

PUFFERY.

The *Hamilton Spectator*, in noticing the performance of Mr. T. C. King as *Othello*, takes occasion to insert in its critique the remark "this is not a puff." The system of "giving notices" has reached a disgraceful height, if it is really necessary for editors to make a statement of this nature in endorsement of superlatives. It is by no means reassuring to the reader of a newspaper to find that every species of performer from a Shaksperian actor to a nigger minstrel, is spoken of in terms of the most unqualified laudation, after fearful experience of some of the wretched frauds in the musical and dramatic line who visit our shores when unable to "draw" in the States. Now, every petty performer requires a "notice" of his or her previous career, as well as a flattering account of the pending performance before giving an advertisement; and the short-sighted newspaper proprietor, whilst haggling over the price of a line or two in the advertisement, readily consents to insert a "notice," forgetting that he thereby inserts a double advertisement, in addition to degrading his journal in a manner which the lowest class of European papers will hardly stoop to, and the better American ones are rapidly casting aside. As for musical or dramatic criticism, it is, of course, completely non-existent under the present state of affairs. The evil will however work its own cure, as the "opinions of the press" will soon, we fear, be regarded as merely advertisements, even if any take the trouble to read them at all. Even the most credulous readers can hardly be taken in by critiques which mostly appear before the performances have taken place.

A DOMESTIC BALLAD.

BY REV. CHAS. KINGSLEY.

Three women went shopping in King street west,
In King street west as the sun went down;
Nor thought of their husband's stern behest
To run no accounts in Toronto town.
Nor men must work, though it's rather steep,
Where there's little to earn and many to keep,
With the butcher's bill still owing.

Three men sat perched on three office stools,
And posted their books as the sun went down;
And little they knew, poor innocent fools,
Of the bills that were rolling up all over town.
But men must work, their spouses to keep,
Though silk be costly and bills be steep,
And a whirlwind of debt they're sowing.

Three curses were heard when the New Year came,
When the New Year came, and the bills rolled in;
And three women sat wringing their hands in shame
At the way they'd wasted their husband's tin.
For men will swear both loud and deep,
And as women will sow, so must they reap,
In spite of conjugal blowing.

AN OTTAWA INCIDENT.

AS TRUE AS ANYTHING IN THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

THERE was a little man and he made a little pun,
And then his little face grew red, red, red,
For after he had spoke, nobody saw the joke,
And all remained as grave as the dead, dead, dead.

So the little man went home and related with a groan,
How he had just been talking to a very stupid lot,
And his wife said in a minute, "they were members of the Senate,
Now tell me little husband, were they not, not, not.

Then he said, "I own the corn, for as sure as I was born,
They all sit in the house called the upper, upper, upper,
Except one, most stupid there, who sits in a Commons chair,"
"Oh, that one," said his wife, "must be Tupper, Tupper, Tupper."

DEMOS MUDGE.

P. S.—If MILLS could be got to rhyme with upper, she would have said MILLS.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

A London, Ont., paper, in announcing a lecture by a phrenologist in Spettiguo Hall, the other evening, said: "the arguments would be illustrated by the examination of heads secured from the audience." The reporter who wrote the paragraph must have been experimented upon.

AN ANALOGY.

Suggested by a patient perusal of the Poets of the Canadian Monthly.

When they strive to write
They are like the wight
Who, down in a well,
Ere his bucket fell,
Saw the water shine
With a gleam divine.
To him there we turned
While our coppers burned,
And in thought we quaffed
A long delicious draught.
But when on the brink
We had stooped to drink,
Found no water there
More than in the air,
For the bucket leaked
While it upward creaked.
So when these do raise
Their ambitious lays,
To them turn our eyes—
We fancy poems rise.
But when we would drink,
Undeceived we shrink,
For the verse is naught.
Empty and untaught,
Passionless and weak,
They but make a creak.

A BURNING SHAME.

BY SMICE.

It was on a bright summer evening that little FRANKIE lay a dying. For the doctor had said that ere tub-night came round again little FRANKIE would be where soap would be no longer an object.

Which was inconvenient for FRANKIE and rather rough on the angels.

He had always been what is called a good boy in the general acceptation of the term; he had grown up in preference to growing sideways, which was creditable to him, and he had never told the truth when a lie would answer his purpose.

Five cents would not have led him out of the paths of honesty, and he had gone on and waxed strong and got waxed, and won the esteem and the marbles of school-mates until the fatal Sunday morn when drowsy sleep coming on him in Church, he woke at "Amen," shouting "Knuckle down tight."

And remorse was now working its fell purpose on poor FRANKIE.

By his side sat his toothless and ritualistic mother, the eye that didn't squint gazing heavenwards, the other with equally good intention but defective aim resting somewhere between the key-hole and the door-mat.

"Mother," said little FRANKIE, "soon I shall be gone, and if you go to the cremation, mother, don't weep. (I know its a burning shame), but jaw the stoker, mother, and tell him to pour on the kerosene."

And with a smile on his little face as of one who sees the furnace "gates ajar"—he was gone.

When another spring time came round his weeping mother planted daisies round his little grave (confound it, that's not right), they dusted his little urn and thought of FRANKIE.

JOURNALISTIC COOKERY.

This advertisement is from the *London Free Press* :—

"Cook wanted. She must thoroughly understand the business. Wages \$12 per month. Apply at this office."

Innocent outsiders, who have no idea of what it is to get up a political morning paper, will of course be at a loss to understand why the *Free Press* should advertise for a cook. But let such contemplate the experience and skill required in dishing up canards and rumours, and the matter is plain.

CORRESPONDENCE.—A spirited correspondent intimates that since the imposition of increased tariff on distilled liquids, for increase of revenue, the Premier has received a word of timely advice through a "Spirit medium," which is this: "Be careful not to spend at the bung what you save at the spigot." May the revenue be the gainer by this most timely reminder. It's wholesome as "bitter beer"!

A VOICE from the Maritime Provinces says: They tell us there are too many Heads of Departments at Ottawa. But no matter, provided they don't give us too many and long "tales for the Marines"!