

can be imitated to perfection. I do not, however, credit the rumor that several of these instruments are on their way to this country, imported (so says gossip) by a gentleman owning an immense number of new houses, at present untenanted, in West Toronto. The rumor, which I repeat, I don't believe, has it that the gentleman alluded to intends to distribute these Bandoncons, gratis, to families in all parts of this city except in the neighborhood of his west end property: if found in use there, so says the rumor, in which I may state I place no credence, they will be destroyed according to the provisions of a new by-law for which plans are even now being drawn. Of course this rumor may be false: (I believe it to be so), even if it should prove to be a fabrication (and as such I regard it), the gentleman alluded to who owns property as before stated might do well to think the matter over. There may be millions in it.

I fail to see how that young man in Dundas, who is bringing a breach of promise suit against his quondam "onliest own," arrives at the conclusion that he has sustained \$5,000 worth of damages by the young lady's backing out, for such is the figure at which he places the injuries sustained by the piece of chicken liver that does duty for a heart with him. Mr. Moses, the husband of the fat girl who died recently, wished to dispose of the corpse of his very much bigger half, (if one half of anything can be bigger than the other, which is open to dispute,) to a physician for \$45: this, I consider, is placing the article at rather a low figure: only a little under nine cents a pound, for the deceased Mrs. Moses weighed 517 pounds. Now if the Dundas omadhaun would fix his price as Mr. Moses did, say 9 cents per lb., he is entitled to about \$11.70, assuming that his young woman weighs 130 lbs. This is a doosid sight more than he deserves, anyhow, but probably he thinks live femininity more valuable than the dead article: if so he is a youth who knoweth not when he hath a good thing; the latter is certainly the quieter of the two, which is better than brawling and strife, two things that often ensue in a household when folks awake from Love's young dream.

An undertaker in London, (Eng.), according to the *Lancet*, has been getting himself into hot water and insulting physicians by offering them a commission of so much per cent. according to the amount expended on the funeral, if they would recommend him in a business way to the families they were attending. It does not seem to me that this is much more of an insult on the part of that undertaker than for a druggist to offer a physician so much out of the amount received for a prescription written by the medical man and made up by the druggist at the doctor's recommendation a practice that is said to be not uncommon in Canada. Possibly the English physicians were nettled at the following paragraph occurring in the lithographed circular distributed amongst them by the deprived druggist. "It will not be necessary in any case for you to wait upon me with reference thereto" (that is, the receipt of the commission), "but simply to send a line, to say that you attended the deceased, as no inquiries will be made beyond this." Now that does look a little bit suggestive, do'snt it? This cheeky compounder of bad smells would seem to have intimated that the fact that any of the physicians addressed had attended the patient was quite sufficient evidence that the person died, or that the fact that the patient died was proof conclusive that he had been attended by one of those doctors. If this is what that druggist did mean, then those haughty London disciples of Æsculapius did quite right in getting their backs up. I should have been annoyed myself if I had been one of them.

I often wonder whether Dr. Samuel Johnson, if he lived in these days, would be treated with as much deference, and his opinions allowed to go uncontradicted as in the times when he did exist. I hardly think that Canadians, for instance, would permit him to lay down the law in the manner he used to do, without giving their own opinion, a thing that his cronies and associates appear to have been very chary of doing,—in his presence. I should like to see the old lexicographer return to earth if but for a few hours, just for the fun of hearing how he would get along nowadays. I fancy I see him, rolling about in his chair, wagging his head from side to side, and having a "good talk" with, well, say the editor of some newspaper. The conversation would probably run somewhat as follows:

DR. JOHNSON.—Journalism, sir, is nowadays, marked by a scurrility of expression and a defiance of the rules of courtesy and good breeding that should not be tolerated by those who admire refinement and literary culture.

EDITOR.—Oh! losh: in some cases, I admit, your remarks may be applicable, but my paper is one written by gentlemen for the perusal of gentlemen.

THE DOCTOR.—Sir, I fail to see how you can know what would be suitable reading matter for a gentleman.

EDITOR.—At any rate the erudition and brain force displayed in my paper must strike the most casual observer. All my staff eat fish to feed their brains. Is not that right?

THE DOCTOR.—No, sir. The man who would eat fish to augment his cerebral ponderosity would steal tripe.

EDITOR.—I think I know as much about it as you do, old fellow.

THE DOCTOR.—Sir, respect for the opinion of your seniors is evidently not one of your virtues.

I may be wrong, but I imagine that that would be about the style of thing that would occur. I am afraid that the old gentleman would find that very few young men, nowadays, entertain much respect for the opinions of their elders—at least in Canada.



