



THE LONE FISHERMAN NABBED.

NIAGARA RIVER FISHES—"Ha! ha! how do you like being caught yourself?"

THE TWO TUPPERS.

To all whom it may interest
The knowledge we'd impart,
That Hon. Charles Tupper's not
Sir Charles Tupper, Bart;

The former is a bumptious youth
Who babbles Jingo bounce,
And whose official utterance
Weighs just about an ounce.

The latter is a man of sense,
And long experience, too,
Who in the present crisis
Takes quite the other view.

This Charles Tupper, junior,
Who thinks himself so smart,
Should get a thorough spanking
From Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.

TORONTO'S MUSICAL FUTURE.



TORONTO is a go ahead city and deserves its title of the Intellectual Centre of the Province, but there is no use in concealing from ourselves the fact that it is decidedly slow in the matter of musical colleges. We are glad to know that steps are being taken by certain of our public-spirited citizens to remove this reproach. It cannot be done too soon. While the cause of general education is so well represented in almost innumerable schools, colleges and universities, and the sister arts of painting and sculpture are adequately looked after, there is no reason why music should be almost utterly neglected. And yet what have we to show in the way of institutions for the cultivation of this divine and glorious art? Only one conservatory! And not more than fourteen colleges of music and thirty-eight musical societies! And not above three thousand seven hundred and fifty nine professors and professoresses who give private lessons in playing and singing!! This is enough to discourage the believer in Toronto's future, but courage, brothers! There is no need for despair yet awhile. Toronto is a little tardy, but when she gets

started she generally goes the whole figure. Mr. Torrington has first opened the "Toronto College of Music and Orchestral and Organ School," and the "Ontario College of Music" has been successfully launched on Carlton Street. This is a start in the right direction. In the fullness of time we shall see Toronto properly equipped with these excellent establishments. That will only be, however, when each of our teachers has a college of his own and a professorship in all the others.

THE FISHERY HONORS.

"COME, gents," said the queen, "get down on your knees"—
And she gave a slight yawn and a sob,
"My arm is quite sore making knights by the score,
And I want to get through with the job."

"Sir Ponsonby tells me you've earned a reward,
For doing, I don't know just what—
No doubt it's all right, but honors are cheap,
And it really don't matter a jot."

Er— what is *your* name? Oh, Tupper; ah, yes,
Well, Tupper, you've been pretty smart,
Let's see; you've a knighthood already, I'm told,
So I'll make you Sir C. Tupper, Bart.

You thus get a little ahead of your chief,
But don't you begin for to crow;
He's down for a peerage for eminent acts,
Gerrymander and Franchise, you know.

And who are these others? aw— Winter and Bergne;
I'll make them both knights, I suppose,
Though just what big services they have performed
To earn a reward, goodness knows.

And Ponsonby, here, send this G. C. M. G.
To Sir Lionel West, in the States;
And this little knighthood to Thompson despatch—
From the Fishery Treaty it dates.

There, I think that is all, and I hope it's all right,
Though what it all means I don't see—
Then a Foster-like voice seemed to wall through the room,
"But, your majesty, what about *me*?"

CONVINCED AT LAST.

MRS. SHALOTHOT—"History does repeat itself, Ezra, arter all."

MR. SHALOTHOT—"Well, haven't I allers told ye so?"

MRS. S.—"Yes, but I never believed it before."

MR. S.—"What makes ye believe it now?"

MRS. S.—"Why, this yere newspaper says the 'Siege of Sebastopol' is a comin' off at Toronto in September."

THE STINGER STUNG.

ONE summer day a honey bee
In quest of blossoms sped;
Then changed its course, and straightway to
The city went instead.

It buzzed around in quiet glee,
Unheeding man or beast,
Until a plumber crossed its track,
And then its languor ceased.

It lit on him and stabbed him deep,
The while in accents fine
It said, "Men often feel your bills,
Now how do you like mine."

The plumber pranced and clawed, but knew
Not whence his rival sprung;
While those who saw him said, "For once
The stinger has been stung."

O. O.