



THE NEW BEAST OF BURDEN ;  
OR, MANITOBA'S DEFIANCE TO RAILWAY MONOPOLY.



Great interest is felt in the forthcoming performances by Miss Florence Marryat, the well-known novelist. For particulars see daily papers.

Joseph Murphy is the star at the Grand this week, and if anybody doubts our statement on the occasion of his last visit, that he is as great a comedian as Boucicault, let that sceptical person go and see him just once. Our own private opinion is that Joe is away ahead of Dion.

Mr. J. L. Morrison amused and instructed a large audience in the Lecture Room of Jarvis-street Church on Tuesday evening, with his unique lecture on Ireland, the subject being illustrated with lime-light views. Mr. Morrison is now voted a success on the lecture platform; his popularity as a reader has been long established.

The Concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society at the Pavilion on Monday evening was a great success. This Society can always be depended upon for a first-class programme, and on this occasion such was furnished by the representative singers of Toronto.

At Convocation Hall, University, a series of first-class entertainments is to be given under the auspices of the University Society. The first Lectures, by Professor Proctor, the famous astronomer, will be given on Monday, the 24th, and Tuesday, 25th. On Friday evening, November 28th, Mr. Samuel Brandram, M. A., the English Elocutionist, will give his first recital in Canada, and on Saturday afternoon will give the play of "Macbeth." Mr. Brandram is spoken of very highly by the London Times, and other competent critics.

**A DEAD CUT.**

Wilkins has just returned from a duck-shooting expedition up the North Shore. Yesterday Jackson met him hurrying along with a fine brace in his hand, and asked him where he was off to.

"I'm taking these over to Jones. Between ourselves, I'm just paying the fellow off for the cut he gave me the other day—a dead cut, too!"

"Good for evil, eh? Coals of fire, and all that sort of thing?"

"No; you're wrong. Another motive altogether actuates Me."

"Well, you are a queer fellow, Wilkins, anyway. But if a man would give me the dead cut, I'd pay him off in a different way. What is your motive, might I ask?"

"To appreciate it, Jackson, you will first have to understand that the cut was a cut of venison, and—"

But Jackson wouldn't wait for any more of the explanation.

**JACK STANDAWAY'S COURTSHIP.**

(With due respects to Longfellow's little poem.)

JACK STANDAWAY.

Down by the banks of the Thames, exactly where doesn't matter,  
Jack Standaway lived all alone, in a rough-looking, rustic log cabin.  
Painted it was well with lime, and white as the face of the city girl.  
Clad in a blue jean smock, with top boots of brown-looking cowhide,  
Jack Standaway stood in the door, his hands deeply sunk in his pockets;  
Swarthy and gaugled his face, and slightly confused wero his thick locks.  
"A young sailor bold" had he been on board an American schooner,  
And knew how to strike a bee line from Kalamazoo down to Kingston.  
Long did he stand in the door, and oft went his hand to his forehead,  
As if, like the quid in his mouth, some thought through his brain was revolving.  
At length he struck out for the road, for there was old Isaac McKetcher,  
Reclining against the rail fence and snioking a black-looking clay pipe.  
A sly-looking cuss was this Ike, and darned hard to beat on a horse trade;  
Soft flowed the speech from his tongue as the smoke that went up from his clay pipe.  
Well was he known in the place, with the widows a general favorite.  
Three had he laid beneath the grass, and 'twas said he'd soon have another.  
To him then did have Jack resort in this hour of his deep tribulation.  
Saying "Isaac McKetcher, old boy! won't you stand by a friend in his trouble?"  
Long have I thought to myself of shipping another new messmate.  
For weary and lonely I've been since the last one slipp'd her cable;  
But useless indeed is my tongue when it comes to hailin' a woman,  
For she that lies over the way somehow put me out of the habit.  
Now there's the widdler McVee, a sort of a trim-looking critter,  
Pretty well fixed as for ballast, at least so the common report is;  
Now, you can so well use the tongue, sling some sentiment into the matter,  
Just as you'd do for yourself." Then answered cute Isaac McKetcher,

Removing his little black pipe and taking a chew of Virginia,  
"Whereas, inasmuch as you say your own tongue is not very supple,  
I'll do all the little I can and report here by this time to-morrow."

THE MISSION.

Jack Standaway stood all alone in the door of his rustic log cabin,  
Sprinkling the grass all around with the juice of the genuine Navy,  
Anxiously waiting he was to hear the success of the mission;  
Along came old Isaac at length and began to narrate the encounter;  
Fine was he spinning it out, as fine as a platinum wire,  
How he addressed her at first with a word on the state of the weather,  
Now and then throwing in an odd hint, how uncommonly well she was looking.  
Till weary with waiting was Jack, and thus he impatiently broke in—  
"Stand by there! friend Isaac McKetcher, and never you mind overhaulin',  
Take in yer wind a few points and let me know how you succeeded;  
Is she agreed for the splico, that is the point that I m hearin' for?"  
Then answered cuto Isaac McKetcher, "Agreeable truly she is, sir,  
Go you over there on the morrow and settle the bargain between ye.  
Then answered the fortunate Jack, the fearless lake navigator,  
"I never was no use to talk when it come to hailin' a woman,  
For she that lies over the way some how put me out of the habit.  
You have succeeded so well you might as well do the remainder,  
And as for mainin' the day toll her the sooner the quicker."

THE MARRIAGE.

Jack Standaway stood by the gate in front of his rustic log cabin,  
Nervously rubbing his nose, for exceedingly troubled his brain was.  
Beside him upon the rail fence sat the smooth-tongued but faithful McKetcher.  
Well had his mission succeeded, to-morrow the day was appointed,  
When for better or worse brave Jack would no longer be single.  
And thus as he stood by the gate his brain was exceedingly troubled.  
"Isaac McKetcher, old boy!" at length spoke the put-about sailor,  
"Well have you taken your part, and strict have you been in reportin'?"  
But now heave ahead is the word and some how or other I'm shiver'd;  
I never was novice to talk when it come to hailin' a woman.  
"Ay, ay, sir," did first rate on board to answer the call of the bo'sun,  
But smooth flows the words from your tongue as the waters that go through the Welland.  
Attend to the preacher, old boy, there are't no use in me goin';  
Tell him you'll take her for me and that'll save me any trouble."  
Bright smiled the sun the next morn and bright was the face of the widow;  
Sweet was the voice of the bird and sweet was the voice of McKetcher,  
As up the long lane to the church they hurried to bind up the bargain.  
Boldly the widow stood up, and firm'y Isaac he answered,  
But not for old Jack—O dear no. You can't do this business by proxy.

NICHOLAS DUPLEX.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

BY PROF. CODFISH (COLORED).

Q. JOHNNY PERKINS—Is base-ball plane a professin'?

A. Deah John. Yass—it am one ob de ol-learned professhins.

Q. MICHAEL MACCOON—Will you oblige me by stating the distance from Jupiter to Venus?

A. Friend Mike—You doan' say wedder you wishes to go by de Chicago and Norfwesten or de Albert Lea route. Howebber de astronomy editor am sellin' peanuts fo' a vocation at present, but we tink we may safely say it is no furder dan it uster bo. (See Codfish on Comets, vol. 16.)

ULYSSES PENIVIPER—What is a bicycle?

A. De Biceckle am a velocopedular perpendicular \$75, nickle-plated revolutionary perilous problem, wherr of de periffery by de compac' ob de contortionary cyclone describes a conterminous concentrated corkscrew—in