

We would also like to direct the attention of the gallant 65th to the flagrant outrage upon their dignity which has been committed by their townsman, Mr. Beaugrand. Perhaps they haven't noticed that Beaugrand has modelled his new paper, in name, size and style after the *Toronto News*, the organ of the unspeakable Sheppard! Up, Guards, and at him!



#### PROPOSED NEW UNIFORM

FOR THE 9TH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK, TO COMMEMORATE THE FACT THAT THE YANKEE VOLUNTEER GOT AWAY WITH THE THISTLE.

#### LITERARY NEWS.

Wordsworth, the author, is known by every child as the poet who wrote, "We are Seven," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." —*Educational Journal*.

WELL, yes, every child—that is, every young child—may be laboring under the impression that Wordsworth wrote "The Wreck of the Hesperus," but we highly educated, grown up folks know well enough that the author's name was Longfellow.

#### NEW CANADIAN POEM.

MRS. CURZON's book of poems, long looked for by her friends in Toronto, has at last appeared from the press of C. Blackett Robinson. The printer has done the lady honor; nothing tidier could be wished for in the way of typography or binding. The leading feature of the contents is a drama founded on the life of the celebrated Canadian heroine of 1812, Mrs. Laura Secord. This

theme Mrs. Curzon has treated worthily, her fine poetic instinct being evidently inspired by an almost personal love. The other poems in the volume range from grave to gay, and all are dainty works of art. We hope this latest addition to our native literature will be as widely appreciated as its merits deserve.

#### THE WRONG BIRD.

MR. SWAN, the grocer, having, with mad impetuosity, sold more than twelve pounds of sugar for a dollar, has been cut off as a reprobate by the wholesale grocers trade, in accordance with their boycott scheme. They refuse to sell him anything at all. Mr. Swan proposes to sue these high and mighty wholesalers for conspiracy. It appears to us he has a splendid case under Canadian law, and it is certain he will have the entire sympathy of the public in his fight against monopoly. The grocers' guild will find out that there is a big difference between a goose and a Swan.

#### THE KING STREET EXPLOSION.

OUR Own Investigator assures us that, after careful inspection, he is satisfied that the explosion at Messrs. Hime & Co.'s and *The World* office on King Street was not caused either by gasoline or sewer gas. He has found out exactly what *did* cause the blow up. On searching around in the rear of the premises he discovered that the editor of the *World* (whose office was in the damaged building) had been in the habit of throwing out old copy in the back lane. Amongst this there was a very large proportion of anti-Commercial Union rubbish, which as readers of the *World* are aware, was fairly surcharged with a malignant sort of gas. How this became ignited is still a mystery, but Our Own Investigator's theory is that the anti-Prohibition editor perhaps inadvertently put his head out of the back window, and the reflection from his nose did the business.

#### REASSURING.

A ST. THOMAS paper, referring to the approaching marriage of Miss Brownlow, Maid-of-Honor to the Queen, and the customary present of £1000 on such occasions, says:—

"This will be the second \$5,000 within six months, as Miss Brownlow's predecessor, Miss O'Koever, whose postponed marriage with Sir Andrew Barclay Walker is really to take place next month, was given that amount when she resigned in consequence of her engagement.

"Another turret ship, exactly like her and of her dimensions, is building at Pembroke, to be called the Nile."

The latter paragraph is reassuring, though somewhat vague, as neither the photograph nor "dimensions" of Miss Brownlow are given. It is pleasant, however, to know that the sentiment of the old sailing days, when the sailor compared his sweetheart to his ship, has not vanished—since even the Admiralty are building an ironclad "exactly like" a Maid-of-Honor. And we rejoice to have the assurance that, although the "Brownlow" and the "O'Koever" have "gone out of commission" immediately after their first "engagements," Her Majesty will not be left quite without a convoy.

Let us hope that the new Ironclad-of-Honor—we mean the new Maid-of-War—but there—we give it up!