



### A BOSTON EPISODE—I.

*Professor Underdon (at the Boston Browning Club)*—No, my hearers, we can not linger too lovingly on the grand words and refining thoughts of our great master of—

### "FIZZ-IZZ-IST."

THE gay, bold Soda Fountaineer,  
As quick as a wink is he;  
Right deftly does he engineer  
His fountain, blithe and free.

Hundreds of winks are winked at him  
All on the Sabbath day,  
When citizens ask for a cooling glass  
Of "pineapple soda-a."

He handles as many (syrup) stops  
As a cathedral organist;  
And, on the whole, he deserves to be styled  
An eminent physiciſt.

### FABLES FOR CANADIANS.

#### I.—THE STORY OF THE FROG AND THE OX.

ONCE upon a Time there was an ambitious Frog of a newspaper that tried to bloat itself into a party Organ but came to Grief.

The Way of it was this.

The great, strong Ox who drew the party Plow disliked the foul Swamp he was in, and cut the Connection. The Frog, though in Public he upbraided his Friend the Ox, for his Meanness, was secretly glad of the Split. For being bred in the Swamp he knew every Puddle, and thought to himself, "I will gain many Shekels if I drag the Plow through." So not waiting until the Master engaged him, the ambitious Frog thrust his Neck under the Yoke and puffed and puffed, but did not stir the Plow. Yet he Vaunted to the other Frogs, "See me who am as big, and do more than the Ox could do!" His Glory was but short, For meanwhile the Master returned, driving another Ox,—"*Haw! Empire, g'long!*" And It did; and not seeing the Frog, stepped on it and Squashed its Life out.

We are Instructed by this fable that it is Seldom advisable to bite Off more than we can Chew. HH.

### AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

TORONTO, Aug. 15th, '78.

DEAR MARY AMELIAR,—I send you by this mail a lot of newspapers full hof letters hall habout the letter my 'usband sent to the newspapers habout the rudeness hof the 'Toronto girls—ho! hit is orful the way they 'ave talked back to that man, wich he was honly hadvisin' hof them for their hown good, hand I do think nothink hever will himprove their manners, hunless indeed the Salvation Harmy, wot his a-doin' hof a deal hof good, might help 'em a little by the force hof hexample a-teachin' hof them modesty hand quiet decent behavioir hon the public streets, hand the proper use hof the Queen's Henglish wich it is a deplorable fact they caunt heven speak correct Henglish. They caunt heven spell properly—for when I harsked a young woman to spell my name, "Holiphant," she hactually spelt it with a haich instead of a ho! Comment is hunnecessary. Wen a Toronto girl meets a young man hin the street, hinstead of blushing pretty and 'anging hof her 'ead down like a modest Henglish maiden, she heither looks away hout hover his 'ead, and don't notice him no more nor he was a hanimal that didn't

know nothink, or she will look at him without hever a blush straight in the face the 'same as hif he was a female hof the very same sect as 'erself. It do make a woman ashamed hof her sect, sich conduct. The young men, I ham sorry to say, hain't no better—why, they think nothink of going into an 'at store and buying an 'at—with-out hever consulting the newspapers to see whether the Prince hof Wales has first set the fashion—such misrespectful people I never see, hand hif you wish to see the full measure hof their himpidence hand their himpendence, wich all you've got to do is to mention one word, "Jubilee." Hand they hactually 'aves the himpidence to say that hif we don't like Canadian manners we can go back to Hengland—wich they forget as Canada his honly a Henglish colony has belongs to hus Henglish wich they are honly barbarous colonists. Ho, Mary Ameliar! I do feel *horful* habout the hignorance hof these poor Torontor girls—hand I think hif you would mention the matter to her ladyship—when you hare a-dressing hof her 'air some hevening which she be in a good humor—she might get some hof the hother ladies hof title to start a Canadian Mission Club for the Himprovement hof the Manners hof the Youth hof Toronto—wich I would be willing to haccept the position hof 'Ome Missionary to the pore benighted creatures has don't know the first thing habout conduct hand manners—wich the salary though small might 'elp hour little hincome—and so bring good hout hof hevill—wich its horful wot my pore 'usband 'as suffered from the himpident replies of the hill-mannered 'ussies wich it was for their hown good he wrote that letter to the *Telegram*. Your hever haffectionate sister,

HEMMA.

To Miss Mary Ameliar Walker, Lady's Maid,  
Grosvenor Terrace, London, Eng.

THE wife of the man who agitates himself over muchly about the final destruction of this earth generally takes in washing to support the family.