



ONE FOR HIM.

YOUNG LEGO LEX, (to Miss Fitz-suburb, whom he thinks of marrying if her 'dad' has money enough), in the intervals of Vesuvian and cigar: Er—what a pity it is you don't smoke, Miss Fitz-suburb.

MISS FITZ-SUBURB—It is, indeed, for then I might be able to endure it in others.

L. L. subsides, and accidentally drops his cigar.

THE BELLE OF CABBAGETOWN;

OR,
THE BLIGHTED BARMAN.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP I.—DESCRIPTIVE.

It was at the close of a pleasant autumn day, too pleasant almost for the time of year; a lurid glare lit up the clouds in the western horizon. The impetuous current of the noble Don was hid by a low hanging mist, which settled upon the Eastern portion of Toronto, causing the massive towers of Castle Frank to assume gigantic proportions, and gave to the hoary feudal mansion a mystic and decidedly *Drachenfels* or Banks-of-the-Rhinish look—reminiscent of the gentle reader (providing the G. R. had ever done Europe) of the Schloss *Strumforlom*, the family seat of the Ritten von Pretzbundbier, in the Black Forest. The storm signals were, by command of the haughty though scientific Commodore Jordan, R.N., of the Observatory, ordered up at Port Credit, Mimico, Oakville, and Bronte, a timely warning to the hardy toilers of the sea within sight of the above-named harbors of refuge. Everything indicated bad weather and that a storm was brewing, and so there was, on shore as well as at sea—but we anticipate.

CHAP II.—THE COTTAGE.

On the evening just mentioned stood, and in all probability yet stands, an unpretentious dwelling, which, though not to be compared with the lordly castle heretofore described, in antiquity, yet time, the remorseless, had evidently set his destroying hand upon it. The cottage was not altogether without an indication of artistic taste in the doubtless humble architect thereof, inasmuch as it boasted of a porch, "covering," to use a military expression, the entrance to the front door, but alas! the original lattice work was almost completely torn therefrom, and (possibly) used for kindling wood. The "scarlet runners," which once bedecked, in company with "Virginia Creepers," the humble porch, seemed to have taken the cue from their name and run away. Likewise the "creepers," following their example, had crept out of sight, and now only a few blighted and twisted remnants of the plants testified to their former glory. Several panes of glass were absent from each of the windows of the cottage, and in lieu thereof

were placed different articles of attire of various textures and hues, evidently placed there by an aesthetic hand, for the *tout ensemble* of colors at a short distance blended into a harmonious whole—a great improvement on the hole left by the absent glass. Let us enter. On a Peruvian ottoman sat a young girl of some eighteen summers. Her ruscate hair fell in luxuriant though dishevelled profusion over her ivory shoulders, except where it was secured in front by the aid of portions of *The Evening Telegram*. In her lily hand she absently held a book, and ever and anon heaved a gentle sigh. The room, though aesthetically arranged, made no pretentious display; on the contrary, the furniture and upholstery was very simple and unostentatious. Two white china dogs with black ears and red eyes gazed at the surroundings from either end of the mantelpiece. Two peacock feathers placed saltierwise graced its centre, and a plain square table, two chairs, and the Peruvian ottoman, manufactured indeed by its fair occupant out of a soap box and an old chintz curtain, was all—*voilà tout*. The place was called Chinonville Cottage, the sole remaining portion of the vast estates of the once haughty and opulent Donovans, who for generations had turned their attention to the consumption of "ale, wine, and other spirituous liquors," instead of paying taxes and other charges imposed by the corporation and others. Hence the gradual diminution of the area of their ancestral acres, but the Donovans were from time immemorial a haughty and imperious race, and maintaining that all imposters were but base devices of the Saxon,

"Battered away till they hadn't a pound,"

and among the haughtiest of that haughty race was Delia Donovan, whom we left sitting on the ottoman, the peerless Delia, the Belle of Cabbagetown.

CHAP III.—THE TEMPTATION.

"Eight o'clock, and Bernedetti not yet come! Does he seek to trifle with my maiden affections? Have a care, young man! Were it not for the high social position you hold as *chef-de-bar* of the Swellhead Saloon, and that solitaire gem in your shirtfront, I would almost think 'twas the old man's stamps you're after." Thus mused the fair Delia, as, languidly putting her book away, she gazed sorrowfully out of the window. Hark! that well-known tap at the window. "'Tis he, my Bernedetti!" She enters the latticed porch. Delia! Bernedetti! Tableau!

"Dearest Delia," said her lover, after the first greetings were concluded, "to-morrow night you must fly with me. Saturday even we close, and my absence will not be discovered until Monday. Nay, dearest, do not hesitate." "I'll—I'll think of it," said the fair girl; "but Bernedetti, how are you fixed? Your salary, is it of the princely order? It would never do to fly without the necessary shekels." "My salary, though small in itself, I have found a means to replenish it."

"How?"

Bernedetti drew his inamorata towards him, and whispered in her ear a few words. "All right!" said the fair girl, "I'm fly. Come again at this hour to-morrow night."

Bernedetti took a hasty farewell and Delia took herself into the house and resumed her book.

(To be continued.)

"I love you, Lelin," said the slow-speaking, blushing country youth to his rich young cousin: "I have often wanted to tell you so. I love you to—" "Distraction?" inquired the maiden. "No," returned the young man, blushing still more, "not that exactly. I love you to sing to me while I lie here on the sofa. It seems to soothe me off to sleep like."



THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.

Some boys tied a tin kettle to a cow's tail. The animal, in her triumphant march down the street, overturned an apple stand, broke a plate glass front, killed a child, and fractured a dog's leg. Find about how much *fun* there was in this operation?

A druggist caused the death of two sick men by furnishing on prescription sulphate of quinia, adulterated, for morphia. Find the druggist's chances of getting to heaven, and if he does slip in, whether he is likely to meet Mr. Phipps of Alms House notoriety there?

A boy of tender years went fishing. He slit the leg of his pants, and, falling in the water, lost his hat, collar, and one of his shoes. Find, upon his return to the family mansion, whether his mother used a slipper or a pine shingle, and whether the boy *ined* for any more?

A young lady of twelve attended a juvenile party, and at supper consumed four pieces of cake, half a pound of candy, two pieces of mince pie, nuts and raisins, and some Dutch cheese. Find what hour the next day the doctor called, and whether he administered calomel or jalap?

A very smart boy thought he would put up a contract on a blind man by giving him a tin tobacco stamp, with the spur filed off, for ten cents. The beggar discovered the fraud instanter, and smacked the boy over the snout. Find whether the lad considered the affair a brilliant success or not, and how much the blind man was fined?

A certain great public work, in the counties of Simcoe, Victoria, and Peterboro', was, through political influence, judiciously kept alive and revived from time to time for 16 years. In this period it helped the Government to win four elections, and caused the sitting members to be banqueted and dined sixteen times. Find, if you can,—to within a week, say—when the Trent Valley Canal will be completed?

A certain weather prophet predicted that three-fourths of October would be so wet and stormy that a new ark would become a necessity. As a result there were more fine days this October than were ever known before. Find—but we know the reason of this failure; it was because Mr. Vennor didn't exchange his bulletin with the *Hamilton Spectator*; so he says, anyway.

Pen Pictures—Hogs.

Rubber goods—Playing cards.

A one-horse play—Mazepa.

Places of Interest—Banks.

A cool scoundrel—Jack Frost.

Is Miss Terious a strange girl?

A lack-a-day month—February.

"Presented at Court"—The docket.

A thyme keeper—A market gardener.

A *stock in' trade*—That of Santa Claus.