

you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, court-like and learned preparations."

Sir John—"O, sir."

Ford—"Believe it, for you know it. There is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it."

There is no doubt a reference to the Liberal leaders of to-day in the sentence, "Let us consult together against *this greasy knight*." Unfortunately it only ends in consultation and the greasy knight is never caught. He is greasy enough to slip out of their traps. Many other allusions are made to Sir John throughout this play; but the landlady has arrived on the scene and insists on having the lamp, as Stubbs has not paid for the last can of coal oil, consequently further remarks must be withheld.

Executors, { P. QUILL.  
T. STUBBS.



THE LATEST IDIOCY.

Biddy—Begorra, fwhat's the matter wid them for bangles?

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

DEACON BLODGETT—You may stand it; I can't. The scandal will destroy the church.

Rev. Mr. Sheepshanks—Dear me! this is awful. What ever is the matter, Deacon?

Deacon Blodgett—Why that man has profaned the Temple by playing airs from *opera bouffe* as voluntaries!

Rev. Mr. Sheepshanks—I thought that voluntary very fine

Deacon Blodgett—Ungodly tunes to which brazen huzzies at the theatre kick up their limbs.

Organist—I say, Deacon, where was it *you* heard those tunes before?

Rev. Mr. Sheepshanks—I want to know now!  
(Deacon collapses.)

THE BIG FAIR.

WHICH I'd like to impress on your fancy.  
A theme that perhaps may enhance a  
Realm for your sight 'fore your visioned delight—  
The Industrial is open to-day.  
Come forth in your festive array  
From fields that are fertile and fallow;  
Come forth with your boots drenched with tallow.  
O, swain, with your hair dressed in lard.  
O, maiden, O, maiden, discard  
The smiles of the city *exquisite*,  
While you to the Big Fair pay visit,  
O, pumpkin, so glossy and yellow.  
O, pippin, so shiny and mellow—  
What a rapt paradise  
Do I build out of pies—  
Alas! I'm a boarding-house fellow!  
How fair is the calf that is spotted;  
The swine that's abese is allotted  
A pen by himself.  
While alone on a shelf  
Is a turnip—the pride of the county.  
Alack! what a wealth in the bouny  
Lies there on the ram with its wool—  
"Try your lungs on the testing-machine—"  
"Who'll go and give Aunt Sally a pull?"  
"Oh, my! There's Miss Slimmens—a daisy—  
To-day she exhibits a crazy  
Quilt—what a dress—bombazine!"  
"Come, gals, now the hosses are startin'—  
What's that? Sairy Jane's been a flartin'?"  
Washing-machines, pins and needles,  
A soap-selling fakir who wheedles.  
Ten thousand small babies in arms—  
The year's crop from neighboring farms.  
Come forth in your festive array  
With boots drenched with butter and tallow;  
The Industrial is open to-day,  
Come forth from your fertile fields follow!

H. S. KELLER.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF COMMERCIAL UNION.

IF Commercial Union should ever become *un fait accompli*, we would derive some benefits beyond the hard gains of commerce. We would instinctively approximate towards our American Cousins in many of our institutions. The Canadian clerk—hotel clerk, railway clerk, shop clerk,—would give way to a being of a more civilized type, and our present animals of that ilk would be put away among the fossils in our geological museums as things belonging to a by-gone age. What a glorious change that would be! We would have no more scenes like the following:—

SCENE—Hotel office—A dudish clerk seated on one chair, with his feet on another, smoking a cigar and reading from the *Sporting Times* an account of the last "mill" to Bob in the back office. Enter traveller, puts down his bag, and signs his name in the register.

Traveller—Will you kindly give me a room?

Clerk—Say, Bob, this is fine! Just listen! Reads. "Both men came into the ring up to time, and the veriest tyro must have noticed that they were in prime condition. The Slugger stood two inches higher than the Pet, and his maulers were a trifle larger, though he did not seem so firm upon his pins—"

Traveller—(Mildly interrupting)—Will you kindly give me a room at your earliest convenience?

Clerk—(Looks over the top of the paper with a blank stare at mild traveller, and then resumes the interesting article)—"The Slugger was attended by his Fidus Achates, Purple Bill, while Sol Slogan was ready to perform all tender and necessary offices for the Pet. As they toed the scratch—"