

churches, be placed in the cells and corridors—surely this is not an extravagant demand.

8. The bathing conveniences are too limited. I think the best remedy would be to let the men bathe all day, going in by twos and threes at a time; this would give a fellow time to bathe and titivate himself properly, instead of hurrying up as he has to do now—and would obviate the necessity of bathing in company with navvies—Ugh! We also require a dining-hall, table napkins, finger glasses and trained waiters.

9. I demand that the night guards appointed be men of high honor and totally incapable of eaves-dropping, listening Caesar-like to what the prisoners have to say of him. As things are at present it is impossible to make a remark derogatory to the institution without its being reported. Such is the morality of the guards—could anything be meaner? Hoping that, in the interests of humanity, these reforms will be adopted.

I am, sir,
Yours respectfully,
AN EX-CONVICT.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—It is a great mistake to suppose that dyspepsia can't be cured, but must be endured, and life made gloomy and miserable thereby. Alexander Burns, of Cobourg, was cured after suffering fifteen years. Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

IN THE QUEEN'S PARK.

A VIGNETTE FROM TORONTO, 1873.

I.

How the city, spreading wide,
Thrusts its fringe of fields aside,
Far away:
And our pleasantest of parks
Getting smaller, one remarks,
Day by day!

II.

For that vulgar, staring-red
"School of Science," rears its head
Where the creek
Once flowed through a cedar glade,
Where the dryads might have played
Hide and seek!

III.

Where, for many a truant hour,
When the lilacs were in flower,
Long ago;
And the apple-blossoms broad-cast,
As beneath their boughs we passed,
Fell like snow!

IV.

We were happy. Idle word!
Yet the summer joy which stirred
Flower and tree,
We, too, shared in, Josephine!
Ah, but it was in eighteen
Seventy-three!

V.

Fashions change in hearts and gloves!
The unrobed and wanton Loves
Become mutes!
But I know none fairer now
From the bangs upon your brow
To your boots!

VI.

You are married, and forget;
A fat baby is your pet,
And its squall
Seems to you an angel's psalm
From your church of Notre Dame,
Montreal!

VII.

But the "Science School" stands there,
Where our summer saunterings were,
Stern and frigid;
It is red, as was your face
When you bent with willing grace
To be kissed!

—C. P. M.

The satisfaction of feeling that he is a well-dressed man is enjoyed to the fullest extent by all wearers of R. WALKER & SONS' clothing, whether it be their \$9.00 or \$18.00 suit, or their \$3.50 or \$5.00 trousers.



AN AVERAGE CUSTOMER.

Clerk.—Necktie? Yes, sir; there's one at half a dollar.

Old Gent (hard of hearing).—Eh! A dollar? I'll give you fifty cents.

Clerk.—I said half a dollar.

Old Gent.—Oh! half a dollar? I'll give you a quarter.

—The Chief.

HOW THE PARLOR WAS PAPERED.

When John Brown, bookkeeper and accountant, of 17 Acacia Villas, laid down his paper at breakfast time on Wednesday last, and, for the first time during the meal, looked at his wife, he noticed she wore upon her face the expression experience had taught him meant a demand—either upon his time or upon his money.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "the paper in the parlor is getting quite shabby." This tentatively.

"Is it, my dear?" queried John, innocently, ("though he must have known, you know, because"—said his wife to her mother in describing the scene).

"Why, yes, John. And oh! John, dear, mamma and I saw such a nice paper at Levi's so subdued, you know, and that, and only 50c. a roll, and that man, you know, with the funny name, will put it up, and it's chocolate with little gold dots, and ten rolls will do, Levi said, and we can borrow Perkins' step ladder for him—"

"For whom, dear," asked John, "Levi?"

"No, you stupid darling, for the man. And I dare say he can come to-morrow, and he said he would send it up at once. Don't you think it should be done at once, dear?"

