

HEAD GEAR TO ORDER.

Last week, by an odd freak of absentmindedness, our artist arrayed the Editor of the *Globe* in a Scotch bonnet. Mr. Cameron is a Canadian, and we understand that it is his desire to appear in no borrowed plumage. We are willing and anxious to rectify the blunder, but it puzzles us to know just what kind of hat or cap is distinctively Canadian. One of the disabilities of a dependency is that it has no head-gear it can call its own. How would this look?



On second consideration, this is hardly becoming to a man in a position of such awful responsibility as Mr. Cameron occupies.



As it is reported that our esteemed contemporary has a little Irish blood in his veins, this style might be appropriate. The omission of the clay pipe from the band would be understood to mark the Canadianization of the hat.



This is a free and easy style, and would give the editor a *Mail*-defying appearance, but perhaps it is a trifle loud.

Let us try on the Edward Blake sort of thing. There! Suits him to a T; but, as the weather editor of the *Globe* is Mr. Blake's acknowledged double, the felt-rowdy must be discarded.



No! this won't do at all—at least while Canada remains free from the jurisdiction of the American Congress. Take it off!



Too suggestive of Germany to be adopted as the typical cap of Canada, though a splendid thing to wear when writing hot-headed editorials.



Here we have something distinctively Canadian—at least the Montreal picture makers



and the English draughtsmen generally consider it typical. But Canada is not a French Colony, and Mr. Cameron is not a *habitant*.

Ah! now we have it! This shall be the typical tile of Canada—the nation of gentlemen; and if the *Globe* man will win a good specimen of it on the general election and give our artist a sitting, we'll promise to do him justice hereafter.



A SPELL-BOUND ODE.

A serpent, both wily and subtle,  
Slid out from beneath a coal scuttle,  
And glided, unseen,  
'Neath a sewing machine  
Where a woman was working the shuttle;  
She was warbling a beautiful hymn  
As it fastened its fangs on her hymn,  
And created the dence  
With its venomous juice,  
Which filled up her veins to the brynn.

Pshe now psings melodi-us psalms,  
In the land where pshe fears no adams,  
And pshe psstrums on a harp  
Braced up to P; pssharp,  
In the kingdom of heavenly calms.

But w'at of the serpent? Oh! well,  
He retted by a short route to Hades,  
(This is not a good rhyme.)  
I refer to the chlyme  
Which is hot with a sulphury smell.

WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

"My worst fears are wealized and I am ruined."

Awful was the consternation amongst the assembled throng in Pat's hostelry as these words fell from the lips of the Hon. Beauclerc Belsize, as he flopped wearily on to an empty beer barrel, and vainly strove to stifle his emotion. "My poor fawther, how will he evah beah the blow?" Anxious sympathizers gathered round and besought an explanation, but for several minutes none was forthcoming. At length a look of stern resolve flitted across those patrician features, inherited from two generations of peers, and Beauclerc spoke. "Twere better to reveal this howwible thing than to cawwy so gweat a load wound with me any longah, by Jove! Aw! how I loved her. I met her on the sweet car and—loved. In thwee days we were made one, and I had nevah even inquired who she was or whence she came. I felt and wesponded to the pwomptings of my soul, and thought that I could not be wong. My nothah, the Countess of Bwusselspwouts, insisted that something should be ascertained wespecting my adawed one's pahst cawcer, ere she could be wecognized as one of the family, but no! I wesolved that I would ahsk no questions till an explanation was volunteered. It never was, though I sometimes thought I detected a quivewing of Helen's lips which I twusted would be followed by a solution of the mystewy, but it came not. She was faih as faihew flower, but I felt I had done wong in taking her to my heart as I had: but Love is stwong, and he downed me in thwee wounds.

'Tis now sevewal months since the bells of St. James' wang our mawwiage peal, and only last night did I discovah the howwible twuth."

The honorable here gave way to a perfect paroxysm of emotion, and blubbered like a chimpanzee with its tail caught in the hinge of a closed door. Mastering his weakness with a huge effort and gulping down the choking sobs like a Neapolitan swallowing macaroni, he continued. "Lahst night I found out that Felen talked in her sleep. I was awoused at midnight by low muttewings and disjointed wamblings fvwom her lips. I spwang up into a sitting posture and listened. At first I could make nothing of it, but at lahst the hideous twuth burst upon me in all its appawwling defawmity, and my spinal mawwow fwozce. As I sat up and listened the words became clear and distinct, and again and again was the same sentence wepeated, and I knew all, and I am ruined and disgraced for evah," and the son of an 'aughty hearl at 'ome bowed his head and shuddered.

"Well," said Marmaluke Spencer, the floorwalker at the sky-blue Behemoth, "make a clean breast of it, old fellow. You'll feel better; I only hope 'twas nothing awfully frightful." "It was, it was," howled Beauclerc; "she kept wepeating at intervals of thwee seconds the words—the words—oh! my bwain, my bwain—" "What, what?" came from all sides as the auditors, wound up to a perfect frenzy of excitement, gasped with impatience. "Woaist beef, Irish stew, lamb chops, boiled pork or beefsteak pudden'," howled the Honorable Beauclerc Belsize, as he fell back in a swoon. Helen had given herself away in her dreams.