

☞ Read the advertisements; you will not fail to find something new every week.

☞ We intend making a financial call on our advertisers this week. Not that Baby is yet eating crackers, or that printers ever *bite*, but just to see how we are liked. And as we know the tender spot about our friends, we only wish to touch it, to see whether Baby will crow or cry next week.

☞ Regular subscribers are requested not to pay the boys any coppers. Such rule was only intended to apply to transient custom or stores where the lads want to enjoy themselves at their *own* expense. We would also here suggest to our friends in stores, workshops and foundries, to make up a list of all intending subscribers, hand it to the carriers on their next round, and thus enable us to have it properly distributed. Our only trouble is in getting it regularly carried to our subscribers. Mr John Henderson will supply new subscribers, and any deficiencies made by our carriers in their delivery of the Baby.

FOGARTY.—We have received communications bearing on this unfortunate—on judge, jury, and other miscreants wanting human nature—but have concluded to leave them to the lashings of a conscience they may some day live to feel, and which we trust will not be enviable. We only mention the matter, that those under whose power he and others now are may temper their authority with mercy—this being an attribute which raises man above, or lowers him beneath the brute. The law never contemplated inflicting a punishment that destroys reason. What a dreary dark vista must solitary confinement be to these unfortunates. How monotonous must their days pass, unsoothed by affection, uncheered by hope. And their nights, with all their ghastly memory of horrors! Such punishment must try the mind to its utmost, without adding others thereto, fiendish in their nature, and altogether unworthy of beings whose trust lies in mercy from above.

### TO ST. ANDREW.

The following lines, from an old friend of Andrew, were put in type one hour after the first line came into his head. Should any one see the spirit of Burns, they may mention that we want his "auld cloak."

Oh, Scotlan's Day! Oh, Scotlan's Nicht!  
 'Twas you that brocht us to!  
 We'll ne'er forget! Oh, sic a sicht!  
 We a' went rantin' fu'.

St. Andrew!

John Tamson's Bairns, a' quaffin' wine,  
 An' drinkin' fusky toddy,  
 An' ilka ane aye sa'in' "fine!"  
 "It's guid for ony body!"

St. Andrew!

Sangs we had frae mony a clan,  
 An' speekin' couth an' dainty;  
 An' a' about oor native lan'—  
 A story fu' o' pienty!

St. Andrew!

But noo you're surely tired o' daffin'—  
 A' things tak a turn at last—  
 For ilka ane at you is laffin',  
 Thinkin' on the days gane past!

St. Andrew!

Oh, Andrew! are ye sic a Saint,  
 In droonin' a' oor senses?  
 Or the auld deil, in bonny paint,  
 That's spendin' a' oor penses!

St. Andrew!

For ilka time your day comes roon'  
 Fusky's sure o' gettin' spilt;  
 It tells that Auld Nick's in the loon,  
 An' muckle sure o' gettin' kilt!

St. Andrew!

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"We have this week to chronicle and put on our exchange list a remarkable newspaper called the *NEW ERA*, published in the back woods of North America. It says a great deal for the improvement of our possessions in that part of the world, as our Prince, when cutting his eye-teeth but a few years ago, learned that gorillas and a few Fenians were the only inhabitants of that vast woody wilderness. It is written with a deal of *spirit*, and we wish it success."—*London Times*.

"We pay a copper every week for the *NEW ERA*, which shows our high opinion of its merits; but at the same time we believe its editor ought to be hanged. \*\*\*"—*Whig*.

"And serve him right, for he has *Leached* all our Canadian subscribers."—*Punch*.

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