THE POOR CLERK'S TALE.

GRACE DE VERE.

You ask what ruined me: wait a while
Till I tell you a tale of deceit and guile:
I'm a poor clerk now, but well you know
That I really was not always so.
Though I'm growing old I blush and sigh
As I think of what happened in days gone by.
I was quite well off: had money in plenty
At the time that I was but five and twenty;
And I worshipped the stage and actresses too,
As you'll see in this story I'm telling you.
Where it all occurred I need not say,
But the Jollity Company came that way,
A troupe composed of the prettiest girls
That ever wore petticoats, rouge and curls,

But the one with by far the prettiest face
Was the *premiere danseuse*; her name was Grace.
Yes, Grace de Vere was the beauty's name,
Or she gave it as such which is all the same.
As I watched each posture, each twist and twirl,
I fell madly in love with the charming girl,
And waking or sleeping I seemed to see
The beautiful features of Grace de Vere.
I attended the theatre every night,
Though at present I only knew Grace by sight:
One day I happened to meet Tom Twist,
A newspaper fellow or journalist;
He appeared in the town from—who knows where,
At the time that the Jollity troupe was there
I'd not run across him for several years;
—Of course we indulged in a series of bears—
And as he was a very old friend, to him
I mentioned that I had conceived a whim
To be introduced if I could be
To the girls of the Jollity Company.
"That's easily done," said Tom, "old man
I can make you acquainted if any one can,
For I know them all." And I thought his face
Looked uncommonly queer when I mentioned Grace.
I was introduced; with that pearl of pearls,
Miss Grace de Vere of the Jollity girls,
I fell in love, though she seemed to be
Not in the least in love with me.
When I called, no matter what time of day,
Tom Twist was certain to be in the way.
Well, the days sped on and the time drew nigh
For the Jollity troupe to say good-bye.
They had done very well and Miss Grace's share
Of the profits had been so remarkably fair
That she thought, if she could but secure a loan,
Of starting a Jollity troupe of her own.
But where was the money to come from?—Twist
Was as "short" as the average journalist.
Now here, thought I, is a capital chance
My cause with the beautiful Grace to advance,
I'll lend the money: 'twill surely be
One way to make Grace think well of me.
"It's a very large sum; all I possess,
But 'twill make me 'solid' with Grace, I guess.
I offered the loan; without more ado
Grace took it; I thought Tom Twist looked blue:
I thought he did, though now I know
I was quite mistaken in thinking so.
"I've a capital scheme," said Grace de Vere
As she whispered something in Tom Twist's ear;
"The very thing; 'tis a capital plan."
Said Tom when he heard it; I hated the man;
Why should Grace tell him not me her scheme?
How remarkably thick those two do seem,
I thought to myself. Well, Grace's plan
Was to take me with her as her managing man,
I could then get my money should she forget
By any mischance to repay her debt,
If I'd like to go. "If I'd like," I cried,
I should like it better than ought beside;
To go with Grace! with Grace de Vere!
Why! I went quite wild at the bare idea.
Ha! ha! thought I, this will put an end
To that flirting 'twixt Grace and Tom, my friend.
I immediately accepted the manager's place;
I'd have gone as a 'supp' to be near Grace.
"By the way, old man," I said to Twist—
Oh! how I could crow o'er that journalist—
"What will you do when Grace leaves here?
'Twill be a sad blow, old fellow, I fear."
"Oh, none whatever," cried Tom, "where you
And Grace may go, why, I go too.
Did I never inform you—upon my life
I quite forgot it—that girl's my wife!
I thought I'd told you when first we met;
Now how in the world did I come to forget?
Oh, horror! the blow was too much for me!
What could I do? Ah, miserie.
The news was astounding, a perfect bomb:
What! Grace de Vere the wife of Tom!
Ah! yes, indeed, 'twas even so,
As her manager now I declined to go.
They went, and now many years have flown.
Since then, but they've never repaid my loan.
And now I'm a humble clerk you see,
All on account of Miss Grace de Vere.

DIED OF GRIEF.

"So poor Sogwuggle has hopped the twig at last. I never thought he would survive the loss of his wife very long, for he was very fond of her."

"Good gracious, is poor Soggy dead? Grief I suppose;—died of a broken heart, eh? Valvular pericarditis or cardiac necrosis,—which was it?"

"Don't know the medical name for it: all I know is that I always said that if he lost his wife he would go too, and sure enough empty is the cradle, Soggy's gone."

"Dear me: when did it happen and how?"
"Well, he ate a can of lobster last night and finished off with a quart of milk and a bottle of pickled cucumbers, and when they went to call him this morning he was in a land that is different from this."