



"OUR BOYS."

Awful baw, this snow-shoe twamp without snow, evewy week, don't cher know. But then we can't be behind Montweal, even if we've got to twavel in our boots!

### THE GIRL WITH THE GAINSBOROUGH HAT.

BY A PLAY GOER.

I.

Of all the monstrosities worn on the head,  
That ever dame Fashion begat,  
As a means of displaying all manners ill-bred  
There is none like the Gainsborough Hat.  
Like a second-hand cartwheel it's warped and it's bent  
And its fur so suggestive of cat!  
To block your prospective it seems the intent  
Of the girl with the Gainsborough Hat.

II.

he's seated in church and you're feeling inclined  
To hearken to sacred discourse,  
You'll find such intention has fled from your mind.  
And the subject has lost all its force.  
For Lo! in a pew and obscuring your view,  
(You'd as well be as blind as a bat.)  
Is a gorgeous damsel in crimson and blue,  
And a gigantic Gainsborough Hat.

III.

Just go to an Opera House Matinee  
And take a seat in the parquette,  
You may hear the sweet tenorsing *Tu, M'appari,*  
Or the Commodore in *Olivette.*  
You may twist, you may turn, from that side to this,  
And perhaps get a glimpse of a "flat,"  
But your view of the stage is quite closed by a "Miss"  
With her gorgeous Gainsborough Hat.

IV.

Just watch her contortions while peering around,  
With that odious hat on her head!  
Its rustling ribbons confuse every sound,  
Combined with her chatting to "Fred,"  
"Oh Fred, ain't it lovely!" she'll say to her beau.  
"Ain't you glad that we took in the 'Mat'?"  
(Her lover's a far better critic on "loo,"  
And so is his dame in the hat.)

V.

The hat is O.K. when confined to the street,  
And perhaps sometimes comfort it brings  
To the lady when worn in the rain, snow or sleet.  
But to wear one of old Saturn's rings,  
Or the orbit of Venus, when goin' to a show  
Is a scandalous nuisance; that's flat!  
And I side with the *gamins* who stand in a row  
And shout, "shoot the Gainsborough Hat!"

### A DISAGREEABLE PAPER.

CONTRIBUTED BY JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

A solibrated poot, I fo'gethis name, has said  
"De meloncholi days hab come," an' I tell you  
what, sah, dat am a fact. De golden petals  
ob de sunflower am arollin' in de slush, it am  
brack in de face; instead ob lookin' up to de  
sun, it droops sorrowfully downward, while  
de seeds like tears am droppin' quietly into de  
cold ground. Dis disagreeable time ob de yah,  
nat'ly suggests to de mind ob a philosophic  
niggah all sorts ob disagreeable ideas. It af-  
fects one wid a kind ob mental dispepy, it  
ain't neither spring, summer, autumn nor  
winter, jes a kinder mixt're ob de fust an de

last, all wind an rain an bluster. By-me-by  
when winter hab fairly set in, wid plenty ob  
sleighin' an skatin' an circulation ob de blood  
an' de dollahs gen'ly, dis niggah habing re-  
infahsed himself wid a secondhand great coat  
and a pair ob mitts, will exclaim "A horse, a  
horse, my kingdom fo' a horse," an' habing  
got one, will bravely wield de bucksaw dere-  
upon, go far de cordwood, an' like Richard  
be "himself again." "But I anticipate," as  
de ole time novelist would say. In de mean-  
time dat am everlastin' wind comes a whinin'  
an' caterwaulin down de chimbley ob de cum-  
fable an' well to do an' in de mos' disagreeable  
way keeps wailing in his ear, "Ah! who-oo-oo-  
oo-oo-oo! Dis toastin' ob yo toes an' a takin'  
ob' it easy gen'ally am all bery well,  
in its way, all bery well, maybe yo deserve it  
maybe no, maybe no; but what of yo po fel-  
low critters dat am a shiverin' an' shakin' in  
scanty clothing, ober a scanty fire, to whom  
de crumbs ob yo table would be food an' fire  
an' salvation here an' hereafter? What kind  
ob purvition in de way ob reflection am you a  
layin' up fur yosef agin de day when de light  
burns low, when de eyesstare but don't see  
when de voices by de bedside sound faint an'  
far away, an' de feet am chilled through wid  
de fast dip in de cold river, we all hab got to  
wado through somehow in de dark alone.  
H'm? "Now dat am very disagreeable talk fur  
de wind to be keepin up in de ears ob people  
who want to be let alone, an' be allowed to live  
to an' fo themselves and take care ob num-  
ber one only. It will pursist in mewin' in yo  
ears dot poverty am de parlitic parent ob  
crime, an' dat an empty stomach am a source  
ob weakness, when temptation comes smirkin'  
an' smilin' along, an' it keeps harpin' on in  
dis strain dat, if a considible portion ob dat  
dere ample bank account, vero put to de cred-  
it ob de Lawd, in de shape of purvulin' re-  
numerative work, and bread fo his po people  
which am always wid you, de capital, wid  
more'n a hundred per cent interest, would  
come handy to yo in de oder world, secin' dis  
am de only known method ob convertin' de  
filthy lucre of dis world into de legal tender  
ob Heben; an' de Lawd am perfectly respon-  
sible."

