

SPELLBOUND.

(TWO PEOPLE AT TELEPHONE.)

"Hollo!"
 "Hollo!"
 "Say, what's the name of that friend of yours who is coming out from the old country?"
 "Thlewethlynn Woodwell."
 "What?"
 "Thlewethlynn Woodwell."
 "I can't make out the name; spell it please."
 "All right: Double l e double u e double l y double n," double u double o d double u e double l
 "Oh! bosh, that doesn't spell anything: sounds like Welsh."
 "It is Welsh; at least it's a Welsh name."
 "Spell it again,—slowly."
 "Double l—e—double u—e—double l—y double n—double u—double o—d—double u—e—double l.
 "Oh! Llewellyn Woodwell: is that it?"
 "Near enough."
 "Thanks; goodbye."
 "Goodbye."

(Ting-a-ling-ling).
S.

WORSE THAN DEATH.

It may have been a dream, though every little incident stands out in my memory with a startling clearness, and I am inclined to think that it was reality after all, so vividly distinct is my recollection of every detail. Whichever it was, however, methought I stood in a large chamber, at the further end of which, on a raised dais, sat three grave-looking personages who were evidently judges; several lawyers occupied the seats round about the judicial throne, and in charge of two warders stood the prisoner.

I was informed that he had been found guilty of nearly every offence in the calendar of crime, and that the judges were even now deliberating on the punishment to be meted out to him.

"I am for instant execution," said one of them.

"Nay," remarked another, "he deserves to be tortured daily for a month, and then cast into a vat of molten lead, after his entrails have been ripped out and cast to the swine."

"Hold!" exclaimed the elder and sterner-looking of the three judges, "nothing is bad enough for this fiendish criminal, it is true, but I have devised a punishment which shall, in some measure, be equal in magnitude to the numerous atrocities of which he has been found guilty."

"Ha! and what is that?" asked the judge on the left.

"Well, tortures, ripping open and so forth do not seem severe enough; red-hot needles shoved into his eyeballs were but comfort in comparison to the penalty I have hit upon."

"And that is—" asked the judge on the right.

"That the culprit be condemned to spend the remainder of his natural existence in Oshawa—"

"Nay, nay, nay," screamed the unhappy prisoner, "mercy, mercy, mercy: torture me; rack me; thumbscrew me; boil my eyes and rend me open to be devoured of swine; crucify me; anything, anything but sending me to live in Oshawa."

"If your lordships please," said a tall, gentlemanly, dark visaged personage who appeared on the scene from no one seemed to know where, addressing the judges and waving his handkerchief which gave forth a very powerful sulphurous odor, "I will take charge of the prisoner. I believe I can make it sufficiently warm for him," and he smiled a peculiar smile, and those in court observed that one of his feet was cloven, and that a spiky tail protruded

from beneath his coat. "Is it your lordships' will that I take him?"

"Yes, my lords," cried the prisoner stretching forth his manacled hands in a supplicating manner, "let me go with this—this gentleman, anything but what you have suggested."

"Nay," replied the grave judge, "the sentence of the court is that, not only do we compel the prisoner to spend the remainder of his life in Oshawa, but—"

"Oh! my lord, thou hast afflicted him sorely," interposed the judge on the left, "refrain from adding to his misery."

"I have made up my mind," was the reply: "the prisoner is hereby compelled to live for the rest of his life in Oshawa, and, moreover, as his crimes have been heinous and numerous, he is furthermore to be compelled to peruse, word for word, the Oshawa *Vindicator*, a semi-annual (I believe) publication, whensoever it is issued."

The prisoner, on hearing this awful sentence, fell down in a swoon and was, in that state conveyed to Oshawa.

With pallid faces and looks of awe, the crowd dispersed.

But 'twas a fearsome sentence; aye, marry.
S.

A LICENSER OF PLAYS.

BY ONE WHO HAS BENEFITED BY A RECENT DISCOURSE IN THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

Were I asked what I would be,
 Lord by land, or lord by sea,
 What office I would undertake in these degenerate days,
 I know right well in whose shoes
 I would stand, for I should choose
 The dignified appointment of the Licenser of Plays.

