



THE THREE DOGS AND THE BIG PUP.

A LESSON OMITTED FROM THE NEW FIRST READER.

For a great many years there lived in our land three dogs. These dogs were known as Ex-press Co.s, and their names were Am-er-i-can, Can-adi-an and Vick-ers. Queer names, were they not? The two first were always chained to each other, and it is said both were owned by the same man. Well, these dogs were very fat; they fed out of a big dish that was always full to the brim, and they would growl if any other dog dared to go near them. But, at last, a pup named Do-min-ion, came up and when they growled he only wagged his tail, as much as to say, I've come to help you feed on these good things, there is plenty for four. Then the dogs snapt at him and growled, but he went right in and took a big bone and ate it up. The three dogs were very mad and tried hard to boy-cott him, but it was no use. He had come to stay, and he slept in the same box-car with them and still eats out of the same dish. This little story shows that there is room in the world for us all, and there is no use for three dogs to bust with fat, when a fourth is by to help them eat.



Boucicault is at the Grand this week in a round of his fine Irish comedies.

Mr. Brandram's readings were most successful, and his return at an early date is promised.

Madame Albani is shortly to appear in concert, and the Hungarian Court Band is set down for an early date.

Great interest is felt in the coming performance by Mark Twain and George W. Cable, on the 8th and 9th. Crowded houses are a foregone conclusion.

WELCOME TO THE FATHER OF THE N.P.

Ye followers of this King of wits,  
To welcome him assemble;  
He hived the Grits, gave Mowat fits,  
And made the Yankees tremble,  
And groan in spirit when they see  
How rich we grow through his N.P.

His actions and his motives show  
The loftiest sense of honor,  
A Senator of Donohue,  
A Judge of John O'Connor  
He made, and then remember, ho  
Is father of the great N.P.

Yes! be your welcome warm and strong!  
He banished care and sorrow,  
And fetch the Indians along  
To welcome Old To-morrow;  
A grand old "medicine man," is he,  
The father of the great N.P.

Ontario's welcome to the Chief,  
Sincere should be and true;  
Did he not stop the litt'e thief,  
Who tried her lands to steal?  
'Twas for her benefit that he  
Conceived and bore the great N.P.

THE SCALPEL.

A LITTLE RAILWAY.

The people of the Dominion are bound by the Premier by many ties.—*Collingwood Enterprise*.  
That's so. Railway ties, you know.

WHAT ROOTS IT WHICH?

What the public of this great and opulent country needs to do is to come down flat-footed on the borrowing system.—*Lindsay Post*.  
Or how would it work to go ahead square-toed on the borrower?

KNOTTYCAL NOTE.

Capt. Joe. Ganley and fleet of fishing boats have returned to town for the winter.—*Collingwood Bulletin*.

Likely Capt. Joseph was on his farm; but what the fleet of fishing boats wanted out in the country is bothersome to fathom. Now, don't go and say they were attending Credit Sails!

SURVIVAL OF THE UNFITTEST.

An old circus man says unprofitable circus stock always die in winter quarters.

How can this be true? you ask, well, the clown, understand, never goes into winter quarters.

SO EXPLICIT, YOU KNOW!

A considerable number of incautions drinkers were before the Magistrate yesterday. They were generally of what might be called the drinking class.—*Globe*.

Well, well! Who would have thought it? As a rule, the drinkers who show up before the Colonel are distinguished representatives of the temperance class.

GETTING IT DOWN FINE.

From this time forward the aldermanic candidate will get in his fine work.

And some of them will go on doing so, whether elected or not. There's Brother Baxter, for instance. He's all the time getting in fine work—when the Police Magistrate is in want of a substitute.

THE SELFISHNESS OF THE NEWS.

Major Denison writes from the Nile with thermometer 110° in the shade that he is in good health.

But think what a state the poor thermometer must be in!

IT'S THE SALARY THAT CATCHES THEM.

Bismarck says the payment of members lengthens the Reichstag's session.

Bismarck is right. That is, if the Reichstag is like Canadian County Councils, and the members get so much a day.

ACCOUNTS FOR THE SLANDERS.

The less religion a story has about it the more religiously we are apt to listen to it.

This must be the theory the editor of the *Mail* depends on in his editorial sketches of leading political opponents.

BY ANY OTHER NAME.

The delicate white flower of the buckwheat is the fashionable flower at summer resorts, where it is sold by florists under a fanciful title.

But the delicate white flower of the buckwheat made into pan-cakes—well, you don't have to go to Summer resorts to find it fashionable.

COOL RECEPTION AVOIDED.

Cleveland will be invited to the Montreal Carnival. For sanitary reasons the defeated Republican candidate will not be asked. Don't want to superinduce a chill Blaine, as it were. It would be a cool reception, anyway.

HORRIBLY SUGGESTIVE.

One shaver and splitter, and three hands, an unhairing and fleshing.

When you read this far you throw down the paper and exclaim:—"By Jove! If here isn't some Injin chief going on the war-path, advertising for recruits!" You are relieved to find, on another cautious squint at the advt., that it is only a tannery man's call for help.

TOO LITERAL AN INTERPRETATION.

Rev. D. D. McLeod, of Barrie, will lecture here tonight. Subject: "Anything will do." A collection will be taken.—*Stayner Sun*.

And the lecturer, after he had counted up all the vest buttons, tobacco stamps and counterfeit half-dimes, said softly to himself, "there is such a thing as taking a man too much at his word. What my lecture wants is a new name."

A WARNING TO BUILDERS.

The newest thing in vases now is made of a lady's shoe, gilded and decorated.

There is a painful rumor to the effect that while workmen were engaged at gilding and decorating a Hamilton *belle's* shoe, the scaffolding gave way, precipitating the men to the ground beneath, with, it is feared, fatal consequences to some of them.

TRIALS OF A LITERARY MAN'S WIFE.

Oh! I'm the wife of a literary man, and a jolly good time have I;  
So jolly indeed, that many an hour have I sat me down to cry.  
That fellow's enough to worry a horse; he's a most peculiar man;  
He scowls at me when he wants to write if even I rattle a pan.

He sits down there in his easy chair, and he puts his pipe in his mouth,  
And then he proceeds to stare and frown, nor looks east, west, north, south,  
But enaught at his feet, and he tumbles his hair, and I merely ask him why  
He don't get up and cut some wood? You should see him then, oh, my!

You would think he'd snap my head right off, and he says "you should and ought,  
Leave me to do my literary work when you see I'm wrapped in thought."  
"Your work," says I, "if you call that work you've a precious easy time,  
What I call work is sawing wood; not hammering away at rhyme.