

The oldest girl can now take the visitor's hair down, and do it up in the way that better suits herself. The lady will probably say, "Oh, don't do that, dear," but pay no heed to this foolish remark. Grown up people frequently say silly things. The next oldest girl should fight with her sister concerning the proper way to do up hair, and each snatching a handful of the dishevelled locks must jerk them violently in different directions. The youngest child, who has been out in the snow, should now come in crying, with its hands covered with frozen molasses. He should climb into the visitor's lap, and thrust his hands into the visitor's neck. Then, as the molasses melts, it will trickle down the inside of her emancipation waist, making her feel very sweet indeed.

Sometime, my little dears, when your mamma is shopping, and the hired girl has an afternoon out, a masked woman will appear at your house. She will not say anything, but actions speak louder than words. Within her muscular right arm she will bear a prodigious s'pper, one of the kind which no gentleman's nursery should ever be without, and with it she will deal you out several good sound spank-ins.—one each.

Adieu, my pets. We meet again. It will be a bitter meeting for you, I fear, but sweet for me. Revenge is sweet.

Fare ye well. Believe me that for you there is such a thing as future punishment. Bob Ingersoll may look after the rest of the world, but I will attend to your case.

A. E. W.

UNCLE DUNK ON WEDDINGS.



NE evening sitting round the fire we talked of all the news. We talked of politics and crops, and that new bean of Sue's.

For Sue had really caught a bean, a dandy neat and trim. She said that "in the wide, wide world there was no bean like him. He boarded in the village only distant three short miles. And came each night to see his Sue, his face spread over with smiles. For eighteen months he'd come and gone, just seven nights a week, and finally last Sunday night he thought it time to speak. Of course it was the very thing that Sue had long expected. She'd often wished the time would come when they would be connected. So, after dropping on his knees and pouring out his love, and swearing that he'd faithful be by all the stars above, Sue handily said that such a thing was never in her mind. But—she'd gladly take his offer—and he was so very kind; So they're going to be married on the seventeenth of June. That's five months from the 'gagement day—they want to have it soon. 'Twas thus the family sat and talked about the coming wedding. Aunt Alice said she'd have to take and get out the spare bedding. And air the blankets, sheets and quilts, returnish the spare room,— She'd have to have the best of things to suit her Sun's bride-room. And Sue would have to get new clothes, a bridal dress and veil, And then they'd go off on a "tower," for fashion must prevail; Her bean had lots of money and they'd travel far and near, They'd visit all the cities and they'd come back in a year.

But while this talk was going on, all heedless of their chat, Smoking his pipe in his old arm chair plain Uncle Duncan sat. He thought of days when he was young, when he first took a wife, And started on his little farm to lead a married life, "All host," said he when they were done, "who ever heard such stuff? In my young days when folks were tied they thought they had enough. They'd have a dinner in the barn and dance out on the green, And have the merriest waddin' day that ever there was seen. And when at night the guests were gone they'd stay right in their home, They didn't go off on a tower, and o'er the country roam. They'd sit right down and laugh and talk, and cast away all fear. Instead of all yer high-toned wines they'd drink their home-brewed beer; But nowadays when people tire of living all alone They marry while they're boys and girls, and won't wait till they're grown. Each gal must have a silken dress an' yards of ribbon gay And laces, furbelows and frills for which her dad must pay, And brooches, ear-rings, chains, and pins and all sich other trash, And long false hair and bustles big that drain out all the cash, I wish that Sue'd take my advice, and let experience tell her Get tied as I did, save the cash, and boss that dandy feller."

A RURAL PATRIOT.

As he scrambled out of the pre-historic wagon and tied his antediluvian team to the hitching post with a section of beautifully frayed plough-line, you could see he had business on his mind.

When he pushed open the door and ambled dead straight for the editor's room at the far end of the office, it was evident that the business wouldn't wait.

He knocked down two rollers and a dead horse-bill form in one stride, swept a pile of pi off the stone with the butt end of his bull whip, tripped over the hell-box, and the next instant loomed up before the sanctum door like a pine stump in a quarter-acre clearing.

He looked as though Nature had thrown him together in chunks, and been called away to another job before dressing him off any; and when he started to talk it came out of him as if somebody was calling him a fool and a liar between sentences.