What a glorious thing to be,
 'Twould be very dear to me
 To guard the public morals and improve the public taste;
 I would never let a girl
 On her nimble tip-toe twirl,
 And never let a young man put his arm around her waist.

I'd have all dresses high,
 Prefer women with one eye,
 The ladies of the ballet should be fifty years of age.
 While instead of naughty legs,
 They should stand on wooden pegs,
 And never move should lift them up an inch above the stage.

As to hits at public men
 They'd be never heard of then.
 I'd guard the poor dear ministers from every kind of chaff.
 Then the burlesques of my time
 Should be sweet, slow and sublime,
 I don't believe it's right, you know, to make the people laugh.

I would ne'er allow a kiss
 To be given to a miss,
 And, bless you, no lovmaking in that horrid Shakespeare way;
 I would tone all dramas down
 To a kind of whitey-brown,
 And the nearest insect's morals should be unharmed at the play.

It would be rather dull, though, wouldn't it?
Swiz.

A great deal of ill-feeling, we understand, has been aroused throughout the whole country by immature peaches.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A lady's boudoir is a powder magazine; preparatory to an expedition into the very heart of the enemy, she has a little brush and then raises her colors.

The *Hamilton Tribune* lashes its brother, the *Spectator*, unmercifully for his want of appreciation of Shakespeare. Well, what can be expected of a fellow who does not know who pays the duty on coal?—*Ex.*

A RUSH OF BUSINESS. — (Grocer's shop, Cowcadden's; Time, 8-15 a.m.; shopmen are gossiping).

Enter Boy—Two fardins for a ha'penny.
 Foreman—Coats off, gentlemen. Business has begun.—*Glasgow Herald*.

GRIP'S WIZDOM.

Love, like small pox, is easily caught and leaves scars.

A girl's heart (that is after she has attained the age of eighteen) is like an hotel bed: you may never discover the previous occupant, but you may be pretty sure there has been one.

Men are geese; women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

The road to ruin would be more pleasant were it not so short, and if there were fewer exorbitant toll-gates.

The better a man knows himself the more indulgent he is to the faults of others.

If you wish to discover the extent of female malice, just incur the jealousy of an unprincipled woman.

HINTS TO PARTY GIVERS.

Good wine is wasted on evening party goers. People can drink twice as much of good wine, so that by half poisoning them you make a double economy.

Never ask your poor relations. They are mostly ill-tempered, generally shabby, always hungry, and invariably drink for two.

Crowd your rooms as much as possible. People like to be squeezed, and cannot believe they are enjoying themselves without it. Well water the musicians' wine.

Ask as many "carriage people" as you can. It impresses the neighbors.

Send your husband to his club, and don't present the bill for your little entertainment for at least a fortnight. People should not eat suppers; therefore let that meal be of a light and airy character. Flowers look well on the table, and can be hired—food has to be purchased.

Have a dinner party before your ball, and ask the young men you are anxious to catch, so that your daughters may arrange their cards and take the cream off the dances. Hired servants invariably drink. Borrow your friends' servants.

The money you save on wine and supper will pay for all your dresses. Spare no expense there, it is your duty to society to look your best.

Ices destroy appetite. So does soup. Spare neither.

Your grocer will sell you an excellent sherry at one-and-nine.—Real Amontillado. Uncorking it a day or two previous has a softening influence. Fine old tawny port at 2s. makes excellent negus, and nutmeg covers a multitude of sins.

Mr. John L. Sullivan belongs to the Concord School of Philosophy. At any rate there is peace and concord when he is around.

HIS VIEW OF IT.—*Young Hopeful* (aged 6)—"How much did you pay for me at the doctor's shop, ma?"

Mamma—"Really, dear, I almost forgot—quite three or four pounds."

Y. H.—"Well, you were stupid. You might have got a pony for that money.—*Glasgow Herald*.

Young George Vanderbilt, fourth son of the millionaire, wants to be a newspaper reporter. There it crops out again; the natural, educated and hereditary greed for go'd; the insatiable thirst for wealth, the passion for amassing millions by the easiest and quickest methods, and reaching a fabulous competence by the shortest ways. It's a family trait.—*Ex.*