded to, almost with tears in his eyes, to mention him as one of "Our Bachelors." If these bachelors had any respect for themselves they would very soon put a stop to this practice of holding them up as laughing-stocks for the few sensible people who occasionally peruse the dismal rot contained in the paper previously referred to.

"I hear that the Queen intends to alter the plan of letting her younger sons live at the palace when they are in town, as it leads to confusion and expense. As a preliminary her majesty has issued an order that any royalties residing there for more than three days must bring their own servants and provide for themselves." So says *London Truth*, but does not add, what I have been privately informed is the fact, that Her Majesty has no objection to these young royalties using her frying-pan or gridiron provided she is not cooking her own imperial rasher or bloater on those utensils at the time. Every young prince, I hear, who borrows the Royal culinary furniture is expected to 'divvy' with Her Majesty, and give her at least a snack of the tripe and onions, liver and bacon, or whatever the young fellows have been cooking. The Queen, however, invariably provides her own salt and pepper, which are charged to the Government. Her Majesty is reported, though I really can't vouch for the truth of the statement, to make out the bills herself for 'hash' for any prince or princess who fails to tote his own prog along into the palace, for a stay of more than three days, and waylays these young sprigs with the documents as they try to sneak out of the back door or coal hole with the intention of beating their board bills. The Duke of Edinburgh never stays at the palace more than seventy-two hours, and gets on board his ship where his government rations are free, just as soon as his three days of gratis grub ashore are up.

The patent inside of a rural exchange gives some elaborate instructions to bathers, and winds up with the following remark: "One bath in winter, and two in the heat of summer, I would not call overdoing the thing." Now, this all depends upon what is meant; three baths a year do not seem to be excessive, though I am acquainted with individuals who would be horrified at the idea of such frequent ablutions. Possibly the writer of the article may mean the sentence quoted to apply to daily or even weekly baths, but he should be more explicit. I was strongly reminded, when I read the paragraph in question, of the two Durham pitmen who met whilst bathing in the sea at Scarborough, whether they had excursed with the annual "cheap trip" to that watering-place. "My word, Geordie," said one, regarding the grimy limbs of the other, "thou's main mucky" (Anglice: very dirty). "Ay, mon," returned the other, "A missed t'rip last year." This gentleman had consequently only indulged in one bath in two years, which was none too often.

So Courtney has once more managed to lose a race by an "unforeseen accident." Really, the Union Springs man is remarkably unfortunate, and it would seem that so unlucky a fellow ought to stay at home. Feeling in a poetical humor the other day, I pulled out the pianissimo stop of my rhyming organ, and that

remarkable machine ground out the following plaintive little ode.

TO C. E. C.

Get thee gone, thou coward Courtney; we enough of thee have seen;
If racus all were rowed on paper, then a champion thou hadst been.
Thou art but a prating braggart, and for thee we have no use;
Thou art ever to the fore with explanation and excuse.
Back unto thy bench then, hee thee, let us hear of thee no more,
Never talk again of scuffling, say goodbye to shell and oar;
For our hearts are very weary of thy ceaseless blatant blow.
E'en little blue-eyed kids are now aware thou canst not row.
Save on paper; *there* your time is really wonderful, no doubt.
When it comes to rowing really then thou *not* ing dost but spout.
Braggart Charley, spouty Courtney, from our hearing get thee gone!
For we cannot bear to hear thee challenge, funk, back out, and blow.
Cease, ruddy Courtney, blustering railer, put thy carcass on the shelf;
Or I'm hanged if I don't come and show you how to row myself!

There, I think that is a very able effort; I don't often drop into poetry, but when I do, furries, let me tell you. FREDIE.

OUR BACHELORS.

TORONTO'S GAY AND ELIGIBLE YOUNG MEN.

A list of single men who don't know enough to see that every one is laughing at them.

By OUR SWIFTEY EDITOR.

MR. ROBERT PUMPKINCHUMP.

