

The Discarded Suitor.

TORONTO sings.

" Bewitching young enslaver ! were we two tendered one
We'd have the jolliest time e'er beheld beneath the sun !
Then list my suit fair Parkdale—to thee my all I'll give,
And happy to our life's end no doubt we both shall live ! "

MISS PARKDALE sings.

" Ha ! ha ! my worn ADONIS ! you really make me laugh—
Fine times I'd have with you faith ! were I your better half.
Away you battered gallant ! Miss Yorkville as I hear
The mitten lately gave you—judicious little dear ! "

TORONTO.

" Miss Yorkville ! pshaw ! don't name her ! a forward vixen shrew—
A candle she's not fit dear, to hold to such as you,
To governor MACDONALD, my sweet ! let's hie us fond,
And tightly he shall tie us in wedlock's holy bond. "

PARKDALE.

" You addle-pated ninny ! d'ye think I do not know
From one girl to another you just like this do go ?
To grab what they have got, sir, is all you have in care—
Your bankrupt state most green then I guess we'd be to share ! "

TORONTO.

" Ah ! why this tart denial ? why thus my love decry ?
For you and not your fixings, alone my heart does sigh,
The tales 'bout me you've heard, dear, are only fiddle-dee—
One heart to be my own still is quite enough for me. "

PARKDALE.

" ' Heart ! ' all my eye !—say dollars, and then you'll hit the mark—
This girl you can't be fooling—no nary bit—and hark !
In vain a month of Sundays your hosh to me you'll talk
For I am fast engaged to a spry young lad named York ! "

TORONTO (in a rage).

" You vile audacious minx ! Oh ! I'll pay you out for this—
You dowdy dirty stroller ! you raw and ill-bred miss !
D'ye think I'll thus be flouted ? Ha ! ha ! I'll let you know—
That loafer York shan't have you—not if I know it—no ! "

PARKDALE (snapping her fingers).

" Pooh ! be off with your barrow, and mended get your wheel—
You mouldy horrid scarecrow ! and try some other steal !
Yourself and city Fathers are all a precious train—
And York shall drub you soundly if here you come again ! "

RICHARD DE DICKE.

Shwaackelhammer on the Marriage Question.

I haf been reading ladely blendy of ledders on der Marriage Kvestion fon der *Mail* pabers, und I dinks maybe my young friends vouldn't like id dot I give dem avay some advice myzaulf of dot subjects. Der kvestion vos, is it possibility dot a man can got along mit a vife und family und keep house on so much by year ? I haf blendy of oxberience—my friends, vot I dond know about id is vorth knowing,—und I say right avay, und mitoud fear of unsuccessful contradicting myzaulf dot it can be done. I haf done it. Dot feller vot makes a ledder in der *Mail* by der name *Benedict* says, nein, he couldn't do dot. Vaul, I like to know vot kind of a feller he must be und vot kind of a feller his vife must be too, of dey couldn't make house-keeping on so much by year. Any vomin vot don'd can make both ends meet, she don'd was fit to go efer into der gymnastic beesniz, onahow.

My vife is a shplendid voooman to manage dings, und I advise you all to gone und done likewise. Dere's no doud about it, a man is more contended ven he is happy. Young mens, I tell you ouf my oxberience it is more economy to got married. Of you remain a single bachelorhood, mitout a vife, you must always buy two tickets ven you come to a concert, ober, if you haf got a vife, you can leaf her at home. Dot is five cents in pocket. Dond you forgot dot, on der Marriage Kvestion. I know a great many of young mens, und vass is der reason about it dey dond got married ? Simbly dey remain loafing around single. Simbly dey dond like id dot der lecdle popsy vopsy calls him der old men ven he learns to spoke English now adays. Dot Bank Clerk vot makes a ledder by der *Mail* says he lofes der sound of dot shveet vord *dandee*, und he hopes some time to got a needle feller vot could call him names like dot. Vaul, how he vill like it ven dot name is shouted mit colic in der middle of der cold vinter night, und dot Bank Clerk must got out und walk der flour up and down ? Ober my friends, don'd you

