

Ye Adventurers of Mr. and Mrs. Smith during their visit to Ye Exhibition.

The day was breaking fast,
And the sky grew bright and clear,
When Mr. Smith unto her lord
Spoke softly thus, "My dear,
We've been married something near some twelve or thirteen year
And never yet together in Toronto did appear;
So I think 'twill be but fair,
As the Exhibitor's there,
We should follow in the mode, and leave our old abode.
For a visit to Toronto by the Grand Trunk Road.

Now, as Mr. Smith was kind,
He the project in his mind
Revoled, and soon resolved not his love to be beblud;
So out of bed they jump,
Sixteen stone each in a lump,
And prepare to leave all care for a time behind them there,
Whilst they a visit pay to the great Provincial Fair.
Soon all preparation made,
Each in their best arrayed,
They sallied forth together with a dignified parade;
But first as Smith was bold,
He secured a pistol old
To defend himself and love with their goodly stock of gold,
And a bottle of old whiskey to protect them from the cold.

At the station, all alive,
Soon the loving pair arrive;
So likewise does the train, and they straight begin to strive,
All a puffing and a blowing,
For a place in which to stow in,
For 'twas quite a cram and jam as all the world was going
To have a peep like them at the great Toronto showing.

I am sorry to repeat
That there was no vacant seat;
So Mr. Smith and Mrs. had to stand upon their feet
Till they could no more endure;
For like rivers on the floor,
From body, face and shoulders 'gan the perspiration pour.

Said Mrs. Smith at length,
With a sad and touching moan,
"Fast falling is my strength,
To a whisper sinks my tone.

I am fainting, oh I sink" [here came in a fearful groan,]
"I am dying, dearest deeling. I must leave you all alone."
With dire and sad alarms,
Smith caught her in his arms.
Dut strove alas, in vain, sixteen stone weight to retain;
For the jolting of the train
First bumped him swiftly forward, and then bumped him back
again.

Till at length all bruised and sore
From knocking 'gainst the door
An extra woful jolt sent them tumbling to the floor,
When the Smiths could bear no more,
So they started all on board with a most unearthly roar.

Soon commenced a fearful crushing,
Soon echoed was the scream,
Every soul on board was rushing,
For all sorts of rumours teem
Of "accident," of "danger," and none knowing what to dream;
More furious grew the uproar, till the driver slat off steam.
Meantime pressing to the door,
Whore, extended on the floor,

Lay Mr. Smith and Mrs. came at least a double score,
Who soon, (doubtless for their sins,)
Fell in contact with their shins,
The hobnailed pair of boots that adorned our hero's pins.

But we haste to draw a veil
O'er this section of our tale,
And to close this Brat mishap that befel them on the rail.
Let us order then restore,
Pick the Smiths up from the floor,
Set Mrs. Smith a seat just convenient to the door,
And rattle off to Town with nought further to deplore.

Both safe arrived at last,
Set their minds to go it fast!
And so drive off to the Resin to obtain a slight repast.
Mrs. Smith here oped her eyes,
To four times their usual size,
And stared with wide stretched mouth in a wonderful surprise,

Said she, "Surely we must make
Just a stupid, big by mistake,
I'd bet tuppence to a loane, 'tis the Gov'nor General's house;
Oh I'd like to serve that Cobby, as a cat would serve a mouse."

With this idea impressed,
Mrs. Smith could take no rest
Till a man in uniform with timid mien addressed;
Court'ing very, very low,—
"Good day, sir! no offence, would you kindly let me know
If this big house belongs to Sir Edmund Head or no,
You're an Omsifer I see,
Sure the Cab's to blame, not we,
If we've bin made to trespass where we never ought to be."

With slightly scornful pride,
The bold Omsifer replied,
"Good woman, from the truth you are stumbling pretty wide,
So calm at once your fears,
Whilst I whisper in your ears;
This House is called the Rossin, famed for brandies, wines, and
beers,
And I am Captain Campbell of the Rifle Volunteers."

Mrs. Smith at once was ill,
So she curtisied deeply still
To the six foot soldier Captain who was never known to kill.
But reassured at last,
They despatch their slight repast,
And armed with dollar badge seek the exhibition fast,
But tis doleful to relate,
All the scamy tricks that fate
Played Mr. Smith and Mrs. at the opening in state.

