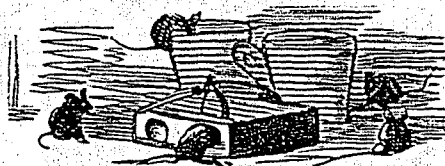




THE THAW.

Young Dry Goods,—of the Volunteers—(who, by the bye, is inclined to be familiar)—“Do allow me to carry you across.”
Miss Muffin, (with a slight drawl) “Not much!”



OLD SONG WITH NEW ILLUSTRATION.

“This is no’ my ain hoose
 I ken by the biggin o’t.”

[ALLAN RAMSAY.]

BENDS—ROMAN AND GRECIAN.

What an eccentric,—what a resistless power is fashion *while it lasts*!—It defies opposition; its long skirts sweep away obstruction. Infinitesimal as its bonnets may be, they suffice to cover all and every objection. Its bends—Grecian or Roman—*bend*, not only every back, but every will. Chignons and Ritualism came in together: the happy inference is that both will depart in blissful union. Yes, DIOGENES,—philosopher of common sense and reason!—be re-assured; when the light and lamp of the first is extinguished, depend upon it, the candle of the second will be burnt down very low into the socket—ay, very low indeed!

DISTANCE DIS-ASSIMILATES.

The most popular song in Kingston is “The Campbell’s are going.” The most *un*popular in Ottawa is, “The Campbell’s are coming.”

“TIS DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW.”

A gentleman, with the single purpose of putting Campbell’s pretty theory to a practical test, recently left England, and sailed away to Australia—leaving his wife behind him!

THE BEST PARTY TIE.

Lord Palmërston once remarked,—There is nothing binds a man so securely to his party as a *garter*. We shall, perhaps see the application among ourselves before the termination of many decades.

A SERIOUS JOKE.

Why is it impossible for hypocrites to reform?
 Because they *cant* (*can’t*.)

A SCENE IN THE QUEBEC CIRCLE.

Pity the sorrows of a little man,
 Weighted with load beyond his puny power;
 He does his best,—the best a small man can,—
 But sinks, contorted, in the trying hour.

Chauveau would willingly bestow his aid,
 But all-engrossed, stuffs Education “Bill;”
 While Cauchon’s grunt is heard from out the shade,
 “Root, hog, or die,” he cries, “It is my will!”

An unseen jester,—Bellingham by name,—
 Outside the ring, with ill-concealed glee
 To Dunkin cries,—“Why, man, you’re growing lame;
 The load’s too great for you—give it to me!”

SLIGHTLY FISHY.

The *Toronto Globe*, in an article on Pisciculture in Ontario, speaks of *Salmo Salar* as salmon that migrate to the sea. This explanation on the part of the *Globe* was quite unnecessary; as a matter of course, every sailor goes to sea.