

## THE BETTER HALF.

Our poets, though they've wives at home,  
Sing Delias and Floras;  
And write about Madrid and Rome,  
And their dark-eyed Signoras.  
They swear their charmers are divine,  
And they themselves delighted,  
But to "my wife" a single line  
Is hardly e'er indited.

We're told that Delia's eyes are blue;  
She's exquisite in feature;  
An airy, graceful figure, too;  
A most bewitching creature.  
And Flora's many charms divine,  
Among the angels place her;  
The poet's heart in every line,  
Seems aching to embrace her.

Bolinda, beautiful as a dream,  
Is sung with animation;  
Her mien, and swan-like neck the theme  
Of glorious inspiration.  
Her rosebud mouth, her teeth so white,  
So even in formation;  
Her pouted coral lips invite  
The amorous salutation.

And not an eulogistic line  
In all their amorous lay, is  
Of those who sit at home and pine,  
And hunger for their praises.  
Are poet husbands bound to rove?  
Are all of them erratic?  
Leave thy the wives they've sworn to love,  
To mope in some lone attic?

I think these poets all must be  
An amorous set of fellows.  
Were such a husband linked to me,  
I'm sure I should be jealous;  
I'd not permit these flattering lays,  
If writ to praise a stranger,  
For sure I am such raving ways,  
Commubial bliss endanger.

They should not write in flattering strain,  
Except on this condition—  
That every man should first obtain  
His lawful wife's permission.  
They might not relish being forced  
To praise the wives they've wedded;  
I'd have defaulters all divorced,  
And afterwards beheaded.

PENELOPE.

## POOR HAMILTON GIRL!

Jennie is a pretty Toronto girl who lives on Jarvis-street. She has been spending a few weeks in Hamilton with her friend Minnie, who was to have returned with her.

"Why Jennie, where's Minnie?" inquired a friend who met her as she stepped off a train at the Union Station.

"Oh, she couldn't come with me, but she's coming this afternoon."

"What! all alone?"

"Yes, all alone, and on a flat car; you see her feet wouldn't go through the door of a passenger coach."

## CUFF NOTES.

BY CAPTAIN COLLAR.

By Jove! that idea of Matthew is great—fine fellow, Arnold, but rather like an old-fashioned fruit pie at times, more crusty than fruity—writes on his cuffs whilst travelling on the cars—and poetry too! Happy thought, I will try it; perhaps the afflatus will come to me in that way.... Have tried the cuff-writing business—partial success. The first time I tried to write the pencil went off at a tangent and after describing a given line, stuck in the back of my hand; strong poetic feelings rose in my mind just at that moment. I could have written a war song with several whoops in it, but refrained from so doing, finding that there was more point in my pencil than in my poetry.... Second attempt—better—succeeded in dignifying my cuff with a fine assortment of Arabic and Syrian characters which imparted quite a learned bearing to me. This, however, was not poetry, which my soul was longing for. I therefore endeavored to sweep them out of existence by the aid of a piece of India rubber, only to convert my former resplendent white cuff to a color five shades remote from that of a sweep's brush. I will not be deterred; perseverance, a great trait in my character, has conquered.

I can now write with ease and comfort and a pencil, but the poetic ability does not come to me. Once a happy poetic thought rushed through my mind, but it was out of the side door before I could seize and manipulate it; it was something about an ode to the cucumber.

By Jove! I do believe the afflatus is coming at last. What is this mighty thought that is surging through my cranium? It was something concerning certain lights in Asia that Arnold wrote—mine is about gaslights in Toronto, aha! "Through the night's deep gloom shone bright the light"—but is this the truth, Captain? In poetry let me be truthful.

Here is my opportunity, but alas! I cannot grapple with it. The gas is either too heavy and dull to soar into poetry, or my head too light to do justice to the sombre subject, I know not which.

I confess these things are not in my line; I therefore give up poetry to Arnold, and my dirty cuffs to the heathen Chinese.



## LOGIC.

*Communist.*—Down with the plutocrats! There's Vanderbilt with his millions, and nothin' to do, while I have to work! Why can't I have millions as well as Vanderbilt! He ought to be hanged, and I'd help to do it.

