

A WORD TO THE DRESS REFORMERS.

It isn't the women, it's the men who admire tight lacing. You lecture the men! The women would only be too glad to pitch the corsets into the bay, but the result would be no gentleman would look at them, they would be voted strongminded and all that sort of thing, and you know how the male sex abhor strongminded women—they prefer weakminded women, and so to curry favor the women who are not weakminded make it appear that they are so by following wherever fashion leads. Of one thing you may be sure, they would never be weakminded enough to marry a man who squeezed his grand muscular proportions out of all shape, by wearing tight stays. You know how the women go into fits of admiration over a fellow with the figure of a gladiator or the form of a Hercules. Now here's a pointer for you—get the men to openly express the same admiration for the living, breathing counterpart of Hebe or Venus—the Venus of Milo, or Juno. Get them educated up to the point of abhorring a sixteen, eighteen or twenty inch waist deformity, let them say openly and bear it out by their preference, that a woman as she is built by nature is infinitely more attractive than one modelled by the milliner, and when they marry let it be one who will be able to improve not deteriorate the race by a false education. That's what's the matter, ladies. But it's no use talking to the women—get the men on your side, if you can, and the dress reformation will be practically accomplished. "What fools these mortals"—the men—be. They pay milliners' bills, doctors' bills; it is ill health, puny children, and early graves under the present reign of fashion, and yet no sooner is small waist and shallow brain number one laid away than they cast about for the second edition of the same. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

HOW IS IT, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?

As a payer of rates I would like to remark That, concerning some things, I am quite in the dark. I read in the papers of burglaries many— Of the capture of burglars but seldom—if any, How is it, I'd like to know?

The citizens grumble and growl, and declare That in parts of the town a policeman is rare; That they pay heavy taxes and expect, as a right, That the cops will look after their houses at night, But they don't; why, I'd like to know.

The store-keepers kick and assert that the cops Are certainly meant to look after their shops; That they spend lots of money to keep up the Force, But, their stores are quite frequently burgled, of course, How that is, I'd like to know.

If the Force is sufficient it seems very queer That we read of such numerous burglaries here; And, if it is not, why send of our men To quell riots up in Michipicoten? How is it, I'd like to know?

Down there at the fort are a number of troops Kept shut up like so many chickens in coops; How is it that they weren't selected to go And stop the rum riots at Michipicoten? That's what I'd like to know.

If that's not their duty then what the deuce is? I should think that such jobs were a soldier's right "biz." But no; ten picked peelers were sent to the war, And Toronto was left much worse off than before. How was it, I'd like to know?

'Tather night was a burglary; where was the cop Well, he felt rather sleepy, and so couldn't stop. On his beat, but quite coolly from duty he fled. And, on reaching his domicile, turned into bed. How's that, I'd like to know?

Why, scarce a night passes but a burglary's done, And the burglars are having whole bushels of fun As they skip o'er the line, with their thumbs to their nose. The detectives are hunting up clues, I suppose, But how is it, I'd like to know.

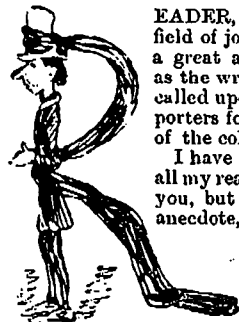
When a peeler's done wring it is fixed on his mind, The commissioners see that he's heavily fined; But this seems to me just like locking the door When the horse has been stolen and danger is o'er. If not, why, I'd like to know.

I really must say, ere I finish my song, That there seems to be something decidedly wrong With detectives and officers, peelers and all, And a remedy's wanted at once—right this fall. If not, why, I'd like to know. —S

NOT COMPLETE.

'Twas at a fancy ball, you know, and Miss Fitz-Jones was there. Her dress, too much décolleté displayed her shoulders fair. Her lovely arms, so soft and white, were absolutely bare. Her dress was very much too low—too much, Fitz-Jones was seen— And prudish people I am sure immensely shocked had been. Could they have seen the lovely girl, in dress of red and green. She walked in beauty like the night or day, or what you please, Whatever smile you choose will suit affairs like these; Her dress was green; red ribbons flew and floated in the breeze. "Pray tell me, Miss Fitz-Jones," I said, as I my courage rallied, "What character do you portray?" "Oh! I'm a lobster salad," "You are not perfect then," I cried, my cheeks becoming pallid. "How so?" enquired the fair Fitz-Jones, her looks her wrath expressing. "That you a salad represent sure none would dream of guessing." "Why not?" she asked. "Because, you see you've overlooked the dressing."

