



"A Disturbing Speech."

GORDON B. (reads)—"He closed by an appeal to young Reformers constantly to look ahead to better things beyond, not being satisfied by the gain of single steps in advancement. Those who do are those who start in life as ardent Reformers, and, having attained what they began working for think perfection has been gained, and in middle life settle down as staunch Conservatives."

"Now, I wonder what he means by that?"

**That Safe Topic—The Weather.**  
*Scene.—King Street; Time.—Tuesday Afternoon.*  
*Dramatis Personæ.—*Editor Mail and editor Globe. They meet.  
*Ed. Mail.*—Beastly weather, isn't it?  
*Ed. Globe.*—Glorious, I call it! Good and gritty! Sort o' Northumberland and Carleton blizzard—makes you fellows bite the dust, hey?  
 Exit chuckling.



John Halifax, Gentleman.

"Is your port good, John?"  
 "Oh yes, sir, best Halifax winter port, sir."  
 "Got any ice?"  
 "Yes, sir. Mr. Hesslein has just got in some fresh from the West Indies, sir. Will you have the same, sir? Good evening, gentleman."

**Lay of the Maine Martyrs.**

Martyrs we've been sure enough,  
 Since e'er we left Toronto,  
 Hoisting in such wretched stuff,  
 In every den we've gone to,  
 Of course we know the Globe's to blame,  
 To send us thus to tackle  
 The vile intoxicants of Maine,  
 'Till we're both maniacal.  
 We travelled on, what did we reck!  
 We crossed the Piscataquis,  
 The Chescook and Kennebec,  
 To seek the haunts of Bacchus,  
 The Schoodic Lakes bring no relief,  
 No time for ease or languor!  
 Forward still (our time was brief)  
 To Belfast, Bath and Bangor.  
 We crossed Penobscot's fretful roll  
 And turbid Androscoggin,  
 We stopped at Eastport for a "bowl."  
 Just time to take our grog in,  
 We forded the Piscataqua,  
 The wild Passamaquoddy,  
 But could not get in all the way  
 A glass of decent toddy.

**How We Live Now.**

*Mamma.*—Why so fretful, Florence?  
*Florence.*—Too stormy to go to the Atheneum to hear Professor Tidleywiuk's paper on De-synonomization.  
*Mamma.*—Never mind. It will be all the same in a hundred years.  
*Florence.*—I am well aware, mamma, that identical quantities will undergo no differentiation in the course of the century.

**The Troublesome Dust!**

(AFTER THE BEAUTIFUL—YOU KNOW.)

Oh the dust, the troublesome dust,  
 Filling your eyes and ears at each gust,  
 In at the shop doors, down through the streets,  
 Painfully blinding the people it meets,  
 Blowing in clouds it goes whirling along,  
 Troublesome dust, not caring a song  
 For ladies' new bonnets, or new summer suits,  
 For light colored gloves, or neat fitting boots,  
 Troublesome dust, how it does fly around—  
 The greatest of nuisances just now 'tis found!  
 Oh the dust, the troublesome dust,  
 Making you swear till you're just fit to "bust,"  
 Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
 Playing the mischief with every one;  
 Caught by the wind and hurrying by  
 It flies in your face and gets into your eye;  
 And horses, half blind go by with a bound,  
 Enveloped in clouds that eddy around,  
 While people exclaim as they meet, "Why, oh why,  
 Are our streets left to get so confoundedly dry!"

**Domestic.**

It was quite late when Mr. Golitenham came home last evening; the children had been put in their little beds hours before by Mrs. Golitenham, who sat perusing the fashion articles in *Harper's Bazaar* by the fire. She gave one look of contemptuous disgust at Mr. G. as he entered, and again resumed her reading. "My dear," said Mr. Golitenham, purple in the face from repressing outward manifestations of one of his forthcoming jokes. "My dear, which theatre do you prefer going to, the Grand or the Royal?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. G., brightening up in fond anticipation.

"Which theatre do you prefer going to?" repeated Mr. G.

"Well, my love," said Mrs. G. smilingly, "I've not much choice, the play is what I look to. Of course in the Horticultural Gardens, it is different, for we could go early, you could enjoy a cigar before the entertainment, and the dear children could play around the grounds and see the pretty flowers; but of course it's too early yet for the Gardens. Well, love, when are you going to take us?"

"Well, my dear, I was thinking about taking (here Mr. G. burst into a roar of laughter) you about Dominion Day—Ha! ha! ho! ho!"

"Heartless beast!" said Mrs. G. bursting into tears, as Mr. Golitenham, chuckling, went up stairs to bed.



Lenton.

*Pretty Niece.*—Oh! Auntie Mary, I am so bewildered; do help me to select a costume for the masquerade ball. I want something simple, yet striking and novel.

*Aunt Mary* (who is a dreadful tease).—Well, dear, if you want something simple and yet novel, suppose you go as "Lent." Take your prayer book in your hand, a fish under each arm, and the costume will be complete.

Pretty niece pouts and decides to select a costume herself.

**Toronto Girlhood.**

Thumb-nail Sketches by Grip's Poet-Philosopher.

No. 1.—AFTER WORDSWORTH.

She never "beamed upon my sight,"  
 We two are unacquainted quite,  
 Yet I can tell you to a "T"  
 Just what a style of girl she is.  
 Describing with the utmost rigour  
 Soul, body, buttons, face and figure,  
 Of this our unfair Rosamond  
 Abiding in the street of Bond.  
 Well then, to do my modest duty,  
 She is a sort of *l'ipso* beauty,  
 From whose slim, supple, slyph-like shape  
 No "pound of flesh" could shylock scrape,  
 From whose bright eyes, that sometimes soften,  
 An angel looks, an imp more often;  
 Her hair is glossy brown and hangs  
 About her noble brow in bangs.  
 'Tis braided quite too lovely, just!  
 And all to pieces frizzed and fussed.  
 She wears a dress of gold-green lustre,  
 A hat with rose buds in a cluster,  
 And would you give a glance discreet  
 At bright hued hose, well-booted feet,  
 Observe her any eventide,  
 On King street, at the Dollar side.

C. P. M.