



REPARTEE.

DUCK—"Quack!" COUNTRY DOCTOR—"You lie!"

VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.

HER MAJESTY Queen Victoria Guelph, the distinguished authoress whose portrait, secured at great expense and executed in the highest style of art, we give herewith, was graciously pleased to be born on May 24, 1819. Her singularly amiable and accommodating disposition is evidenced by the fact that when this day falls on a Sunday she is graciously pleased to

allow her birthday to be shifted to the 23rd or 25th, or any other convenient date, making it a "moveable feast," like Easter and other Church festivals. The subject of our sketch had a good education, especially in the German language, and at the early age of eighteen went into the monarch business on her own account. Copies of the handbills circulated at the time containing the striking and original sentence that "she hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage," are still preserved in the British Museum. The success with which she pursued her avocation is best evinced by the fact that although there have been numerous panics and many extensive failures of large establishments in this somewhat uncertain line of trade, Queen Victoria is still, after an experience of over fifty years, doing business at the old stand, and, by honest industry and close economy, has acquired a comfortable independence. She is principally known to the public as an authoress, the works upon which her reputation is based, the "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" and "Memoirs of the Prince Consort," being widely read by the thousands to whom presentation copies have been sent, and invariably spoken of by the reviewers and critics in terms of lavish encomium. They exhibit such insight and profundity of thought that people have been

known, after reading a page or two, to drop the volume with a sigh of gratification and exclaim: "That's enough. I am just as well satisfied as if I had read the whole book." It is noteworthy as an instance of the respect in which Victoria is held, that no piratical American publisher has been mean enough to infringe her copyright. The liberality of Queen Victoria is well known. Nothing delights her more than to seek out the poor and afflicted, and, while wiping a pitying tear-drop from the clammy brow of anguish, to present them with a copy of one of her works, in the hope that by the perusal thereof the sufferer may be enabled to bear with patience all lighter afflictions. The presentation of copies of these books to replenish our University Library is regarded by all truly loyal Torontonians as a full compensation for all losses entailed by the fire which called forth the gift. Among Her Majesty's warmest friends in Canada are Col. G. T. Denison, her distinguished fellow-author, and Ald. Frankland, of cattle-exportation renown. Queen Victoria was married in 1840 to Prince Albert of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, her cousin German, and has a large and somewhat expensive family, for whose support and that of their German relatives and alliances even to the third and fourth generation she is ever and anon graciously pleased to ask the British taxpayer to provide. Whereat the British taxpayer invariably grumbles but always pays, his sentiment being that, though a Royal family comes high, he must have it. And, if he likes it, it does not seem to be anybody else's business. One of Victoria's sons, the Duke of Connaught, will shortly be graciously pleased to pay us a visit, and no doubt the citizens will be glad to prove their loyal devotion to the British Crown by the enthusiasm and unanimity with which they will insist on a considerable amount of the taxpayers' money being expended in entertaining him.

A BOOMERANG ARGUMENT.

TORY HEELER—"Yes, Mr. Kildogan, I assure you positively that Mowat is the bond slave of the Romish hierarchy. Are you aware that, when the ballot was adopted, Archbishop Lynch insisted that the sign of the cross should be the ballot mark? And Mowat basely betrayed the Protestant religion by adopting it."

KILDOGAN (*excited*)—"D'ye tell me that now? The sign av the crass! An' so 'tis, sure enough! I niver thought av that. The traitor! Down wid him! But niver again will I or any other thrue Orangeman mark the crass an a ballot, moind that now!"

TORY HEELER—"Ah, but my dear sir, that won't do at all." (*Vainly expostulates for half-an-hour trying to get Kildogan to reconsider his decision.*)

DECISION OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

MR. HUGHES can run for Peel if he likes, but he must not get elected.

"GREAT guns," exclaimed Noah, as he wiped the moisture from his brow, "I can't stand this noise much longer. Stop that infernal racket!" he shouted at the lion, hyena, mastodon, jackal and wild cat, who were rolling about on the floor of the ark uttering shrieks of anguish. "Don't blame us, boss," exclaimed the animals in chorus. "It's those confounded red hot wasps you brought in here that's raising all this trouble." L.B.