



SOME CONSOLATION.

Hon. Minister Pope (confidentially to working man).—Don't be alarmed, my dear fellow, that this money will flood the labor market with imported labor. Mighty little of it is paid for passage money of emigrants, I can assure you!

THE LAND O' BURNS.

We have been favored with a copy of a little work bearing the above title, by Dr. Campbell, of Seaforth. The Doctor is well known as a *litterateur* in the western section of the Province, and the subject he has dealt with in the present case is well-fitted to inspire any Scottish writer to great efforts. It need scarcely be said that Dr. Campbell has done himself and his country justice. The typographical work of the book is very neat, though it boasts only paper covers. The publisher has strangely omitted to state the price per copy. This is the most serious error we are able to discover, but it can be easily rectified.

SMITH

CAUSES TWO ARISTOCRATIC LOVERS TO FALL OUT.



Sir Reginald Eglantine Montague Came, of love brimful, to court and woo The Lady FitzAuriele Portescue; These two

Were soon to be wed, and Sir Reginald came To talk over things with his future dame Concerning the honeymoon; such is the game When aflame

With love of lovers. "Now what's to be done Dear Lady FitzAuriele when we're one;

I think it would be highly excellent fun To shun

"The usual trips that a wedded pair Do always make; and folks will stare At people just married; now, I declare And swear

"That it really would be more delightful far, And the novelty, too, would add an *elair* To the thing if we went to Niagara; Hurrah!"

"Oh! no," cried the lady, "a constant plague We should have with those Yankoes whose ideas vague Of surnames would prompt them to say 'Montaig,' Montaig!"

"For Montague he'er an American yet Could say; and 'Montaig' isn't known in our set. With mortification your eyes would get quite wet, My pet.

"Moreover, they'd speedily find out who I was, and they'd never say Fortescue, But Fortesk instead, for they always do; Boo-hoo! Think you

"That you'd like to be called 'Montaig,' indeed, By men of a common republican breed? To awful chagrin it would certainly lead; Take heed

"And mind what I say. I should cry with shame At hearing so mangled our fine old name." So spake Sir Reginald's future dame, All aflame.

"The Yanks," said Sir Reg, "are a horrible lot And of Britishers' names don't know what's what. But where shall we go? to what happy spot When the knot

"Is securely tied? On the Continent Of France let our honeymoon days be spent." "Oh! no," said the lady, now all intent, "If we went

"To France then 'Milor Montarg' you'd ho With Johnny Crapaud, as you'd speedily see." "I have it," cried Reginald, "now an idea Strikes me;

"We'll go to France and thus will I do; I'll spell my name so—Montague, And yours shall be thencewise—Fortescue; Hurroo!"

"You silly fellow, why that won't do," Says the Lady FitzA., "for I thought you knew That Frenchmen have not, all their alphabet through, A 'W'.

"They have no such letter." "Then what's to be done? Is there never a spot 'neath the stars or sun, To which we can go for our honeymoon fun?" "Not one,

"At least with such names as we happen to bear; We might go as plebeians, well, anywhere. What name shall we take? Brown? Wilson?—there, Don't swear.

"I know that it's hard for a swell like you, Whose blood is of such a cerulean hue That it's darker by far than deep indigo blue, Montague,

"To assume any name that recks loud of the shop, Or is borne by those Betties who trundle a mop. To Wilson from Montague would be a hop! Stop!

"I have it; now here is a commonplace name I see in this paper; attached to the same Is another, of swifdom the *creme de la creme*. No shame

"Could ever be ours if we put on the shelf That Montague just for a month, dear old, And Goldwin Smith you might call yourself. Of pelf

"That first name rings."—"But the 'Smith,' dear maid! Of that horrible 'Smith' I declare I'm afraid, For 'Smith' is so low." "I must be obeyed," She said.

"If I can be Smith, why you can too; So forget, for the present, your Montague; 'Smith' is certainly vulgar—but 'Goldwin,' shoo! It's blue,

"It's aristocratic, I do declare, And gives the Smith a cerulean air." "Well, I won't be Smith; no, I won't, I declare. So there!"

Cried Sir Reginald Eglantine Montague, "I wouldn't be Smith for an hour or two, Much less for a month—and that Goldwin—pooh! Pooh, pooh!"

"For Smith by itself is a terrible evil— Though perhaps a shade better than Maggot or Weevil— But with swell Christian names added on—it's the devil. Don't snivel;

"I will not be Smith; no, not spelt with a 'y' It's the name of a trade; of a trade, miss. Oh my! Shall I ever bear such a name? Not I! Good-bye!

"Your suggestion's an insult: I leave it to you Whether now we can ever be one; never—two; So, Lady FitzAuriele Portescue, Adieu!

And he bent his neck like an osler wyth! And the love of the twain became as a myth, Because he had far too much vertebral pith To be Smith.

No; its far too clear that an aristocrat Could not for a month bear a name like that, For Smith—be it Goldwin, or Mickey or Pat, Or Smythje or Smyth is vulgar and fat And simply S-m-i-t-h—that! —S.

DR. JOHN S. KING has removed to the south-west corner of Wilton Avenue and Sherbourne Street, Telephone No. 67. Street cars pass the door.

By the way, a passage in one of Shakespeare's plays is often misunderstood, and the divine William cribbed it from a speech of our old friend Diogenes. The story concerning it is as follows: A brother tramp of the philosopher, being out in the cold one night, attempted to creep for warmth into old Dio's hogshead, but the sage, not relishing such companionship, and being jealous of the other, flew out and thumped him on the streets of Atheus, and tore his ragged habiliments even worse than they were already fractured. Away went the tramp and told the sergeant of that Police Division, and pointing to the hole in his vest, exclaimed: "Behold the rent the envious casker made!" This is the real thing, and Bill ought to have given the papers of Diogenes' time credit for his steal.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.