

## Nursery Rhymes.

BIG BOO-HOO.

Big Ned Haitch  
Thrashed Johnny Ross  
And made him sing—  
Boo-hoo.

John ran right off  
To the D. T. shop,  
And cried again—  
Boo-hoo.

And the thunder man  
In the D. T. shop  
Said, Why do you cry?  
Boo-hoo.

So, Johnny told—  
That big Ned Haitch  
Had made him sing—  
Boo-hoo.

And the men in the "Queen's"  
Who saw the sight,  
Said, it served him right,  
The Big Boo-hoo.

Then the thunder man  
Took out his quill,  
And slandered the man  
That made his "boy"  
Boo-hoo.

And the people said,  
'Twas a cowardly thing—  
And worthy of  
Boo-hoo.

To slander through  
His filthy rag,  
The man whom he couldnt make  
Boo-hoo.

And they also said,  
That if they were them,  
That is, newspaper men,  
They'd "cut" Boo-hoo.

And the newspaper men  
Said, they never knew,  
Nor meant to know  
The Big Boo-hoo.

For printer's ink  
Was never made  
To do such dirty work,  
And no man would  
Defile it so—except  
The Big Boo-hoo.

## To Correspondents.

N. B.—A correspondent writes to ask us whether any other business is transacted in the Office of the Inspector of Licenses besides the legitimate routine of duty assigned to that functionary, and whether it is customary to have the Office door locked during business hours. In reply, we have to state, that we are not in the custom of peeping thro' key-holes or cracks in the door, otherwise we might be in a position to answer the question.

INQUIRER.—There is no truth in the report that the *Leader* published a sensible article. The thrin question was copied from a cotemporary *and the Glob.*

## Commercial.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

Cash is shy, and lenders are bashful. The demands for loans are brisk, and refusals flatter than ever. Bills are not in request, but acceptors are eagerly sought after.

## Smiles.

What is the difference between a baby and a great coat?—One you was, and the other you wear.

Why is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Because it makes the *car-go*.

HOW TO WORK ON A WOMAN'S FEELINGS.—Give her a Sewing Machine.

THE WAY TO TREAT A WIFE is to treat her to a new dress.

Why should a chimney sweeper be a good whist player?—Because he always follows suit.

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning.—Because he is *let out* at night and *taken in*, in the morning.

HOW TO TAKE THE CENSUS OF THE CHILDREN OF A NEIGHBORHOOD.—Employ one organ grinder for five minutes.

A REGULAR BRICK.—In New York a maiden lady has left all her property for the purpose of building a church, on condition that her body and bones be made into mortar in which to lay the corner stone. In time she will become an old brick.

Two Irishmen in a smart engagement were gallantly standing by their gun, firing in quick succession, when one, touching the piece, noticed it was very hot. "Arrah, Mike," said he, the cannon is getting very hot; we'd better stop firin' a little, "Divil a bit," replied Mike; just dips the cartridges into the river afore yees load an kape if cool."

Negro Conundrums.—"See here, Gumbo, why am you like a blackguard?"

"Nebber guess dat in the worl, coz I aint, you black fool."

"You is, honey, coz you watches Master Jims store—and you's not a berry white guard, dat's sartin! Yah, ha, ha?"

"Now, Pete dat am berry surprisin', and comblificating to calculate—but, nigger, why is you like a gent'em! Deh, dat stumps him!"

"Bress my soul, Grumbo, I nobber think of dat—gobs her up."

"Yah, yah! so does I, sensible as I is, been thinkin' of it free days, and am furdur off dan I was at de start!"

A NEGRO DISCUSSION ABOUT EGGS.—In the fairest village of Western New York, the "culled pssons," in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed the duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was, "Which am the mudder ob de chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?" The question was warmly debated, and many reasons *pro* and *con* were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect, "Spose," said he, "dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch; which am de mudder, de duck or de hen?" This was a poser, was well put, and nonplussed the other side, even staggering the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool for a few minutes, a bright idea struck him, rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced, "Ducks are not before the house!" And do it he did, to the complete overthrow of the opponents.

## PROLOGUE

Spoken at an exhibition of operatic music, on the occasion of the breaking up of a celebrated ladies' school, for the holidays, in the west end.

When Greece and Rome, their ancient sceptres sway'd,

To ev'ry art were honors duly paid;  
Thus music and the poet's sister, art,  
Shar'd each its meed, and equally a part;  
Sculpture and painting also were combin'd  
To mould the taste and elevate mankind;  
Anon, to lash the follies of the age,  
The moralist employ'd betimes the stage;  
The praise of virtue, of the wise and good  
Was there dealt out as wholesome mental food,  
And shall we here, in modern days ignore  
What rais'd the moral tone so long before?  
Forbid that we, tho' styl'd the gentler sex,  
Should be bound down by such a foolish lex,  
E'en tho' the learned pundits of our school  
Should make us learn to live and laugh by rule!  
For, when the bow's unbent and tasks are done,  
There's no offence in harmless sport or fun;  
We, o'er our lessons with more zest shall pore,  
After a half-hour spent with Terpsicore,  
With music then, and her sweet sister, song,  
Let's cheat the moments as they fly along,  
Beguile an hour with laughter-loving play,  
For after all—"were creatures of a day!"  
And while we court the critics gentle rule,  
No cynic shall have entry to our school,  
We give him warning! should he cross our door,  
We'll nail him with our hair-pins to the floor!  
For aye condemn him to the worst of fate,  
Never to enter the United State!

## Retrenchment.

On dit that John Sandfield McDonald has promulgated orders to the effect that in future government clerks shall neither dot their *t's* nor cross their *t's*. By this means a large saving of ink will be effected—and a consequent saving of the public moneys. Ontario's safe!

THE CART BEFORE THE ASS.—A man advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to enclose her *carte de visite*. A spirited young lady replied as follows:—"Sir,—I do not enclose my *carte*, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

ALAS! We must all dye—as the grizzled matron said to her nine carrotty headed daughters after an unsuccessful season.

## Special Notices.

We would recommend parties desirous of purchasing Single or Double Harness, Collars, Horse-clothing, Whips, &c., to give our friend, John Elliott, a call. His establishment is on Nelson Street, in the Commercial Hotel Buildings, a few doors North of King Street, where he will be found on all business days, serving in a gentlemanly manner all those who may patronise him. His first-class or common goods cannot be excelled for cheapness or durability. Horse-collars being his particular *forte*, we feel satisfied that he can make a sure fit, and please his patrons. By all means, see him.

If you want to invest in a cheap and fashionable Set of Furs of the best kind, we would advise you to call and examine the large stock of Mr. C. K. Roger's, 133 King street east. He manufactures from such furs as these: Mink, Martin, Sable, Fitch, Ermine, Otter, Beaver, South sea Seal, &c., also deals in Robes of Bear, Wolf, Fox, Raccoon and Buffalo, all of which he is determined sell off, and at a price that no other house in this city can compete with. Before purchasing elsewhere, go and examine his goods, and we feel assured that you will give us the credit of directing you to the right place. Remember—C. K. Rogers, 133 King St. East.