



ON THE SEASHORE.

CHARLES.—Ah! Laura, I could gaze forever on your beautiful golden hair; how it glints and gleams in the sunshine; beautiful, beautiful golden hair.

LAURA.—Yes, Charles dear, but hadn't you better go on reading that charming poem? you left off at—

CHARLES.—Oh! yes, I know, well,—(reads)
"He leaned from his saddle and gave to the maid

A purse of the red, red gold—"

LAURA.—Charles, dear, that can't be right. Gold is not red.

CHARLES.—Oh! yes; if not, I'm sure I don't know what color it is.

LAURA.—Well, Charles, what was it you said about my golden hair just now? You can't mean to insinuate that my hair is—red!

CHARLES.—Oh! I—ah—that is, you know—(But he had put his foot in it and he may get it out as best he can).

"THE CHIEL."

The editor of the popular Scottish comic journal, named as above, has courteously sent us his first volume, tastefully bound in red and gold. The work is a decided acquisition to our library. "The Chiel" is a well edited publication and does for Scotland what *Punch* is supposed to do for the country immediately south of the Tweed. The illustrations are supplied by a staff of regularly retained artists, and the editorial chair is ably filled by Mr. Harry Blight, a journalist who is also known as a brilliant writer of serial stories.

DARNING.

It is hinted that a handsome bachelor, of great wealth, intends to make an offer of marriage to the young lady who exhibits the best specimen of darning at the Orillia fall show.—*Exchange.*

At a certain exhibition,
Besides the prizes listed o'er,
Was the hand, for competition,
Of a wealthy bachelor,

Promised—being for beauty chosen—
To that maid, be whom she may,
Who should darn the holes in hosen
With most skill, 'gainst showing day.

Was the prize indeed awarded?
That, in truth I cannot tell.
Weigh instead the hope afforded;
On that point I love to dwell.

Maidens all, of tastes domestic,
What a prize for you was there!
You who darn (that word elastic
Bears its harmless meaning here).

You who darning for your brothers,
All unwitting train yourselves,
For the benefit of others,
Torn and darnless bach'lor elves.

Prize so winning, prize so ample,
Handsome, wealthy, bachelor,
Seize, show-guiders, seize th' example.
For the shows of eighty-four.

And upon the plan improving,
As wise imitators do,
Make a rule, all doubt removing,
That the maids must darn in view.

Hid by neither wall nor curtain,
On the show-day all in view;—
So the judges shall be certain
That the work to name is true.

And provide, less fine in fashion,
And with wealth of less degree,
Bachelors of consolation,
For merit-two and merit-three.

O, from out the realm of visions
Comes one glowing on the sight,
Of all future exhibitions,
With the darning-needle bright.

See the girls demurely seated;
Their left hands worn hosen hides,—
True-worn hosen, fairly meted,
Whilst the right the needle guides.

Each one wears a dainty mitten,
Pinned conspicuous on her arm,
Showing plainly, as 'twere written,
That the prize has here no charm;

That she darns, as darn the others,
For the frolic of the thing,
And to show what care the mothers
To the daughters' training bring.

At small distance, bach'lors grouping
Seem to talk, but really eye
Stolen-wise, oft with eye-lids drooping,
Maids and mittens doubtfully.

Courage, bachelors! unbitten
Through this ordeal you shall go;
For in every case the mitten, 'twere
Like the darning, is for show.

All for show the saucy warning,
Happy bachelors, darned-for,
Merry girls, who do the darning,
Would I were a bachelor!

Happy town, where first was offered
Such a prize for needle-art!
Lucky towns, to whom free proffered
This example on its part!

You who seek for new attractions,
For each exhibition-day—
For in figures whole, not fractions,
You shall find the thing will pay.

—E. L.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mrs. Clarke's new *Cookery Book*, printed by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company, and now just out, should prove a boon not only to cooks and housekeepers, but to all people with families, either great or small, as it contains, in addition to a very exhaustive list of recipes for all manner of good things for the table, old and new, a most valuable compilation of health hints and medical prescriptions, the whole forming a very complete and useful work of over four hundred pages, the information on anyone of which is, as the showmen say, "well worth the price of admission," which in this case is only \$1. Mrs. George Clarke, of this city, is the authoress of this work, which is, viewed from a literary point, admirably written, whilst the typographical work is equal to anything ever produced either in the old country or in this.

PLEASANT FOR HIM—Scene—Shrimpton-sur-Mer, a very retired sea-side place. Girl (in great state of excitement)—"Here d'yer year, Billie? Look up! There's a circus a-coming; I've just seen the clown." Jones, the great amateur actor, was just rehearsing his clever imitation of Mr. Irving, that was all.—*Fun.*



FAREWELL APPEARANCE OF A VICE-REGAL COUPLE
WHO HAVE PLAYED THEIR PARTS WELL.