

heard of a troubadour, and took him for a white negro minstrel about to give an open-air performance. A crowd quickly gathered which was not dispersed by the police, as every man on the force had obtained leave of absence to attend a grand 'Tug-of-War at Buffalo, slugging matches and other diversions of the Day, the only man on duty being the Chief, and he was in Florida shooting alligators; so Tubbs had a clear field.

"Say, who made dem pants?" sang out an impertinent *gamin*, whilst a big Irishman remarked that "he'd seen thim craythur in Injy, wild, whin he was there wid his rig'mint."

Nothing daunted, Theophilus thrummed a few bars on his banjo and commenced:

"When our gallant Queen's Own in armor bedight  
Went up to Manitoba to fight,  
They determined they'd capture Louis Riel  
And make him squeal."

(Thrum-a-thrum-a-thrum on the banjo, and "Take that hot pitater out o' your mouth" from that ruffian of a boy.)

"Each warrior brave conveyed upon his back  
A shirt, an undershirt, a pair of spare boots, and a knife,  
fork and spoon in his pack.  
They went away with hearts high bounding—  
Hark! the bugle's sounding!"

(Imitation of the bugle on the banjo, and a chunk of mud in the Troubadour's eye from somewhere in the crowd.)

"Soon they sight the foe—they flee—they run,  
Hurray for the man with the Gatling gun!  
Let me sing in accents sweet of—"

Here two saloon keepers rushed through the crowd, and each collared an arm of the minstrel.

"Come with me, quick," cried No. 1. "I want you in my saloon. You're just the thing." "Come with me," shouts No. 2. "I'll give you fifteen cents an hour and all the beer you want, to play at my place. Come on."

Little Tubbs, nearly torn asunder by the efforts of the rival "wine merchants," looked first at one and then at the other, and gasped out: "I-I'm not for hire. I'm n-n-not an express wagon. I'm a medi-æval Trouba-ba-ba-dour." "That be hanged!" cries No. 1. "I'll give you twenty cents an hour and treat every five minutes. Come along." "I had him first," shouts No. 2. "Ho's mine. Let him go—let him go, I tell you. You won't? Take that, then," and No. 1 rolled over on the cedar blocks. "Go it, rummies," "Sock it to him," "Yah, look at his eye," from the crowd, as No. 1 rose from the earth and attacked his rival vigorously, and a terrific contest ensued which might have put the encounters between Crusader and Saracen to the blush.

As the fray was in progress, a street car drew up and a stout gentleman alighted therefrom, at the sight of whom the crowd began to disperse, whispering, "It's the deputy police magistrate."

"What's all this? What's all this?" he shouted, elbowing his way over to the Troubadour's side. "Who are you, fellow, and what's them there clothes you have on?"

"I'm a Troubadour," replied little Tubbs, pretty well scared by the rumpus of which he had been the cause. "I'm the Revivalist of the Age of Chivalry."

"You look more like the Revivalist of the age when lunatics were allowed to run at large. Get home, man, get home," replied the perspiring J. P. "Here, street car," and he hailed a passing vehicle, "take this man away—on my pass," and he hustled the unfortunate Troubadour aboard, and raising his clear tenor voice above the uproar, shouted, "Disperse in the name of the Queen, or I'll read the Riot Act," and as the crowd melted away Theophilus Tubbs was whirled off up Yonge Street, and before long found himself at home, sorely bedraggled, his banjo broken, his troubadour's costume rent in twenty places, and with a firm conviction that, though he was

out out for a mediæval character—knight or troubadour—Toronto in the nineteenth century was no place for him to commence in as a Revivalist of the Days of Chivalry.

BALMY spring being upon us, suitable under-clothing is required. R. WALKER & Sons carry a splendid assortment, and have just now some special lines to clear out. Their white and colored shirts are unequalled.



RATHER BURDENSOME.

Jones.—"I don't see what is the matter with me. I feel pretty well generally, but I have no appetite; none at all, in fact."

Smith.—"Well, I have a good appetite all the time, and I wish I could give it to you."

"But then you would not have any."  
"No, I don't want any. It is an inconvenience."

"An inconvenience?"  
"Yes; I board."

THE SENTIMENTAL BALLAD

OF THE ELOPEMENT OF VILLYUM AND MISS BATES.

As sung by a Cockney Costermonger.

Oh, gather round and listen to my bloomin' little ditty,  
Vich I vill sing unto you in most melodious werc.  
'Tis about a man named Villyum, residing in a city;  
Ho vas vith an undertaker, and ho halvays drove the 'earse.

