



The Royal Handbell Ringers and Glee-men gave three entertainments at the Pavilion, on Friday and Saturday of last week. The audiences were large, and probably the enterprising citizens who brought the company to the city came out all right financially. Of course the concerts were artistic successes. The selections on the bells were given with the charm of perfection

which could only come of long practice based upon thorough musical training. The glee-singing was not less enjoyable than the bell-playing. A number of old-fashioned rounds were given at each performance, and always with splendid effect. The tenor of the company possesses a voice of phenomenal strength and sweetness, and why he is not allotted a solo or two in the programme we are at a loss to say. Such an addition would materially add to the excellence of an entertainment which is at present of very high merit.

Haverly's Opera Company presented *Patience* at the Grand on Monday night, before an audience which was large and brilliant, notwithstanding the intensely cold weather.

Manager Conner is offering a capital series of attractions this week in a grand revival of Augustin Daly's celebrated *New York successes*. *Pique* was given Monday and Tuesday, and during the week *Divorce* and *East Lynne* are to be played. The star of the company is Miss Helen Blygh, whose talents are well known in this city. The supporting company is fair, and the scenery and appointments first-class.

Mr. Leslie Main concluded his series of musical lectures by a matinee performance on Saturday, and will proceed shortly to visit other towns and cities of Canada. On the forthcoming anniversary of Longfellow's birthday, he is to deliver a special lecture on that Poet at Portland, Maine, his birthplace. Great preparations are being made for the event, which will be of unusual interest.

Mr. Charles Roberts reads this (Friday) evening at Shaftesbury Hall. From the fine success he has already achieved we bespeak for him a large audience of Toronto's best citizens.

Mr. Barney McAulay returned to the Grand on Thursday evening, and will remain to the end of the week, presenting his popular comedy character "Uncle Dan'l." Portland will not charge him \$10 per night for licence, as Toronto did, to its shame.

### Jocular Jumbles.

A bad egg is out-fensive.

Is Carter assessed on ink-come?

Is the "Grip-sack" a Law-sack?

How can a mam-moth be-he-moth?

During dog-days beware of dog-daze.

A Blind Asylum may have a good site.

Noah was a mon-ark of all he surveyed.

Did you ever take a "horn" of ox-y-gin?

A very small woman may be one of great sighs.

A barber may be often "strapped" and steel be hono-st.

Venor is storm-entol with meteorological questions.

A relation you kin-dred—your "uncle," if you're hard up.

Can you call a man who invents dish covers a dishcoverer?

Young ladies, when pressing autumn leaves, should use autumn-atic pressure.

Is the position which the "devil" holds in a printing-office an imp-position?

A Halifax merchant sent out a circular which was returned to him. He intends to lecture and toll what the "circular saw."

There is a dog show in St. John, N. B., this week, and canines, for exhibition, were carried on the railways at ex-cursion rates.

Chip Smith has been appointed a *Water Commissioner* in St. John. What Chip don't know about water is not worth knowing.

### "THE THING WE CALL A ROSE."

There was a young man of high rank,  
Who for years was cashier of a bank,  
He was pious and good—  
Stole all that he could—

Dishonest? Why, no! He was "crank."

J. S. K.

### A Sleigh Ride.

JANUARY, 1882.

Gaily, merrily, over the snow,  
Wrapped in the robes of the buffalo;  
Mildly the Eastern breezes blow,  
As swiftly along on the road we go.

Sailing along, in its path on high,  
The bright moon beams from the placid sky;  
And the eyes of our partners shine like stars,  
And rival the lustre of Venus and Mars.

Hurrah! so gaily along we prance,  
We'll soon all join in the merry dance;  
We jolly disciples of Terpsichore,  
We'll soon swing our girls on the ball-room floor.

How the boys all enjoy the innocent chaff,  
And the girls, sweet pets, how they giggle and laugh;  
The sleigh bells jingle, the horses fleet,  
Each scatters the snow with its flying feet,

But the East wind freshens, and cold and loud  
It whistles; the moon is behind a cloud;  
The darkness, somewhat, our pleasure mars,  
As, one by one, are obscured the stars.

