

for purposes of courting to be allowed out until midnight. This created quite a flutter of excitement, and the debate is expected to be very lively.

It being six o'clock the mayoress left the chair and the council adjourned.

I intend staying here a few weeks in order to more fully examine the working of this female council, and perhaps give some useful information to the Aldermen of Toronto, in whom I take great interest, and will forward you weekly reports if desired.

FELIX O'HARA.

"A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

IN travelling round this earth of ours,
I found an unknown land,
Where woman wore no hand-made flowers,
Or rings upon her hand.

The birds were singing in each tree,
Fearless of prowling cats
Or wanton mankind, for, you see,
The ladies wore no hats.

They spread no rouge upon the cheek
That bright with health did glow;
To strangers all they kindly spake,
But as for flirting—no!

Demure and sensible they were,
Simple in dress and taste;
For sealskin cloaks they did not care,
Nor corsets tightly laced.

Yet they were fair—how could it be?
Cosmetics ne'er were seen;
No doctor's bill, no lawyer's fee,
No jealous monster green.

I vowed that here I'd pitch my tent
And take a second wife,
Who would not spend my final cent
In fashionable life.

But, ah! it was a futile dream,
For with a noise most dire,
My wife in trumpet voice did scream:
"Get up and light the fire!"

W. H. T.

JUST THE TROUBLE.

THE *North German Gazette* says, "The starting-point of an endeavor in this direction (the preservation of peace) is found only on ground covered by treaties." Yes, but that is just the trouble with those European governments. They cover the ground with treaties, and as a natural consequence they trample the agreements under foot.

PECKS.

Your day of reckoning is at hand, as the schoolmaster said to a new pupil.

I one time saw a burglar whose conscience was made of such fine material that always, when he had a little job to do on a Sunday, he would turn the hands of the clock back twenty-four hours. And yet Providence carried him off on a leaden stretcher.

No man is consistent at all times. A gentleman walked into a drug store the other day and asked for a bottle of colic cordial. He said his family was "all doubled up." He then walked out and ordered six cucumbers, a water-melon, and a basket of sour grapes to be sent home.

Beauty without riches, says Mr. Boodle Hunter, is like a baby's photograph. It looks sweet, but it's mighty hard to take.

Is life worth living? It all depends. If you hold a mortgage on your neighbor's property, it is well worth it. If you are a poet, the other world is the best place for you, my son, judging from the angelic appearance of some individuals who periodically infest this sanctum.

MORE PULPIT FLASHES.

"AH, my friends," said the prominent city divine, "what will we not do to save even our worthless lives in *this* world. As Shakespeare makes King John say in the midst of battle, 'A horse! a horse! A thousand pounds for a horse!'"

He was on his wedding trip, and, finding that the pastor of the city where they stayed over Sunday was an old college friend, called, and was invited to assist in the services, but didn't correct his friend's impression that he was travelling for his health. So, in the closing prayer friend pastor says:—"And we pray for our young friend who has ministered to us this morning, that Thou wilt look upon him in mercy, and *speedily relieve him of the affliction which has lately come upon him.*" The "affliction" nearly swallowed her handkerchief.

TWO ISLAND CAMPERS.

THEY lay in beauty side by side
Upon their sandy bed,
And listened to the flowing tide,
And night-hawks overhead;
While all is hushed on every side,
And silent as the dead.

They're courting sleep, but find it not,
For where they dozing lie
A clinch-bug drops upon the spot
And crawls across each eye;
The night is warm, their words are hot,
The sand and gravel fly.

They rest once more, but do not sleep;
Sand-flees for mutton pine,
And fast and furious they creep
Along each prostrate spine;
They skip and hop, and jump and leap,
As if o'ercome with wine.

A lone mosquito flies along
And enters that tent door;
He sings his little soothing song
And seeks a spot to bore;
Into a neck he sinks a prong
Some half an inch or more.

A spider, too, is out to-night,
And tickles each one's face:
He watches with a grim delight
His victim's scared grimace.
But thinks to spin a web he might
Secure a safer place.

Then overhead the lightnings glare,
The thunder rolls around,
Their tent flies up into the air,
And nevermore is found;
The campers wildly rip and tear,
And all the stars astound.

W. H. T.

TRUTH.

A YONGE STREET baker advertises "beautiful *light* bread." He is a very pious and truthful man. On weighing his large loaf we invariably find it from one-half to three-quarters of a pound short in weight.