

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

When mamma was a little girl  
(Or so they say to me),  
She never used to romp and run,  
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,  
Nor climb an apple tree,  
Nor always keep her hair in curl—  
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl  
It seems to her, you see,  
She never used to tumble down,  
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,  
Nor drink her papa's tea,  
She learned to knit "plain," "seam," and  
"purl"—  
When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says: "It must be true—  
"How fast the seasons offer us whirl!"  
Your mamma, dear, was just like you,  
When she was grandma's little girl!"

AN ORGAN MONKEY.

They had a piano-organ and a monkey. The husband and wife were both of White-chapel. The both passed as sham Italians, and could say "Grazia" and "Signora" in a fashion. They both had a little gipsy blood. They were a mixture of White-chapel, costers, and night-flogging Forest-Romany.

The man played the organ. The woman danced in front with the tambourine.

The monkey was a somewhat short-tailed specimen. He was a second-hand monkey, of no particular breed, that had been picked up cheap at a shop close to Jamrach's menagerie.

The husband was a handsome brute. The wife was pretty enough in her Contadina dress. He was not faithful to her, yet he was brutally jealous of her. He was playing "La mia Sedizija" on the piano-organ. The monkey was vacantly blinking at the crowd.



The wife was going round with the tambourine.

A good-looking fellow, standing at the outside of the crowd, touched her under the chin, and laughed.

"Well, Contessa, from Shoreditch, how pretty you look today."

He threw a shilling into the tambourine.

"Won't you give me a kiss now?"

He whispered something in her ear. She turned red, and moved angrily away.

"You were whispering to him," said the husband, with a scowl, a few minutes afterward, as they went home to their lodging by Saffron Hill.

When they were in the room, the man repeated to his wife.

"You whispered to him,"

"I take my oath, Jack, I didn't," she answered, emphatically.

"You—!"

He seized her by the hair, and hit her in the face. She flew to the other side of the room, and crouched in the corner.

"You cur!" she cried, "you can

only hit a woman. There's not a man in the court but you're afraid of him."

On the table was a small paraffin lamp.

The man took hold of it, shaking with rage, and flung it at her. He missed, and the lamp went clean through the window-pane, and fell crash on the flags of the court outside.

"That might have killed me," said the woman. "If it had broken on me, it would have set fire to me."

"Serve you right, you—!" answered the man.



The monkey, who was seated on the chest of drawers, was quite quiet, but his eyes twinkled restlessly in the dull light that only came from the lamp-post in the court. The man flung a plate at the little beast. It chattered and screamed as its master dashed out of the room. The woman breathed more freely, set her cap to rights, and smoothed her hair.

"Poor Carlo!" she said, patting the monkey with a gentle hand: "we have a bad time of it. I must get another lamp."

The monkey nestled against her, and patted her face with his paw.

The man came back an hour afterwards drunk.

"You lie, you jade: you're always making up to some one. Catch me letting you out as a model!"

The monkey was seated on the table looking at the light of the little glass lamp.

"You lie," the man shouted again, and raised the heavy stick he had in his hand, and made towards the woman.

The monkey, with a shrill scream, raised the little glass lamp in his paw, and flung it full in the man's face.

There was an awful shriek, a sudden blaze, and the man fell heavily to the floor.

The doctor had taken off the bandage that had been placed over the man's eyes.

"I am glad you confessed that the monkey did it. They are strange creatures. He imitated you, having seen you throw the lamp."



Going downstairs the man's wife asked the doctor a question, and he answered.

"He will never see to beat you again."

And he never did.

DERIVATIONS OF COMMON PHRASES.

The title lord is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon *hlaford*, afterwards written *larcord*, and lastly lord, from *hlaf*, bread (hence our word "loaf") and *ford*, to supply or give it; the word therefore implies the giver of bread.

The word "tick" is a diminutive of ticket, a cheque. "Decker," in his "Gull's Hornbook, 1609," speaking of the gallants who preferred to go by water to the playhouse at Bankside, says: "No matter upon landing whether you have money or no, you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon ticket."

An ingenious etymologist derives "bothered" from "both eared"—that is, stumped at both ears. "Breeches," he contends, is derived from "bear riches;" and "vales" to servants from the Latin "vales," as being the fare-well given at parting. "To scamper" is clearly derived from the Italian "scampare." The opprobrious title of "bum-bailiff," bestowed on the sheriff's officers, is, according to Blackstone, only the corruption of "bound bailiff," every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds and to give security for his good behaviour previous to his appointment.

