

contains descriptions of the most noted places in the world, together with a few interesting stories.

Among the papers in the Reading Room we find the following:—The *Graphic*, the *London Illustrated News*, *Punch*, the *Elocutionist*, the *Magazine of Art*, *Scientific American*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Young People*, *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, the *Folio*, *Acta Victoriana*, the *Varsity*, the *Educational Weekly*, the *Week*, *Grip*, *Whitby Chronicle*, *Whitby Gazette*, the *Mail*, the *World*, the *Globe*, the *Boys' Own*, the *Girl's Own*, *St. Nicholas*, *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Century*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and the *Leisure Hour*.

BOOKWORM

SHORTS.

This column is ground out by the funny man under a pressure of 52 atmospheres of $H_2 S O_4$ and at a temperature of $99.5^{\circ} C$.

SPRING DRAMA.

Boy, spear,
Fish, creek,
Mother, tear;
Funeral sermon next week.

NOTE FROM THE PREMIER.

Dear OLIO.—If you don't stop saying 'nasty' things about me, I will resign. I will too! So there!! I think you are 'Riel' mean, when you know a fellow can't help himself and hasn't got anybody to 'Riel-lie' on.

Riel-ly yours despairingly,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

ODE TO A SUBSCRIBER.

Pay up, thou heathen, pay up!
Expectest thou the editor to eat,
And drink likewise
On the promises which thou shower'st down—
Without cash?
Would'st thou buy the glue, and the paper
Whereon this sheet is printed?
The ruler?
The shears and the copper-toed boots?
Wretch that thou art, thou see'st not thy folly
And the hurt
Which thou doest unto man!

Ex-King Theebaw owes us for two back numbers. Hurry up "baw" old fellow, we want money for a dog chain.

If a copy of this paper should fall into the hands of Queen Victoria, we hereby request her to lower the taxes on our office.

HON. O. MOWAT AND THE OLIO POET.

It has been reported to THE OLIO editor that the following correspondence has recently taken place:—

From the Olio Poet to the Hon. O. Mowat.

WHITBY, April 10, '86.

HON. O. MOWAT: DEAR SIR,—

I hereby enclose this humble petition,
(Compiled when in an ecstatic condition),
That your lordship will build at your earliest date

For our school a gymnasium, fitted first-rate;
I hope you'll consider it, my dear Mr. Mowat;
I am your true servant,

THE OLIO POET.

From Hon. O. Mowat to the Olio Poet.

TORONTO, APRIL 11, '86.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am much moved by your lyric poem. I feel confident that you are the rising poet of our time; your vein is much the same as Tennyson's, though rather more sublime. In regard to the gymnasium I should be most most happy to lend assistance, but have to see to the new Parliament buildings; to stop the leaks in the roof of the old one; to put a "brand-new" bottom in the iron kettle; and am bothered about the indictment against the city of Toronto for maintaining a nuisance. As there is plenty of money on hand I will in a few years take your matter into my most serious consideration.

Yours respect'y,

O. MOWAT.

P.S.—Could I secure THE OLIO as my organ?

An emblem of Spring—Mud.

A tree to be hated (?)—Chemis-tree.

Art of book-keeping—Lend them not.

A fashionable malady—Hydrophobia.

Literature (litter a tour)—Pups on a ramble.

The leading star of the W. C. I.—Clarence Starr.

When is a poet not a poet? When he's prosy.

A bell is educated—It gives a ding and a re-ding (reading).

It was like drawing teeth to get Dr. Adams to stick in his 'ad.'—It was done so easily. The Dr. always does it so.