

And still the humanity surged, and the boat began to move out.

Suddenly a piercing, shrill, sharp shriek was heard. It came from the lips of Ralph Fitz-Noscrogginton Vere de Vere Mullingatwaney. He rose to his feet, and with another p. s. s. shriek sprang over the side of the boat into the —ah—the water that fills the Yonge-street slip. (Ugh-h-h, reader, think of that water!) Contrary to the rules of navigation the boat returned to the wharf, where, extended on his back and puffing like a behind-time locomotive lay Ralph F. N. V. de V. M. He had not sunk; water too thick.

With a heart-rending wail, and a bound that would have done credit to a man getting out of the way of a mad bull, Birdie Knickerbocker Voovorandevagaffer threw herself on Ralph's lively corpse, and, after filling her mouth with peanuts and caramels to keen down the emotion, cried, "say, oh say, I adjure thee! Why didst thou do the rash act?"

"I — could not — go," murmurs Ralph. "There would be no pleasure."  
"Oh, say it not, thou who said that thou didst love me with all thy heart. Why would there be no pleasure?"

Ralph moved his lips sadly, and faintly said with a pale smile, "I—I—I forgot my kazoo!" And the humanity surged on.

C. M. R.

THE REJECTED LOVER;

OR, THE VITECHAPEL BIRD-CATCHER AND THE BILLINGSGATE FISH-GIRL.

V. B.

"My 'cart, my 'cart's with love consumed,  
And all burnt up to cinders;  
To woo and misery I'm doomed  
For love of Lucy Flinders.

My 'ome is in Vitechapel, heast,  
Bird-catchin' vich my trade is;  
Vite Lucy's occupation is  
A-sollin' fish to ladies.

Ho! my, 'ow I did love that gal,  
Hid' holt go there a-courtin';  
Hi hofered 'er my 'cart and 'and,  
And 'alf hof hall my fortin'.

'My sole, my sole,' I said to she,  
'De mine; my breast is bustin';  
Ho! eet my breakin' 'cart, and me  
Do give your love and trust in.'

B. F.

'Begone, you bird-lime man,' she cried,  
And spurned me from 'er sobbin';  
'And sparrow, spare me; for my love  
I cannot 'ave, you robbin';

And I canary spark of love  
Discern; vy, you enus me,  
The man wot gets me—tho' no hen,  
He boards, and clothes and 'shoes' me.

And you 'ave neither 'ouse nor gold,  
Nor land with tittle innit;  
I cannot swallow all your stuff,  
Begone in 'alf a minute.'

V. B.

'Ho! chub-by Lucy,' then I sighed,  
A 'ouse I'll perch-ase for you;  
I'll mackeret-y splendid match.'

B. F.

She only said, 'Ho! lor, you.

You're tall enough, I must allow,  
If finches made the man at;  
But then your temper; crab-bed quite,  
Say that in truth I cancer.

And then again I must refuse,  
You haven't anemone;  
I think your sentiments are quite  
Too shellfish to be funny.

So say no more, but go away;  
Be silent do, I hush you,  
Oriole Flinders will bring here,  
And he will surely thrush you.

So good-by Pigeon, 'er birden was,

V. B.

'I minnow harm,' I faltered  
In 'usky tones, all bass and low,  
'My love can ne'er be allared.

Ho! Lucy, if you spurn me thus  
'Far bot'-ny Bay I'll floe, miss;  
You'll think of them shark-astic words  
As you 'ave said to me, miss.

The ship I sail in may be wrecked,  
And fish may eat my corpus,  
And then you'll cry, too late, 'Ho.' I  
Did not do this o' porpoise.

B. F.

'Go, foolish man,' (air Lucy said,  
'Parrot to know about you;  
You're wrenny-thing but nice, and he  
Would come and quickly scout you.'

The bird-man turned and seized a knife,  
He tried to slit his gullet;  
He halibut did it, but in haste  
Did very badly mullet.

And Lucy laughed and went away,  
The man no birden longer;  
He went to China, and became  
A regular Hong-Conger.



King John, of Abyssinia, gave Queen Victoria an elephant, and Her Majesty made a present of it to the London Zoo. I wonder does Harry know of all the chances he is missing.

I see that at a fancy dress affair at Old Orchard, a Hamilton lady was universally awarded the honors of belle. She personated "The Dawn." Perhaps the novelty of a fashionable young lady showing a partiality for "the dawn" carried the whole ball-room away.