"I want ye to stop my paper, mister," he said, "that's what I'm here for to-day. It's bin thirteen y'ars since I signed fur it, but I stop right now. What's up! What rises me! Oh, I'll soon show ye. I ain't no man to go behind yer back an' kick. Look a-here! You writ this piece I reckon." He passed over a grease-streaked paper and pointed to a paragraph which ran:—

LAST WORDS.—Before another issue of the *Palladian* the people will have been called upon to select men to compose the county council. Let us all keep the right and true before us in voting. Let us lay aside all bickerings and local jealousies and unite for the good of our common county.

"That's my complaint, mister! That's what makes me bile over! 'Common county,' eh! Whar d'ye git yer common counties, if this is a specimen of the common brand? Pint me out a boss county, if this is sich an ornary one? Fetch along yer way-up counties, hein' as this is sich a low-down sample! Now, thar ain't no use'n ye makin' out fancy explanations 'n all that. Nor ye needn't worry yerself gettin' off 'pologies. Th' insult's struck me too hard. Ye've driv it clean into my gull. Why, man, this here county kin hold its own with any other in the hull Province. Yes, an' down the most of 'em, by gray! 'Common,' ye call it! I bin raise a bigger'n better crop o' grain on my place 'n any farmer in a hundred mile! Name yer 50-acre lot in some county as ain't common, an' fur weath I'll buck again it with any sort o' crop the s'ie raises. Yes, sir! An' you set here in yer seven-by-ten cabin an' fling yer

dirty slurs as if ye owned the hull country! The county's common, an' I'm common, an' my nayburs is common, an' everybody an' everything is common 'cept you and yer miserable little printin' ranche! Oh! yes, I know, I know! No offence war meant—jest a way o' talkin' like—never thought anybody'd talk it up this way—sorry I can't zactly comprehend! So'm I. But here's a y'ar's pay and it ain't due yet fur six weeks. Keep the balance fur yer kindness an' good opinion. I guess I kin stand the racket if you kin. No more palaver, now, if ye please! It won't go down with me. Mebbe some feller kin stomach it who ain't got no brains nor no gizzard. G'day!" TOLL.

TOPICAL TALK.

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN is reported to be on the war-path after all newspaper men and sports who have said anything in his disfavor, and who have armed themselves with revolvers and other lethal weapons. As Mr. Sullivan is not likely to visit Toronto I feel at liberty to repeat my opinion of him, which is that he is an unmitigated backbiter and a scoundrelly bully. Should he take it into his head, however, to drop down here, I think he is a most perfect gentleman and an honor to humanity.

IN two brief weeks—nay, in two weeks of the regulation length—spring, gentle spring, will be here, though it is mighty hard to believe that she is so near, as one looks out of the window and sees ice eighteen inches thick being hauled up from the bay. The "youthful journalist has already nibbed his pen and got himself ready to say something about "Winter lingering in the lap, etc.," and the young man with the heavily padded overcoat has commenced to reduce the padding by degrees, lest his friends should be started by his sudden apparent decrease in size and weight. For a sudden drop from a seeming 210 lbs. to 96½ is somewhat alarming. Hail! gentle spring.

I SHOULD very much like to see some invention in the shape of a handle on top of fur caps. It is really too ludicrous for anything to see a young man wildly grabbing the whole crown of his cap whenever he meets a lady and wishes to do the polite; moreover, a fellow is never certain that he won't clutch a handful of hair as well as the cap; and that's painful. I saw a gilded youth t'other day lift himself two feet off the sidewalk by his hair; and he didn't get his cap off after all. I'm a Women's Rights'r, I am, and I think women ought to doff their hats to us; to us, Lords of Creation. Wouldn't there be some funny sights if such were the fashion? Gee-whew! hair and all would come off in some—but pause, rash me; pause.

"ALTHOUGH Mr., or Mrs., or Miss So and So, is suffering with a severe cold, he or she has kindly consented to sing this evening." Now, don't you frequently hear the chairman at "literary and musical entertainments" make this excuse when introducing some singer whose name appears on the programme? Wouldn't it be much more sensible if Mr., or Mrs. or Miss So and So would kindly refrain from singing when suffering from influenza. It gives nobody any pleasure to listen to a gentleman, whose voice, when at its best, is a cross between the bray of an asthmatic mule and the strains of a steam callopie out of repair, roaring out "The Vi-hillage Bla-hack-umith," whilst laboring under a heavy cold. It is enough to make an auditor, with a delicate ear for music, crazy, and it would be ever so much kinder of those singers if they would stay at home and drink hot gruel, instead of "kindly consenting" to prepare their audience for admission to a lunatic asylum.