

## LATEST TELEGRAMS.

Great Britain is still there notwithstanding Mrs. Fenian's threats. The Bank of Ireland is still showing its *Bill!* Herrings in Scotland this year scarce and mostly *afloat*.

France, and a few other islands farther inland, are saying nothing to nobody. Queer!

China and Japan are doing something in the tea line. The Emperor Chow-Chow has mounted heavy guns in Fort William, Calcutta, and barricaded Flag street against the outside barbarians—the British tars.

Our American neighbors across the equator are picking the bones of their late discontent, and——As usual——telegraph *burst!*

## OUR GALLERY.

O'RIELLY (JAMES).—The *head* among the *hard cases*. He *nose* something, and generally makes the jury *It*. Physic is strength even to a lawyer.

BRITTON.—Too much brain for bottom—and will wear out soon unless he skips a lesson in Law for one in Physiology. Rather inclined to be honest in his profession, but may eventually get over that *peculiarity*.

HENDERSON.—Our favorite picture. A little less activity and more *weight* desirable, although this is made up by partner.

Sir HENRY SMITH, whose weight the *Whig* is well acquainted with. Would make a good-looking judge, and not be frightened at a jury.

MCEWEN.—Rather dry and costive in ideas, but withal an honest-hearted fellow, who will doubtless improve with *practice*.

Among the coming lawyers we saw young *Hopeful*. The others will be taken next court.

Advertisers pictures will appear next week, and those who don't advertise *wont!*

"NEW ERA's *nurses* will hardly believe the fine times its father has (this is *Baby's Cruel* mother speaking, who has him *curtained* to *hide* his perfections). He's got to rise betimes to give the darling *pap*, (it's an awful child for that), then he's got to cut wood and fix the fires; then he's got to prepare *diapers* (it uses three thousand diapers every week, the darling!) then he goes to the *apothecary's* for *physic* (which, I must tell you, is now very scarce); then he's got to do *jobbing*, fix his books, and see that the butcher and baker don't *go past* without a *nod*, then, although not forgetful of the the *Graces*, he's got *nine* new *Lights* of the world (that is counting in *Baby*) to *foot*, and, to *cap* the *climax*, he says nothing about *hard work* only—it *don't pay!* Is n't he a duck!" If you had said a *goose!*

## Answers to Correspondents.

Parties addressing matters to this department, or any other, should pay their Communications. Answers will be given as space allows.

"*Apprentice*" should not. You are only going to loose your own good opinion, which leaves an opening for other unmanly things to creep in. Serve out your time faithfully.

Here's a question of another kind—"Jane" wants to know how it is that the women get married sooner in New South Wales than in Canada. Well, "*Jane*," we thought we knew every thing, but this question nearly puzzles us. We can only give this guess as the reason—the whole population last year were 400,000, and of that number the females represented only 160,000.

"*John C.*" wants to know something about Mazeppa. His history was originally related by Voltaire and made popular by Byron. Mazeppa was a page at the Polish Court, and was caught in an intrigue with the wife of the Palatine of Podalis. He was seized by the enraged husband, stripped of his clothing, and bound to the back of a recently-captured wild horse, which was turned loose on the Polish steppes. He was ultimately rescued.

"*J. J., jr.*" we are more at home with.—It is certainly strange to receive your letters and presents without acknowledging them. The young lady may be bashful—have some patience—perhaps she is trying how foolish a husband you will make by and by.

We can tell "*Mechanic*" that the Victoria Bridge is about two miles in length, and cost \$5,000,000. The nominal cost of the Great Eastern was \$2,000,000, but few know her real cost. She could carry 10,000 troops.

"*P. H.*"—Yes, wear gloves at a dinner party and while partaking of refreshments at a ball.

"*Clerk.*"—Attempting to check perspiration in any part of the body is dangerous.

"*Student*" has been studying too hard; a little more exercise with the body, and a little less with the brain, will get you rid of cold feet. Stimulants will *not* cure you.

"*Atma.*"—No! a deserter is a deserter on either side of the line, and only gets the company of missworn fellows like himself. If your "conscience is clear," keep it so, and be a Briton still. Who have not their troubles?

"*Trusty*" must trust us to have a little idea of our own on such matters. Too personal!

"*Fanny.*" your lines on "first love" are *not* quite up to the mark. Never write, and especially never print, any thing that would cause a blush in after years.

"*S. M.*"—Perhaps, some future period, but at present your suggestions are premature.

"*J. H.*" and others will be attended to.