

still occupied with thoughts of Julia, her fortune and his whiskers.

Happy thought! A serenade! True, he was unable to twang the light guitar or discourse sweet melody on a lute, but he could sing. He could and he would. What his voice lacked in tone he hoped to supply in pathos. Love is ever impulsive, and in a few minutes Adelbert stood beneath the window of his Julia's chamber from which the dim light of her lamp was struggling with that of the moon. Why, wondered Mr. Sheepshanks, has not that night-blooming Ceruus yet sought her pillow! Does she sleep, I wonder?

Let us see!

II.

For some little time after Julia and her lover had parted she remained at her boudoir window gazing at the stars and thinking fondly of Adelbert and his darling whiskers. Upon retiring to her chamber, she found the window open and her room alive with mosquitoes. The curtains had been that day sent to the laundress, and her maid had omitted to replace them with others. Here was a terrible state of things—for Julia had one of those fair, thin skins of which all tasteful and gourmandizing mosquitoes are particularly fond. She was, moreover, somewhat tenacious of her beauty—what young lady is not? and the idea of her face being covered with the bites of those horrible little insects was not to be entertained for a moment. She would defeat the enemy, and, victory secured, would retire to rest. Julia was of a scientific turn of mind, and had perused most of the deeper works on science to be obtained at the Free Library, and she recollected having read that the burning of aromatics would put to flight the most voracious army of mosquitoes, and she mentally thanked her stars that she had eschewed the lighter works of fiction and pored over those which had thus been of so great use to her.

She accordingly took her basin from the stand, decanted quietly to the dining-room, emptied a decanter of very fine old Monongahela whiskey into it—then sought the family medicine chest and added a goodly portion of essences, among which, by mistake, she poured a few ounces of castor oil and a phial of assa-fetida. A bunch of pennyroyal deftly crumbled into the basin completed a compound worthy of Hecate, and the valiant Julia again returned to her chamber resolutely bent on a war of extermination against her blood-thirsty enemies. She placed her basin upon the table and applied a light to its contents. Instantly a low blue flame spread over the surface of the liquid from which arose a wreathed column of odoriferous and nauseating smoke. Hark! what is that? Hist! From the street below came the sound of vocal melody.

"Ari-lise, my o-ow-own, mi-hy serweet,
The pa-hallid moo-hoon-beams gerheest."

sang a voice:

"Tis but some drunken reveller on his homeward way," muttered Julia, her attention being drawn to the basin from which the flames mounted higher and higher as the burning compound became, each moment, more and more offensive. The flames seemed likely to outdanger the house—the smoke was producing a deadly sickness; when, at last, the frightened maiden seized the basin, rushed to the window, poured out the blazing contents, which, coming in contact with the air, instantly ignited throughout and fell in a flowing sheet of flame. This most unfortunately occurred at the precise moment when the serenading lover, with eyes upturned and mouth wide open, was giving melodious articulation to the lines:

"Loo-look outupo-hon the sta-hars, love,
And sha-hame them with thi-hine eyes."

He saw, it is true, the fiery stream, as it emerged from the window, but mistaking it for the purple light of love, he stood motion-

less and received it fairly on his head, on his whiskers and in his mouth. His serenade was cut short in a moment. The note of song was changed to a shriek of agony as the anorous Adelbert shot like a meteor through the little garden in front of the house with the faithful old watchdog clinging to the after part of his inexpressibles, and leaving in his wake a lambent train of flame.

The half-suffocated Julia, alarmed at the fearful cry of distress that arose from beneath her window, stood gazing at the swiftly retreating figure which she, however, failed to recognize; but concluding that her burning aromatics had routed some intending burglar, she closed her shutters and inclined her rosy cheek upon her pillow.

III.

Need this harassing tale be further continued? Nay, let us draw the painful relation to a speedy close. Early next morning the barber's scissors and razors removed the last vestiges of the unhappy Adelbert's once glorious whiskers. Shorn of these appendages he was indeed a Samson without his locks; he was positively helpless. Moreover, he could never bring himself to believe anything else but that his "baptism of fire" had been an intentional insult on the part of his faithless Julia. He renounced her from that instant, and she, determined, with true feminine resolution never to give way, professed to be immensely relieved at the termination of the engagement. "What" she said, "is a bare-cheeked fellow like that to me? Tut, tut! I can get as many a looking lover any day from amongst the beardless Trinity college students; but whiskers I want and whiskers I will have;" and she got them too, for a Hungarian nobleman soon fell a victim to her charms, and she fled with him and his whiskers—which were fully twenty-one inches in length—the property, however, as it afterwards turned out, of the manager of the Grand Opera house, from the ward-robe room of which place the Hungarian nobleman, *alias* Chivoy Slimmers, a former property man, discharged for intemperance, had purloined them.

