

**Art Criticism.**

*Distinguished Subject.*—Ah! very good, Mr. FOWLES, very good indeed; the figure is masterly; the likeness is very striking, and the cheek is simply immense!

**Consolation.**

The boys at the University were a good deal cut up to see a young lady's name figuring at the head of the Honor list in general proficiency, but they are consoling themselves with the reflection that if she isn't a man, outsiders may not be any the wiser, as she fortunately bears the name of CHARLES. There is a good deal in a name, after all!

**The Sisters. A True Story.****CHAPTER I.**

Once upon a time there lived in a pleasant part of British North America, two pretty little girls, twin sisters, whose names were respectively UPPER and LOWER CANADA. They were the daughters of a wealthy old gentleman, and spent their childhood very happily side by side. As they grew older it was observed that their taste and dispositions were by no means identical. Miss UPPER proved herself to be a thrifty and industrious girl, with decidedly progressive ideas; her sister, on the other hand, loved nothing more dearly than ease and comfort. She was not what might be called lazy, but still she would much rather continue to wear an old dress than go to the trouble of making herself a new one.

**CHAP. II.**

Of course it was not very long before lovers began to put in an appearance, and here the differing tastes of the two young ladies began to make themselves manifest. The young man to

whom Miss UPPER gave the preference was a steady, sober and intelligent person, who treated her with the utmost respect, but never gave way to theatrical emotion. His name was OLIVER MOWAT ONTARIO. Miss LOWER's favoured suitor was a very handsome and talented young gentleman, who wore a most killing moustache and long wavy hair. He looked for all the world like an opera tenor, and it is needless to say entirely captivated the heart of the giddy and romantically-inclined maiden without an effort. His name was MONS. CHAPLEAU QUEBEC. In due course the two happy weddings were celebrated, and both couples started out in life with a fair competency, and high hopes for the future.

**CHAP. III.**

Thirteen years of married life have passed by, and we now revisit the respective homes of Mrs. ONTARIO and Mrs. QUEBEC. This is where the moral of our story comes in, and we particularly request the reader to mark well what he sees on entering those homes. We first step into the pleasant and comfortable residence of Mrs. ONTARIO, and the first glance assures us that things have gone well with her. Everything about the house betokens thrift, and when we converse with her and her cherry little husband, we are delighted to learn that they have added largely to their possessions in land, that they enjoy many of the luxuries of life, and have no less than \$5,000,000 of surplus cash in the bank.



We take a glance into Mrs. QUEBEC's abode, and what a different spectacle meets our eyes! Alas, we behold on every hand the evidences of extravagance and bad management. The hapless woman and her incompetent, though still beautiful husband, present a picture of forlorn misery. Their furniture is out of repair, there land has diminished in value, and a terrible debt of \$15,000,000 hangs over their miserable house. We learn that a short time ago, driven to desperation by the recklessness of her husband and his friend DE BOURCHVILLE, Mrs. QUEBEC got a writ of separation from him, and called in the assistance of one JOIR, a man more after her sister's choice. Under this gentleman's able management, affairs were beginning to assume a more hopeful appearance, when with fatal fickleness, Mrs. QUEBEC again gave way to the importunities of MONS. CHAPLEAU, and took him back again, since which time everything has been on the downward path. Alas! we can only drop a tear for the poor woman's misfortunes and pray she may get more sense before it is too late.

The *Globe* appears to be printed on a GORDON Press.

It is announced that the Credit Valley Railway will not commence to carry the mails over their line for about a month yet. From this we presume that the Company refuse to carry any but fare passengers.

**Bad Company.**

Mr. WALLACE the indefatigable nurse of the Canadian rag-baby has not been so circumspect in his conduct recently, as his past history would lead one to expect. He has been to Chicago with his charge, and from reports concerning him we learn that he experienced a terrible fall from grace and has been seen in very bad company. Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY and Mr. DENNIS KEARNEY the sand lot orator of San Francisco are not the fittest companions with whom to entrust one's reputation. We are not so much surprised at nurse WALLACE consulting with nurse ANTHONY, for we all know how fond old women are of gossip and exchanging ideas, and no doubt, the Canadian nurse was anxious to hear particulars from the American one regarding her method of treating the baby. But that the highly respectable Canadian M. P. should hob-nob with the hoodlum KEARNEY, certainly surprises us. KEARNEY's choice of language is not elegant, his delivery is more forceable than pleasant and we are much afraid that nurse WALLACE has not benefitted in a moral sense by his trip, whatever may be said in favour of his having had a good time generally.

**No Danger!**

Anxious Parent—O goodness! MAUD! Go away from that dog, he'll bite you!!  
MAUD—No he won't; he tant bite at dis end!

A Halifax druggist advertises a "delicious perfume" called "*Mayflower Cologne*." This desirable toilet preparation is not made by boiling up the highly flavored articles in BAKER's notorious newspaper.