Well, John didn't, but his wife succeeded in convincing him of the absolute necessity of immediate action in the matter, so he meekly submitted, and went away to the office overwhelmed with the delighted gratitude of the partner of his joys and sorrows.

John having been packed off, and household affairs hurriedly regulated, Arabella hurried away to her mother's.

Mrs. Jones was a woman of spare frame and severe countenance. On her face time and worldly troubles had left their usual traces. Her smile was wintry, her nose pronounced, her eyes a washed-out blue, her hair rigidly confined. ("Arabella," said Mr. Brown often to himself, in confidence, "isn't a bit like her, thank goodness.")

Yet Mrs. Jones was not unkindly, and thought a good deal of Brown. She was a standing rebuke to the popular opinion as to mothers-in-law, and if she did occasionally aid and abet Arabella in her raids on the purse of Brown, she did it all for the best. Men are very stupid sometimes, and a mother-in-law who understands men and their ways should rather be regarded as a blessing than otherwise.

"Well, Arabella," said her mother, (they having peered at each other as the manner of women is when they don't want to gush), "did he—"

"Oh, yes, mamma, and what-d'ye-call-him can do it, and he will lend him his ladder, and you know he said he could send him up at once, and he says I may have it done immediately, if not sooner. Isn't he nice? Though I could not have it done sooner, you know. And now get ready, ma, and we will go down right away."

How do women always know intuitively what person is meant by any "he," whenever "he," may crop up in conversation? They always do. Mrs. Jones understood her daughter's last speech perfectly, and having expressed her delight they talked for half an hour about "he," and "she," and "it," and "they," and settled nearly all the affairs of the town before they got down to Levi's and stood before his stand of papers.

This was at half past ten. At half past one (Mr. Brown took his lunch down town) they emerged from the shop, tired and jaded, but victorious. They had chosen the paper!

(What were they doing all that time? Why, silly, they were choosing the paper. But you said they had selected the chocolate and gold. Did they change their minds? Oh! heavens, man, don't you understand what shopping means? Next time your wife goes shopping of an afternoon, go with her, if she will be bothered with you. When you get home at tea time, you will understand what Mrs. Jones and Bella were doing between half past ten and half past one that day. And as to the chocolate and gold—well, they saw a nicer one).

That afternoon the paper came home.

It was a flushed and eager and very pretty face John kissed when he got home that night.

"Oh! John, do look—there, dear, never mind kissing me so much—I want to show you the paper. Oh! you must like it, dear, it is so sweet, and Mr. Levi said Mrs. Williamson had some last week for her drawing-room, and it was not nearly as stylish as this, and mamma is so pleased, and says she—there, now, isn't that nice?"

"Well," said John, "but that isn't chocolate and gold. I thought—"

"Oh! but John, don't you think this is much nicer. Chocolate would be so gloomy, you know, and then the gold—gold isn't exactly the thing for a quiet parlor like ours. Oh! John, dear, don't say you don't like it! I'm sure mamma thought it beautiful! Now, dearest, you must like it, don't you?"

Of course John liked it and said so, and despised chocolate and detested gold, and said so, and thought this—

"Oh! but, John," broke in his wife, "I don't despise chocolate, but I think this is nicer. And I can't see why you should detest gold. Gold is very pretty, and Mr. Levi said gold was in great demand among fashionable people. So there, now."

"Well, Bella, dear, I would like some myself."

"Oh! but not better than this, John, now do you?"

"No, dear. And I will send up old Behnek in the morning and borrow Perkins' step ladder, and when I come home to-morrow night I shall find you as happy as a queen."

And it was done. And when that to-morrow night Brown came home, he found the house upset, and the parlor papered, and Arabella in tears.

"Why, dearest," he exclaimed, "what over is the matter?"

"Oh! John," she sobbed, "I don't like it now it's up. It ought to have been the chocolate and gold, but mamma would have this, and oh—!"

And that was how the parlor was papered.