

ALFRED AND ISABEL.

I cannot dance to-night, dear Alf,
Nay love, I must not try;
Not well? oh I yes, I'm pretty well,
But please don't ask me why.
Nay now, you're angry, that's not kind!

Aside—Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do
In this most wretched plight!

I'm sure your Isabel, dear Alf,
Has thought of you all day.
She longed to meet you here to night,
The gayest of the gay;
Then why not dance, I might try one?

Aside—Good gracious me, what shall I do,
I dare not even stir.

Nay Alf, now pray don't look so vexed,
I think you're cruel, quite,
You are not vexed, you only think
I might dance if I like;
You'll go; good bye, he's gone, oh dear,
My tears will wipe their place.
How could I ere have told dear Alf
My cruel fate was loose!

TERRIBLE INVASION.

DEAR GRUMBLER.—When I arrived in Toronto last week I found your city in the possession of an army of little boys, who make a fearful attack upon the unwary traveller as soon as he sets his foot in your streets. I had no sooner got out of the cars than, before I knew where I was, about six little urchins pounced upon me with a demand that I should purchase an "Evening Settler," price one copper. I felt an interest in the little peddlers and purchased two or three to light my pipe with. I went off the platform and asked a man whose Platt's Hotel was situated, when at once about ten more juveniles besieged me with "The Evening Settlers." I attempted a hasty retreat, but was followed for a quarter of a mile by three or four of them; I made a sudden bolt, but, to my horror, found a new batch who pursued me breathless, as I was, all the way down King Street. In the agony of despair I bought two more, and held them out as a flag of truce to any of the enemy I might again meet. All in vain. "Here's the Evening Settler, the last I've got;" well, thought I, I can pension you off at any rate; I brought one, imagining I had silenced him, when I spied the young rascal pulling another out of a bundle under his coat, and setting upon an unfortunate old man just behind me to effect the disposal of another and final "Settler."

I attempted to go into the Post Office, but there again I was met by a perfect battalion, over whose heads I had to jump to get at my long-expected note from the beloved Clarinda. I darted out and bolted up Church Street, never heeding the cries of the "Settlers," till I reached Carleton Street; I took off my hat, and wiped my brow, when I had recovered my breath I looked down, and, *horrible dictu*, there was a little imp with imploring eyes, "Please, sir, buy the Evening Settler, only one copper." I gave up in despair, and have been confined in the house ever since.

I believe there is not a step of ground sacred from this horrid torture; what is to be done, Mr. GRUMBLER, I am well nigh crazed by this awful invasion.

Yours in despair,

CHARLEY CLOW.

Experiences of a Candidate for Civic Honors.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I had for many years been a respectable inhabitant of St. Bridget's Ward, when some sudden prompting, whether from a good or bad spirit I know not, induced me to crave the office of Councillor. Many of my friends had, by their laudations of my talents, by their commendation of my eminent integrity, by the frequent and noisy admiration manifested at various meetings of the "Toronto Spitfire Association," when I had demonstrated to the satisfaction of large majorities "That Brutus was quite justified in killing Caesar, and that it would be the bounden duty of every Canadian to kill him over again, if he should ever happen to visit our freeborn Province," produced a firm conviction in my mind that I was destined to be a great man, perhaps as great as an Alderman. But such a step as becoming a candidate for a councilorship was not to be taken without consultation with some of my friends.

I first called on Councilman Craig. This man showed at once that he was not one of these selfish spirits that ever seek to draw the ladder up after them when they have once gained themselves a berth in the hay-loft of fame. "Right now," said he, "there's the right sort of stuff in yer. There's some geniuses, like yous and me, that ain't comfortable out of politics. If you'll just look over some of my old speeches in the *Globe* files, and try and catch the *flatus*, you'll be sure to carry the ward." Far different was the advice I received from Alderman Moodie. I found him crestfallen at his late succession of reverses, and gloomily awaiting future ones. When I mentioned my project, he begged me to shun the dangers and trials of political life, and take warning by his own example. He repeated, as he wiped his tears away with a dirty pocket-handkerchief, the well-known words of Wolsey:

Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, Watty,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard, say Moodie taught thee.
Who like his fiery trail the ways of glory,
And counted all the dust and smoke of honour,
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in.
Watty, I charge thee fling away ambition.