The girls stop laughing, the boys don't "chaff,"  
And none of us now are so jolly by half;  
But we keep up our spirits with thoughts of the fun  
We'll have at the dance, when our ride is done.

But now the East wind is blowing a gale,  
And sweeps through the pines with doleful wail;  
As the horses plunge onward, with might and main,  
When, suffering Moses! down comes the rain!

It drenches the girls, seal saccos and caps,  
And miniature lakes are formed in their laps;  
The men's attire is deluged and soaked,  
And dismal are they, who had formerly joked.

But the worst of our troubles had not arrived,  
'Till the team straight over a culvert: dived;  
For the wretched night was as dark as pitch,  
As the whole of our party were fired in the ditch.

The girls all screamed, and the gentlemen swore,  
And cursed, as they never had done before;  
How the poor young ladies so shivered and shook,  
As they picked themselves out of the turbulent brook.

To mend the matter, the horse broke loose  
From the cutter, which certainly "cooked our goose;"  
And back for their stable they bolted away,  
And then Mephistophiles was to pay!

Onward we trudged—'twas about four miles,  
With sighs and groans, 'stead of laughter and smiles;  
And a sad and a sodden party were we,  
When we got to the long looked for hostelry.

Next morning, the ladies were sulky and hoarse,  
And frowned on the gentlemen all, of course;  
They'd say to each other, with sniff or a cough,  
"With these fellows, all future engagements are off."

And this was the end of this horrible ride,  
Each lover got "cut," by his promised bride:  
And each maiden lost her lover so true,  
In Jan'y, 18—82—.



### WEFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

It stwikes me vewy faucibly that Empewaw William of Gehmany is a pawticularly wum old cawd. After dwagooing mostly all Gehmany into becoming his—aw—loyal subjects, he twents them to what is called by the newspapals a—aw—"wesquipt," which infawms them that he is in—aw—point of fact boss, and that although the legislative bodies of the empiaw may be tolewated, theaw powehs by no means extend the length of intehfewing with the Impewial pwogwamme, and that they will not be allowed to hampah or westwict in any way the Impewial policy. To us Bwtishshs such an ideah seems pawticularly outwageous. Fancy such a doctwine being pwomulgated in England. To be suah theah is a certain pwewogative vested in the sovowain of Gwent Bwtitain, but it is almost a dead lettah, and would nevah be acted upon except by the passage through both Houses of some unheald of meashab, twasonable and subvelsive of all law and awdah. The tendency of all govehnments of late yeahs that have any pwetence of libewality in theah constitution is to take into consideration as far as possible the—aw—populah voice, and it is extremely supwising that the Kaisah should have the temewity to issue such a monstwowous—aw—manifesto as his wesquipt. The German people are certainly gwent admiewls of abstwact libeity, and though vewy loyal to theah beloved "Fathah Land," may all gwow tired and sick of the wule of men of blood and iwon like Bismawk *et al*, as a gwent many doubtless are already. Between consequitions for military selvice, dawing which the young men of the countwy—aw—twented, fed and paid in a mannah which would be intolewable to a—aw—Bwtish soldinh, and the insuffehwable awogance of the high class nobles, who hold all the good positions, both civil and military, it is not much wondah so many crows the ocean to America. Yans, indeed. Hans would be much betteh off with his *frau* on a fawm out on the Saskatchewan valley, or some othah pawtion of ouah "illimitable wildehness" than pwactising the "goose step" unde the watten of a Dwil Sawgeant in Beblin and Stwasbehg and lying on—aw—adamantine sausage and black bwead. I heah theah is some talk of the Kaisah William abdicating in favah of his son the Cwown Pwince. I twust the wamouth is based on fact, faw atfeh weading that celebawted wesquipt, I wewly think the old man is a little off—yass—I do indeed.

If the good all die young, heaven must be full of good servant girls. There are none on earth.—*Salem Sunbeam.*