*Logician.*—And then swing aside of him, of course!

## TOPICAL TALK.

AN up-country exchange speaks of "the old Aikman farm." Old "ache man" would be better understood.

THE contributor intimated that he would send in "Leaves from a Dairy." "What kind of leaves are Leaves from a Dairy?" enquired the editor sarcastically on a post card, and the contributor's reply on another post card was: "Cabbage leaves."

MR. OATEN lives in Bracebridge and Mr. Eaton in Orillia. It is taking an awfully long time for the vigilant paragraphers to discover the latest humorism in this connection. "Oaten meal makes good Eaton." Now, that ought to give some of them a slight clue.

A CITY PAPER, which signalizes its approbation of the new style of orthography by such departures as "program," "quartet," etc., has a paragraph stating that "On Sundy the thermometer marked 25° below zero in Winnipeg." Thus is another rivet broken in the shackles of orthodox spelling. Soon the sight of "Mundy," "foosdy," "Wensdy," and so forth, in print, will be quite common. What this land needs next to more poor-houses is true spelling reform.

AN advertisement in one of the city papers reads: "Liberal terms to permanent boarders." Now, the question arises, what is a really Permanent Boarder? Decidedly, the Permanent Boarder is not the young man who signalizes his reception of a month's board bill by lowering his valise from the bed-room window with the bed-cord and passing out of the back door bareheaded, with his skull cap concealed about his person. Of a surety, the Permanent Boarder is not the model gentleman with the bald-head who is detected by the landlady in osculating exchanges with the servant girl. Certainly, the Permanent Boarder is not the retiring young fellow on whom the joke of dropping a couple of hairpins in his bed has been practised. Most decidedly, the Permanent Boarder cannot be found in the person of the literary lady who charges the landlady with stealing her gold-rimmed specs, helping herself to manuscript paper and circulating the story she writes for the *Police Gazette*. Positively, the Permanent Boarder does not mean the elderly party who has to be brought home in a hack on an average of three nights in the week. By no means is the Permanent Boarder the jocular customer who is in the habit of remarking that he wonders if hash hairs could be made into a switch. Unquestionably, the Permanent Boarder is not the one who brings home a pup. Beyond peradventure, the Permanent Boarder is not that slim party who takes a bath in the wash-basin. Undoubtedly, the Permanent boarder, is not the fat man who is learning to play the fiddle. Who and what the Permanent Boarder is ought to be strictly defined.

## GRIP TO THE RESCUE.

DEAR, ADORABLE, AND MOST CHIVALRIC GRIP,—Do, there's a dear—come over and help us. It is perfectly outrageous the way we are ignored and slighted and belittled in the reading-room of the Free Library. Here I run off away along Church-street, to see if I can't see the New York papers, or the news from Buffalo, or Cleveland, or Boston; in all of which places I have gentlemen friends and acquaintances, to say nothing of my lady correspondents. Some of the gentlemen are in Wall-street, some are literary men, some are in business, my cousins and brothers for instance, and then there is one in particular—but never mind him just now. Well, naturally I like to hear all about what's going on in these cities they live in—hoping once in a while, to see their names crop up in connection with some incident or another, but when I go to the reading-room—to lo and behold! the whole of the papers are monopolized by the men. There is not a single paper on our side—not one—and it's like this all the time. Of course there's a couple of old English Reviews or so lying on each table, all about the Chinese being the most highly civilized people on the top of the earth at one time, and about the old ancient aborigines of some out-of-the-way corner known only to explorers and all that sort of thing, you know, good enough for cranks and men. But for mercy's sake! what do I want with the Chinese, I know all I want to know about them, and more too, and I would like to know what's the use of women being told about a race of savages we'll never set eyes on. What we want to get is the Daily Record of the world about us, and live news of these very days, to-day and to-morrow and yesterday, and so on; we want to be kept posted, and not to stare like gawks when we hear news more than a week old. Just fancy! Gussie van Redingote was married in great style in New York the other day. The U.S. papers were full of it, and here, through this cruel arrangement of the reading-room I never knew a thing about it until the whole affair was a fortnight old, when Alf. Butts from New York asked me how I