Think reader, if you please,
What a mighty scrumptious squeeze
Our thirty-two stone couple must have met in times like these.
First round the door were seen,
Some fat, some fair, some lean,
At least five hundred thousand tricked out in Crinolines.
There were half a million there,
Puppy, monkey, swell and bear,
Who sported
coats and breeches with a beaver on their hair.
There were English and Choctaws,
Yaukees, Irish, Johnny ravs,
With a fairish sort of sprinkling of Canadians and Squaws.

'Twould tire a very saint,
If he strove the times to paint
That our heroine avowed she felt ready quite to faint.
She was puffing and conspiring,
She was screeching at the firing,
And at home five hundred times her precious self dearing.
She was jostled, squeezed and crushed,
She was kicked and pinched and pushed,
And at length knocked fairly down by the crowd who onward
rushed.

Smith raved and stamped and swore,
Kicked behind him and before,
But his wild
attempts were vain, for he never reach'd the door
His pocket some one tries,
Snap! his watch chain quickly flies,
Whilst a swell cove more polite knocks his beaver o'er his eyes,
And at once prepares to grab, all his pocket still supplies.

But the pistol still was there,
Mr. Swell cove thought it fair
That, tho' should be transferred to his much superior care.
Smith raved and stamped and swore,
Kicked more wildly than before.
Clutched the pistol, pulled the trigger with a most unearthly
roar.

Crash! bang! the crowd 'noll mell
Rush forth and scream and yell;
And oh! horrible to tell,
The Poolers cease on Smith and denounce his purpose fell.
Oh! wery worth the day
Mr. Smith was borne away
From the spot where speechless still his life's companion lay.
A Peeler on each side,
His footstole roughly guide
To the Court where Chas Gurnett on his conduct must decide.
There robbed and torn and sore,
He sank breathless on the floor,
And I grieve to say in whispers, most devoutly cured and
sweat.

But his chiefest woes were past,
Hope smiled again at last;
The God heard the case, and, with bland and smiling face,
Exonerated Smith from all guilt and all disgrace.
Then in most respectful tone,
Smith made his losses known,
How his watch-chain, watch, and purse from his ownership had
flown;

How the darling of his life,
His true and lawful wife
Had been knocked down, crushed, and trampled in the straggling
and the strife.
Now, the tale was scarcely told
When they handed him the gold,
The watch chain and the watch he had worn so long of old,
Whilst at the moment sprung
His wife the crowd among,
And hugged him in her arms as she did when they were young.
Smith stares with both his eyes,
Stays not to make replies,
But clutching all together, to the Union Station die,
Wife and he jump on the train,
And both together swear, they'll ne'er visit town again.

COMET - ARY CORRESPONDENCE.
Mr. GRUMBLER—Say, old fellow, you'd better publish thal
hero poem, guess its some pumpkins and you can't beat it.
ZACHARY BYWATER.
Say, ain't you seen that thore comet
What sets folks star gazin'
Du tell, can't you make nothing on it,
A fizen and blazin,
And raisin
Its tail till it looks
Most tarination amazin'
Law sakes its an out and out spreader,
And was from the startin.
Guess nary on-gine can't head her,
A rushing and dartin, ...
And sartin
For shains and polish,
She wops Day and — Martin.

Guess she's a scrumptious sky rocket
What allas is shyin
Hull cart loads of sparks from her pocket,
To light her in shyin
And tryin
To look like a monstrous
Machine made for tryin
DEAR GRUMBLER—Oh I do feel so nervous about the Comet.
Only this mornin when washing the china, I let two cups
ooo saucer, the cream jug and a basin fall, my hands shook
so. Of course they were smashed, but oh dear I'm afraid its
only the beginning of smashing, for if this Comet strikes
us, what would become of us.
Yours, in a sad quandary,
ANITA.
Mr. GRUMBLER—Have heard folks say that Comet's tails are
made up of electricity. Wonder if this hero Comet has
drawed all the electricity out of the kale, and if that's the
reason it won't work.
JOHN THOMAS.
DEAR GRUMBLER.—I enclose [what I think I may term]
an exquisite little "gem" upon the Comet. Of course you
will publish it.
AUGUSTUS FITZWILLIAMS.
Illustrations victor I sublimely exquilt,
Whence comest thou?
What, art thou silent? That I deem not right.
So good bye now.
Mr. GRUMBLER—Is this Comet that Comet which is going
for to bump up agin the earth? and if this Comet isn't that
Comet, please say which Comet this Comet is.
TAFETY ANDREWS.
DEAR GRUMBLER—Had the Comet anything to do with
Charley Rossin's loosing the show of hands at the Nomina-
tion,
SAM WATSON, NOW.