



"PEACE AT ANY PRICE."

The "MAN" Editor (to Oliver, who is commanded to hold up his hands).—GIVE HIM EVERYTHING HE WANTS—DON'T MAKE A DISAGREEABLE FUSS—LET US HAVE PEACE!!

5. 1. 3;

OR,

THE MYSTIC NUMBER.

'Tis many and many a year ago
Since I lived in a town by the sea;
I dwelt in a street, and right over the road
A doctor lived opposite me;
A maker of pills, and squills, and bills,
M.R.C.S., M.D.

About that time in that dear little town,
That town down there by the sea,
The people got up a gift enterprise,
Which was naught but a lotteree;
And the thought of this thing and what number to buy
Was constantly puzzling me.

And the days sped by, still I couldn't decide
Whatever my number should be;
And I left it to dreams, but, dream as I might,
No figures appeared to me.
And I longed, with a longing most awfully long,
Some sign or some omen to see.

One night at a restlessly tossed in my bed,
In that town down there by the sea,
A something occurred which gave me a hint
As to what my number should be;
And I shouted with joy when I thought of my luck,
And I skipped like a jubilant flea.

I had been dozing as list'ning I lay
To the waves dashing over the quay,
When a roselite light filled my chamber bright,
In my house in the town by the sea,
And in letters of gold appeared on the wall
The numbers—5. 1. 3.

I pinched my calf to see if I slept,
And stuck a pin into my knee;
There was no mistake, I was widely awake,
And fortune was coming to me;
For there was the sign on the wall of my room,
As plain as plain could be.

"Oh! kind, kind Fate," I cried, "I know
You mean to be gracious to me;
'Tis a sign from heaven," I could scarce refrain
From going on a jamboree,
But I thought of the pain and the anguish sore
Of a man getting over a spee;
So I made up my mind to let liquor alone,
And avoid an attack of D.T.

And then I slept, for I said to myself,
"If again those figures I see,
I shall know it was not an illusion, but
A sign that's appeared to me;
And again the next night at the self-same hour
I saw the five, one, three.

The following day I hurried away
With a feeling of joyful glee,
And I purchased all tickets which bore on their face
The numbers 5. 1. 3.
And I longed for the day of the drawing to come
Bringing wealth and fortune to me.

The tickets were dear, but little I cared,
And I spent a month's salary
In getting those numbers in every shape
In which they could possibly be,
Three, one, five, and one, three, five,
Three, five, one; five, one, three,
A one, and a five, and a three and then
A five, three, o. n. e.

And the very day after I went to my room
Not very long after my tea,
And I saw a sight which made me feel
Like a half-singed chimpanzee;
And I knew that the spirits had nothing to do
With the sign that appeared to me.

Right over the street, at the doctor's door,
Was a new l. a. m. p.
The glass was red and in figures of gold
Was the mystic 5. 1. 3.
And my blind had been up when he lit up his gas,
The reflection shone over to me.

Yes; in number five thirteen the doctor lived,
In that street in the town by the sea,
And five thirteen drew a beautiful blank
In that damnable lotteree,
And I danced with rage, swearing oaths by the page
That began with a big, big D.

And now three figures I loathe and detest,
A five, and a one and a three;
And the very sight of a medical man,
Is worse than his medicine to me,
And that lamp never beams without bringing me dreams
Of that horrible Lotteree.

THE COMING SCOURGE.

"No, I cannot enter that house."

The speaker was a fair and fragile young girl of some nineteen summers. For three long hours she had paced the sidewalk in front of a noble mansion on Jarvis-street, and though the bleak March wind whistled shrilly through the bare branches of the two stately maple trees which formed the avenue leading from the pavement to the entrance hall, and though the fleecy snowflakes whirled around her as she paced to and fro, still, whenever she glanced towards the windows of that residence, whence streamed forth the bright, cheerful, ruddy light of several unesthetic yet genial coal-stoves, a perceptible shudder thrilled her delicate frame, and a look of stern resolve settled more firmly on her fashionably be-frizzed brow, and she resumed her solitary sentinellike walk with determination stamped on every feature that could be seen. Presently a venerable, aristocratic-looking gentleman approaches her; it is her father, General Aaron Fitz-Levy, and he is returning from his daily business: he is senior partner in one of the largest and most patrician second-hand clothes stores of which Queen-Street can boast. The hour is 8

p.m., and St. James' chimes had just drawled it forth in their drive-a-man-into-the-jim-jams tone. "Why, Rosalind, my dear," he exclaims, as he pauses in wonder, "what are you doing out of doors at this time of night, and alone, and the mercury 10 below, too? Come into the house, pet, I can even now hear the saggies frying. Come." And then it was that those words which commence this tale were spoken. "No, I cannot enter that house." "But, my dear," remonstrated the fond parent, "you cannot remain longer out here. Wiggins' storm may be upon us at any moment, for it was to have been here three weeks since; so come, Rosie, no more bosh." "Father," says the girl, raising her finger to heaven, "I swear, by yonder empyrean that, rather than enter those portals, on the farther side of which I know lie warmth and grub, rather, I say, than cross that threshold, I would stay out here and per-r-r-rish of blizzards and—oh, father," she continued, bursting into tears, "you are the cause of my determination." The haughty features of the general became o'erspread with a fixed, rigid, can't-give-you-more-than-six-shillings-on-this look, as he started back and regarded his daughter in amazement. "I the cause," he hoarsely murmured, "I, your father! Explain, miss, or by my escutcheon! the welkin of the back parlor shall resound with the tinabulation of thy mother's slipper on thy person ere another hour mingles with the past." Rosalind approaches her parent, and pausing before him, speaks slowly as follows: "Father, thou knowest yonder sable robe thou gavest me, and which thou purchasedst from Ivan Hotwiski, the Russian refugee, but three nights since—!" "I do, I do," replied old man Fitz-Levy, "proceed." "Well, dear father, I wore it this morning, and oh! father, father—" "What, my darling Rosalind? Speak; wrack not thy father with this suspense," almost shrieked the gallant general. "Father, when I doffed it at noon I felt that—that it was populated; I know that even now a member of the species *pulex irritans*, genus *podura nivicola* is ensconced in my under apparel. Yes, father, there is about my person one of those fell destroyers of happiness, the Russian snow-flea, and as long as I remain in the cold air he will not bite, but oh! father, I dread to approach yon hospitable doors, for I know that when he feels the heat he will, oh! father, he will go for me. No, I cannot enter that house."

The fourth number of the *Bycycle*, the official organ of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, published in Hamilton, and edited by Walter C. Nichol, has just been laid on our table. The paper is, as it has been from its birth, a bright, interesting little sheet, and is getting to be a big boy now. When our eyes alighted on the wood cuts which adorn the pages of No. 4, we felt inclined to doubt the veracity of the statement of Gustave Dore's death. Nothing can touch them in artistic merit; nothing of artistic merit would want to do so. We shall get every one of them framed and hung up in our woodshed when we can afford to purchase frames cheap enough. We are glad, however, that the Don left that girl (whose portrait is given) behind him, as she is just the style of maiden, judging from the cut, that we would like to snap up ourselves. Very soulful, very tender(?) Several artists have called on us to obtain the address of the wood sculptist whose wild imaginings led him to perpetrate the cuts referred to, but as we doubted the pacific nature of their intentions, we withheld the sought-for information, and the gentleman has yet a chance to emigrate to Van Diemen's Land before Retribution snakes him.

Wood cuts apart, the *Bycycle* is a most creditable little publication, and does its able editor infinite honor.