



OFFICIAL PICKINGS.

POSTMAN. That's just the money: two cents for the letter—but you have no *cents*, therefore I charges you a penny ha' penny. Then there is a discount of one cent on your half-dime—but then again you haven't a *cent* with which to pay this discount, so I charges you a penny more—that's two pence ha' penny from a half-dime leaves a ha' penny, which is your change. But I am not bound to give change in anything but our currency (?) and if I was to give you a cent (instead of a ha' penny) it would be more'n you're intitled to. Of course you don't expect me to do that, so it's just the money. Good morning?

Light on the Times.

BY A POPULAR ESSAYIST, THOMAS COAL-FIRE.

Great is the World-hive and many are the drones and workers therein. The mystery of Science and the Science of mysteries have their votaries, who in turn have their Individualities and their specialities. We are in a busy age and an age of Progress wherein it should devolve on every one to be a worker. But we must expunge from our vocabulary the word *can't* and write T R Y, in large capitals; for *can't* is the great chain-bull to the heel of human Progression. *Can't* is in our City Corporation—*can't* is in our local legislatures—*can't* is in our House of Commons, tho' in the latter it is pretty much all on one side—in fact, *can't* pervades everything excepting women who want to dress in the fashion.

Progress and Humbug go hand in hand—the development of the latter is a sure indication of the former—it is an essential condition of civilisation as we see it. We are surrounded by humbugs. Our amateur theatricals are humbugs—chignons and water-falls are humbugs—our city police—trials by jury are humbugs, and so on we might go *ad infinitum*.

For us in Canada the age is an auspicious one. The sun of the New Dominion is rising; provisions are rising, our mighty river is rising and rents are looking up—a nice look-out for the contemplation of a family-man on a stipulated salary! Who can say we are not a progressive people? If there be one let him look back at the changes since last spring. The barbarisms of pegtops and crino-

A GREAT POP GUN.

I'm the big roaring *rouge* cannon,
That you all have so often heard bangin';
I'm great on finance,
And I take every chance
The Government measures to harangue on.

I'm in Parliament now to do something,
No matter albeit 'tis a rum thing;
But the devil's to pay
With that joker, John A.;
For he's always on hand with a plum' thing.

I'm "death agin'" confederation,
And I wish the whole thing to darnation;
And, by jinks! right or wrong,
I'm "going in strong"
For—but to tell you would be vexation.

There's Rose who makes things appear sunny,
They swallow his budget like honey;
But I'm not so green
As I seem for I mean
To know what becomes of the money.

For I'm a roaring old cannon,
That you all have so often heard bangin'
For "confederashin'"
I'll never "go in";
No!—I'd much rather go hangin'!

A ODE TO MY LOVE.

(By a Trueboor of the 19th Century.)

Yer beaux is too many by a jug-full alas!
Billy Spinks hes spoke out an' he sez "I pass."
Wiggins wouldn't have yer, the reason it's short,
He's one wife already, which he can't support;
Snuggins doesn't come now, but don't break yer heart;
He can't toss a "bob," so let him depart.
Ted's off from the p'lice and travels "incog,"
The "greenbacks" he *finds* he spends in "egg nog."
Jenkins and Menkens and Brenkens—a score
Is in the penitentiary, you'll see 'em no more.

MORIAL.

What are ye to do, forsaken young maid?
Take a honest young fellow with a honest trade.

line have gone out of fashion; chignons have been gradually rising from the region of the cerebellum to the apex of the cranium—where they will be next 'tis not in the range of Man-Wisdom to foreshadow—perhaps the women can tell. Friends have changed—there has been another change in the doors of the Post-Office, and bakers are diminishing the size of the four-pound loaf.

The times are hard!—so much the greater incentive to exertion. O, men of little faith, shake off your sloth! roll up your shirt sleeves and go to work like *sans culottes*! Many are the Humbugs that have to be purged from this world of ours, that she may appear fair as her sister planets. Great is the field of operation, and we may say, not in the words of Jean Paul; *die Welt ist weit, Vieles ist in der Welt*.

High life Below Stairs.

(Mrs. Spoonbill, of Boarding-House Place, has only the day before engaged Miss Catherine Muggins, who has lived as cook with Mrs. Spangles of "Chocolate Villa.")

Mrs. Spoonbill (who occasionally goes to the kitchen.) "Yes, Catherine, the haunch of mutton and soup are for the *parlour*, and the boiled beef you may have for yourselves".

Catherine (slightly indignant.) "Biled beef mum! Why, that's not the way as the lady on the hill accustomed us—she never would as much as had the confluence to give us biled beef as is not fit for nothing—saving the cat, mum!"