



"So the world wags."

It is pretty near time to let up on Professor Wiggins. He is not the only man who ever get astray in his predictions, and perhaps it is just as well that his late prophecy did not turn out as a good many people expected it would. If this great storm had come to pass according to programme, the "I-told-you-so's" would not have been quite so jubilant, and the Professor would have gone on scaring people half to death, from which he will probably refrain in the future. It is really sad, however, that he has been the cause of so much anti-temperance conduct as the following poem would seem to imply:

WIGGINS AND THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went reeling out into the west
To watch for the storm as the sun went down;
Each muttered the oath that pleased him best,
And swore that Wiggins was fit to drown.
"For men can't work, though women may weep,
While Wiggins and Fate and the Tempest sleep,
And we'd like to keelhaul Wiggins!"

Three fishwives sat up in the lighthouse tower
Nursing their wrath as the sun went down;
Each vowed that Wiggins had stolen her dower,
Or pawned her furniture through the town.
"For idlers will drink, though their women weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep;
But we'd like to parboil Wiggins!"

Three wet grocers sat and counted their gains
And their empty kegs, as the sun went down—
They had got all the boats and nets and chains,
And every bedstead there was in town.
Said one: "Let's divvy with Wiggins—I think
We had ought ter pay him—in cradles or drink—
But good-bye to the bar till mornin'."

—N. Y. Sun.

Children are close observers as Bub's essay on the rabbit will testify. Without further preface, then, I will introduce

BUB'S ESSAY.

The rabbit winks with hiz nozean' sumtimes he duz it with such effek that the okko agertates wat little tale heze got lef. Rabbits haz got other funny trates besides, because heze got knoze en hiz hind legs reach from hiz toze to hiz elboze an' he sets on 'em more'n he duz on the furtherest end of 'em. Hiz ears iz stiffycats of hiz belongin' to the jackass family an' wen he sticks 'em up the stars begin ter git nervus an' move out ther way. Rabbits wares furs all the hull year an' wen they walk yude think the behind part or 'im wuz harder ter lift 'an a burow, but wen you tetch 'em of a litenin' bug coodent ketch 'im of yude giv 'im tu daze start. Rabbits is good ter eat ony if thares wimmin round you mustn't menshun onnythin' 'bout cats wile the bankwet is goin on.

It is a great pity that those chatterers at the theatre do not oftentimes meet with amerited rebuke from the actors they annoy so greatly, to say nothing of the nuisance they render themselves to the audience. Nearly every theatre-goer must have experienced, at some time or other, the great pleasure of having a party of giggling girls behind him, or an individual who hums every song that is being

performed on the stage, or the idiot, who tells what is going to happen next, and so on: Clayton's rebuke, as shown in the following anecdote was a just one and no one will wonder that, after receiving it, the disturbers

HELD THEIR PEACE.

Clayton, the actor, who is married to Boucicault's eldest daughter, while playing his great part of *Hugh Trevor*, in "All for Her," at Brighton, and when in his best scenes, was utterly knocked over by persistent loud talking in a stage box. Utterly unable to proceed, he at last went up to the box and said "Ladies and gentleman, I fear my performance interrupts your conversation. As soon as I can proceed without distressing you I shall resume my part." The speech was received with tremendous applause by the audience, amid cries of "Turn them out!" The box was mute. One gentleman sought to pick a quarrel with him afterward, but after a little conversation, thought better of it.



Manager Thompson has undertaken a Canadian tour of the Eichberg String Quartette. He announces the early appearance at the Pavilion of the Fay-Templeton Comic Opera Co. in "Olivette" and "Mascotte," to be followed by other first-class attractions. Mr. Thompson deserves praise for the energy he has shown in the management of the Pavilion, and the directors have cause to congratulate themselves on having secured his services.

Attention is called to an advertisement in another column respecting the Gilchrist Scholarship Examination, which takes place on the 18th of June next. Intending candidates would do well to bear in mind that their names and certificates *must* be sent in before the 1st of May, or they stand a good chance of having the fact brought home to them that though "better late than never" is a good maxim in some cases, it is one that will not hold good in this one.

HE CHOSE HIS PROFESSION.

"Horatio," said the wealthy broker, "it is high time you chose some profession. You are now twenty, and though I am able to support you, I am not willing to do so. You have had a liberal education—let me see, you were—how far had you advanced when you left College?" "In the First Reader, father," replied his son. "Hum," muttered his parent, "and I believe you still experience some difficulty in grappling with words of two syllables, though I have spent immense sums on you and engaged a very expensive private tutor for you. How would a military life suit you? You navae a pretty fair figure." "Father," answered Horatio, "a soldier may be called upon to fight: some of them is, and them as don't like fighting didn't ought to be soldiers, besides a man must master the multiplication table before he can rise." "True, true," said his father sadly, "that is so: you got as far as simple addition, did you not, Horatio?" "I did, father." "Twice three is—what, my son?" "Eight, father." The old gentleman stamped impatiently. "Think again, Horatio." The youth counted on his fingers, and at the end of a few minutes replied, "Six, father." "Ha! that is better; now let me see: you used to be very smart at out-

ting figures out of paper, and pasting them on the cat; how would you like to be an editor? If you had some one to tell you which pieces to cut out, I think you could paste them on a sheet of paper, could you not, Horatio?" "Oh! father, surely you cannot mean it," responded the young man. "Me as hasn't never yet been drunk—surely, father, you would not drive me to that." "Well, what can I make of you: you are next thing to an idiot and—stay, how would a bank clerk's position do for you? By watching carefully what your companions did you might in time become a cashier." "Father, I do want to remain in this country." "What's that got to do with it?" asked the old gentleman sharply. "Prison life would kill me, and America is vulgar." "I see your drift, Horatio, you are not altogether a fool; but what in Heaven's name can you be? You have, as I before remarked, a tolerable figure, the very smallest quantity of brains that any one not an absolute idiot can have, you are twenty years of age, ignorant as a hog, and without the vestige of an original idea in your head. You part your hair in the middle, wear stays and use scent, and if you can tell me what you are fit for I will trouble you to do it." "Father, I can. Let me be a Dude." "The very thing," yelled the excited parent, "the very thing; nature never made anything without having a use for it. Off you go. Thank heaven you have hit on something that none but the biggest fools that breathe the breath of life can be. Go, go and be a Dude."

And he do'd as he was told. This is a very funny article.

University of London.

Gilchrist Scholarship Examination.

Intending candidates are reminded that they should send in their names, accompanied by certificates of age and character, to this Department, on or before the 1st of May, 1883. The examination takes place

On Monday, 18th June, 1883.

Copies of the list of subjects in which candidates will be examined for the years 1883 and 1884 respectively, can be obtained on application to the Department.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Toronto, 16th March, 1883.

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Montreal, March 2nd, 1883.