De slush am also bery disagreeable. For  
instance, yo am walking along de street just  
a few yards ahead ob de gal who gave you de  
mitten last week, yo throw up yo head an'  
back yo shoulders, an' am footing it wid the  
tread of Jove, just to show de kind of man  
she throw over, sud that yo don't care a rap.  
Could anything be no disagreeable dan to sit  
down suddenly in de slush an' behold de ap-  
parition ob yo own boots wavin' in de breeze  
before yo eyes, while de gal yo left behind yo  
comes up and hands yo your hat an' cane, an'  
wid a "laughin' devil" in her eye, sweetly  
enquires if yo are hurt?

Or if yo are a reporter and yo don't want to  
tramp through all dat wind an' rain, to hear a  
mis'ble twaddle, yo know de style ob de prin-  
cipal speaker, his ideas on de snbjet in hand,  
an' all he hab got to say on de matter. So yo  
sit in yo boarding house an' get up a first-class  
report ob de gentleman's speech, insertin' all  
de "cheers," "laughters," an' "applauses"  
jes at de right place ebery time. Yo begin by  
tellin' how he looked, and what an ovation he  
received, an' conclude by givin' de brilliant  
purorative at de end 'holesale. How bery dis-  
agreeable de next mornin' to find de paper-  
readin' public a holdin' dere sides at de way  
yo hab giben yo'self away, kase dat gen'leman  
whos speech yo reported was unfortunately,  
like yourself *not present*. D'seam de days when  
de frequent sight ob a father ob a family goin  
home drunk, riles yo to such a pitch, dat yo  
fo'get yo christian principles an' catch yo'self  
wishin' ebery saloon at de bottom ob de Red  
Sea. Yo am a ravin' an' declarin' dat dis here  
gigantic drinkin' system am de molock ob de  
nineteenth century, dat dere am thousands ob

little children offered up yearly as a sacrifice  
to the insatiable monster or God of appetite;  
and dat his licensed high priests stand be-  
hind the altars, vulgarly called the bars, and  
receive the offerings ob infatuated and debased  
devotees. And yo declare the ignorant  
heathen from afar lifts up his hand in astonish-  
ment at de sight ob a christian govern-  
ment deriving a revenue from de debasement  
and distraction ob be people. Yo stamp yo  
foot metaphorically at de sight ob a man who  
fills his neighbor drunk on Saturday night, an'  
has de conscience to walk in to de table in de  
house ob de Lawd on Sunday, not only dat,  
but he am a pillar ob de church, an' de church  
recognizes him fur de sake ob de money he  
brings to de treasury! Disagreeable facts,  
but doubly disagreeable at dis time ob de  
yah, when de chil'en are without shoes, "kase  
father drinks," an' when de sound ob de coal  
shovel roberverates through de land, but dere  
am no fire at home, "kase father drinks."

But de mos' disagreeable succumstance is  
dat which happens not only at dis but at all  
seasons ob de yah. It is when dere comes a  
knock, knock, knockin' at de do', an' dat dar  
ole bailiff, DEATH, hands yo' a summons to  
appear instanter at de Court ob Assizes dat am  
sittin' all de time in de city called de Future,  
oderwise known as dat "bourne, from whence  
no traveller may ever return," and, like  
Paddy, yo' am mighty afraid dat yo'll get  
justice. Yo' feel it am too bad. Yo' hab got  
ober de mistakes and inexperience ob youth;  
yo hab weathered de storms ob life an' hab  
just got comfortably into calm water, an' am  
doin' yo' best to pilot others safely over de  
breakwater; yo' hab learned to think less ob  
yo'self an' mo' ob others, yo' own trials an'  
troubles hab taught yo' charity to all men, yo'  
failings are lived down an' yo' faults condoned,  
yo' are in a position to estimate things at dere  
true value, in fact, yo' are jus' beginnin' to  
live in de true sense ob de word—when oh!  
dere comes dat knockin' at de do! an' dere's  
no sayin' no any mo'! But yo' mind will be  
cousid'ly easier when dat summons comes, if  
befo' den yo' am sure ob de good offices ob de  
only Advocate dat am allowed to plead in dat  
ar Court.

Sunflower Veranda.

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### QUESTIONS OF PRIVILEGE.

When will the Grand Opera House, here,  
be the occasion of such u-healistic acting again?

If the utterances about the Lost Tribes of  
Israel, which emanated from a *Willd* source,  
have not become *manifestly* a tame subject  
now?

Is it far from being dolorous to suppose  
that Grip's almanac for 1883, is the most  
risible of things visible; and that its cheapness  
will en-dear it most to the purchaser?

If the reception tendered to the English  
Champion amateur runner, in this city, was a  
g-e-orgeous affair?

Did dyna-mite receive its appellation from  
the *might-y din* which it first made?

Young and middle aged men suffering from  
nervous debility, premature old age, loss of  
memory, and kindred symptoms, should send  
three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued  
by World's Dispensary Medical Association,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Miranda is celebrated for the aptness and  
felicity of her quotations. When she was all  
ready to go to her home in the far west with  
her newly-acquired husband, her old aunt  
said, "Who'd have thought, Mirandy, that  
I'd have lived to see you go away so far?"  
"Ah, who indeed," sighed Miranda, "but  
you know, Aunt, you can't tell from the  
looks of a frog how far he will jump."