

ANTIQUITIES, CURIOSITIES AND VARIETIES.

LOANED TO THE MUSEUM LIBRARY BY THE ONTARIO
GOVERNMENT AND THE UNPAID CURIOSITY COL-
LECTORS OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

DODO bones and horn-ed frogs,
Croaking toads and five-legged dogs,
Brains of gnats and monkey's skulls,
Images of sacred bulls.
Aztec crocks and sky blue mules,
Scalping knives and rubbing tools;
Natural gas from Mimico,
Feathers of a snow-white crow.
Won't they come in crowds to stare
At this medley rich and rare?
Oh, had I the verbosity
To praise each curiosity,
There's no museum like it open anywhere.

Bain-ful emblems may be seen
Gleaming on a lurid screen,
British lion's twisted tail,
Yankee eagle made to quail.
Bones of traitors, every one
Slain by Col. Denison.
Halter twined by patriot's hand,
Which did *not* hang Charles Durand.
Boswell will boss well the show,
When the thronging myriads flow,
To view each curiosity,
Just fancy the atrocity
Of holding back the money which would make things go.

Mastodon and dolphin's fin,
Cheshire cat with broadest grin,
Chippawa squaws with painted faces,
Arrow heads and flint awl cases,
Relics wrested from the soil,
Ancient pots, which yet can Boyle;
Tomahawks of Indian braves,
Bones of dwellers in the caves.
If the public don't enthuse,
And will civic aid refuse,
A mere cursory inspection
Of this wonderful collection
Will convert a staunch opponent to more sympathetic views.

Straw-burned bricks from Babel's Tower
While away the weary hour,
Red pipe stones made up and crude
Portrait of a genuine dude.
(Not a peers-son) though high born,
Bear's tooth, stuffed snake, buffalo horn.
O'Sullivan smiles to see the crowd,
The Board at length may well be proud.
Space would fail to half repeat
The glories of this mental treat.
Do not fail to call and see 'em,
'Tis a marvellous museum.
Go early to avoid the rush that's sure to block the street.

THEN AND NOW.

THEN—(After the first ball.)

IT was perfectly delightful—such a lovely,
lovely time as I had! I do think Mrs. En-
tertainer is the most charming person I
ever met. I danced every single dance,
and enjoyed myself every instant of the
time.

"Such compliments as I got! Do
you know *some* of them say that *I* was
the *belle*—of course, that is all nonsense
(there were such beautiful ladies there,
and all of them so nice,) but I did have

a lovely time, and the gentlemen were very attentive to
me.

"The music was just elegant, and I never saw anything
like the lovely things they had to eat—and the flowers,



BUSINESS TACT.

EMILY—"What's that M in the middle of your name for,
Georgie?"

GEORGIE—"Oh, I don't care to say whether it is for Aunt Mary
or Aunt Matilda, for both have money and hate each other desper-
ately."

too, and—oh! just everything was magnificent. I
never knew before what it really is to live. O, I think
life is something just perfectly sweet! The gentlemen,
too, are just adorable. There wasn't one there that I
did not think nice."

Now—(Some years later.)

"Well, if I were Mrs. Entertainer, I should certainly
try to have things different, and in some kind of good
taste!

"It seems to me that she delights in inviting the most
horrid guests she can possibly think of. Did you notice
that Mrs. Chic? The idea of asking her! She always
ogles after the poor men until she carries them off by
main force. I think it is perfectly frightful! But you
cannot expect anything better of Mrs. Entertainer than
just to invite that style of person.

"Weren't the dresses all in awfully bad taste? Miss
De Pretty! Did *anyone* say that *she* was a *belle*? Good
gracious, what will foolish people say next? Why, she
is fading so rapidly—too bad the poor girl cannot find
some one who will marry her. Well, she's just as well off!
The men are the most horrid creatures, anyway. I
wouldn't marry one of them for the world.

"You don't mean to say that you really liked the
music? Why, they kept the most abominable time, I
thought. And now, between ourselves, did you ever sit
at such a supper? Mrs. Entertainer hasn't the most re-
mote idea of how to have things served nicely.

"N—o, I did not dance much. The floors were so
crowded that I just would not try to dance—and, any-
way, no one that does not act perfectly horrid, can get
any attention. You just have to put yourself right in the
men's way to be noticed at all—and if I cannot receive
attention without making myself so ridiculously conspicu-
ous, I shall not have any, for I simply *will not* be such
a goose—and I just hate the horrid men, anyway!

"I am sure I never attended such a shoddy ball.
From beginning to end the whole thing was in excrucia-
tingly bad taste."

ROLY ROWAN.