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THE NOR'-WESTERN DESPERADO!

Sir Charles (soothingly).—Don't be alarmed, my dear; he's a perfect gentleman, and would not do anything sordid!!

* * * See Comments on Page 2.



THE CUP OF CHEER!

Young Canada.—Well, Daddy, here's your health, and better luck to you next time!

Parnell and John Bull.

Parnell:

I tell you sir, before you stir,
That I will be the victor;
So you, poor fool, may take things cool—
You'll be no more our dictator.

We'll have our crown in Dublin town,
And I shall be the wearer,
And though you fight, from morn till night,
You shan't be with me sharer.

Ould Ireland's throne will be my own,
And so will be its sceptre;
She'll break her bands, like other lands,
Though England long has kept her.

The em'rald flag will bravely wag,
In every breeze that's going;
To "Union Jack," we'll give the sack,
So Johnnie cease your blowing.

John Bull:

Oh don't display, by night or day,
Your ignorance so glaring,
For well 'tis known, in every zone,
Without a fresh declaring,

You ne'er shall be, from England free,
While England is a nation;
So cease your prate, it has no weight,
It brings but indignation.

Rev. Dr. Mohammed.

The recent Dr. Mohammed was a gentleman of precarious orthography. It was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether they spelt his name Mohammed, or Mahomet, or Mehemet, or Mahommed, or in fact any other conceivable combination, so long as you got in at least two "m's," an "h," and a final "t" or "d." He slung the vowels in with a reckless looseness just as he happened to think of them. He was in the prophet business, which it may possibly be deemed superfluous to remark, he found a profitable business. He was born some centuries ago when there was more time than there is now, and used to go into the wilderness to muse and meditate upon why things were out of harmony with the Absolute, and fix up little miracle rackets to fool the general public. His birth-place was Mecca, in Arabia, where he resided during his earlier years. But one day the street Arabs got after him with clubs and rocks, and being roused to a sudden sense of his utter superfluity in that section he girated thence with much promptitude. He did not stop till he reached a village

in the back townships, where he entered the most convenient hotel and remarked "Can I get something to eat?" "Dinner just on, colonel," retorted the landlord, "Ah good! some people prefer Mecca, but as for me give me Medina." Fortunately for him the guileless villagers did not tumble to the latent humorism or it is probable that the Korau would never have been written. This work was penned about this period, and reveals a profundity of contemplation combined with a purity of diction which was calculated to render it eminently adapted to fill a want long felt by the Arabian public. Its marvellous subtlety of conception, its transcendent sublimity and facile flowing style commend it to all who would be soothed, elevated and wafted as it were, on the wings of an impassioned and over mastering emotion into the regions of illimitable ideality, while the price is fixed at a rate which brings it within the reach of all. No library should be without it. A limited number of advertisements inserted on the fly leaf. The work created a tremendous sensation, and the author was overwhelmed with invitations to the dinner parties of the first circles, and engagements to lecture. Quite a number of infants, mules and scows were named after him, and, in short, he received all the honors usually accorded to a literary celebrity. The daily papers of the period occasionally went for him in a somewhat lively strain, remarking that his ideas were the crude emanations of a feeble and depraved intellect, and that native literature would never amount to shucks as long as blathering idiots and disreputable slangwhangers were its principle representatives. But Mohammed didn't care a continental about observations of that character and settled right down to his preaching and miracle business and soon had quite a congregation of enthusiastic adherents. After a while he quit preaching on vacant lots and built a first-class mosque—and by and by pretty near all the population fell right in with the new persuasion. About this time Rev. Dr. Mohammed began to put on style and concluded to take a few new wives and thus his social status was still more firmly established. Then the Mohammed boom got fairly started and he went back to Mecca in triumph; the citizens apologized and the daily papers regretted that they had been altogether

misinformed as to the character of Rev. Dr. Mohammed, who was one of the brightest intellectual lights of the ago and an honor to his country. A big revival was then inaugurated, anybody who refused to be converted being promptly slaughtered. It was surprising how quickly sinners were brought to see the error of their ways by this simple process. Finally Mohammed died leaving numerous widows and orphans. The career of this remarkable man was highly sensational to the last. The funeral was characterized by an original and startling novelty. Instead of planting the corpse as customary, they hitohed the coffin onto a rope attached to a derrick, yanked it up into mid air, and left it hanging there. The immense concourse left for home remarking that Mohammed was always full of peculiar idiosyncracies.

Crushed.

We went on board the steamer,
Dear Isabel and I, clouds like streamers,
And we watched the azure sky,
Floating in the azure sky,
We wandered through the mazes,
Of Lorne's romantic park,
For the sun was hot as—anything,
'Till the summer day was dark.

We sat beneath the birchen tree,
And looked out on the lake,
I said how dear she was to me,
And for her own dear sake:
Just when I thought her love I'd won,
She screamed, "Get up from that I
You stupid fool, see what you've done,
You've sat upon my hat!"

MORAL.

Be careful when you seek the hand,
Of her by whom your smitten,
However high with her you stand,
Just look out where you're sittin';
For in spite of fine orations,
You are sure to have a spat,
And she'll crush your aspirations,
As you crushed her Sunday hat.

Women are biased creatures. When they can't hem a difficulty down, they tucker out and gore it to their own satisfaction. This may seem very moderate fun but it has a thread of connection. We will accord justice to our suffering readers by com-pleating this skein of thought.