

A WIG-GED STORY.—I.



"Pray, Angelina, darling, excuse me for one short half-hour. I am going to have an exhilarating swim."



"Certainly, Edwin, dear. I will to the parade with pa and ma and thence watch you breast the briny."



"Help, pa! Help, ma! My beloved Edwin is sinking beneath the stormy ocean waves! Help! Help!!"

PLEASE PAY CASH.

THESE be days of sudden prosperities in Toronto. The other day Mrs. Neurich, of Goldbug Crescent, was surprised (not having heard of any intended departure of her friend Mrs. Suddenflush) to find that the latter lady having called during her absence had left her card inscribed with her name and the magic letters "P.P.C."

MRS. JEREMIAH SUDENFLUSH.
MISS SUDENFLUSH.
P.P.C.

Mrs. Neurich, fearing that Saratoga or Europe might be about to give her bosom rival a temporary lead in the social race, took the first dignified opportunity to enquire of Mrs. Suddenflush whither she might be bound.

"Oh, law," said the latter lady, "I ain't going away—at least not yet, I ain't. What could a-made you think so?"

"Why, dear," said Mrs. Neurich, (who, by the way, has passed the first degree in the ancient craft of society)—"your card—P.P.C."

"P.P.C.," rejoined her friend. "Well, I never! Is that what it is? Now, I just knowed Mr. Suddenflush wasn't right about that. And them letters means we're goin' away! Well, do you know? Mr. S. and me puzzled over that pretty near an hour on Mrs. Edgin's *carte de visit* last week, an' we couldn't neither of us make them out. But Mr. S. thought, seein' Mr. Edgin was in the grocery business, them letters must mean 'Please Pay Cash.' He said it was a good business idea; an' I must get some done the same right away. 'Anyhow,' says he, 'it's style, Maria, an' we've got to keep up with the procession.' But it means we're goin' away! Well, I never! I never thought of such a thing. But, say, we'll have to go now, I guess, won't we, Mary? It'd never do to let that spiteful Mrs. Naindor say we don't know what them letters means." And Mrs. Neurich assented.

And that is why the next Saturday night the following item appeared:

"The select circle is again thrown into consternation

by the announcement of the approaching departure for Europe of Mr. and Mrs. Suddenflush and Miss Suddenflush, on whose genial courtesy and hospitable instincts we were all relying so confidently for next winter's amusement. Expectations doomed, alas! to disappointment, for these charming people will be absent during the whole of the coming season, and their elegant mansion will be closed. So fate (in the form of a prolonged attack of biliousness, which has made its dire descent upon the sweet infancy of Master Jeremiah Suddenflush, Jr.) has decreed! We cannot help appealing to little Jerry, useless as such an appeal may seem, to try and get his little interior once more in order, that his papa and mamma and his sweet and charming sister may be soon again received by an open armed and now sadly sorrowing Society."

SNOB.

AN IMPORTANT DISKIVERY.

CAP'EN GRIP—HON. SIR,—For self and pardner in the coddin' skuuner *Peggy* we want to let you know of a grand diskivery that we have made, and it ain't no codd neither. Edge o' seven faddem water, three mile and a eighth from the main, just outside the Canady line, land bearing sow-sow-east, wedder foggy, we came on to a new island rose from the sea about the size of Sable island. It is not laid down in none of the charts. Bumsted, the skipper, and young Ikey, the mate, planted a Union Jack onto it and took procession of all of it that was above sca level and its dependencies, but me and my pardner is not such born ijiots as to put the diskivery into the *Shipping Gazette* until we know if it will be handed over to Germany like as the misfortunate Hell-of-a-go-land was in the Baltic Sea. It is not of no use for me and my pardner to apply to the Fishery's Department, for the Depitty there is a poor stick, and we don't want none of Sir John Tompsin to draw up papers, for he would run it so fine splitting hares that nothing would be left for man or bait. Can you recommend a good sea lawyer to us, Cap'en GRIP? What we would mostly want is a *modus vivendy* and a *Mary clawsome* or something o' that sort. The island is vallyable and there is clams on it, and we don't want no Tuppering nor Blain'ing and Pauncefeeting, nor yet no treatyng about it. What d'ye think of our diskivery, Cap'en?

SAUL BATTER,
Sch. *Peggy*.