Beach, the champion, was first an Australian, then an Irishman, now an Englishman, and the smaller countries are yet to be heard from. Now, you Americans, speak out! Of course Canada is not in the competition at all, for Hanlan will take it all back next time. But I positively refuse to take back anything I have said in this paragraph.

"We have the finest force in the world," say the Toronto Police Commissioners; and the burglar who did the Yonge-street fur store for \$1,600 the other night says: "Right you are, gentlemen! I have 'em sized down very fine." Then he carefully shines up his kit in the sitting room of a fashionable hotel and blithly warbles,

"Nix me dolly pals, fake away!"

"A Polander supposed to have caused a fire in Sandwich" is the head-line of an arson article in one of the dailies. How it came that the man was termed "a Polander" has just struck me. You see the able editor considered that if it were correct to call a man from Poland a "Pole," you ought to refer to a man from Holland as a "Hole," and really this would be carrying the thing to a ridiculous length.

The New York Sun's special London correspondent telegraphs the price of tea and the condition of the market. Just as if anybody on this continent was interested in foreign tea! "Were I starving," so writes, Labouchere, of Truth "with the corpse of a friend by me, I should regard myself as very foolish were I to allow myself to die of hunger." But I guess the question with most people who know the erratic egotist is not so much what Labby would do as what he would not do.

My predatory shears have secured me the following, which suggests to my mind a poetic-gom:—"In the evening Mr. Atkinson's

friends and office associates tendered him a farewell supper which was a most interesting and successful affair, the feature of the occasion being the presentation to the departing guest of a purse containing \$200." This is a London, Ont., incident of a few days ago. But you want to know the poetic gem it suggests, of course. Well, you all remember:

"Though this parting gives me payin'."

The first telegraph message has just been sent from Peking. Our Chinese friends no doubt feel proud, but they ought to be made understand that they have only barely entered on a knowledge of the true principles of scientific telegraphy. Let them look over at Canada and ask themselves how long will it be before they have made such progress in telegraphic specialities as to be able to determine that the best way to prevent the courts getting hold of tell-tale political telegrams is for the manager of the company to have the tell-tale telegrams carefully and beautifully destroyed. To tell the truth, I have never had much of an opinion of the Chinese; but I would hate to think a Chinese Telegraph Tyeoon would emulate this preceding of Manager Dwight, and a Chinese law-book permit it.

Talking to one of the parties to a lunacy case, he asserted that many grave wrongs arise from the administration of the Quebec lunacy laws. "I could have you confined this afternoon," said he to a reporter, "and you would be powerless to prevent me." But this would have made the matter out all the worse for the gentleman in question. To have locked up a reporter would have established what this party to the lunacy case would not care to have made out just now. It would have made him out a lunatic. But speaking of Quebec lunacy laws, when you come to consider the peculiar lot of people they have down there, and the peculiar way they run the old Province, you are haunted with a shrewd suspicion that a pretty good stock of lunacy law ought to be kept handy, at any rate.

I don't want to be ranked as an agnostic, but the fact of the matter is, the way in which the Globe reported "Talmage on Ingersoll" is just about enough to make me not only become an agnostic, but make me go around as advance agent for the Colonel. The report read as if some one had stolen every alternate page of the reporter's notes, or else that he had altogether depended on his memory—and a very poor and very erratic memory also. There was no more in what was written of what Talmage said than there was sense in Talmage's discussing Bob Ingersoll at all. Another clergyman, speaking on the self-same rostrum, said about the opponents of christianity:—"Agnosticism could not produce a drunkard made sober, a heathen made pure, a liar made truthful, a libertine purified." No! They talk away a man's satisfying creed and make him a spiritual Dr. Tanner. That's all you want to say to sensible people about agnostics, it seems to me.

Possibly the editor of the Mail has serious thoughts about taking proceedings against West Ontario electors. The editor clearly regards Mr. Edgar as a fraud, and the nature of the charge he will make will be "fraudulent preference," because the people preferred to elect Mr. Edgar unanimously rather than squabble among themselves and give some innocent, amiable Tory a chance to do justice to the fair riding. This observation is, of course, only a trifling humorism which I should never have been led to make only that I know the member elect will be glad to secure a few even of the most commonplace funnygrams to sustain him under the present trying circumstances. Speaking seriously of this interesting election episode, however, I fancy I am quite safe in saying that Mr. Edgar, uncandidly admitting the fact that some other person than