

done? After he had mopped off his forehead and swallowed a glass of water preparatory to resuming, I headed him off by asking him if ever he had written or sent anything to Goldwin Smith. He said he was going to, but as he proposed visiting Toronto soon, he thought a personal interview would be more satisfactory. He said he would go down to see Goldwin Smith immediately after the Semi-Centennial celebration. I trust he will be induced to remain in Toronto.



Aw—thank you—you ah a bwick, and—aw—talking of bwicks—here's anothew Fwrench fellah comes to the fwont now—with the—aw—infawmation that common house bwicks ah full of vehmin—aw—that is—aw—disease gehms—called—aw—something—like—aw—tobacco—aw—baxter—aw—something. Now—aw—that's too thin. Heah's a good English wold wuined all through the infehnal wewarshes of these middling fw'rch savants. No fellah can call anothew fellah *bwick* now without insinuating that he is covched with—aw—aw—well, can't you see that it's impossible to call any decent fellah a bwick now without insulting him—ya-as—by Jawve!

Amusing? I should smils. To heah Col. Denison talking about the *people of Cwnada* putting down independence, weminds one—aw—of the—aw—old stovy of the—aw—Thwee tailaws of Tooley Stweet wwo used to say "We the people of England." Faw all that, I cawn't see that it's woth while to get up on their nind legs about it. Aw—aw—if it pleases the old womer to get out their mops and bwooms and go swabbing awound, why—aw—let them. The—aw—tice wises all the same. Ya-as indeed—aw—I should wathaw think so!

We'l—aw—no—you weally *ought* to have a fawty yeah celebration in honaw of Sir John. He is without doubt the clewewest man going. And as the papaws say, its not likely he can see anothaw ten yeahs—so—aw—it might be a vewy pleasant way of fawtving him befow he goes, and of assuwhing him of your appweciation of the pwospect. He is the only man alive who—aw—can steal from you and yet wetaim your wewpect. His policy is, and always has been, to hit you a fwriendly slap on the shouldeh with one hand, while he—aw—aw—picks your pocket with the othaw. Fact—aw—you know he does it—aw—you feel his hand in your pocket—you turn wound indignantly—he smiles, flaunts your pwoperty in your face, lays one fingaw on his nose, bows, goes on his way wewjoicing—and you fawvgive, and—aw—admiah him! Whatevah is expedient is wight—Towios may pwotest, and—aw—Gwits howl—all the same Sir John cwawies the day—ya-as! By all means celebrawte faw the—aw—last time.

"Do look, how much heavier Digby's wife is than he!" cried Blobson, as the pair referred to rode by in a light buggy. "Oh, no, that isn't it," replied Popinjay; "they are carrying a loaf of Mrs. Digby's bread to a poor family around the corner, and that is what weighs down her side of the buggy so."



CANADIAN FABLES.

I.—THE WELL AND THE WEATHER PROPHEET.

A weather propheet, on the stars intent, Walked, gazing upwards, heedless where he went. While his soul soared above, his body fell Down to the bottom of an ancient well. Then saw he still more stars around him spread, And meteors whirled swiftly through his head. At last his brain cleared; peering through the gloom He saw a white-robed grave-eyed lady, whom He knew to be a stranger; so he said:—"Speak! art thou risen, truly, from the dead?" "Art thou a phantom of my brain's own birth?" "For none like thee have I beheld on earth!" The stranger raised a little lump on high, And scanned the propheet with an angry eye. "You saw me not before? Nay, wretched youth, "No need to wonder, for my name is Truth. "But know that this, my villa, must not be "Contaminated by a thing like thee." Thus saying, up she screwed her little lump, And showed the trembling man a stairway dump; Which led to upper earth: in mortal dread The propheet skipped the rundle, and went to bed.

MORAL.

When the next weather-seer makes such a fall Let's hope the well is brimming full, that's all.



II.—THE PHONETIC TRAMP.

A Tramp, who felt he might be coaxed to eat, Entered a backdoor on a certain street. His wants once stated, "Please," the servant said, "Sit down, I'll see the master," and she fled. The tramp, who was devoted to his work, Thrust in his breast full many a spoon and fork. But soon he found his taken utensils. So softly had the master stooped down stairs. "Be not afraid, poor man, so mock and muto, "Nor think my heart's as hard as proscute. "I value not that silver, yet for tri! "Of your repentance and your self-donial, "Pray put it back." As asked so did the Bent. "That proves your honesty," the Master said, "Fall to and eat—thoro's milk, and beef, and bread." "And nary pudding?" whined the tramp. "To-day "I grieve to tell you that my cook's away. "But, lest you chance to steal for pudding's sake, "Tell me how much of pudding can you take?" "Five dollars' worth," the sullen tramp replied, Nor was his modest estimate denied. Then walking out into the neighboring street, The smiling vagrant met a fellow beat. "Yes, I got lots of chuck, besides a V. "I wished thero were more suckers like to ho." Just then the host, who chanced to leave the door Just as the tramp did, faced the two: "No more! "I feel you, give you money, let you go, "And now I'm called a sucker! Go sir, go!" "Excuse me, sir," the obsequious tramp replied,

"This is not the first time that sounds have lied. "Had I but writ the word upon a slate, "The difference in your feelings had been great. "I said you wore a succour—S-U-C "C-O-U-U-it—and so you wore to me."

MORAL.

Phonetic speller, tell me if you can, sir, Under your system, what the tramp could answer?



SISS SOLILIQUIZES.

Ah! what it is to be a boy. A boy now, is just what I call the incarnation of liberty, fraternity, equality. He can go anywhere, do anything and everything, and it's all right—but a girl—humph! There's Jack now, in summer he elopes before dawn with a fishing rod, and no one dreams of looking for him till bedtime, when he arrives home, dangling in triumph a three inch perch over his shoulder, and ravenous—he can eat breakfast, dinner and supper all at once. Then he plays base ball every summer evening, in his shirt sleeves and stocking feet. Oh! what it is to be a boy! If a circus or a menagerie was to come around, the place that knows i in now would know him no more, until he saw the last of the animals safe on the outward bound train, and then he'll entertain you for a week, with how a monkey snatched off his hat and made off with it, how he tickled the lion with a switch, fed the elephant with apples, and crept under the canvas, and saw the whole performace gratis. Oh! you may believe he did, boys will do anything, evon to beating their way for a trip on the merry-go-rounds. The other day, in the park now, when everybody was suffocating in the jam trying to see the review; where do you think the representative boy was? in the crowd? no, indeed, but perched on the tip-top bough of that old fir tree, having an uninterrupted boys-eye view of the whole parade. Then, there's the marbles! did you ever know anything to beat the shrieks of a boy when he gets excited over marbles? He feels like his father at election times. Can't he double up his fists and go for that fellow who fobbles! And his kite! give him a stick, a couple of newspapers, and a cup of paste, and next day he'll be out on the breezy commons; dinner, home, everything forgot in the bliss of watching that wavering speck in the blue ether above. He goes swimming, boating, racing; he feels glad he is living. Now, why can't we do all that? Why can't we fly kites, play ball, climb trees, go fishing, and have a jolly good time, without being called bold, forward tomboys. Why don't they lace the boys up in stays, and put clothes on them they are afraid of soiling? Why ain't we allowed to grow up out o' doors, and become healthy and vigorous and strong, instead of narrow-chested, round-shouldered, paling, white-faced useless things. Mrs. Grundy? To Jericho with Mrs Grundy! give me health and happiness, and the unspeakable privilege of growing up like a boy.

SISS.