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The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Vers de Societe.**I.—THE ANTIQUATED BEAU.**

Well JACK, I saw you looking tender
Last night, at slim and pallid JANE,
And with strange cavy knew the splendor
Of youth and hope, in a sudden pain.
Queer that till forty I have heeded
So lightly how the seasons go,
That sight of your young love was needed
To make me feel an antiquated beau.

Your thrills translated me to twenty;—
The lights burned dimmer in the room;
Long faded roses grew in plenty,
I felt their fragrance, saw their bloom:
And NELLY—little jilt!—stood smiling,
A rose herself! how long ago!
That now I'm dead to so such beguiling,
Proves me an antiquated beau.

Then LILY with her golden tresses,
And eyes of most perplexing blue;
And MABEL—guide to wildernesses
Of fancy, sweet to wander through;
SYBIL with wooing looks—how many
Came back one moment to bestow
Their smiles, more lovely far than any
That greet an antiquated beau.

Fair visions all, balmorel skirted,
Enclosed in magic ring of hoops,
They moved—the girls with whom we flirted,
Their garments hanging down from loops—
Some serious move of JANE here rustles
Her silken folds—! I wake, and lo!
A world of girls sheathed close; no bustles;
And I an antiquated beau!

You standing there, a revelation—
The first—of youth no longer mine;
JANE straightly clad in imitation
Of narrow night-gowned saints divine;
Plumpness long vanished out of fashion,
Belles striving all their bones to show,
Æsthetic furniture a passion,
And I an antiquated beau!

JACK reach me down—I want her nearer—
That pictured girl in crino ine,—
Had she been true and hold me dearer,
How different my fate had been!
Young voices might proclaim me father,
And little footsteps come and go—
Well, had it been, perhaps I'd rather
Envy the antiquated beau!

BOZONI.

National Poetry.

"Does Canada furnish Material for National Poetry?" This question was debated

at a public meeting of the University Literary and Scientific Society last Friday night, and the public will no doubt be astonished and disgusted to learn that Prof. WILSON, who acted as chairman, gave his decision in the negative. The blame, however, must be altogether charged upon the young men who undertook to uphold the affirmative, for it is presumed the chairman decided strictly in accordance with the evidence. Now, what kind of arguers can those young collegians have been to allow such a question to be answered in the negative? Question? Why, there's no question about it, Canada furnishes more material for national poetry than could be hauled in one of the Grand Trunk drays. Look at the array of national poets Canada has, whose prolific muses feed on home made material exclusively. Where does our poet PLUMB gather his inspiration, for example? Are not his beautiful and touching sonnets all made of Canadian material? What about the beaver, the maple leaf, the Thousand Islands, the Falls of Niagara, the magnificent water stretches, the great Lone Land, the forest primæval, the Pacific railway Charter, the salary grab, the Ottawa aristocracy—do not these and thousands of other native institutions that might be enumerated furnish unlimited material for poetry? What could those young men have been thinking of? They deserve to be punished severely—and no more fitting punishment could be devised than to compel them to read all the native poetry that has been written.

Something like Fables.

BY BEZONI.

THE UNSUSPICIOUS RAT.

A Rat was seated on a large wooden Wedge, engaged in devouring the only piece of pork in a barrel, when another, enviously watching, exclaimed, "Take care of the thin edge of the wedge." The alarmed rodent hastily jumped off his support which was immediately seized by the other, who in comfort devoured the coveted morsel, while the dispossessed animal was drowned in the brine.

Moral: It is a great art in politics to do the wrong thing at the right season.

THE SAVAGE AND HIS DOGS.

A Grand Old Reforming Savage, who possessed a fine Bull-terrier and a large Newfoundland, each remarkable for his strength of jaw, attacked a neighboring Robber in his Castle, and, with the aid of his Dogs, secured much Spoil. Putting the Terrier in charge, with the Newfoundland as assistant, the Grand Old R. S. went fast asleep with one eye open. The Routed Foe took up a new position and by persistently yelling "Yah!" so much discomposed the mortified Newfoundland's nerves that he said he would go to Europe to recuperate his health. Taking advantage of his absence the enemy forced the Bull-terrier and his Master to leave the spoil, which they did with many protestations that the country was lost to a Nasty Plunderer. On the Newfoundland's return with his poor Nerves in good order he offered to lead a new attack, but the Bull-terrier refused to follow, and the Grand Old Savage indignantly stood on his head. Thus the enemy was left in possession of the Coveted Spoil which he profusely distributed to a pack of Jackals sworn to defend him.

Moral: When honest men fall out thieves come by their own.

THE STUDIOUS DONKEY.

A Studios Donkey discovered a plan for getting oats at the Public Crib, and com-

municated it to a wily old Roadster. The latter at once put it into practice, and while munching away with great pleasure, in company with so many of his comrades that the Studios Donkey was excluded from the crib, turned to the latter and thanked him with much effusion. "Keep your thanks," said the Studios Donkey, "and let me get my head into the crib." Whereupon the horses only laughed, and the impatient Donkey, too hungry to wait until a place was made for him, went off in search of a party from whom he might get gratitude for future favors.

Moral: Better wait the convenience of one's obliged friends than seek the sympathy of a heartless world.

THE INSECT, THE BULL AND THE BEAVER.

A British Insect, mounted on the top of a lofty Canadian Maple, saw an Industrious Beaver pass below, and began to revile him as a vile, National Native. The Beaver merely stopped to reply, "Coward! it is not I you revile, but the place on which I stand." After saying this he met a herd of British Bulls, to whom he told the adventure. The Bulls immediately accused him of high treason, whereupon the National Beaver stood on his tail and made a low obeisance, humbly protesting his loyalty to any country but his own.

Moral: The sentiments that may be safely uttered in private should not be told to the herd.

(Ask Mr. MACMASTER, if you don't believe it.)

THE BEAVERS AND THE BULL.

As some Beavers were constructing a dam to keep out the flood from their meadow, a Bull, who intended to hold possession of it when the work was done, set up a tremendous bellowing because a Hunter looked on their work. "He will annex the meadow and injure us all," roared the Bull, while the Beavers fearing to lose their skins silently plunged into their houses.

Moral. Those in dread of the worst injuries don't always make the loudest noise.

THE ORACLE.

In days of yore a mighty Mumbling was heard from the shrine of an Oracle, and Multitudes stood for years in expectation of some wonderful Utterance. At last, as rosy-fingered Aurora touched the world, the voice became distinct, and people were told that their salvation depended on initiating a scheme for compulsory minorities.

Moral. Some mountains don't even bring forth a mouse.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE SHEEP.

Some sheep in which two parties had a joint ownership, were accustomed to be fleeced by their proprietors during alternating periods. A Philosopher from Oxford passing by noticed that they had recently been sheared by one party, and was informed that they would be sheared by the other in the following year. "Rebel against both," he shouted in a fit of moral indignation, "and follow me." "No," answered the sheep. "these men fleece us with decency and skill and we know not what might happen if we passed into new hands. Our Shepherds are sure to want wool wherever we go." "Brutes, deserving of your fate," answered the angry Philosopher, "I will inform the Eagle of your whereabouts."

Moral. Better put up with the ills we can endure than follow advice that we can't.