

FAIRY LAND—MY FAIRY LAND!

Thou building odd, of strange design—
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!
 We bow before thy granite shrine—
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!
 Thou ne'er wast raised by mortal hand,
 O pile, of vast proportions grand!
 Titania's home, and—Coal Oil stand!
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!

Uplift the Thistle to the skies—
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!
 "Nemo me," thy motto cries
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!
 Let vulgar tongues and lyres be banned
 While Dio's Poet takes his stand,
 And sings the praise of Coal Oil—and
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!

O! Shade of Shakspeare, hide thy head!
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!
 A bard is here, though thou art dead—
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!
 But Ariel, here, wields *gallon-tin*,
 While Puck's bright glee is "*Shop within*,"
 Till worse than Hadès is thy din—
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!

Oh wretched taste, and worse device!
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!
 'Tis mystical, and far from nice—
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!
 Pray, grave the stone, and don't be green,
 "Lacessit" can't mean Paraffine,
 And "Nemo me" 's not Kerosene—
 Fairy Land, my Fairy Land!

THE PHILOSOPHER WARNS.

To all ladies who love their lords, and desire to retain them, DIOGENES gives advice and warning. DO NOT GET STOUT! Bantingize, corsetize, squeeze, run, row, chop logs, starve, do anything, everything, to keep down weight and extension. Neglect of this may lead to crape and bombazine,—to weepers and disconsolate widowhood! Every ounce of sugar may be a nail in a loved husband's coffin; every sip of Guinness may be the precursor of a briny tear from eyes that yearly smiled on a loved companion at Cacouna! Ladies, digest what follows and shake! On a certain morning, not long ago, a gentleman, to whom care and trouble were unknown,—so thought somebody,—and sane withal, arose early from his bed, leaving the partner of his joys, (they had no troubles in the firm), to her blissful dreams, shaved himself, curled his ravishing whiskers, laid on just a suspicion of *rouge*, dressed himself, (in his best,) perfumed his handkerchief, lay down on his back, and sent a bullet through his heart!

The consequences of this event may be more easily conceived than narrated; a singularity, however, there was,—rumour, among her hundred tongues, could not find one to assign a cause for it. But the mystery was to be solved. Shortly after it occurred, a gentleman appeared, in haste and terror, and produced the following note:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have decided to kill myself to-morrow! Life is insupportable. I adore my wife, but she has grown so stout!—she that was of such a ravishing figure when I married her! Adieu, my friend! Tell my wife I prefer to die rather than to be unfaithful to her, or to separate myself from her by means of the law. Farewell! and pity me!"
 Comment can add nothing to the force of this lesson for ladies.

VESTED RIGHTS.—A tailors' strike.

"FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

T—LL—Y.—"I wonder how much there really is in it?"
 G—r.—"There are so many different stories—I should like to know before I take it."
 C—RT—R.—"Dat dam Rose, I don't tink he left much in it!"
 DIOGENES.—"Gentlemen, it's about time one of you unlocked it. I am ready to throw a light upon it whenever you like."

"Nature abhors a vacuum," as was wisely remarked by a young lady who popped into an *ice air-hole*!

"CHIPS."

SPLINTER THE SECOND.

"Great oaks from little acorns spring"; and everything of moment in the universe had a small commencement, so I have hopes after all, this minute splinter may fester in some one's moral hide to good effect. Was it not a small stone that killed Goliath?

Oh girls, girls, girls! What awful sins you must some day plead guilty to! What a great deal you have to answer for! Good husbands spoiled, good authors nipped in the bud, good sons turned into premature cynics and satirists! *Et pour quoi?* because nine out of ten men,—as men are now-a-days—prefer the rapid and shallow, to the slow, but deep. Did you ever see one of that too numerous class, the "girl inappreciative?" I have and still enjoy good health,—but I never hope to meet another. Once upon a time, I was fascinated,—as is the lot of fools and philosophers,—with four-feet-three of prospective bliss, and I fondly hoped for reciprocity and a cottage.

No, I really don't think I shall mention her name, thank you, but if your hair is of a certain color, with eyes to match,—well,—perhaps you *do* look a trifle like her; but she was "inappreciative," and one afternoon when I had devoted myself to her, and had read to her in my most impressive manner the wittiest chapter in "Vanity Fair," she thanked me seraphimically, and "did I recollect that delightful book of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's—'Sibilla the Sorceress,' or the 'Idiot Dormouse'?"—Perhaps I did and perhaps I didn't, but I don't believe I got married, and for the sake of humanity I hope *she* didn't! Another;—so there is! I had forgotten you my dear! Step out if you please and I will introduce you!

The "girl too appreciative," ladies and gentlemen;—ah!—I see you recognise her. The enchantress, who listens with flattering attention to any witty thing you may say,—who smiles soul-torturingly in the wrong place; and overwhelms you at the conclusion with a glance which is death to a bashful man, and says, "Oh thank you,—thanks very much!"—as a parting shot. I would get married my reader,—I would indeed,—but how can I? Now I leave it to any right-minded young person amongst you how can I? when one of these fair one's will put such a question as was put to me the other day by—(well—I'll let you off this time!) "What do you write for DIOGENES—the advertisements?"

And I want to know, why you wear such *chignons*, my dears, and wherefore that *head*? Oh it is stylish is it? and you think it becoming do you? Becoming?—*absurd* would be nearer the mark my dear; so you don't agree with me; well I can't find brains as well as advice young lady, so go your way—a fitting answer to the question, why don't the men propose!

Flimsy sketches, you say, these. Of course they are, but what of the subject? you can't draw blood from a stone, and that is my apology for chips picked up by the wayside. I have got one or two very large splinters laid by, which have troubled me a bit these last two weeks; *prenez garde, messieurs*, for you are more open to criticism than your sisters; but there!—What will you have? Nothing! You surprise me, I thought everybody drank in Montreal.

Perhaps it is best not to mix drinks—so you are safe *messieurs*—until next week.

DIOGENES learns from the cable despatches that the Oxford crew are out every day in training. The Cynic has no doubt, however, that to-day they will be *in*, and in first, too!

The Cynic is glad to hear that the Volunteers have paid for the bovine slain by a stray rifle bullet at the Point St. Charles ranges the other day; but he scarcely thinks it will pay them to make many similar *bull's eyes*.

What's the odds? 5 to 2 on Oxford!