But my mind was made up. Without delay, I commenced my canvass, of course with the saloons and taverns, as being the most influential element of Canadian society.

Deeming the Pig and Chicken tavern to be one of the best pulses by which to ascertain the state of popular feeling, I entered it on Tuesday evening and found my most formidable opponent canvassing quite vigorously. I marched into the circle of electors, of which he was the centre, and said "Mr. Flummery, sir, I wish to put a test question to you. What do you think of our taxes?" "Well I don't exactly know what—" said Mr. F., hesitatingly. "Then," said I promptly, "the man that that *doesn't* know anything about so momentous, so awful, [sensation] so shocking, so atrocious, so iniquitous, [cheers] so flagitious, so esoteric, [immense cheering] so categorical an outrage upon the liberties and purses of Canadian citizens, isn't fit for a street sweeper." Here mine enemy was promptly hustled out of the room, and the "many headed monster" the populace rasciously permitted me to treat all round.

Flushed with success, I followed him to the "Pump and Mug" Temperance Saloon. Here I

found him attempting to address a number of pacific individuals, who were engaged in the innocent pastime of drinking Lemon Syrup and Toast Water. He spoke to the following effect:—"Gentlemen, I am rejoiced to witness such a combination of innocence and conviviality as is now spread out before me. Though many alcoholic beverages may afford enjoyment, and sometimes partial benefit, yet on the whole"—here he seemed to be tolerable successful with his audience, but as his eye fell on me, he fell from his rostrum in an agony of fear. I immediately mounted to his abandoned post and spoke as follows: "Fellow citizens—does the gentleman give you credit for distinguishing lentils when the mouth of its depository is open. Does he think you are to be put off with such ambiguous professions. Does he, or does he not, pronounce the dangerous brandy-smash, the deleterious cocktail, and the low half-and-half, to be altogether pernicious and destructive to health and morals? Does he? ha! ha! he does not, then out with the traitor!" This telling oration produced a second victory, which entirely discouraged my opponent, and immediately afterwards, I departed for the "Delirium Tremens" tavern, where I breathed forth sentiments of so jovial a character, that I at once acquired a despotic sway over the hearts of all the toppers of the neighbourhood. This is my first volume of experience, Mr. GRUMBLER! Do you not think that I may some day rank with the Craigs and the Purdys, and the Pretties, if not with the Carr's and the Dunns, and the Boomers?

Yours, &c.,

WATTY WEATHERCOCK.

MR. SUGDEN'S CONCERT.

We trust there is not much necessity for our calling attention to the musical entertainment announced by Mr. Sugden for Monday evening. Those who have attended the Oratorio performances in Toronto, know the sterling ability of that gentleman as a musician. He is about to favour our citizens with one of the best concert programmes we have seen for some time. Miss Kemp, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Poetter; Messrs. Briscoe, Roche, Rogers, and Sugden are the principal performers; they are all established favourites in our musical circles, and the selections they have made could hardly be in better taste.

The Tickets are only half a dollar each; let us hear next week that the Temperance Hall was uncomfortably crowded on the occasion.

THE THEATRES.

Both the Lyceum and the City Theatre are in full blast just now. In the former there is nothing new to notice, except the re-appearance of our fair friend, Mrs. Marlowe. We shall not, like the *Leader*, bespatter her with praise—but simply assure her of our undiminished regard, and earnest desire for her success.

In the City Theatre, Mr. Petrie is making a strong effort, and if there is such a thing as justice, should meet with proportionate success. On Monday evening, it appears, there are to be great doings there. The programme, as far as the patronage goes, is imposing enough. But why have the gentlemen amateurs acted so ungentlemanly to the Press. Who knows we might possibly recognize a Matthews among them.