

METRE BY MOONLIGHT ALONE.

The lamentations of the chief of the Water Works Committee regarding the waste of water during the hard weather are, we understand, about to be set to metre.

Surely there is some mistake.

Instead of the official's sentiments, it must be himself *in propria persona* who is to be set to meet her; and we pine for full particulars as to time and place, besides would like to know who she is, and how it all came about.

No doubt she is an Undine.

N.B.—Undine was a water spirit without a soul (sole), and so she will go softly to the rendezvous.

THE TWENTY MILLIONS.

"Well," said old mother Gritsom to her relative Johnny, "you are a sawney. You don't mean to say you have gone and loaned all them apples to young New Pacific? Twenty thousand barrels at a thousand each is 20,000,000 (twenty millions); you'll never see any more of them." "Time will show," said Johnny, with a smile and a wink.

And early one spring day New Pacific had a string of teams delivering apples at Johnny's store, and old mother Gritsom looked on from the opposite side of the street with uplifted hands, exclaiming, "Lauks-a-daisy! Who'd ha thought it?"

COMIC OPERA TRANSFUSED.

"My dear," said a kind mother to her little "Iolanthe" in a "Pinafore," "you must have 'Patience';" and afterwards she asked her, "do you know what 'Patience' is?" Emphatically replied little Pinafore, "Yes, waiting."

Now we want to know if Patience is waiting, what is Iolanthe? But Iolanthe must have been also waiting, and in a "Pinafore." *Did she "Mak-a-do?"*

Perhaps the last is most appropriate, although paraphrased from William's "Much-a-do about nothing."

LILLIPUT RAILWAYS.

What a thing, a great thing, is enterprise.

How one undertaking carrying success instigates another, and yet another.

Our roller coaster on the Island of last season bids fair to blossom before long into something more imposing.

Fancy the ecstatic delight of young Torontess in being able soon to take a through ticket on the railway from Hanlan's Point to the East Gap.

No doubt there will be sleeping cars and dining saloons on board, and tickets will be issued so that parties or couples can get off and "stay over" at the various points of interest *en route*. CYCLOPS

*Employment Agent*—You said you didn't care what sort of a domestic I sent you.

*Lady*.—I didn't say that, I know.

*Employment Agent*.—As to colour, I mean.

*Lady*.—Yes, I remember, I did. Either black or white, I said.

*Employment Agent*.—Well, I filled the stipulation, didn't I?

*Lady*.—No. The one you sent me is green.



MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WE understand that Mr. Stetson has arranged for one more week of the "Mikado" at the Grand Opera House, commencing on Monday, the 12th inst. As this is positively the last appearance of this popular company, we feel satisfied the Toronto public will show their appreciation of Mr. Stetson's favourable opinion of our city, in appearing for the third time with his admirable company, by turning out in goodly numbers.

MODJESKA, the distinguished actress, will open an engagement at the "Grand" on Thursday, the 8th inst. She will appear in "Adrienne," "Donna Diana," and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." We bespeak for her bumper houses, and a rare treat for the Toronto public.

SENATE REFORM.

"Reform of the Senate" we're told is required. And when we see senators mainly inspired By low, petty malice and personal hate, Interrupting the progress of public debate, Some reform should be had, there is not the least doubt; But begin by reforming such senators out!

FRENCH DOMINATION AGAIN.

Riel! your friends have no cause to complain; For it seems it was not altogether in vain That Amyot thundered and Laurier spoke, Since *Edward the Great* has passed under the yoke.

AN "INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR."

SCENE—*New Building in course of erection in view of Government Offices.*

*Government Clerk (to Fellow Clerk)*.—"Say, Fred, I've been watching that bricklayer for the last twenty minutes, and he has not done a stroke of work all the time! The country may well be going to the dogs!"

*Easy-going Bricklayer (to Fellow Artisan)*.—"Say, Bill, I've been watching that 'ere clerk for the last half-hour, and, blow me! he's done nuthin' all the time! Taxes may well be high! Wonder what pay he gets for that?"

MR. TODHUNTER has written a play in which Mrs. Langtry will appear in the spring. The name of the author, by the way, will be recalled to the audience every time a young man goes out between the acts of the play.