

ECHOES FROM THE NURSERY.

I.

My youngest hopeful, Ned'lum,  
Can raise an awful bel'lum;  
In the darkest dead'lum of the night;  
Oh, softer is the brick'lum,  
The stone-yard or the stick'lum,  
Than when he gives a kick'lum in a fright.

II.

My oldest born, Jack'lum,  
Has lately got a knock'lum  
Of using my tobacco'lum till he's sick  
I might punch him in the head'lum,  
Or roll him off to bed'lum,  
But like his brother Ned'lum, he can kick.

—H. JOVENAL.

MELANCHOLY JACQUES ON THE DUDE.

A dude—a dude! I met a dude if the avenue;  
A silly dude;—a most conceited blockhead!—  
As I do live by toil, I met a dude;  
Who sucked his cane, and basked him in the sun,  
And ogled all the ladies with his grin;  
With good broad grin, and yet a silly dude,  
“Good morrow, dude,” quoth I; “No, sir,” quoth he,  
“Call me not dude till I have put on corsets”;  
And then he drew an eye-glass from his poke,  
And looking through it with lack-lustre eye,  
Said, very softly, “She’s the proper soot!”  
“Thus may we see,” quoth he, “how the world wags;  
The last that passed was ugly as my cane;  
The next that comes may be a very angel.  
And so, from hour to hour, we fade and bloom,  
And then, from hour to hour, we fade and fade,  
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear  
The silly dude thus comment on the girls,  
My toes began to itel like chilblain’d toes,  
That dudes should be so deep-nonsensical;  
And I did kick, sans intermission,  
That dude for half an hour: Oh, noble dude!  
A worthy dude! skin-tights the only wear.

WHERE I WON MY WIFE.

A CONCISE CONFESSION.



Fernando.

My name is Fernando  
Fallow; profession, bank  
clerk. I am en route to  
Halifax to meet a rich  
uncle who is on his wa-  
tery way from Albion’s  
shores. I have great ex-  
pectations. Therefore I  
am happy. We arrive  
at Montreal. All is well.  
We proceed. Why this  
slackening of speed, this  
darkening of the air?  
Heavens! We are  
stuck in a snow-drift.  
Worse. We are buried  
in the snow. Horror!!  
Can we get out? We  
cannot. What is to be  
done? Make the best  
of it. We do so. I have  
no travelling friend. I  
cast about for some one to chum with. Shall I  
seek comfort in the company of men? I will  
not. My company shall be that of the female  
fair, if opportunity offers. There are six of the  
gentler sex in the car. Five are already en-  
gaged. The sixth is alone. I haste to her  
side. Eureka! She has no travelling com-  
panion. I seat myself, and comfort her in a  
bank clerk’s best tones. Need I say she is  
beautiful and amiable. We are soon the best  
of friends. The hours pass. She reveals her  
name, Daisy Dove. It will become her.  
She is a daisy. She is a dove. I bless the  
snowstorm. The hours still pass. I ask how  
long it will be before we can be released. I  
can get no satisfactory reply. It may be hours.  
It may be days. Do I regret this? I do not.  
I can stay weeks with Miss Daisy Dove by my  
side. On my part friendship is ripening into  
—dare I say it? I will—love. I see indica-  
tions of a similar state of affairs on Miss Daisy  
Dove’s part. I am happy. What care! I for  
snow blockades? I am thankful they visit the  
earth. I tell her of my expectations. I learn  
that she also has ditto. I note a flush of hap-

piness that rises to her face. This is encour-  
aging. We are informed the train may be able  
to proceed in a few hours. Shall I lose the  
company of this sweet girl? I must not, I  
cannot. I become desperate. Without her  
the world will be a blank. My mind is made  
up. I will propose. It is a little rash, I know;  
but “nothing venture, nothing have.” I sum-  
mon up the requisite courage. I remember we  
are not alone in a woodland dell or shady lane.  
We are in the midst of a number of impatient  
passengers. Here goes. I whisper the all-im-  
portant question. Her face is covered with  
blushes. She does not repulse me. She toys  
with her wraps. I strain my auricular organs  
to catch her reply. It comes, a tiny, trembling  
“Yes.” Joy! Joy!! The snow-bound train  
is transformed into an Elysian field. We are  
happy. I am not yet content. Another dar-  
ing thought enters my brain. I see a minister  
sitting not far from me. Could I but obtain a  
license, I will urge an immediate marriage. I  
ask Daisy. She raises no objection. I leave  
my beloved one’s side and make enquiries.  
Luck is with me. I find a portly notary who  
has a license in his pocket. He explains that  
he always carries them with him to be ready  
for exigencies. What care I for explanations.  
I have the license properly filled in. I make  
my way to the minister and state my case.  
The good man’s face beams with smiles. He  
is more than willing. The news spreads. We  
are surrounded by the passengers. Best man  
and bridesmaids are chosen. I am supplied  
with a temporary wedding ring. Minister.  
Reading. Promises. We are married. Bliss!  
Unutterable bliss!! We receive congratula-  
tions from all, accompanied with many little  
presents. Two hours pass. The train is re-  
leased. We go on our way rejoicing. You  
know all. Good-bye.



