

A MODEL LETTER.

"A HAPPY DADDY."

We are not obliged to tell how the following funny letter fell into our hands. All the reader has to do is to read it, and laugh at it. We congratulate the new made pa-ri-ent, and hope he will get over his confusion of ideas shortly, so as to be able to tell his baby from his horse :—

DEAR SISTER EMMA :—I now take my seat and sit down to take this opportunity to inform you that I am a "daddy" at last ; that is, I suppose I am, for Addie has got a nice, fat baby as ever made up faces. We hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same great blessing. Now this is to be strictly a business letter. Firstly, as I said before, Addie has got a nice baby. Nextly, I have swopped away Old John and think I have got a pretty nice horse, it is a girl and weighs nine pound—I mean the baby—it is just as fat as butter, and has a good strong pair of lungs. She is red and has a bobtail—the horse I mean—and a white stripe in her face, and is a good driver ; she has got blue eyes, and a dimple in her chin—I mean the baby—and just the prettiest mouth that ever opened to cry ; judging from her teeth I should think she was about six years old—I mean the horse now—she is sound, smooth, and kind—I mean the horse or baby either, now—and the doctor says she is the fairest he ever saw, without any exception—he meant the baby—I got twenty-five dollars to boot, not on the baby though, for in its case the boot is on the other foot and two or three sizes larger as near as I can find out. I am going to harness the horse now, and go after mother, she was born last night at twenty minutes past nine—I hope you don't think I mean mother or the horse, I mean the baby. She is as hearty as a pig ; eat an egg, a biscuit, and drank three cups of tea—I mean Addie—she is getting nicely, and if she don't have any bad luck she will get along first rate. She talks about her nose, as she takes snuff—I mean the nurse. I am going to name it Ediemia—I mean the baby. There I've been reading this over, and I see plainly that I ain't fit to write. The amount of it is, I am illustrated ; I am a happy daddy, and that accounts for it, so you must excuse me this time.—*The Traveller's Record.*

MARKETS.

MATRIMONIAL.

So far as heard from, the matrimonial market stands thus :—Old stock married off, none ; old stock hopeful of success, one ; widows of first-class married, or soon will be, ten ; widows of second-class married, or soon will be, fifteen ; young ladies married, seventeen ; engaged, and day fixed for wedding, ninety-five ; betrothed, and gone to get the consent of Paterfamilias, sixty-seven ; still billing and cooing, ninety-nine ; matches broken up by stern parents, eleven ; come together again, three—but they have to dodge parent ; in love, but not reciprocated, thirty-seven and a half ; no one to love, forty-nine ; elopements, one ; private marriages, two.

EPITAPH ON ISAAC REED.

Reader, of these four lines take heed,
And mend your life for my sake ;
For you must die, like Isaac Reed
Tho' you read till your eyes ache !

FEARFUL DEPRAVITY.—During an exhibition of Lent's circus in Toronto, a young husband, the happy father of a chubby, rosy-cheeked baby, was wandering aimlessly about the concern, and after awhile neared the head quarters of the "Wild Fiji Cannibals." Holding the aforesaid offspring in his arms, he stopped to view those feeders on human flesh. Mr. Fiji accosted the father thusly : "Fattee baby ; white man ; good eat ; tender. Fiji-man like him. How muchee price ? Fiji-man pay Melikee man dollars."

The horrified father drew back aghast, but hastily responded in this wise : "What'll you give, noble savage ?"

"Fiji-man give ten dollars."

"Too cheap ; worth more ; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got a nice old mother-in-law at home I'll sell you for five dollars ; she's rather tough eating, but good for a square meal."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

BY OUR AGONY MAN.

Why is a doll like jelly ? Because it is made with eyes in glass.

Why is the British Government like a legal official ? Because its not a republic (notary public.)

What affectionate times these are ! Everything is so "dear."

The Liberty of the press.—Having your pocket picked in a crowd.

Most men have, like Achilles, a vulnerable spot, but it is in the head, not the heel.

A young man, who had recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

Bred in the Bone.—Our boy says the fondness of women for ribbons may perhaps be accounted for in the fact that the first woman was made of a rib-bone.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.—That I do not keep his house in proper repair. That the painting is not such as it should be. That the chimneys were as good chimneys as any in Christendom, and were never known to smoke before. That the drainage could not possibly be better ; in fact, he never, in all his experience, knew drains to be in such sweet odour—the fault must lie with the cook. That if the doors will not close to, some undue violence must have been used. That the windows were perfectly tight and sound when first I took possession. That he cannot help the water coming through the roof, which he knows well enough was in the very best repair at the time I went in—so much so, that he would defy the most searching microscopic eye to have picked an hole in it.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every woman who makes puddings has a perfect right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

A LADY wished a seat in the Horticultural Gardens. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "Oh ! you're a jewel," said she. "Oh ! no," he replied. "I'm a jeweler ; I have just set the jewel."

AN old lady resident of this city, hearing somebody say that the mails were irregular, said : "It was just so in my young days—no trusting 'em."

THE EFFECT OF ADVERTISING.—A man a short distance out from the city says no one need tell him that advertising won't cause a big rush, for he advertised ten bushels of grapes for sale, and the next morning there wasn't one left—the boys stole 'em all. *Moral*—He did not subscribe to "Grip."

NOTICE.—Miss Annie Mossity and Mrs Ann Tippathy are earnestly requested to call upon Miss Amy A. Billity, and remove the bad impression they left behind them on Tuesday.

MOTTOES.—For a Draper : "Good mourning."—A sheep-breeder : "Lovely wether."—A sea-sick Passenger : "Sic Transit."—A Breeches Maker : "Knee-plushultra."—A pleasure-boat in August : "The last rows of summer."—A Woodman : "For he is a jolly good feller."—A disappointed member of the Toronto Rowing Club : "Here lies the noblest rowman of them all."

A TOAST given at a late meeting of the Knights of St. Crispin :—
"May they have all the women in the country to shoe, and the men to boot."

THE following advertisement recently appeared in a daily paper :—
"A young lady who has received a good education, can read and write, and is versed in geography, history, music, dancing, and elementary mathematics, wishes a situation in a respectable family as washer and ironer."

The most becoming hood for maidens.—Manhood.

"Where there's a will there's a way."—The Claimant says he is going to find a way without a will.

To Speculators.—Before you invest, investigate.

If you cannot afford a knocker for your door, try and get able (a bell.)

Mrs. Wimple says : Wedlock is a case of mar-age.

Mrs. Wimple says lovers preambulate a goodeal before marriage, and a little after, too.