Stung to the quick by the disgrace heaped upon his family, old Mr. Grandpere brought an action for breach of promise against the luckless Adelbert Sheepshanks, who, in default of the necessary \$25,000 damages awarded the plaintiff, was escorted to the large institution over the lovely Don where he still pines and laments his unhappy fate. —S.

TO THE TRADE.

Messieurs "The Demonstration,"—
You say you want compensation,
For being compelled by the nation,
To renounce your peculiar vocation.

"Twere useless the fact to disembrace,
You must have been in a tremble,
Thus in Ottawa all to assemble,
In *propria personae* so humble.

Sir John,—well, I can't help admiring,
His graceful and easy retiring,
Quite out of the range of your firing;
And his speech too,—how very inspiring!

Like him, I make frank proclamation,
It is *just* you should have compensation,
For the ruin—the desolation—
The woe you have wrought on the nation.

You have lain in wait for the weak,
You have crippled the brave and the strong;
You have broken the hearts of the meek,
While their cry has arisen, "How long?"

When children were fainting for bread,
You have taken the father's last dime,—
To wretches who better were dead
You have sold that which braced them for crime.

You fill our asylums and jails,
You widow the once happy wife,
Make orphans with "Liquors and Ales,"
And sap our young national life.

Messieurs!—if there's justice above,—
On the earth,—or the regions below,
Compensation be sure you shall have,
If not here, why then—THERE—when you go.

But meantime, for our own preservation,
For our own and our children's salvation,
And for the true weal of the nation,
We'll—aw—alter the situation.

JACQUES ALR.

MARCH.

BY OUR PRIZE ESSAYIST.

The unfortunate name of this month has brought much woe and sorrow into the world, and it has been the direct cause of one ghastly murder at least. For years and years and years the funny man of the Hamilton (Ont.) *Spectator* used to publish, on the fourth day of this month, the following joke, which was always kept ready set up in type:—"Now is the time for winter to March 4th." The public bore with this heaven-inspired humorist for over a quarter of a century, in the hope that he would die a natural death, but as he persisted in living, he was called on one night by a posse of vigilantes who forced him to drink a glass of water. So he died.

March takes its name from Mars, the god of War, and the author of the stirring battle song, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

A classical schoolmaster came to grief through the name of this god, or rather because he insisted on making jokes on that name. He would order one of his pupils to read some Latin sentence in which it occurred, and would then say, "Now, parse Mars." This play on the words *pas* and *mas* seemed to him to be so excruciatingly funny that he exploded one day during a fit of laughter, and "parsed" away to the other world, thus becoming a free and accepted "ma-son," and a *pas*-t master at that.

The old saying, "As mad as a March hare," would seem to indicate that those animals suffer more from mental aberration during this month than at other times, but *ma chere amie*, Miss Fizzygig, contradicts this, and states that the quotation given arose from the fact that very high winds prevail during this month which loosen the bangs of Matilda Jane in the kitchen, and blow stray hairs into the soup, butter and other edibles, causing great violence of temper amongst those called upon to partake of those viands. This gave rise to the expression, "He's as mad as a March hare can make him."

When March comes in like a lamb, it is said to go out like a full-grown sheep, with tremendous gales blowing saddle-ly from all fore-quarters of the globe.

There are no other facts in connection with this month which would prove interesting to the reader so this instructive essay must be brought to an abrupt close.

A ROCHESTER man offers \$200 for the discovery of a new comet. Just as if anybody were dissatisfied with the present assortment of comets, or wanted a new brand! There is no earthly use for such meddlesome persons as this. Comets would be legitimate objects of search if you could eat them or use them for stove wood. And then it is a fact you very rarely hear of a fellow who discovered one taking it around next day and showing it to his friends. But what sort of a one does this Rochester party require—with a tail or without a tail? Young or old? Baldheaded or red-haired? Dead or alive? And how does he know but what, even if he does specify the kind, an unscrupulous sky-scraper will palm off on him some old, second-hand specimen doctor-ed up to look respectable for the occasion? I have no more faith in comet-finders than in comet-seekers, or in comets themselves. I could worry along through life without any of them.