AN IMPERIAL FROG.

Isabej, the favourite miniature painter to Napoleon I., boasted of his familiar acquaintance with the Emperor when First Consul. That he was, at all events, a very presuming person, may be inferred from the following practical joke. Napoleon, when First Consul, resided at Malmaison, delighting in the retirement which it afforded him in his moments of leisure from State affairs. Then it was his custom to take solitary walks in the avenues, wrapped in contemplation, with his arms folded across his breast. Isabej one day, bragging of his great intimacy with Napoleon, boastfully laid a wager that he would as boys do in playing at leap-frog follow the First Consul in his solitary promenade, run behind, and jump over his head. The challenge being accepted, and the opportunity watched, the artist attempted his practical joke, which, in fact, he accomplished, but at a cost he little expected. Isabej, running, and planting his hands on the First Consul's shoulders, sprang clean over his head, and, being recognized and instantly chased, would have paid dearly for his frolic had Napoleon caught him. Fortunately the artist outran the Consul, who, however, resented the gross liberty by ever afterwards excluding Isabej from his presence.

HOW TO GET STRONG.

William Blaikie, the author of that much-read little volume, "How to get Strong and How to Stay So," in the course of his lecture urged that the education of our bodies was neglected; that we used our muscles, but not wisely. Exercise was necessary, and it should be judicious, well directed, and constant to be beneficial.

To illustrate how deficient many men were who were professional athletes, Mr. Blaikie instanced the case of Edward Hanlan, whom he had excellent opportunity to observe, when referee in the famous boat race at Chautauqua Lake, where Courtney's shell was sawed. "Hanlan had been pulling all his life," said the speaker, and his pulling muscles were tremendously by developed. I doubted if his pushing muscles were

strong, so I asked him to try this little exercise.

Here Mr. Blaikie brought forward a couple of chairs, placed himself between them, his hands on the top of the chair-backs, and did the "dipping" exercise which was practised so much by the late William Cullen Bryant.

"I did this exercise five or six times," continued the lecturer, "and then asked Hanlan to try. How many times do you suppose that big muscular oarsman did it? He got down on his knees between the chairs, and there he stuck. 'Get up,' said I. 'I can't,' says he. 'Try hard,' I urged. 'I am trying as hard as I can,' he protested. Think of that for the champion oarsman of America!"

Mr. Blaikie then pass to a review of men and women who were celebrated for their great achievements, attributing much of their superiority to their physical strength and endurance.

Following are some of Mr. Blaikie's maxims:—

One way to derive benefit from exercise is to know how to rest.

Fight shy of shower baths; they shock the heart.

What is the good of superfluous flesh? In short, what is the good of anything superfluous?

Breathe through your nose when running, and always run on your toes. A runner's heels should never touch the ground.

Bicycling is good exercise until you come to racing.

Deep breathing will save you from many lung troubles and build up your chest.

Six hours of mental work, or eight at most, is enough for one day.

Overwork in a gymnasium is dangerous.

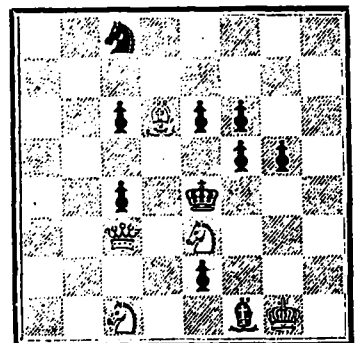
*Pictorial Times*, an eight page paper, published in Montreal, at the moderate price of five cents, has now been issued over two months, and bids fair to live. "It is," said an eminent artist, "the most promising effort we have had yet," and we like the man all the more for his hearty appreciation of what it in some respects a rival, and we agree with him in his judgment. Some will probably differ with us, for it has not the fine finish of some of the pictures in *The Graphic* and *Harper's Weekly*, yet when we remember what the first name was in its infancy, we consider our own *Times* it will be one day equal to the best.—*From Books and notions.*

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

PROBLEM No. 2.

Composed by C. Plank, London.

BLACK—10 pieces.



WHITE—5 pieces.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 1.

1. R Q 5—K R 5, 2 R tks P ch, etc; if 1 B R 7, 2 R tks P ch; if 1 K tks R, 2 Kt Kt 6 ch, etc. There are other variations.

The annual tournament of the Quebec Chess Club which has been in progress for some time, was brought to conclusion on the 6th inst., by Mr. F.