HIS FIRST EFFORT.



READER, if ever you enter the field of journalism and become a great and influential editor as the writer of this is, and are called upon to engage the reporters for your paper, beware of the college graduate. I have not time to give you all my reasons for thus warning you, but I will relate a little anecdote, the hero of which was one of the class referred to.

For the first time in the history of newspaper sketches the initial scene of this one is laid in that mysterious region known as the editorial sanctum. The door opened and a pale, large-eyed young man entered. He wished to see that august being—the editor.



His wish was soon gratified. There was no mistaking the man who sat at the desk in faded garments and a paper collar. The young man remarked in the sweetest, most lute-like tones imaginable, "You are the editor, I presume?" and laying down a small parallelogram of paste-board on which was engraved, "Ernest V. L. Percivale, B.A., Lato Coll, Mert, Oxon," before the mighty being, awaited his pleasure. The editor, glancing up, replied, "I am. What d'yer want? Looking for a 'sit'?" "I am," replied Mr. Percivale. "I am anxious to obtain a position."

"What can you do?" enquired the Jovian-browed educator of the masses.

"I do not know; I have never tried," replied the youth, "but I think I should make a good reporter. Pray give me a chance to test my youthful pinions; send me to report something."

The editor beckoned to the city editor and, pointing to the visitor, said: "Try him."

A funeral happened to be passing the office at this moment and the city editor, drawing it to his treasurer's notice, said: "go and report that affair."

With a look of gratitude Mr. E. V. L. Percivale, B.A., departed and in due time returned and with a smile of conscientious ability handed in his report. It ran as follows:—

DUST TO DUST.

The cortege was large and imposing. The streets were crowded to so great an extent that the further the eye roamed the greater seemed the multitude—the vaster the throng that followed the chariot of death. 'Pallida mors æquus pulsat pede pauperum tabernas. Regumque turres.'

All the city, the great and noble, *hoi polloi*, *aristoi*, *kai kakoi* had left their homes to witness the burial of this great one among his fellows. 'Alas! poor Yorick! we ne'er shall look upon his like again.' The very elements partook of the general gloom and the clouds let fall a few drops of rain, as though the very firmament was weeping for the departed one.

"I say, my dear young man," said the city editor, pausing in his perusal and turning over several pages of neatly written MS. "how much of this lime-juice is there?"

"All that," replied the youth proudly, pointing to the paper in the other's hand.

"All this?" said the c. e. "And is it all like this?"

"Yes;" answered the sweet spriglet of the far-famed Alma Mater, rapturously, for he felt that the city editor had never received so great an effort before. "Some of it is better than that you have read. Wait till you come to where the casket is lowered into the silent tomb. I have quoted from the burial of Sir John Moo—"

"And whose funeral was it, ye thrice idiotic varlet?" roared the other.

"I didn't think that mattered so long as I wrote it prettily," replied the well-favored graduate.

"Oh! heavens!" gasped the city editor, rising and staggering back, "Has journalism come to this? A funeral without the very first ingredient," and he fell to the floor, swooning.

And the youth, seeing that something was amiss, went out and was no more known.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE LAWYER.

A doctor and a lawyer who chanced to meet one day Fell disputing, and were soon engaged in quite a wordy fray. The physician claimed that he belonged to quite a grand profession, And in his argument let drop full many a warm expression.

The legal limb was nettled at the way the other spoke; He was proud of being of the tribe of Litt'eton & Coke; He upheld the honor of his class, and praised it to the skies—

The doctor argued that it was a class that dealt in lies.

Says he, "You take up any case, you argue *pro* and *con*, As long as fees are paid, you do not care which side you're on;

You try to prove that black is white; you do not care; indeed,

If truth or falsehood you uphold, if but you may succeed.

This must affect your morals; to me it's plain, then, That the business of a lawyer don't make angels out of men."

"Well doctor," said the barrister, "In that I much opine

That the medical profession's just the opposite of mine;

For were it not for doctors there'd be six of every seven Of men who still would be on earth, who're angels now in heaven."

And so the quarrel dropped. I think by many 'twill be guessed, That of the verbal fusillade the lawyer had the best.