

## Canadian Nights Entertainment.

In a country in the distant western world, far beyond the land of the Prophet, there once lived a great Ruler named SANDIMAKENZI, who dwelt in a fine palace on the bank of a river in the midst of his provinces. The country over which he exercised authority was rich and beautiful, and so broad that it reached to the setting sun. The people were as happy as they deserved to be, seeing they were all Infidels, and rejected the Koran and True Prophet. When SANDIMAKENZI first began to rule he had the love of his people, and was revered as a wise and good Sultan. But there came a change. SANDIMAKENZI committed a very unwise and improper deed. In one of the rooms of his palace he had a beautiful and very costly Cabinet which belonged to the people, and which it was his chief duty to guard and keep. This Cabinet was of such a nature that upon its condition depended the happiness of the people and the prosperity of the country; and upon no account was the Ruler permitted to introduce anything of a corrupt nature into it. The Sultan who had reigned immediately before SANDIMAKENZI had been dragged out of the palace and well nigh destroyed by the people because he had soiled the purity of the Cabinet, and a great deal of the love which the people at first felt for SANDIMAKENZI arose because they believed that he would prove a more faithful guardian than the last. He had again and again promised he would. But, as I have already said, he at length fell into a great error. He forgot all his fair vows so far that he turned the Cabinet into a sty—he actually allowed a *cauchon* to occupy a corner of it. The news of this soon spread abroad amongst the people, and a great cry of disgust and alarm arose all through the land. The former Sultan, who still lived, implored the people to arise and strangle SANDIMAKENZI, and reinstate him as Ruler. But the people couldn't see it; they said they wanted a change for the better if they had any. Meantime, the thought of SANDIMAKENZI's many good deeds and the former love they bore him made the people delay speedy vengeance upon him, but they plainly let him know that the *cauchon* must be thrown out of the Cabinet, or he would surely have to pay the penalty. Then great fear seized the heart of SANDIMAKENZI, and he called his Viziers together in council and asked their advice. With one accord they advised him to obey the will of the people, declaring that it would likewise be a great relief to themselves to get rid of the *cauchon*. It was at length determined that the *cauchon* should be ejected from his snug bed in the Cabinet, and driven away into a distant part of the land, where a trough of pap would be provided for him. So, after the council had dispersed, SANDIMAKENZI went and recited to the *cauchon* all that had passed, and told him that he must be ready to vacate his place in the Cabinet and depart for the North West the next morning. But the *cauchon* only answered with a grunt. He was a shrewd and artful creature, and he fell to thinking heavily. A bright thought soon occurred to him. He would prolong his stay in the Cabinet and enjoy its fat things by strategy. Very soon he had decided on a scheme, thanks to his recollection of a certain old book called the *Arabian Nights*. So when SANDIMAKENZI repeated his injunction, that he must depart the next morning, the *cauchon* looked up into his face with a tender and melancholy expression, and said: "O, my lord Sultan, bid me not depart to that lone part of thy Dominion, for if I did go, perchance my fate would be similar to that of WANDERING WILLIE."

"What befell WANDERING WILLIE?" asked the Sultan. "I would hear the story."

"Then," replied the *cauchon*, "I will shortly relate the story of

### WANDERING WILLIE AND THE CUTE VIZIER.

Once upon a time there was a Grand Vizier named SIRJONNAY, who was a very cute and clever man. He was much trusted a long time as chief adviser to the reigning sovereign in the Dominion in which he lived, and no man in that country was more versed in skillful tricks than he. Moreover, he had but little feeling in his heart, and was wont to amuse himself at the expense of others. He had many followers who sought favours from him, and it was his practice to make them his tools, so long as they would serve his ends. Often he would take one of these wretched men and use his hand as a paw to pull hot chestnuts out of the fire. While he had many friends, his enemies were not few, but the latter were easily recognized, because they all had a *brown* mark on the forehead. It happened that in course of time the Vizier had some work to accomplish for the Sovereign which he could not do alone, and he was obliged to accept the help of his enemies, who, however, did not wash off the *brown* marks, but wore them all through the job. When it was finished, they all returned to their own camp, with the exception of one, named WANDERING WILLIE, who had fallen so much in love with the Grand Vizier's loaves and fishes that he besought to be allowed to remain, which request the Grand Vizier granted, seeing that he could make a good use of this enemy. WANDERING WILLIE did not, however, wash off the *brown* mark, but merely pulled his turban down over it, and so continued to enjoy the good things of the Vizier's house. At length the Vizier got tired of having him around, and made up his mind to get rid of him. So he told him one day that he wished him to undertake a long journey to the North West country, of which he had appointed him Ruler—

