



Coming Events.

A Fable, Dedicated to the City Council.

THERE were once some nice little boys floating around in search of something that might eventuate in a lark. While thus engaged they caught sight of a cow browsing in a rich pasture. Though the pasture was rich the cow was lean, for she was in fact milked to death by many people who had no claim upon her, though it was obvious to the meanest capacity that there was still some milk to be got from her. The felicitous idea at once struck them that to drink the milk of somebody else's cow would be an achievement as profitable as it was romantic. One of the nice little boys whose name was THERSITES C. was chosen unanimously to approach the animal and flatter it into acquiescence. This lad had persuasive powers of a high order. He represented to the cow that there was a poor workingman and his family hard by who were starving for want of nourishment, and that he and his friends had formed the charitable design of reviving them with a little milk punch. Deluded by these representations the generous animal allowed the spokesman to approach, and to place in the necessary position an iron pail which the nice little boys had got for their purpose. Just as operations were about to be commenced however, somebody in the circle incautiously remarked "all my eye!" an observation which elicited tittering from his comrades. At this the sagacious beast divining that something was in the wind, firmly but gracefully lifted her hind leg. The result was that little THERSITES and his iron pail approached the stars by slightly divergent routes. The other boys suddenly recollected that they had messages to perform for their respective mothers, and little THERSITES was left to pick himself out of the mud, and remove the dirt from his person as well as he could.

Petition of the Toronto Policemen.

THE POLICEMEN OF TORONTO TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

Humbly sheweth—That your petitioners have observed with surprise that many burglaries occur in Toronto.

That they have been able to observe very few of the perpetrators.

That in the morning papers they frequently read of stores broken into under their noses.

That they cannot understand why it did not come under their eyes.

That it is noticeable that the firemen and newsboys notice robberies which do not come under the notice of the Force.

They therefore respectfully recommend:—

1. That a fireman be appointed to keep each policeman awake.
2. That a newsboy be detailed to give the policeman notice when a store in front of him is being robbed.
3. That in order that, when properly kept awake, and the robber in front, clearly pointed out, the policeman may see him, each of the Force be provided with spectacles.

Q. CC.

IN PRESENTING silk gowns, the government has gone to the very LIES of the profession. Mr. MOWAT is a bird fancier and has called no less than two MARTINS, to twitter on the front bench. At their introduction the Bar will chant "When the swallows homeward fly." The Court will then enjoy an interval of serene repose, which will be interrupted by the barking of two KERRS. They will be summarily ejected by the OSIER. The Court will then sit upon a ROCK and refresh itself with a GLASS (a reversible tumbler) of milk and water. A spelling match will then begin between the gentlemen from Goderich and Brockville. Brockville has the advantage for he spells himself with more ease. BEARD will try to address the Court, but will be at once cut short by a set-to between BRITTON and DAVIS, but the former's efforts to put a tin ear on his antagonist will be rendered abortive by a CAMERON. The TAYLOR will then introduce a new suit, a cork suit, by which a drowning estate will be BOYD up, and in the course of his argument will show the fallacy of the common law maxim that it takes nine TAYLORS to MC—a—MAHN. At the end of the proceedings a BALL will be given at which there will be an exhibition of the antique MORRIS dance, and the whole will be wound up with a prayer for costs, by the Pembroke DEACON.

Silk.

THE outrageous principle on which silk gowns have been distributed suggests the reflection that the power of appointment of Queen's Counsel should be vested in more worthy hands. It is the universal opinion of the profession that this power has been for several years most improperly exercised. For this no doubt Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD is to a great extent responsible. The faithful following of his pernicious example is another proof of the identity of the two parties, and what is to be expected from Big-push-ism? It makes even GRIP serious to see that political corruption has invaded the profession, which of all others, should be entirely free from the baneful effects of party-without-principle government.

Ye Toronto Maiden Soliloquizes on Lent.

Adieu for a season to parties and balls,
Adieu to the "Boston" and dear morning calls,
That beautiful "Boston!" It's dignified gliding!
An exquisite mixture of twisting and sliding
Where you and your partner seem fairies at play
Till some stupid booby gets into the way.
That's o'er for a season, and nothing to come
But some awfully stupid and slow "Kettledrum."
Where the men stand in rows, stiff as carpenter's rules,
Pull their whiskers, and look like a parcel of fools.
Where you're penned in between two dowagers grim
Who hear every word that you're saying to him.
No chance to go forth on pretence of "repairs,"
To flirt unobserved, or to spoon on the stairs,
For the eyes of the lynx are upon you. Such eyes!
And your feelings you smother. That is, if you're wise.

No! no! At this season reflection begins,
One really should ponder, and think of one's sins
For the world's fleeting joys often turn to distress:
(I've felt that myself when I've torn a new dress.)
Now men are so different. I believe, once for all;
They really could live without hopes of a ball.
They've their clubs, and their "business," and still more provoking,
That selfish and odious amusement of smoking.
I really believe, if you put a man down
In a desert, far far from a city or town,
And give him a pipe, and tobacco enough
And a bundle of matches, he'd sit there and puff.
And he'd light up again, very much at his ease
Quite willing to stay there as long as you please.
But this is digression.—I sat down to reason
What cherished amusement I'd stop for a season.
For you know it's "the thing" at a time like the present
To give up some habit you find very pleasant.

I can't give up shopping. That never would do;
Unless all my friends were to give it up too.
And then (it's a fashion I find still increases,)
I can't give up picking my dear friends to pieces,
Tho' gossip some call it ('tis almost impiety
To term thus the mainstay and prop of society!)
Tho' to some it may bring just a trifle of hurting!
And goodness defend me from giving up flirting!
That never shall be while the world keeps advancing.
But yes. Happy thought! For a time I'll stop dancing.
There are no parties now. So it won't kill me quite.
And then what calm pleasure in doing what's right.
So I'll rest self-approving, and sweetly content
Till the very first ball that occurs after Lent.

Croaks and Pecks.

MR. R. M. W—LLS and Mr. O'D—N—HUE have two brand-new silk gowns in their possession which they will willingly part with for a consideration.

IF THE QUEEN is made Empress of India her India subjects will call her the Padishah. Surely she might more properly be called the Paddy shah of Ireland.

THE reasons of the new appointments: Some have red hair; others have read nothing; some are gentlemen of great versatility; some know Mr. MOWAT; others know nobody. Three or four, it is true are sound lawyers, but that is their only reproach.