

favorable eye by Toronto's stouter citizens, as the ever-vigilant police have received strict orders not to allow any man to pass along Wellington or Front Streets between Simcoe and the next street west, who weighs over 225 pounds. This precaution is taken for a similar reason to that which caused the order forbidding boys to let off fireworks near the buildings.

People have been found who have actually asserted that these splendid edifices were a disgrace to Toronto! Perish the thought! *A la lanterne* with such grovellers. What would Pompeii and Herculaneum, Rome and Athens be without their ruins? What, indeed! What would Egypt be without her pyramids? Why, then, should not Toronto have something to show that is as venerable and as much to be respected for its age as those old tumbledown rookeries in the cities mentioned. Moreover, the Parliament Buildings are in better repair, or in nearly as good a state of preservation as the Colosseum and the much-treasured relics of the cities mentioned!

It is not contended that people who are always wanting some new thing and who have no respect for age, will be pleased with these buildings; they were not built to please such people; but it is boldly asserted that the lover of relics of a long bygone age; the antiquarian whose heart is gladdened by anything that smacks of the dim past; the archaeologists and geologists who delight in mementos of the pre-Adamite and antediluvian periods; all these would hear with regret and indignation of any attempts to do away with Toronto's frowny, measly, disgraceful, foul, unhealthy and hideous old Parliament Buildings.

—S.

(To be continued.)

A SPECIMEN BRICK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHO SENT FOR YOU?"

"HADN'T YOU BETTER GO BACK?"
"WHAT'LL YOU GIVE ME ON THIS?" AND OTHER TALES.

"What are we to do with Horatio, my dear?" asked Hon. Letitia Muggles of her lord and master, Peter Muggles, Esq., Banker, Lombard St., City, London, Eng. "He was thrashed and rusticated at Eton, Rugby, and Harrow. He has been plucked and expelled at Oxford, Cambridge, Trinity, and Edinboro'. His extravagance and dissipation in the 101st Hussars has cost us a respectable fortune, and now he has left the regiment, on the suggestion I believe of his commanding officer who was on the point of cashiering him. His habits and associations, in fact, his very limited education, entirely unfit him for the Bank; now what are we to do with him?"

"Nothing!" roared the indignant Peter, "I tell you, Mrs. Muggles, that your aristocratic notions which, by the way, ill became you when you condescended to marry me, have made the boy to a great extent what he is, a dissolute, useless duffer. The only occupation that he is at all fitted for is that of a billiard marker, in which position he will at least find congenial society. I'll do no more for him. Let him go to Halifax!"

"Halifax! Why, bless me! The very place, Halifax, I believe, is somewhere in Canada, and Canada is one of our colonies. My dear Horatio will go, I'm sure. I will get a letter from my uncle, Lord Tenantsquis, who is a great friend of the Colonial Secretary, to the Governor or whoever it is that rules the colony, and Horatio shall go at once," said the honorable dame, jubilantly.

"He may go to the"—but the concluding words of old Peter were lost as he left the room banging the door after him.

The reluctant Horatio, much against his grain, took ship *en route* for the wilds of Canada. He was equipped, besides the ordinary

impedimenta of an English gentleman, to wit—some sixteen packages of trunks, valises, etc., a regular armory of arms and ammunition, for the benefit of buffaloes, bears, etc., which he expected to encounter, and at length he arrived at the Capital, the noble city of Ottawa, erstwhile Bytown, overlooking "Uttawa's tide" of poetic mention. Of course he got a situation at once, fourth-rate clerk in the Bead and Moccasin Department. But was a gentleman and an ex-officer of the 101st Hussars to sit all day (10 to 4) cheek by jowl with a parcel of colonial prigs? No! He thought of his aristocratic lineage (on the maternal side) and shuddered. "I can't stand this sawt of thing, ye know," he was heard to remark, "listening all day to the woe of the infernal wivver. It gives one a perpetual fit of dem vapahs. Crush me! I'll weisign!"

