



A FEE-NOMENON.

Solicitor.—I'm sorry you lost that case, Mr. McSnuffers.
McSnuffers.—Na! na! 'Deed. Aw'm glad o't. Losh me! It might ha'e been carried till the Preevy Coouncil! It wis a wonderfu' escape!

CANADIAN SPONGES.

INTERESTING MEETING OF THE TORONTO UN-NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

A meeting of this society was held at the Imbibing Institute. The secretary read a letter from Mr. Ding Cods thanking the society for making him an honorary member of it. Mr. Coil reported finding a microscopic sponge at the Humber, a most amusing little cuss, who could smoke, chew, and absorb as much moisture as his father. He had watched his development under the glass, and gave it as his opinion that he bade fair to be a long liver; and could be used as a living argument against laws which would curtail the absorbing faculty of sponges, on the ground that absorption was injurious to health and longevity. He considered these Canadian sponges different from the English *spongella-efluviatiles* or *lacustris*, as it first builds up the skeleton with *spicula* or *speculatules freelunchatrem*. He wasn't sure about the proper Latin ending of the latter word, but they all knew what he meant to convey.

Another sponge was found, a genuine *Loafericus Canadiensis*, a few weeks ago, and is now inside a government institution under investigation at the public expense. It also appears to be different from the English sponges, preferring brandy and whiskey straight to any quantity of beer. A paper will be read at the next meeting of the society on the investigations made on the sponges, and their future utilization as broom bearers in the scientific torch-light procession, which will celebrate the defeat of certain measures calculated to lessen the spontaneous growth of sponge germs.

Mr. Coil also read a paper on investigations he had recently been making of injurious insects. He spoke of the *coffecupia*, *icceoldmilikia*, *lemonadicus*, and other insects, which had occasioned much destruction of growth among sponges. But he said there was an enemy these had to contend with, to wit:—*hereditora appetiticus*. The *monopolycus* and *boycotia* were also powerful agents in the destruction of the parasite *prohibiticus*; and he was happy to say had lessened its ravages. After some ordinary imbibitory routine business the meeting adjourned.



FWED'S WEMAWKS.

We wear a glaws
And stare—you know.
Perhaps you deem it rude in us?
It is in part necessitated
By a collar altitudinous.
But the ladies rather like it,
Oh, they do indeed!
The style, you know—
It's fetching—very—bull's-eye—sure.
At a range of half a mile—you know,
Gus popped his eye on Clara Vere,
Poor gal—annihilated—quite.
It's cruel of us, do' lish had;
It isn't, no, it is not right—
But oh! the cut, the stick, the glaws,
Tho waxed moustache—so very, too—
Must wear a simple sort of rig,
This maiden-slaughter 'll neva do.
Gus wote a poem once on Lorr;
Twas very sweet, twas exquisite,
About the tendal female hawt,
And the jealousy which vexes it.
None of that tragic Shakespear sort,
But something drossy, light and fly,
'Bout Love's young dream and Cupid's Court,
And bottled lightning of the eye.
The gals all thought it was sublime,
Went like a rocket with a whizz,
Must say it took a lot of time,
And cost poor Gus a lot of fizz.
For poetry's not much, you know,
Without a lot of rhyme in it;
And the sentiment is rather rot,
Unless you drink Champagne a bit.
Well, must be off—my trowsa snob
Is bearing down this way, I see,
And rows with oads are weakening—
Shake up a fellow—frightfully—
Ta ta, dear boy!—no thanks—no time;
Some utha time—must cut the cad—
See you to-night—ta ta, again;
Why tish't him at all, egad!

[Exit.]



CIGARETTE WHIFFS.

Aw—weally—"A Daniel come to Judgment!" and these Milwaukee lawyaws who pwoposed to get fifteen thousand dollahs woath of feathaws out of a twenty-five thousand dollah goose, were themselves plucked, sat upon, squelched and called thieves and scoundwels by this rare judge. Aw—vevy good—then—aw—he awdehed a ciphaw to be stwuck off each account, which weduced their chawges from \$5,000 to \$500 each. Oh, upwight judge! Aw—ya-as by Jawwe! Oh, wise judge!

Well—aw—no—I'm not one of those who clamaw faw the expulsion of the Chinese—but—by Jawwe—you know—if it is weally the case that their habits bweed lepwoy—and that they are in the habit of havng lepaws coddled up in a cwoadded city, then—by Jawwe—aw—well you know self pwesawvvation is the first law of natchaw—and they'll have to be smoked out somehow. Aw—you should "sick" the *Mail* on to them, he is the best I know of to wing the changes on the vehb "to go." Aw—you believe that, do you? Aw—so do I.

Ya-as—aw—vevy glad indeed to undchstand that our tight little island has got another lease—aw—of existence. Our natuwal advantages are too few and fah between to allow any of them to sink without twying to keep its head above wataw.

OWED TO OBITUARY POETS.

"The character of obituary poetry is always die-verse."

In which it differs from the character of its author, who is usually per-verse until you make him perfectly understand that his best policy is to tra-verse.

LOSS OF A GOOD DOG.

"NEW HAVEN, July 8.—Captain John Traynor, aged 27, two years married, and a sailor by occupation, started on a cruise across the Atlantic yesterday afternoon in a seventeen foot dory. His sole companion is a dog."

Mrs. Traynor, congratulations! But it's too bad about that dog.

THE JEWEL FOUND.

"They who would create classes whose all are equal, whose the duties of all and the rights of all are the same, and would set class against class, are not friends of their country.—*Globe*."

Oh, consistency! Thou'rt rarer than an uncooked beefsteak!

A fashion paper says that boys' suits are worn in only three pieces. Oh! but that's before they get over the orchard fence after the fruit. Afterward — — —

"My son," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "what do you know of the proverb regarding people who reside in glass houses?" "I don't know nothin'" was the response, "about the proverb, but I know that people wot live in glass houses ortent to lay abed late in the mornin' unless they pull down the blinds."—*Fix-change*.