CATECHISM.

Proud Father (to Johnny just home from  
Sunday school)—Now, my dear, can you tell  
me who named the animals?

Johnny (promptly)—Our godfathers and god-  
mothers, in the—!

[Exit pa suddenly.]

THE ANATHEMA OF THE SHIRT.

We talk of progress, of change, of reform,  
in this nineteenth century of ours; we wish,  
by all that’s uncomfortable, that somebody  
would reform the modern night-shirt—even if  
the new article were patented.

What an abominable garment it is—in  
appearance, fit, suitability, comfort, warmth,  
coolness—everything.

First of all, in appearance. Why forever  
during the conscious hours of night should one

suffer the mental worry of knowing that one  
has on a garment the most unsightly of any  
yet invented? Everybody knows how, when  
in night attire, he is unexpectedly visited by  
some envious chum, he involuntarily ner-  
vously endeavors to conceal the ungainliness  
of the raiment by clutchings of the folds,  
posings in various attitudes, draggings at some  
or other parts of the villainous article. How  
he feels altogether *distrail*: feels, if he hap-  
pens to be well built, that the hateful thing  
conceals the fact; if the reverse, enhances his  
imperfections.

And this must necessarily be so with such a  
gown—a great formless piece of cloth, six foot  
in diameter at least at the bottom, with thick  
scratching seams from neck to ankle, possess-  
ing no pretensions to a fit about the shoulders  
or anywhere else, and utterly regardless of  
any harmony between its own dimensions and  
those of its wearer.

Then, as to its comfort: did any night-  
gown ever yet stay in its proper place? Did  
it not always heap itself into an uncon-  
fortable lump in the small of one’s back  
or under the nape of one’s neck? And, if they  
could be computed, what myriads of times  
have human beings, during their life-time,  
tossed restlessly on their sleepless beds, in  
futile attempts to replace in a more comfort-  
able position this irritating so-called shirt—  
now laboriously heaving themselves up upon  
their shoulders and heels and endeavoring,  
by inserting an arm, (which, by the way,  
never can find that lower hem), to get the  
bottom of the thing down to its proper place;  
now trying to seize this same lower hem with  
their toes, and so replace it—a process which  
invariably resulted in cramp in the leg.

The fact is, it is absolutely impossible for  
this erratic robe to keep its place.

Thus much of the masculine article: what  
of the feminine? Where would have been  
Aphrodite’s chances of the prize of beauty had  
she appeared before Paris in a modern night-  
dress? Would any of the judges of the fair-  
formed Phryne have acquitted that lovely  
damsel had she stood at the bar concealed in a  
robe which not even her ingenious counsel  
could have manipulated? Did poet ever  
describe the garment? Did painter ever  
depict its outlines? Did sculptor—?

We have said enough. Next month we  
shall carefully scan the fashion plates to see if  
some enterprising *costumiere* has taken our  
hint and given us a dress that shall not only  
be comfortable to wear but also pretty to look  
at.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere  
but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for  
boots for our boys. They always fit and wear  
well.

REVENGE.

Jones was extremely fast in youth.  
And gave his passions license!  
And of the claims of faith and truth  
Had not a very nice sense.

It happened in a later day,  
When prematurely ailing,  
The nurse engaged with him to stay  
Had known his early failing.

And then a dire revenge she had  
On that offending traitor—  
She took and burned his liver pad,  
And sold his respirator.

—R. C.

COMPELLED TO YIELD.

Obstinate skin diseases, humors of the blood,  
eruptions and old sores are cured by Burdock  
Blood Bitters, which purify and regulate all  
the secretions.