



THE YAWNING DEFICIT.

Tilley.—Tra-la ! Let somebody else jump into that hole. I'm not doing any Curtius business to-day !

GASTRONOMIC.

A MEMORY.

Where is the base Canuck who does not praise
The mem'ry of the golden "punkin" pies
His mammy'd make
In his old home : and at the kitchen fire,
When his ambition seldom soared much higher
Than to watch his mother, as he stood close by her,
Produce the bake ?

Breathes there Canuck who never to himself has said,
"There is no baking like my mammy's bread
Made with suet-rising.
And in Dutch oven baked outside the door ?"
If there be such, let someone shed his gore,
Or wipe his stupid head upon the floor.
For it's surprising

How recollection brings back the old days
Before we left the straight and righteous ways,
The old folks taught us,
Before the "burning questions" of the State
Perplexed and vexed our yet bewildered pate,
And thoughts of greed and malice, envy, hate,
Had not yet caught us.

—B.

GOING TO THE PLAY.

JESSEMINE BRIGETIMA BURKE.

Jessemine (I call her Jesse for short) is my own and only girl, and the other evening she expressed a fond desire to go to the theatre that night. "I don't see how it is, Manderville" (Manderville Morgan Murphy is my patronymic), "that you never offer to take me to the play. You know I am fond of a nice play, and sure the operas are delightful. It usn't to be so," she added, "archly, but perhaps you're getting tired of me—or hard up," she added, in rather an undertone.

"No, no, Jesse, it isn't that, by any means. Tired of you ! Why—hard up ! Why, I'm now in a position to shortly become a millionaire." (This latter statement was, perhaps, not strictly true, yet, of course, if I should have a good long run of success—say twenty years—who knows ?) "It is not that," I continued, "but the night is damp and promises to be wet. The play, too, I don't think you would care about."

"Oh, if you don't want to take me," said the fair girl, with not a slight show of asperity, "then, of course—"

"Come, Jesse," I said, in most mollifying tones, "don't, I beg of you, get into a bad humor. Of course I'll be glad to take you. I would advise you, though, to adorn yourself in too fine style ; rain won't be good for it ; besides," I added, when I saw a storm of some magnitude gathering on her marble brow, "you'll look bewitching in anything."

"Sure I'll wear me blew silk if I die for it," she replied, and gaily as a troubadour she tripped up stairs to put on her "harness."

In the meantime I procure a hack, one of the old-timers, apparently built in the early days of Toronto, and smelling as if it had been laid up in ordinary for a decade or two in a cow stable. Altogether, it had a decayed appearance.

Jessemine, in full fig, was waiting as the cab drove up. In she jumped, and in the darkness flattened her new and cherished hat over her head, to its great loss and detriment.

"What a beastly convenience this is. Where on earth did you get such an old rattle-ship, anyway. Faith ! my hat's spoiled already, and a bucket of Florida Water won't make me malodorous again," sighed poor Jessemine.

But our troubles were yet to come. We hadn't gone a hundred yards when the rain came down in torrents, percolating through the roof and blowing in through a broken pane, drenching my fair partner, who tied her handkerchief over her damaged head dress, and protected her "blew" dress as best she could. As for me, I grinned and bore it like a man, for I considered it was a just judgment on the capricious damsel who would go to the play.

Well, we arrived at the opera house, and in getting out Jessemine scraped off about a peck of mud off one of the wheels, which didn't calm her temper to any perceptible extent.

Hurrying from the cab to the entrance, one of the usual young loafers who infest the front of the theatre deposited a superannuated "chew" of tobacco on the lady's already wet and soiled dress. I bought the tickets, orchestra chairs, and went in. "A beggarly account of empty boxes" greeted us, and the few who were there like ourselves were damp, disagreeable and miserable. The play—Heaven preserve us !—was one of those which, strange to say, on usual occasions and fine weather fill the house. A mixture of gross buffoonery, badly sung songs, and old variety shop jokes, without coherence, plot, or anything to recommend it. When the play (?) was over, we found that the only cabs remaining outside were engaged, so Miss Jessemine Brigetima Burke and her swain and escort, Mr. Manderville Morgan Murphy, had to tramp home through the wet.

"I hope you've passed a pleasant evening, Miss Burke," I said, at the door.

"I never want to see you again !" was all she said, as she banged to the door. And that was the last time that Miss Burke and I went to the play together. B.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A BARBER'S MIRROR.

I hear my boss saying that I have been hanging here fifteen years. Dear me, is that possible ? He says he's going to take me down and put a new mirror in my place. That settles it ! My boss always was a temperate man, he never believed in a glass too much. Well, the new mirror will never see the sights I have seen, that's one consolation. I know I am getting a little worn. Who would not, when they have had so many eyes staring at them, some of them so piercing as almost to bore a hole through me ? I abhor all such. I am old and worn, I know, but if the currency of the Dominion should fail I shall still have a little silver to back me. Ha ! ha ! That is a silvery laugh. Yes, I have had heaps of fun in my time, many's the "scrape" I have seen. Hew ! As I am about to be turned adrift I suppose I must look out for something substantial to keep me in my old age. Happy thought ! I will turn informer ! There is money in it. What I have heard in this shop, if revealed to the proper authorities (Sir John would like to hear some of the things said about him) ought, at least, to bring me in \$20,000 and a knighthood. I hear they give these now-a-days for less valuable services than I could render them. Were they to give me a title I should cast a lustre upon it. Miserable thought ! If I cannot be knighted I can remain a mirror benighted ! Ho ! ho ! That is a gloomy smile. I have sharp ears, although the public cannot see them, and I make good use of them, too, when the customers come to me to adjust their cravats and straighten out their wrinkles. I have heard some peculiar remarks. The preachers are the most fastidious (hem ! nearly cracked getting that big word out), they want their white ties to lie so neat and nice, and when the white ties won't do this, the preachers say—but I will not disgrace the cloth by making it cut a sorry figure, I would rather my boss do the cutting. This, however, is not the time or place to enter into details. I am about to issue from the cheese press an edition of my memoirs, entitled "The Cutting Remarks of a Barber's Mirror," by an Old Shaver. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I can't help laughing, the idea tickles me so. I'm getting in a cheap puff ; the orders will rush in ; my work will be extensively read, and I will be crowned with glory and tissue paper. Here comes an alderman all pomposity, because he's chairman of the Ways and Means Committee ; he would make an excellent pawnbroker. I must close down.

AN OLD SHAVER.