

## A Lesson in Zoo-ology.

A "speculator" in "North-west" lands called at the Zoo the other day to interview Mr. Harry Piper. He had a roll of gorgeously-coloured "maps or plans" of Manitoban "cities" under his arm, and his object in calling was to impress upon the mind of the great Canadian Showman the desirability of embarking in a town or city lot venture. The ever popular exhibitor was at his post in the box office as the man of maps entered, when the following colloquy occurred:—

SPECULATOR.—"You air the man I've bin wanting to see for some time, Mr. Piper. You air a live man—you air a speckilatin' man, and you air jest the man we want to settle in our great "Nor-west." Now if you'll jest look over these maps—"

MR. P.—"Thanks; I've concluded all my wild-cat purchases for this season. I've got the finest specimens in the country—don't want any more."

SPEC.—"What do you mean by that, sir? Do you believe the false stories now in—"

MR. P.—"Well, they may be lion for all I know."

SPEC.—"They are lying, every one of them, who speak ill of us; now if you will look at these certificates—"

MR. P.—"Are they under seal?"

SPEC.—"No, of course they're not under seal—not required, but it's hard, hard to—"

MR. P.—"Hard to bear?"

SPEC.—"Yes, sir, hard to bear. Now if you will just take a look at the situation of this city (pointing to map), you will see it that it will be a connecting point for all routes from the East to the West."

MR. B.—"Just so, one of the lynx."

SPEC.—"Yes, sir, one of the links, as you say and its position makes it equal in value to the best."

MR. P.—"Of course, quite eagle."

The speculator here tumbling to Harry's last and worst pun, arose and said, with truthfulness depicted in his countenance, "I reckon you're trying to kid me a little, ain't you?—you don't look like a man that is prepared to buy anything, anyhow."

"You're wrong there," replied the urbane Harry, playfully poking the stranger in the ribs with his exhibition staff for stirring up the animals, "I'd like to buy you for a 'where is it' from Manitoba, and put you in a cage to represent the expressions coming from your customers when they go out there hunting in the swamps for their city lots; or I could put you into the aquarium as a land shark. Now git, or I'll set the Gnasticututtoo at you." The "Agent" gathered up his maps and fled for his life.



THE MECHANIC "LIEN" ACT.

## Ye Evening Costume.

(Vide a description of Oscar Wilde's dress at some late New York receptions.)

Oh! ye æsthetic youth  
In his search after truth  
Becometh so utterly Wilde,  
That his evening dress  
Is a cause of distress  
To the soul of this High Art child.

To his tailor he strides,  
With willowy glides,  
And his order sounds mild as milk—  
"Aw—they weally must be—  
Aw—weduced to the knee—  
Aw—the west will be thockoking in thilk."

This change he effects,  
And forthwith directs  
That shoes, with big buckles all bright,  
Be made for his feet,  
(Which to see is a treat,  
For the tens are a trifle too tight.)

Then with necktie sky-blue,  
Of Too—Too—Too hue,  
And a handkerchief brilliant blood-red,  
Which is thrust in the breast  
Of his quite utter vest,  
And his hair worn long on his head.

Behold him attired,  
Adored and admired,  
Ever soaring for unattained height—  
A disciple of Art,  
He stands far apart,  
An Æsthetic and Wilde-looking sight!  
F. J. M.

## The Roses of England.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM ONE OF THE MANITOBAN BRIDES PROSPECTIVE.

MY DEER SARAH ANN:—

This comes hopping you are all well as it finds us here at present thank god I am quite well in hopes you are the same, also your bo. I am going to tell you somethink, you no the princesses usband him as they call the markis forlorn hese come back to Hengland to get a lot of young Women to go to the north west territory wich he says wants wives for all the unmarried usbands as Ain't got no sweetarts nor nothink. he says they are all rich farmers Whats got farms of their hown and are making fortuns only its all men there, and theres no women in canada that wants to be married. it Must be a Drole country. Tho Markis says they are in grate need of the roses of hengland, meaning hus. so i gave missis notice last night. She ast me what was my reasons, i up and told her none of your bisness man, but since she wanted to no partikler the markis forlorn wanted me to go out with a lot more to marry a rich young farmer in the northwest territory you Oughter seen her stare spiteful thing when i get married ill write and tell her i can put on style as much as she can ill have my silk dresses and ladysmade as well as her. She thinks i didnt see hor giggling like every-thing when she was telling the company all about me leaving. but i forgive her because i have got religion dear Sarah i hope you are sober upind and serious. dear sarah i raly dont no wich is best to go to canada or utah. the moarmon missionaries go round tryin to get wives for their men too, and if you marry one of them you get sealed to the lord. i ast the missis tother day if they would seal us in canada. She said no we would only be sold. wich i suppose means body and soul, dear sarah i do hope you think about your old friends, and their soals, its of grate importans. deer sarah ann i think ill come out in the first ship load so i can have the first pick of the usbands i am getting may wedding dress made this weak ashes of roses—seeing we are the ro es of hengland trimmed with mauve lace and satin two and sixpence in giving for the making and a bokaye in my hand i'm going to put it on when i come ou deck to select a usband with a reeth of hor-range blossoms and a looshin long veil. deer sarah i do hop my usband wont be red headed.

John tomas is awful upset about me going away and i feel awful about him to. manys the good hot supper ive given him evenings when missis was out but he never did come up to the popping pint. he neednt think i'm going to be a hold maid for him. o how that bloomin butcher boy will miss me, he kissed me hover and hover in the airy he said i was his rale troo love and he would give hold suet notis at onst and foller me to ameriky but the dog ran away with the leg of nutton while we sade farewele so i'm afrade his master will keep the price of the leg out of his wages so he wont be able to go. but dear sarah ann i leave my hart in that meat-basket the rose is read the violets blue—fare-wels my troo love farewele. we'll meet above. deer sarah ann i hop these men will bring their carridge and pair from the north west rite up to the ship side and drive us strate from the key to baltar. deer sarah you will be my bridesmaid. its a pity you are pockmarked, if you had a rose complekcion like me you might stand a good chance along with hus coming out in the next ship. i think the markis forlorn is a very nice man he nose what it is, and he has a feeling hart for his fello men. deer sarah if your house is near the north west territory try and find out all about the nicest and richest of the farmers so i can pick out a good one. i want to keep a cook and ousemaid and play on the pianny. no moar at present but remain's your loving cousin

LUCY TOMRINS  
E. I. terrace  
London, hingland.



## HARD

This is our contemporary, *The World*, searching for the "independent" lines of railway built on subsidies and bonuses granted by the Government and Municipalities of Ontario, which have not been swallowed up by amalgamations. A Committee of the Local House is wanted to assist in the search.

## Lines

BY A LUNATIC.

A base manufacturer thought to invest  
His means in a big iron foundry,  
So he built up a place in the far distant West,  
Away on the disputed bound'ry.

And the wild Winnepiggers in legions came down,  
For they felt awail glad and hilarious  
When they found by the laws of the country and crown,  
That the foundry was theirs—not Ontario's.

The Caribbooscreamed from his nest in the pines.  
It's a subject to howl and to howl over,  
Where do I belong to? It's very hard lines;  
I'll write to Toronto to Oliver.

## CHORUS.

High diddle diddle, oh, what shall I do?  
The state of the country is very precarious:  
I'm afraid I'll be taken and caged in the Zoo,  
Because I'm a Caribbo now of Ontario's.