

readily well-filled sack by the high chief potentate of the Great North-West, Baron Munchausen, Jr. "A Story of the French Revolution," gives a very different version of the story to that of the Great Carlyle. "The Sweet Girl Graduate," is a good-humored comical drama in three acts, and if the *Woman's Righters* or the *Antis* want a good hour's reading with a little bit of moral and a little bit of fun, let them read this. It is capital, tip-top, well-written, spicy and amusing. Could any one want more for 25 cents. Yet there is more in *Grip-Sack*.—*Toronto Citizen*.



A brief season of Comic Opera has been opened at the Pavilion by Haverly's celebrated company. The principal vocalists are Miss Louise Manfred, soprano; Mr. C. M. Pike, tenor; Miss Hattie Delars, contralto; Mr H. E. Dixey, buffo; Mr. H. Molton and Mr. W. P. Brown. The popular operas of the day are given with rare ability, and delighted audiences greet the Company every evening. A special matinee is to be given on the Civic Holiday.

A juvenile Comic Opera Company are announced to appear at the Grand for two performances on the Civic Holiday, when the over popular "Pinafore" will be given.

Art collectors should inspect the assortment of album scraps to be seen at Robertson Bros', bookstore, opposite the P. O., in the shape of beautifully executed photos of many celebrated French and English paintings. Nothing like them has ever before been seen in Toronto.



"NEVER CHECK PRESPARATION."

A ST. JOHN'S WARD EPISODE.

"William John!"

"Yes, mother."

"I want you to cut some wood, and be quick about it, too, d'ye hear?"

William John knew his mother's firmness of character, and in two seconds the neighborhood resounded with the mighty strokes of the woodman's axe.

"I wonder what they teaches my boy in them public schools," said the careful mother, as she picked up her young hopeful's books which he had brought home for the holidays.

I here rise to explain that Hygiene is one of the subjects with which the youthful mind grapples in our new system of education, a system which was probably not in vogue in the dark age in which our Water Works Engineer and Commissioners spent their boyhood's hours at the footstool of Minerva.

But to return to the worthy mother of William John:—"Grammar and Composition—them's useful; my own parients allus made me git 'em up good when I was to school. But what's this? It kinder seems to me that this is somethin' nobody never learned me. H-y-g, that spells Higg; i-c-n-c, that's een; "Higgeen." I suppose it must be, I must see what they're learnin' my son—nothin' that'll keep him from doin' his dooty by his dear, good ma, I hope. I'll read some of it to see. "Higgeen is the science of health—that's good, and will do him no harm. I've allus tried to make him take care of his health. I'll turn over a few pages now and see what it says about health. 'Never check prespiration; death is often caused by doing so.' La, is that so? Why, I never knowed it before. I must see that William John doesn't do it now." And so the careful progenitrix of the unfortunate William J. arose from her seat and went to the back-yard, where she was horrified by the sight of her thoughtless and "unhiggeenic" boy just in the act of immersing his beet-colored and sweat-exuding face in a pail of water; for, Vennor having prophesied a snow-storm for that July day, the thermometer was registering 98° in the shade; and ten minutes exercise with the domestic axe, in a shadeless yard, had made William Jehn rather amphibious. "William John! William John!" shouted his anxious parent, just as he was poisoning his head for the duck,— "Keep away from that water—never check prespiration!"

"Why, what's the matter mother? Can't you let a fellow cool himself, when he's been boiling over for ten minutes? Your wood—"

"Quick, William John! quick. Go on splittin', and don't spoil yer health by checkin' prespiration. Mind me, d'ye hear?" And again perceiving by her tone and manner that she meant business, William J. again picked up the axe, and renewed his ligneous labors. "What on earth has the old woman got into her head?" he was just saying to himself, when the said old woman, holding up the book that had given her so much sanitary enlightenment, exclaimed, in the intervals (long as he dared to make them) between the blows:—"What's the good o' sendin' you to school, you young brat! Why, I've learned more in two minutes than you have the whole year about this here Higgeen. Why don't you practise your lesson? You might have been dead by this time, if it hadn't been for yor mother, you ungrateful scamp!"

"Go on splittin' that wood! You might die if you checked the prespiration now!"

So poor William John struggled with the knots again, his mother watching with eagle eye and anxious heart over the sanitary welfare of her son and heir, till his appearance resembled that of a man who had gone in swimming with his clothes on. Still, impelled by a sense of filial duty, (especially as his mother was supporting herself on an old broom-stick-handle) he struggled on, till the yard became like Queen-street in spring, and he felt himself sinking.

"Mother, do you love me?" he cried in an agony of despair, resting for a moment.

"Isn't that the very reason why I won't let you check the prespiration, you saucy brat! Get at that wood again, quick as you know how!" and her fond care for her boy made her enforce her remarks by a vigorous blow across his shoulders.

"What's that for?" he cried, edging away out of reach.

"Never check the prespiration, you young

fool! Pick up that axe again, d'ye hear?" and giving him something that he honored more than her words, she began to feel the perspiration oozing down her own heated brow and cheeks. Now was a terrible moment for her! What was she to do? Her darling was safe; but there was only one axe, and her narrow intellect could think of no other way of keeping up the perspiration. While her mental excitement was increasing the temperature of her body, and with it her dilemma, the saturated specimen of Hygienic care solved all immediate difficulty by stopping in his exertions. He was now knee-deep in mire, and had barked both shins by reason of the wood refusing to stand up in water and violate the law of gravitation. With an agonized look, he was about to address another pathetic appeal to his "guardian angel," when she, seizing the opportunity, maintained her *status quo* by means of the broomstick-handle—and the boy. But soon another and a greater crisis came.

"A fight! a fight! give it to her, Bridget Mahone! Hit her hard, Mary Ann!" came floating over the fence and caused her bump of combativeness to swell, "Now's my chance!" she cried, "Hooray! I'll make it a free fight and keep up my perspiration. William John, don't you dare to check the perspiration while I'm away! And with this parting admonition she took the shortest cut to Mrs. Mahone's. How the "perspiration" went on there is not known, for a high fence cut off the view. William John was seen to cease work (*mirabile dictu*) as soon as his fond mother was out of sight. We have since learned that he stays in a refrigerator during the day and sleeps over the sink at night. The civic authorities offered double pay if his father would allow him to walk the streets instead of a watering cart, but his health would not permit of it.

SALUS.



SUGGESTED BATHING COSTUME FOR THE DUCKS WHO PATRONISE THE WIMAN WOMEN BATHS.

JOTTINGS.

Wearers of the green.—Greenhorns.

The difference between man and butter.—Old age makes the former weak, the latter strong.

Mary does not care about joining an archery club. A beau is enough for her.

Is a tent pitched to make it water-tight?

A cook is sometimes a friar.

When a cabman has plenty of employment he *faras* well.

To collar a man is very apt to raise his cholera.