"But," said the *cauchon*, pausing and casting another tender look at

SANDIMAKENZI, "I observe the daylight; I must depart according to thy orders."

"No," answered SANDIMAKENZI, "I will postpone thy departure till to-morrow; I will hear the rest of thy story to-night. I am greatly interested to know what happened to WANDERING WILLIE on his journey."

(To be continued.)

### Lord Dufferin's Song.

Away to the West where the setting Sun  
A glow to the occident fetches,  
See! Nature has showered with bountiful hand  
Magnificent water stretches!

The squirrel sits on the hickory tree,  
A contemplative fellow the wretch is,  
He thinks and he winks at the Premier's broad,  
Magnificent water stretches.

Big Indian BOB in his own canoe,  
Bull-suckers and water-snakes catches,  
A happy man on the Ottawa Chief's  
Magnificent water stretches.

The wild goose screams and the panther prowls,  
And the coon munches loeks and vetches,  
On the forest shores of the great North West's  
Magnificent water stretches.

It ain't no myth, and the story's told,  
I won't conceal nought for just sech is,  
A truthful tale of those world-renowned  
Magnificent water stretches.

### A Note for Neebing Burr Plumb.

MR. BURR PLUMB has made the Neebing Hotel a study, but it would seem that up to Wednesday last (when the *Mail* fully explained its construction) Mr. PLUMB hadn't begun to understand it. It appears, according to the Opposition organ, that the "hotel" was built by Mr. JAMES D. HENDERSON, who had instructions from Mr. ADAM OLIVER to "build any kind of a building, out of his head, provided he put lots of lumber especially inch boards into it." Mr. PLUMB has always represented that it was constructed out of slabs from the mill; he is now aware that it was made out of the active and intelligent head of Mr. HENDERSON. In view of this piece of news, it does seem hard on that gentleman for the *Mail* to grumble so much at the price paid by the Government for this architectural curiosity.

### Conversation.

HON. MR. BROWN.—(to Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.)—ALEXANDER, mon, ye suld be mair carefu' o' ye're bawbees; an' ganging oot, tae, in a' likelihood. What the deil inducit ye tae offer tae wauger wi' STR JONE that ilka Prence Edward mon returnit next election wad be a Government supporter? Hae ye clean tint ye're wuts?

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—My auld frien', ye're intelleck is no what it ance was, as the sma' help we get frae the *Globe* painfully makes mawnifest. Sae they wull. I didna, sae far as my memory serves, remark whilk Government they wad support. (exit.)

HON. MR. BROWN.—Hech, hech, hech! Whatna a heed he has!—whatna a heed! (follows chuckling.)

### The Only Trouble.

The day was bright as ever broke upon Toronto town,  
The citizens looked gaily up, the sun looked gaily down.  
And all was jolly happiness, or all might have been so,  
Except one case of misery, one source of horrid woe.

No sooner did the morning beams send out each glittering ray,  
Than all the travelling greengrocers got likewise on the way.  
And all the bells in town they pulled, and beat at every door.  
Till peace had left each house, and all that day returned no more.

For all day long they in each street did work their wicked will,  
And filled the air with horrible vociferations still,  
And called the servants to the hall full fifty times a day,  
And one still came as soon as one before had gone away.

KING DAVID said in his haste all men were liars. Could he read in the *Mail* and *Globe* the different calculations of the numbers present at political pic-nics, he would be confirmed in his first opinion, hurried though it may have been.