

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. Postal Card Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Foolscap Size \$4.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. Agents wanted in every Town. Next Door Post Office, Toronto. BENGOUGH BROS., Agents.

JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM.



PADDY'S LAND BILL.

PADDY.—Shure they say this'll cure me intoirely, av I take it accordin' to the docthor's orthers. It'll calm down me narves an' make me disposition peaceful, an' bedad that's jist f'what I don't want!



HANKERING AFTER SANDWICHES.

JONATHAN.—"I'd like to 'annex' that colored person's property!"

Love Letter Writing Under Difficulties Continued.

When I received your note, my lass,
The night afore yestreen,
I quickly flew and lit the gas,
And on it placed my en;
But sad was I when I beheld,
The strain in which you wrote
To weep, it often me compelled,
My heart was in my throat.

Ye really think I ha'e gane gzie!
Fie Lizzie, fie for shame!
It's bad in you to think me quite
As much as that to blame.
I never thocht that you would try,
Tae quench the flame o' love,
Within my breast, since I wad die,
For you, my bonnie dove.

But let me read a few lines mair,
Ye'll maybe change your tune,
An' ease my heart, noo sad an' snair,
As I get farther doon.
That's better! Ah, that's better lass!
Your like yoursel' again.
I'll let the first twa verses pass,
My doo, my duck, my hen!

When'er I read them ower I'll say,
Ye wrote them jist for fun,
Tae mak' the saut and burnin' tears,
Adoon my cheeks tae run.
And then brocht in the horrid strain,
Tae chase my grief awa',
Tae ease my heart frae pang's o' pain,
An' dry the tears that fa'.

You'll fin' my photograph enclosed,
An' tae the life it's true,
My cheeks through being much exposed,
Have caught the rose's hue.
My brow is as the lily white,
An' azure is my e'e.
Each feature you'll remember quite
As this bit card you see.

I haena muckle changed, my dear,
Since last you saw my face,
Afore you left this city here,
For that far distant place.
I've grown mair manly tae view;
My love for you mair strong;
The fair moustache about my mou',
Mair beautifu' an' lang.

My love, I here may tell you, Liz,
Is tender, strong, an' true,
Tis burnin' as Mount Etna is.
Like it, 'twill ne'er be through.
Though some's love is like powder's flame,
A flash, and then 'tis o'er,
My love is evermore the same,
The same for ever more.
Sae noo my bonnie, sonsie lass,
I ask you in this rhyme—
And things hae cam' tae sic' a pass,
I ask for the last time—

If you will leave your parents dear,
An' cast your lot wi' me?
You wad my sad heart daily cheer,
An' I wad comfort thee.

Noo write me by return o' mail
An' say that you'll mine.
The happy tidings will I hail,
Wi' joy my face shall shine!
I'll wait wi' patience till I hear,
What you hae got tae say,
In answer tae this screed, my dear
Your own true lover

LIZZIE'S REPLY NUMBER TWO.

Rap tap, rap tap upon the door,
I heard the postman's knock.
And quickly skipped across the floor
An' turned the willing lock.
He placed a letter in my han',
The seal I broke wi' speed;
I gied the signature a scan,
An' syne began tae read.

An' when I read it line by line,
I started it anew,
The words tae me seemed mair divine,
Each time as I got through.
An' thus I've learned it a' by heart,
An' dailly will repeat,
The words that could such joy impart
Are mair than honey sweet.

An' may Venus me inquire,
While here I mak' reply,
This is my deep, heartfelt desire,
My earnest prayer an' cry.
May she inspire the words I write,
As well she can I know,
An' humble thanks I will indite
To her, for doing so.

Your photograph I dearly love,
It's very nice indeed;
Your very thoughts come tae my voice,
As I each feature read;
Your mou' still wears the wining smile,
Your e'e the loving leer,
Not even a single trace o' gulle,
About you doth appear.

'Tis true ye have a manlier look,
Than when I saw you last,
Within you sweetly shaded nook,
Where Catman's barn flows past.
Where aft as e'en our wreaths we wove
O' blue and heather bells,
When each kiss was a treasure trove,
And love was magic spells.

I'm glad tae hear your love is strong,
And evermore the same,
As your love, so shall mine be—long.
I scorn a fitful flame
That burns as doth the noon-day sun,
An' cools doon in a trice,
Afore its rays hae richt begun,
Such love were best named vice.

And as ye ask me tae become
Your ain leal, loving wife,
Throughout the years that are tae sun
Up oor bit spell o' life.
I'm willing tae be joined tae you,
Your happiness tae share,
Oor griefs an' pains will then be few,
Love lichtsens every care.

I'll leave this place to-morrow week,
I'll leave my parents dear,
Oor tales o' love we then can speak,
Into eachither's ear.
A motto I will keep my lad,
Inscribed upon my heart,
And should I e'er be dull or sad,
Much comfort twice impart.

'Tis this, "United we shall stand,
As rocky mountains sure,
But minus matrimonial band,
We cannot long endure."
Make this your motto too, dear A.,
And we shall happy be,
Meantime that's all I've got to say,
Yours ever,
L. E. G.



TENDERS.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Port Credit Lighthouse," will be received at Ottawa, up to the fifth September next, for the construction of a Timber Block, surmounted by a wooden Lighthouse Tower, at the outer end of the north break-water pier at Port Credit, County of Peel, Ontario.
Plans and Specifications can be seen, and forms of tender procured by intending contractors, at this Department, here, and at the office of the Collector of Customs, Port Credit, at the Steamboat Inspector's Office, Toronto.
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque of a Canadian Bank, equal to five per cent. on the whole amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

WM. SMITH,
Deputy of the Minister
of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1881.