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[With beautiful framed Chromo.]



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MAKING EYES.

So many things a girl can make,
I cannot fathom why
So few can turn us out a cake,
Or make an apple pie;
Excuses they can make, galore,
Fair bouquets, wreaths, and ties;
But they delight in something more,
And that is "making eyes."

A girl can make a man a fool—
See history for that—
Can make a dress by Fashion's rule,
Or trim a dainty hat;
But oft—from gaping crowds apart—
I've pondered with surprise
On this: her rarest, dearest art,
You know, is "making eyes."

A woman makes the moments fly—
She makes the cash fly, too;
For husbands say she makes them buy
Whatever comes in view;
But this I know, O Modern Belle—
It is no vain surmise—
The art in which you most excel
Is that of "making eyes."

A new importation from the Celestial Empire sat down in an ice-cream saloon the other day, and said to the waiter: "Me want drink ice cream—same like Melican man." An iceberg of the coveted article was placed before him, and with the recklessness he had seen exhibited by everybody else around him, he dived into it. As he gulped down a mouthful of the frozen mass, a terrible expression of dismay and suspicion crept across his face. He looked again at the plate, and tried it again. His teeth began to chatter. He buttoned up his jacket, and swallowed another mouthful. That settled it. He jumped up from the table, and started to where the sun could shine on him, exclaiming: "Whoopee! Too much plenty cold club! No cookee 'nuff! Fleeza belly all same like ice-wagon."

Passing by one of the city schools yesterday, we listened to the scholars singing: "Oh, how I love my teacher dear!" There was one boy, with a voice like a tornado, who was so enthusiastic that he emphasized every word, and roared "Oh, how I love my teacher dear!" with a vim that left no possible doubt of his affection. Ten minutes later, that boy had been compelled to stand on the floor for putting shoemaker's wax on his teacher's chair, got three demerit marks for drawing a picture of her with red chalk on the back of an atlas, been well shaken for putting a bent pin in another boy's chair, scolded for whistling out loud, sentenced to stay after school for drawing ink moustaches on his face, and blacking the end of another boy's nose, and soundly whipped for slapping three hundred and thirty-nine spit-balls against the ceiling, and throwing one big one in a girl's ear. You can't believe more than half a boy says when he sings.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him intensely, but, woman-like, she strove to capture him. *He was a flea!*

There's a South End brother who goes to church three times a day on Sunday, and who always sings "I'm so glad Salvation's free" so loud that the deacon, whose ears are very sensitive, can't get within four pews of him with the contribution box.

"A good action is never thrown away," says somebody. The reason why so few of them are found, we suppose.

Standing on the post-office steps yesterday, and looking down on a group of smaller boys who wanted to know why he had a plaster on his face and his arm in a sling, he said:

"I don't care whether you are Republicans or Democrats, nor how much you holler on the street, but don't put two ounces of powder in an old dinner-horn, and think you've got the biggest cannon in town."

"Did You?" inquired a small newsboy.
"Did I? Go up to our house and see the dint in the ground where I came down—see mother's left leg—see my old goat in a corner of the yard, waiting for a New York surgeon to pick the powder out of his nose! Move on, small boy!"

A five year old youngster was playing "railroad" with his little sister, some years younger. Drawing her upon a footstool, he imagined himself both engine and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out, "New York," and, in a moment after, "Patterson," and then "Philadelphia." He could recall no more stopping-places, and at the next one called out, "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top, I deas I'll det out here."

Considerate father: "You should eat Graham bread, my son—it makes bone." Responsive youth: "H'm, I'm about all bones now."

A lady says it is no worse to encircle a lady's waist with your arm in a ball room, than to kiss your friend's sister on the back stairs. No worse! Why it's not half so good!

A merchant went home the other night and said very cheerfully to his wife: "Well, my dear, I've failed at last." "Oh, that's good!" exclaimed the wife with a radiant face, "now we can go to the Centennial, sure!"

"I guess dad wishes we'd all die and go to heaven," said a miser's son to his maternal relative. "Why?" she exclaimed, after she had recovered from her astonishment. "Oh, 'cause heaven's such a cheap place to live in."

"I make it a point, madame, to study my own mind," said a pompous individual to a lady who had exhibited some surprise at an opinion he had expressed. "Ah," she responded, "I did not suppose you understood the use of the microscope."

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