



FEMALE EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Miss Leprancer (reading Lord Lorne's speech on the subject).—"The further west the young woman went, the more offers she got!" Oh, mamma! let us go to Canada, as far west as possible.—Punch.

THE HUSBAND'S PROGRESS.

THREE DAYS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My precious popsy-wopsy, best
Of loves, I'm going out," he said;
And she upon his manly breast
All lovingly reclined her head.
"You will not leave your birdie, dear";
"I will not, darling; rest content."
And then a dozen kisses; "Dear."
"Bye-bye." "Ta-ta, love." So he went.

THREE WEEKS AFTER.

"My own, I'm going out to-night;
Pray don't sit up, I may be late."
She sweetly smiled, "Well, dear, all right—
But come home in a proper state."
Then, having lighted his cigar,
Above her languidly he bent
And kissed her: "Well, good-bye," "Ta-ta."
A single kiss! And off he went.

THREE MONTHS AFTER.

"Lisette, I'm going out to-night."
She does not even raise her eyes:
"Well, go; but don't you come home tight,
Or you may meet with a surprise."
He hums a Pinaforish air,
And on his coat puts fragrant scent;
"I'm going, Liz." "Well, I don't care;
Why don't you go?" And so he went.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

"Yes, Mrs. S., I'm going out."
"Would be a blessing if you'd stay."
"I wish I could, I would." "No doubt,
You horrid wretch; well, go! you may.
I only wish, upon my life,
I were a man; I'd soon resent
Your conduct. But I am your wife,
Worse luck!" and, midst the jangling strife,
He, followed by a broomstick, went.

LOST.

How many people of both sexes are suffering from lost vitality, all broken down, and on the verge of consumption, that might be restored, as many have been when given up to die, if they would use Burdock Blood Bitters, which restores lost vitality and gives new vigor to the debilitated system.

NURSERY RHYMES.

FOR LITTLE ANTI-SCOTT BOYS.

In order that the spirit of Freedom, now as always the glory and pride of the British nation, be kept alive in the now rising and all future generations, and with the sincere hope that they will implant in their young and brave hearts a firm determination to repel any attack on their liberties, especially as to what will be their future "booze," I append for the benefit of all intelligent Anti-Scott little boys the following simple rhymes:

THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

Three wise men of Gotham went out on a spree;
They landed respectively in Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

The numerals in the above couplet, my dear boys, refer to Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Police Stations.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Sing a song of sixpence, stomach full of rye,
Four and twenty cocktails—yet he's always dry;
When the bar is opened, in the door he'll spring;
Isn't this a pretty sight to put before E. King?

The Landlord in the parlor,

Counting out his money;

His missis is out driving—

Ain't it very funny?

The bar-keep's 'mongst the bottles,

Knocking down the stamps;

He says, "Get out and take a walk,

This is no place for tramps."

My young friends, there may be a few expressions I have made use of in the last stanzas which you do not understand as yet, savoring as they do of slang; but as you grow older conviction will come to you, and they will become quite familiar.

OLD FATHER HUBBARD.

Old Father Hubbard he went to the cupboard
To get his matutinal horn,
But when he got there, the cupboard was bare,
So said he, "I'll drink nothing this morn."

Here, my dear boys, is an example for you. The old and respected Mr. Hubbard as is his

wont goes to the cupboard for his morning nip, but apparently he has been up having a night of it with a "few friends"; he finds the bottle empty and cupboard bare. Does he repine? No! Doubtless he feels the deprivation keenly, but he merely murmurs, "I'll drink nothing this morn." So take an example, my dear boys, from the action of the historic old gentleman. It would be well for you, for when you grow old after having paid daily matutinal visits to your cupboard, you will go there some bright morning and find it bare indeed.

AUNTY SCOTT.

ALL EXPLAINED.

The Cathedral Clock is on view. By paying ten cents and climbing—nobody has yet ventured to count the number of steps—and climbing steps, we were saying—which, by the way, is a *climax* (see? puns within puns; see Liddell and Scott's (great Scott's) lexicon)—by paying ten cents and climbing a? number of steps you can see how it is all done. We did, and we must say we were very disappointed. Sunday after Sunday we have lain in bed, trying to sleep through all "them infernal bells," and imagined to ourselves how it was all done. We were simple and unsophisticated, and imagined that of course it was the curate's duty to ring those bells and chime those chimes. And when we went up that fearful tower we thought to have seen him, poor man, dressed "in full canonicals," (that is the correct phrase, we believe,) jumping from rope to rope in frantic haste, with the "sweat of his brow" oozing from more than every pore. We wanted to find out lots of things: How he liked the work; whether he wore a black or a white surplice while he did it; whether he said "awmen" or "saemen" when he had finished; if he ever forgot to keep the "eastern position" (that is right, isn't it?) while jumping about; what he took after his hard work—whether unfermented or fermented wine (we suppose he took wine, wine not?). These and lots of other things—suggested, we have now found out, by the pretty pictures we had seen of belfries and such things—we wanted to find out. But, as we have said before, we were very disappointed, very!



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A FACT.

SCENE.—The Caledonian games at Lucknow. Visiting piper has just performed a selection; McTavish has listened with rapture.

McTavish.—Whaat iss your name?

The Visitor.—My name's Ireland.

McTavish.—Ireland! Hoch, I wiss it wass Scotland, whatefer!