His resignation was accepted with resignation by the Department, and Horatio went to Montreal. His money soon disappeared, so did rifle by rifle and shot gun by shot gun. Horatio then came up to Toronto, where watch by watch, ring by ring, and trunk by trunk vanished,

"Till all had fled."

And our hero, with his last procurable dollar, shook the Canadian dust off his feet and emigrated for the Western States, and the once dashing Horatio may now be seen by the curious peeling potatoes and polishing knives in a cheap restaurant in Denver City.

MORAL.

The moral of this story is simply this. Let Horatio Muggles and fellows of that ilk stay at home, and let the young barbarian Canuck have a chance for his life in his own country.



COMPLIMENT, A LA MODE.

Mr. Masherton.—Miss Birdie, you are fixed up so pretty to-night that I hardly recognized you!

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.

AWFUL CONSEQUENCES

OF THE HON. W. F. GODY'S VISIT.

Oh! Buffalo William, oh! Scout of the Prairie,
You've been and you've gone, but we cannot forget you;
You came here amongst us and caught us, unwary,
And now we are sorry that ever we let you.

Your show was a good one, of that no complaining
Is heard in our city; you did all you said;
But now 'mongst the boys there's no order maintaining,
And many a parent is wishing you dead.

Or rather he thinks that it would have been better
If you'd never come, for the peace of his mind
Is shattered and broken; he never can get a
Sweet hour of repose and no peace can he find.

The lads who beheld you are rampant and furious
To be o'en as you, and one can't look about
Without seeing some urbin in panoply curious
Who, from this day henceforth, is a bold prairie scout.

There's my eldest son, Tommy, once quiet and attentive
To lessons at school, but behold the boy now!
He's a wild Indian fighter, and with men'r'y retentive
He imitates you and your racket and row.

His dear mother's clothes-line this imp of Iacariot
Has hooked from the yard, and, from daylight to eve,
He is using the same as a lasso or lariat,
And the cats of the neighbors have much cause to grieve.

For not a day goes but he digs up the hatchet
And out on the war-path he stealthily goes;
And my! how the curs and the felines do catch it
As over their necks he his lariat throws.

Then there's small Jimmy Johnson, aloft he is waving
The splitting axe—whilst of hair-raising he'll rave;
He's Johnson no longer; for gore he is craving—
For now he is Squitay-Wah-Boo, the great brave.

He has striven to scalp his small sister and nearly
Succeeded in doing the same, and he took,
With a band of his followers— young imps of eight,
merely,
As prisoners of war both the housemaid and cook.

He proceeded to torture these females, but Laura
The cook is quite muscular; she burst her chains
And routed her captors, who fled from before her,
And made for their hirs near the Bay in the drains.

Old Towser, the watch-dog, is stuck full of arrows;
The cow's made a target for pistol and bow;
The cat has been killed, flayed and skinned and the
sprrows
Are playing the dickens wherever they go.

The rats hold high carnival; never a feline
Is seen since these lads have turned cow-boys and
scouts;
And where will it end? will they e'er make a bee-line
To civilization again? I've my doubts.

Oh! Buffalo William, you've caused us much sorrow:
You've ruined our peace; oh! go back to the plain,
To the prairie and Wild West; yes, start off tomorrow,
And please, Mr. Gody, don't come back again.
—Swiz.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.

A TRIP WITH A LUNATIC.

It is a fact that there are many houses, even localities and neighborhoods, which have acquired, for reasons more or less evident, a very disreputable character, and such a character once obtained is seldom lost. Everyone knows the proverb about giving a dog a bad name; it applies equally truthfully to houses and neighborhoods.

The scene of a criminal tragedy or of a great public calamity retains forever its terrible fame, and in this way railways or sections of railways have become noted, and not long ago a certain line by which it was my fate to travel enjoyed this notoriety. This line, or rather this section, connects two large towns and there is only one intermediate station, distant some five or six miles from one of these towns, and it forms the only break in a run of about seventy-five miles.

It was a cold, bleak December day when I found that the Fates had decided, of course in conjunction with certain fleshly superior