

his coat and light 'pants' on top of his drab felt hat! This in itself would be enough to condemn any play, however good, though it seems incredible that M. Frachette could have intended the villain to wear his clothes that way. That actor, however, deserves some credit for his originality, and probably the disappointment felt by the audience was caused in a great measure by the fact that he had omitted to wear his stockings on his ears.

THE SURE ROAD TO RICHES.

"Oh! father, father, I must wed
Some noble lord of high degree,
With ducal knobs upon his head,
Encircled by the strawberree."

"Twas thus the merchant's daughter spake,
A fair young eighteen year old miss;
And youths might die for her sweet sake,
But little cared the girl, I wis."

I like those words "I wis," they sound
Like something odd; their meaning I
Do know not. Chaucer's rhymes abound
In such expressions, quaint and dry.

"Thou shalt not wed a noble dook,
Thou must not splice with belted earl;
Nobility must all be shook
Or shaken, yes, my darling girl."

"Blue blood, escutcheons, titles and—
To use a latin phrase, et cetera,
Are well enough, but thy fair hand
Must go to something far more betterer."

"I have a match for thee, my child,
A match will bring thee lands and gold;
Keep still—I'll draw it very mild—
The youth is not of lineage old."

For 'tis young Snobkins, gifted bard,
E'er now Fame's trumpet toots his praise;
And now, methinks, it will be hard
If he's not rich ere many days."

"Oh, pappy, pappy, goodness knows
Young Snobkins no'er can be a peer;
His features bear not that repose
That stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

"I want a youth of high degree,
Whose features his b'ne blood reveal,
With such a lengthy pedigree
One needs must wind it on a reel."

"Tush! tush! my child, I still must hold
Young Snobkins is the man for thee;
For, tho' he's not of lineage old,
Nor yet of lengthy pedigree,

Still he's the man for thee, my dear,
In this he's backed by thy mamma,
For, tho' he may not be a peer,
He's going to write an operal!"



TOO CRUEL.

SMALL BOY.—Half fare ticket for Lorne Park.

TICKET AGENT (who doesn't see small boy—addressing Snobkins).—Half fare? Isn't it about time that you paid full fare, young man?



A GREAT INVENTION.

NO MORE EGGS THAT HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS.

Eggs in the sere and yellow leaf may be all very well as means of reminding an objectionable speaker at a political caucus that silence is golden, and that he looks better sitting down than standing up, but as an article of diet they fail to command respect. The season of the year is now at hand when the grocer's cheek assumes an adamant hardness as he discounts upon the freshness of his eggs and he talks as though Ananias and Sapphira had never been; but the grocer is not a man without guile: the truth is not in him when eggs are his theme, and he seems to think that though his wares are not fresh, you must be.

This is an age of progress, enlightenment and invention: philosophy, or something, demonstrates that where an evil exists, a remedy for that evil is required: eggs from which the freshness of youth hath departed are an evil, and a remedy for that evil is required, and is forthcoming. Let us not be misunderstood: we do not claim to be able to banish stale eggs from the face of the earth, nor yet do we vaunt our ability to prevent eggs becoming old: all we do claim to be able to do is to place before the public an invention of our own which, if taken hold of by influential people, will not only rank us with Cresus, Jay Gould, the Rothschilds and that gang, but will prevent a guileless public from being imposed upon in the matter of insane eggs.

Our invention is as simple as it is ingenious, consisting merely of a little machine, a contrivance of our own which the law should compel all poultry keepers to use under pain of death, and which is intended to be attached to the hen whenever she gives the first intimation that she means business. This contrivance, by a most ingenious arrangement, is so fixed that the very moment the egg is laid, and before the shell becomes thoroughly indurated, a spring is touched and the egg is stamped with an indelible composition, whose component parts are known only to us, and the minute, hour, day, place, &c., of the egg's coming into this vale of tears are ineffaceably imprinted on the shell. It should be made a capital offence for any person to exhibit eggs for sale which do not bear this stamp: the result would be that stale and decomposing eggs would disappear from our midst, or would be reserved as presents from friends in the country to those they hold dear and to whom they wish to make some rural offering in the city.

By our patent invention, (we have copyrighted it) fraud in the matter of eggs will be annihilated, friendship and love between rural and urban relatives will be more firmly cemented, and peace, joy and harmony will shed their golden rays over spots where once there was nought but hatred, malice and feelings of re-

venge; the breakfast tables of our citizens will not reek with the odor of profanity and weary eggs, and the nation will rise as one man and bless the inventor of this priceless boon.

GRIP-SACK will be out very shortly now: full of all sorts of fun, pictorial and literary: price, the same as the egg invention, only 25 cents.



The farewell performances of Mr. Bengough's comic opera, "Bunthorne Abroad," will be given in the Horticultural Gardens on Saturday afternoon and evening. It is the intention of the author to arrange for the performance of the piece throughout Canada and the United States during the coming season, copyrights having been secured for both countries.

Miss Minnie Walsh, the prima donna of the Standard Company, has made a particularly fine hit as Ethel in "Bunthorne Abroad," and has become a great favorite in Toronto. In addition to her splendid voice, this young lady possesses a pretty face and figure, while the part affords an opportunity of displaying both voice and figure to advantage. The other principals of the Standard Company are also worthy of more than passing notice. Mr. Stuart, who has a rich bass voice, is also a consummate actor; Mr. Hatch is the most pleasing tenor who has been heard in Toronto for many a day; Mr. Gaston, as Bunthorne, displays high talent as a comedian, and Mr. Barker's *Lieut. Deadeye* is a first-rate bit of character acting. Last, but by no means least, must be mentioned the *Buttercup* of Miss Abbie Nicholson, a part which she sings and plays to perfection.

WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD HER.

"Sure, it's a hot mouth I've got an me, Mickey," said Kathleen, who had just returned from a visit to the physician, to whom she had been with a sore throat.

"Haow's thon?" asked Mickey, who was from the "Neurth."

"The docther says my tongue has a heavy coat an it, an' that my throat is wan mass o' 'ulsters!' Ochone, ochone."



QUOTATION

BY A DUDE REGARDING HIS TOOTHPICK SIBBS.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."