forgot dot, on der Marriage Kvestion. I am acquaintante mit dot Bank Clerk. He vas near married von time. He vent to der old laty vot is goin to been his mutter-by-law, und shpoke about der young voooman. Hesays, " I lofe MARY ANN, but I don'd vont make deceit mit her, I haf got myzaulf a kwick temper, und soimesimes I got mad mitoud any cause. " " O, dot's all right," says der old lady—" I vill live mit you, und I vill see dot you haf always some cause. " Vaul, next he vent und propobed to der young laty, und she says *no*, of she only said *yes*, he vould haf got married. Dot vos the most narrow escape he efer had. Now dot feller says der reason vy he don'd got married is der expensiveness of got beesiness. Vaul I know der girls is dear creatures, ober I don'd like id to hear peebles saying dey vos extravagance. I don'd belief dot. Of you look at der general run of young ladies you vill see dey don'd go in for much waste. Und look of dot pull-beck. Vos dot expensiful ? Vaul, I don'd see myzaulf how it could been reduced any more to save der cloth ; do you comblain about dot vinter jacket mit fur being too high ? Dot isn't high, it's as much down as possibility. Ven a Yorkville young laty goes by a dressmaker to got a new dress, you vill dink she tells dot dressmaker, gife me der latest fashions fon Doronto, regardless of expenses, but, my friends, she don'd say so ; she vos economy, und always make drouble about id ; she wants it cut close. Und vot makes der hard times mit shoe shops. Tightness mit young ladies shoes. It is all economy, my friends. Ober, you hear blendy of dings about der girls vot isn't so. You hear dey don'd vork ; vaul, I haf known girls to have been so much industry dey make dere own—comblexion. You hear dey buy a head of hair down town. My friends, it is false. I dolt you, young man, any of der girls of der Period could keeb house on so much by year.

Now, I vould spoke a vord of conclusion to der obstinate sex. My friends, don'd you efer marry any young man, mitoud he kvits being an old bachelor, of you do you nefer vill be happy. Alzo, he must haf so much by year. Und ven you got married, don'd say in der notice " No Cards. " Be sure about dot and haf cards, mit total abstain fon viskey on, or der keeping house beesiness vont pay. Und now, dake my advice, und go right avay quick und got—a copy of der *Mail*.

The English Press on the Dominion Elections.

WHY won't our worthy *confreeres*
In the dear old Mother land
Confine themselves to subjects
Which they really understand ?
If, as they say, we've bungled things
'Tis cause for our regret
Not for yours dear Glasgow *Herald*,
Nor for yours, my good *Gazette*.

The men of Glasgow and Pall Mall
Are sages—all allow—
But they never offered their advice
Then why their censures now ?
Cantankerous intermeddling
It has never prospered yet,
Then hold your peace, dear *Herald*, do !
And yours, my good *Gazette*.

'Tis true we simple Colonists
Know not " Buchanan Street, " *
Nor e'en Pall Mall, the far-famed,
With its " shady side " so " sweet ; " †
Yet we dare to face the future,
Though with troubles sore beset,
Spite of all the dismal croakings
Of the *Herald* and *Gazette*.

* The "*Herald*" is or used to be published in Buchanan Street Glasgow.

† " The sweet, shady side of Pall Mall "

Strikes.

THE oyster shuckers of Baltimore are out on a strike, their grievance being that the bosses increased the size of the oyster measure without increasing wages in propotion. As a consequence the factories are now working on the half shell, and no doubt the bosses will have to give in. The strike will open their oyster see that they can't have things all their own way. We have a strike here too at present. It is amongst the cigar makers. The men remain *stub-born* in their demand, *but* the masters refuse to give in. The *Mail*, that devoted friend of the working classes, refuses to print letters written by the strikers.

A NOOSE-paper topic—The Marriage Question.

THE so-called editor of the so-called *Citizen*, the so-called organ of the so-called Conservative Party at the so-called city of Ottawa, calls the event of 1873 the " so-called Pacific Scandal. "