

## HOW TO LIVE.

Take the open air—  
The more you take the better;  
Follow nature's laws  
To the very letter.  
Let the doctors go  
To the Bay of Biscay;  
Let alone the gin.  
The brandy and the whiskey.

Freely exercise,  
Keep your thoughts cheerful;  
Let the dread of sickness  
Make you ever fearful.  
Eat the simplest food,  
Drink the pure cold water;  
Then you will be well,  
Or at least you ought!

## THE "FAIR" AND "JERSEY" LADY.

THE dress of young ladies now-a-days is enough to make their great grandmothers rise in their graves and weep with sorrow. Health is sacrificed to fashion, and how indelicate fashion just now is. Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy ball-rooms, like the tuber germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, in comfortable fitting and modest garments, and add justice to your eyes, without the vile use of belladonna, bloom to your cheeks, without the use of the paint brush, elasticity to your steps, and vigour to your frames. Take exercise, plenty of it. Get a good seaside pair of boots on and run up the hills on a wager, and down again for fun, to run in the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and, after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained bodily liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, who can darn a stocking, mend her own dress, superintend a battalion of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But your pining, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, "jersey" dressed, consumption mortgaged, music murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony, or any man's money, than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is ladies, you want less fashionable restraint, and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor and tight-fitting corsets and "jersey"; more leg exercise and less carriage; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings and breathe the pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.

## VIRTUE HATH ITS REWARD.

SOME few evenings ago a couple of festive youths wishing to play off a joke on an old maid, took an Indian tobacco sign from the door of a well-known store on the Main Street and placed it under the bed of the aforesaid maiden lady. Of course on retiring, with the curiosity of her sex, she looked round to see that all was safe before turning in, and her examination under the bed disclosed to her sight what she thought to be an "enterprising burglar."

A fixed salary—you can't raise it.

## HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

A dealer in pencils should not go to *Pencil-vain-here*; nor would a man stand a better chance at Botany Bay, because he might have a knowledge of Botany.

To very hot climates, where there is no glass in the windows, it would be madness in a glazier to take the *panes* to emigrate.



## A WORKER'S PRIDE.

Why worldlings! I'm as proud to wield  
the axe,  
As I am happy I can guide the pen,  
To frame a sonnet, and return again,  
To a day's toil, that would disjoin the  
necks,  
Of half your dandy Poets.

A country girl, who has been in town,  
writing to her friends, says of the polka,  
that "the dancing don't amount to much,  
but the hugging is heavenly."



## SCENE AT THE WICKET.

*Bobby*—Here you Mister where are you going.  
*Exhibitor*—What's that to do with you.  
*Bobby*—My eye! your cheeky, look at my baton.  
*Exhibitor*—Hang your baton, I am one of the showmen.  
*Bobby*—That's "too thin"—get out.  
*Exhibitor*—Here I am showing jim-jams.  
*Bobby*—Get out I say or I'll jam your head.  
*Exhibitor*—Come on my beauty, let's see whose head will stand jamming.

## RULES TO BE STRICTLY OBSERVED BY VISITORS TO THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

Don't be the least troubled about your purses. The pickpockets will look after them. That's what pickpockets are for.

Be sure and be "pretty full" before going to the grounds so that you may be as disagreeable as possible to those around you.

Don't attempt to carry away any of the specimens exhibited. Those irrepressible policemen might object.

Take careful observations so that you may be able to compare the Exhibition with the one-horse affairs held lately in small country villages like Guelph, Toronto, Whitby, etc., and be sure to decide that those held in the latter places were far ahead.

When you see a horse or a cow on the grounds take it for granted that it is a horse or a cow as the case may be. Don't bother the clerks or assistants with unnecessary inquiries.

Insist on giving your opinion with as much demonstration as possible upon the merits of everything you see—no matter whether it be a fine oil painting, a completed piece of machinery or a pen of young pigs. All exhibits are open to criticism.

Buy as many copies of the "Exhibition Critic" as you can, and preserve them as souvenirs of the Great Dominion Exhibition.

## SMITH & JONES

*Smith*—Been to the Royal, Jones?

*Jones*—What Royal, do you mean Mount Royal,

*Smith*—Why, no, the Theatre Royal?

*Jones*—Oh, no, what's going on?

*Smith*—A cheap trip round the world!

*Jones*—You don't say so. A D.H. affair.

*Smith*—Oh, no, a light N—affair.

*Jones*—Jerusalem! I must take it in.

*Smith*—[aside, finger on nose] Yes and get taken in. Jones see Sparrow and get two comps. It will do you good.

*Jones*—Why, so?

*Smith*—You're love-sick, ain't you?

*Jones*—Now, that is not a nice way of putting it. It is true I have a tender regard for a lady, neither Blonde or Brunette.

*Smith*—Yes, that's it. A clean case of spoons, I saw you with the red-headed widow the other day. Your love-sick and such a complaint should be attended to at once, ergo, you should have gone to the Royal.

*Jones*—What for?

*Smith*—To look at the female spectacles in the ballet! Their looks and forms, would cure any man of love-sickness; but—

*Jones*—But what?

*Smith*—But they are rather nauseating.

*Jones*—[Drawing a long breath] Well, I'm glad I didn't go then, and I shall not go to such a shop; I don't like Ipecaca choruses, and I don't care to be cured anyway.

*Smith*—Then you won't go?

*Jones*—No, that's flat, (Striking out from the shoulder.)

*Smith*—Oh, my eye! Where is he?