

it would be a rash and reckless act to attempt to "feel his pulse," and one that would soon bring you to a paw. The lion has wonderfully muscular hands, and uses them with remarkable dexterity, but if you wish to raise his ire, merely tread on his tail. The manner in which a lion retorts when thus insulted by having his tail trodden upon is an admirable example of the law of tit for tat, or *Lex talionis*, and one in which his majesty of the forest seldom comes out second best. It is one of the best *Cautal* lectures in the world.

No visitor should leave the Zoo without inspecting the Woolly Horse, an ante-diluvian creature of the period when the Dodo flourished. Mr. Piper's specimen was dug up from the rocks at the foot of Mount Arrow-root, and it is gratifying to us to think that Noah's good sense, and his idea of the survival of the fittest, deterred him from taking such a creature into the Ark with him. The wildest flights of fancy indulged in by a patient sufferer from an attack of D. T. could scarcely conjure up a more weird and phantasmagorical beast than this woolly equine, which is apparently one-quarter mule, one-quarter sheep, three-eighths fraud, with an eighth of horse to wind up with. The Prince of Wales (not the cetacean in the glass case) when in Toronto was shown this extraordinary steed, and was pleased to observe that he had never seen anything like it before; and it is altogether just to suppose that he never had. After saying this, he turned to the great showman, Mr. Piper, and observed: "You should certainly encourage the colored people of your city in every way. Mr. Piper. I have heard that you do so, and that you are an especial pet of theirs. Do all you can for them; get some of them into the Civic Council, and probably before long one of that dusky race may sit as Chief Magistrate of Toronto." "I do all in my power for them, your Hoyal Rightness," replied the Canadian Barnum, slightly flustered, "but I fail to see what advantages would accrue from our having a negro chief magistrate." "You don't see!" remarked Albert E. "Why, you silly fellow, you would then have a mate for your Woolly Horse; you would have a Woolly Mayor."

Mr. Piper has, ever since this conversation, been assiduous in his attentions to our colored population, and has read deeply of the Works of Lord Bacon in order that he might get an insight into the proper treatment of the sons of Ham.

We will now leave the Zoo and go somewhere else.

(To be continued.)

THE WOOING OF THE LILIES.  
A WARNING TO COQUETTES.

In yonder pond, with bulrush shores,  
And matted, marshy grasses,  
I saw a house with rooted floors,  
Peopled by fairy lasses.

And in and out each pretty fay  
Trooped froc in busy motion,  
To flirt, coquette, and coyly play  
With hearts of deep devotion.

A tadpole loved with ardor strong  
One fairy dressed in white;  
He sang to her his sweetest song,  
And wooed her day and night.

His love-songs proved of no avail,  
His sighings or his tears;  
She angrily pulled off his tail  
And gave reply in sneers.

A sad, sad sight he swam away  
To herald forth his fate,  
And night by night, and day by day  
His story to relate.

You hear his dismal croaking now  
In every pond or bog;  
For when his tail grew well, I vow  
He then became a frog.

The nymph and all her sisters now  
Live lonely lives each day;

No lovers at their feet low bow,  
Or ever pass their way.

Their beauty vanished long ago,  
And still grows daily less;  
Yet each retains in pristine glow  
Her gold or milk-white dress.

And when each year we see them rise  
To win from earth a mate,  
Experience warns us to be wise  
And shun the tadpole's fate.

—W. H. T.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Night before last, after I had registered at the hotel and been assigned "the last room in the house"—I use the language of the hotel clerk—I went into the dining room to tea.



After I had regained my confidence among strangers, and curled myself up in as abject a manner as possible in the presence of the head waiter, I began to look around me for an opportunity to beam on some unprotected woman with my sunny smile. It is not my custom while travelling to smile on one in whose heart a hope might spring up to be dashed to earth by my departure. If I have caused pain in that way I did not intend to do so. I can joke and carry on and have a real good time, but I do not wish to inspire in any breast a hope which may be blasted, ah, alas! too soon.

It was not long before I discovered a beautiful blonde of the female sex at the farther end of the room beneath the chandelier. Her skin seemed to be of a delicate sea-shell color, and her hair was corn-colored. Her clothes also were entirely new, I should judge, and made especially for her. On her finger she wore a diamond ring with perfect ease. She knew just how to work that finger in order to get the most possible glitter out of her diamond. Every little while I would look over there and revel in her beauty, and I thought that she was not entirely insensible to my charms. Still she looked at me in a kind of a half reproachful manner, which gave me the idea that I did not know whether it was intentional or not.



All that evening she was in my mind. I dreamed that night that I swooped down upon

her and carried her away to the remotest boundaries of the world in a special car. The next morning I awoke hungry, for I didn't eat much supper the evening before. I went down to breakfast, waiting and fooling away my time, hoping that she would come while I was in the breakfast room, and I would fill myself up with the beautiful vision and a cup of coffee.

Anon she came. She sailed into the room with calm disdain and an air of *hautcur*, and such things as that. The head waiter waived his hand like a self-acting duke in a theatre, and gave her a seat at my table. A thrill passed up through my graceful and delicately molded spinal column, and I laid down the vulgar sausage with which I was about to feed myself when she dawned upon me.

I ventured then to look across the table at her in the full glare of the new-born day. (Stereoscopic views of this last sentence will be forwarded to any address at \$1 per glare.) The first thing that I discovered was that she hadn't put her yellow wig on straight. It was a little higher on one ear than the other, which gave her the air of a young man who has over-monkeyed with the flowing bowl. This showed to the casual spectator a glimpse of her own moth-eaten, sage brush hair peeping out like the faded tail on an old buffalo robe.

Then I knew that we could never be more to each other than friends. Her nose was red also, and she had not been properly kalsomined. In the hurry of dressing she had missed her nose with the powder-rag, and that organ—meaning, of course, the nose, not the powder-rag—loomed up robust and purple in the ghastly waste of cheekbones and other osseous formations.

Ah, what a pain it gave me to see my beautiful vision fade thus before my eyes! Then I thought how I had smiled upon her the evening before, and how, perhaps, a new hope had sprung up in her heart, and I feared that when she knew it was all over between us the shock, at her time of life, might kill her.



I left my hot pancakes, with the maple syrup all over them, and fled. Out into the din, mad world, trying to stifle the memory of that broken heart. Should she see these lines I hope she will not think bitterly of me. I still admire her as a well-preserved ruin, but love in such a case would be a hollow mockery.

JUST now every one wants a new cool summer hat, and if there is any object in saving twenty per cent, the purchaser should let nothing prevent him from going to K. WALKER & SONS', as they import direct from the makers.

A careless compositor resembles a sea cook inasmuch as they both make "pi" in the galley.—*Lynn Union*.