Now, Villyum vas 'andsome, vith viskers most enormous,  
And he fell in love vith Sukey Bates, a damsel in a kitchen—  
And sho vas most enchantin'—so the newspapers inform us,  
And the glances of her dark brown hoyes vas, so it is said, bovitchin'.

The 'ouse where Sukey helped the cook, vas vith the undertaker's  
Connected by a tellyfoam; my! 'ow that bell did ring!  
It vould have bust if it had not bin by the beat of makers;  
For all day long, and hevory day vas 'card its ting-ling-ling.

'Twas Sukey callin' Villyum up in this peculiar fashion;  
But vot is there as lovers true vont do for vuu another?  
For Villyum and Sukey Bates both felt the tender passion,  
Vich it vas kvite impossible for either vun to smother.

The people vich employed Miss Bates—as might have been expected—  
Soon wearied of her lover's tricks, and shortly told her so;  
And to Villyum stoppink vith his 'earse before their 'ouse objected,  
And said hif such things vasn't stopped Miss Bates vould 'ave to go.

It isn't very pleasant to see a 'earse a stoppin'  
Before vun's door-stop every day—you know it ain't, I'm sure—  
It looks as if too many folks from orf the twigs vas oppin';  
But Villyum vouldn't stop it, his love for Sue vas pure.

So the gents vich hired Sukey they locked her in a hattie,  
From vhench sho only saw her Vill, and to him kisses throw  
From out that hattie vinder in a fashion kvite dramatic,  
Vile Villyum from his hearse-box sent kisses back to Sue.

Vun night Miss Bates' gentlofks had gone hoff to the hopera,  
And sho vas in her hattie locked vhen a tap came at the door,  
And in rushed Villyum—dashed the lock to pieces—no vay proper  
Of rescuing the damsel one feels affection for.

"Come fly, dear Sue," bold Villyum cried; "put on your 'at and cloak,  
Ve must elope; your treatment 'ere than nothink could be vorse.  
Be quick, my dear." "But 'ow?" says Sue, "you 'ave no chaise or moke."  
"No darling," says brave Villyum, "but I 'ave got the 'earse."

"You'll go inside; I'll mount the box: they'll think you are a 'stiff'  
As I'm a drivin' to the grave; come, hurry, Sukey dear."  
But Sukey 'csitated and began to murmur "If,"  
But Villyum cut her very short and bore her down the steer.

He popped her then hinside the 'earse, and mounted to his box,  
He drovo unto a parson's, and soon the two vas ved.  
Oh, Villy-un! like love you larked at locksmiths and their locks,  
And Vill and Sue vas true as true till both of 'em vas dead.

Immense applause from the audience in the "penny gaff," where this ballad is supposed to be sung, as the waiter comes round with "Gents, give your orders," and the costermonger is a hero for the rest of the evening.

—SWIZ.

CURIOUS COGNOMEN COINCIDENCES.

AS ENCOUNTERED IN MEANDERING THROUGH THE EXCHANGE LABYRINTH.

Frank Glass owns Crystal Hall, Tilsenburgh.  
Rev. Mr. Mihell is a Burford pastor.  
Carleton Place has Millions (other name William) living in it.

Joseph Fish belongs to Otterville.  
Mr. Killmaster sails a pleasure yacht at Port Rowan.

Louis Risk is in the hotel business in the Forest City.

Mr. Huffman was the plaintiff in an action against South Dumfries council.

Mr. Rotwell dispenses liquid refreshment at a Longford bar.

Mr. Kick runs a Niagara Falls hotel.  
Mr. Hopgood, sr., according to an esteemed contemporary, "is extremely active and energetic."

Dr. Aikman is a Woodstock physician.

T. Fox is a London, Ont., pawnbroker.  
Alderman Hook is one of London's civic solons.

Bro. Herring is the editor of a highly respected contemporary. Deal gently with the—, that is to say, with Bro. Herring.

Mr. Bangs is a Brantford newspaper man, who doubtless knows something about slugs, also.

A. Tramp is an industrious Barrie mechanic.

Mr. Plant is a Paris, Ont., citizen. And yet St James' church cemetery is in need of a care-taker.

Mr. Kribbs need not necessarily be charged with getting his items that way for the Toronto News.

DE. JOHN S. KING has removed to the south-west corner of Wilton Avenue and Sherbourne Street. Telephone No. 67. Street cars pass the door.