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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

"Ask Mamma!"

Leap-year, and of course the ladies
Have the privilege to pop,—
I, a bachelor at forty
Cherish once again a hope
That my chances are not vanish'd,
But 'er winter frosts can thaw,
I may tell some blushing maiden,
Ask mamma.

That, I take it, is the right way,
Our positions now reversed,—
I have got my lesson learn'd:
I have got my part rehearsed,
She must make the first advances,
With no reference to her pa,
Mine will be the right to answer,
Ask mamma.

What a bother it will save me,
And expenses too, not small,
For of me is not expected
Trettings out to rout and ball,
I have had my share of these things,
Though no recompense I saw,
Still I'm single, and who wins me
Asks mamma.

Come now maidens, ye now verging
On the shady side of life,
Do not let false pride detain you,
If you would become a wife,
Courage, be not shy or backward,
Put your faith in that old saw,
"Faint heart never won a husband,"
Ask mamma.

Wasted Enthusiasm.

Something very funny happened when the Marquis went to Halifax to meet his Royal spouse. The *Globe* correspondent said:

"An hour before his arrival the saluting battery stationed on the Citadel had mistaken a signal at the Railway Station, and thundred forth a salute of welcome, which had to be repeated when the train arrived."

Such a waste of good noise was very shocking. Think how the enthusiasm of the loyal city spent itself an hour too soon, and had to be pumped up again. But the occurrence gives a hint which the Marquis would doubtless be glad to have acted on. Why not in future fire off all salutes and addresses, why not get through the whole tomfoolery of a reception before their Excellencies arrive? All practical purposes would be achieved by that plan and the Marquis and his wife would escape much boredom.

A SETTLER.—Miss BILKINS to her chaperone—Why am I like the letter Q? Give it up? Well, it's because I am always followed by U.

Economy.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

I.—"A new walking suit I must and will have," she said, meditatively. "But I know no use to go and ask JOHN for another \$25.00—he was too cross when I got my prune silk. Besides, times are so hard, I'm going to be very economical and try a new plan. Cook says her other mistresses always did it, so why shouldn't I? One can't always be helping one's unfortunate neighbors—one must help oneself sometimes. Why can't one's neighbors be thrifter?" So she hardened her heart, and paid stealthy visits to her wardrobe and bureau-drawers, extracting therefrom sundry and divers articles of wearing apparel, male and female.

II.—Having collected together a goodly bundle, she awaited the hour when her husband was immersed in business cares in his office down town, and sending for the Negotiator of Second-hand Clothing, she thus addressed him: "Things do accumulate so, you know, that I hardly know where to stow them away, sometimes. These things are not of the slightest use to me—they are only in my way—but the reason I am not sending them to the charitable institutions, as I usually do, is that—well—I had a particular reason for not doing it this time. I—I—a—have never disposed of anything in this way before. I—ah, well—how much will you give me for these things?" The guileless Israelite glanced, with unexpressive countenance, at each garment, as she held it up, then spreading out his hands and bowing low, he said, "Lady, how mooch you vant? Name your own price!"

III.—Charmed with the snavity of his address, she answered, "Well, the things originally cost over fifty dollars, as you may very well see, but I shall be satisfied if you give me thirty. (And I can trim it with brocaded velvet," she added to herself). The G. I. throwing back his head uttered a long, low derisive "pew!" and exclaimed, "Pardon, lady! But that's one too mooch very funny—what you call it—joke—heh? I give you one tollar and half for the lot—they're not worth one cent more! Look at that jacket, lady! Too short for the fashion—who'll buy that? Not servant girl when missis wears a long one. I bought a real sealskin jacket yesterday for fifty cents. That bolonaise—bah! The sleeves all vorn out. That shawl—must be dyed before it sell. Silk dress? yes, yes, I see—it will cut up for trimming, that's all. Waterproof, betticoats, bonnets, bah! rags! You take one tollar and half, lady?"

"Are they really worth no more?" (feebly). "My vord of honour, lady; and I vilinot make fifty cents by the transaction. But, still, lady, you can have one better bargain if you vill. You throw in two or three pair Mister's trousers, one coat, some white shirts, and I give you this bootiful toilet sett of Bohemian glass mit your tollar and half—real Bohemian glass, lady. I come from there—I get them cheap—I have brother in the trade. They make you pay fifteen tollar for the same article at the China Hall, my vord of honour, lady! Ah! now! see! you will agree? Good! you know when you get a bargain. You know the real Bohemian glass! Good-bye, lady! Send for me when you have more old thing in your way!"

IV.—Took place when JOHN came home and with the contrariness of masculine nature insisted on arraying himself in certain garments which MARY is sure he hadn't thought of before for six months. "MARY," said he kindly, as he emerged from the closet empty-handed, and glanced at the mantelshelf, "if you swapped that dark gray suit of

mine for those red bottles, you've been pretty badly done, my dear! I suppose he told you they were Bohemian glass, eh? You didn't know there was a shop on Yonge street, where you could buy them for fifty cents a pair, did you? But, never mind! a new suit will only cost me \$25.00.

V.—"He thought the things so shab-ababby," said she going into hysterics on the bed, "I was ashamed to take even a dollar and a half for them. Oh! boo-hoo-hoo! Nobody's to dare to speak to me for a month—do you hear, JOHN? Nobody!"

A Lesson.

In the course of his account of the Bid-dulph tragedy, the reporter of the *London Free Press* says:

"It is mentioned above that in the house of James Maher a small bundle of paper spotted with blood was found between the rafters and plate by the police on Saturday. It was a section of the *Weekly Free Press* of the 13th of March, 1879, in which a detailed account was given of a masked burglary in Deerfield, Michigan, and the supposed *modus operandi* of the robbers. Who knows but that the Donnelly tragedy was planned after this one. The coincidence, even if the wholesale murder was not based on the Michigan plan, is not the less singular."

It is not at all impossible that the reporter's conjecture may be well-founded, and the moral of it ought to be plainly apparent to the editor of the *Free Press*, and all the other editors who often go out of their way to publish sensational criminal news for the edification of their readers.

Idyls. By Our Own Idyl-er.

No. 1.—TOM WILDMAN.

TOM WILDMAN was a cabin-boy,
And sailed the ocean blue,
He'd be a man before the mast,
Before his mother, too.

Learned was he in ropes and spars,
And blocks, and all ship's gear,
But though he knew no end of ropes,
Ropes and knew him, I fear.

When first he went a voyage to sea,
He longed for sight of earth,
He was so very sick, he wished
He could throw up his berth.

But use has stripped the sea of fears
For this bold ocean rambler,
He cared nought now for pitch and toss,
Being nothing of a gambler.

But soon poor TOM was doomed, for winds
Of violence 'gan to blow,
Great billows swept the vessel's deck,
And washed her hands below.

They knew not what to do, the ship
She reared like any prancer
Till soon they had to axe the mast
But found it wouldn't answer.

The ship went down with TOM on board,
Who bravely kept his post,
While with the vessel's log the crew
Made rafts to make the coast.

And when they brought the news unto
Tom's dad, he was appalled,
He died, poor man, and left no heirs,
For he was very bald.

The moral of my tale, now told,
I leave you all to guess on,
Short though it is, I fondly hope
It yet may prove a less'n.

In answer to numerous anxious enquiries from zealous Custom House officials, we would inform them that the poem entitled "The Spirit Anchor," which appeared in our last week's issue, has no reference whatever to an "anker of brandy."