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"TOODLES" AS PERFORMED AT THE PROVINCIAL HALL, TORONTO, ON THE 13TH INST.—BY C. KENDRICK.

Mrs. Toodles. (Hon. A—— & McK——r.)—But, my dear Toodles.

Toodles. (Mr. R——t.)—Oh, don't dear Toodles me—you'll drive me mad—your conduct is scandalous in the extreme.

Mrs. T.—My dear Toodles, don't say so.

Toodles.—But I will say so, Mrs. Toodles. What will become of us, with your passion for "contingencies." I say, Mrs. Toodles, where's the money, and echo answers, where.

Mrs. T.—I'm sure, my dear Toodles, I lay it out to the best advantage.

Toodles.—You shall not squander and waste our revenue.

Mrs. T.—My dear, I buy nothing but what is useful.

Toodles.—Useful—useless you mean. I won't have the house turned into a museum for glass-ware and chromos. At the end of the year I ask, where's the money—all gone too—spent in infernal nonsense.