This gentleman is undoubtedly one of Toronto's most eligible bachelors and will be a great catch to the female donkey of a girl who gets him. His geniality and debonnaire manner, as displayed in the exercise of his profession, have often been the subjects of admiration, and his manner of cutting off a couple of yards of ribbon, and the choice language employed by him when recommending "our towings, sheetings, hose," and so forth, have brought many a fair one to his feet. His success among the gentle sex is well known, and he is said to be worshipped by no less than three sewing girls, five tailoresses, two dining room waitresses and a nurse maid in a highly respectable saloon keeper's family. On the whole, Mr. Pumpkinchump is quite a big enough fool to let us parade him in our Bachelor's Column.

MR. FITZMUFF SNOOP.

This very dazzling young bachelor is employed as bar tender at Blue Devils Saloon. He is by no means an intentional lady killer though his unsought conquests have been many. He will, no doubt, prove a very desirable prize, as his wealth, as evidenced by his thirty-seven cent diamond breast pin and other massive jewellery, must be enormous. He is reported to be saving fifteen dollars a week out of a salary of seven, and it is anticipated that he will soon buy out his present employer. He is a very genial, pleasant fellow, and hails his customers with a bland smile of greeting which trespasses on the parting of his back hair. He is a most consummate ass in some things, however, or he would never permit his name to appear amongst Our Bachelors.

CAPT. J. BOOBY.

This gallant officer who is, by profession, assistant deputy clerk to a tonsorial artist, is deservedly popular amongst the fairer portion of his acquaintances, and though not particularly brilliant, intellectually, as may be imagined when it is stated that it took him nine months to learn his left foot from his right, the desired end being obtained by forcing him to wear a boot on one foot and an overshoe on the other during the hours of drill, he is con-

sidered a very fascinating single man. He is accredited with having made the fastest time out of the battle field of Ridgeway, of anyone who took part in the remarkable feats of agility there displayed, distancing his competitors in the race by fully three times the length of his ears: in other words by about four and a half feet. His personal appearance when in full uniform, is very imposing, though not so much so as it used to be before his landlady shut down on his taking the towels and pillow cases out of his bedroom to fill out the breast of his tunic with. He is a member of the Toronto Hunt Club and occasionally manages to remain firm in the pigskin when clearing a nine inch jump. It is anticipated that, ere long, Venus will lead Mars captive in her silken chains, and if the gallant captain does not turn out to be a poor, henpecked husband, he is not the idiot we take him to be when he allows us to give a sketch of him in our Bachelor's literature.

We would continue this interesting reading matter, were it not that a deadly sensation of nausea is creeping over us. Many aspirants for fame have sent in their names accompanied by short descriptive sketches of themselves, for publication. These we shall hand to the Chief of Police with a request to him to keep his eye on the writers, as we feel that the safety of the community calls for the suppression of imbeciles who may prove dangerous and refractory.

THE LITTLE FOOT PAGE.

Referred to in Our First Person Singular



No jewel in his cap he wore.
No plume in page-like pride;
No lace upon his back he bore,
No dagger by his side.
He never had long silken hose.
Or wore a satin blouse,
Nor did he ever bear a rose,
On either of his shoes.
In ladies' bowers he never was seen;
He ne'er sang ballads any-how;
His name was not Apollo, Eugene,
Lucentio or Ascanio.

But the names which were given to pages of pore.
And the name of the page I am speaking of here
As much likeness as Sukeey to Elemore,
Or Betty to Phyllis and Lalage;
From such pages he was just as different as
A page out of Butler, his *Audibras*.
From a page out of Butler's *Analogy*.
He was clad in a totally different way.
In the exquisite taste of a by-gone day.
In a tight little jacket of indigo blue,
Whereon were three rows of bright buttons on view.
Every button was sadly suggestive to me
Of amphibious fashion and tenuity.
And to make the difference greater still,
The name of the little foot-page was—Bill!
His duties, so far as I'm able to tell,
Were to open the door in response to the bell;
To fetch the books from the library; to look
At his master's letters, and tense the cock;
To walk near his mistress to church, and wait
At table, and meet, I may likewise state,
The collateral claims of the knives and plate;
And to fill, to the family's pride and joy,
The place of a man at the price of a boy.

I know that I longed to his mistress to say,
"Pitch the page to Old Harry, dear madam, I pray.
He's a snam and pretence; if you can't keep a man,
Get some 'near-handed Phyllis' instead, till you can.
And boldly abandoning 'Eutows,' employ
An 'Aunt Page instead of a 'lubberly boy'!"

Swiz.