



A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION TO MR. NORQUAY.

THE ITINERANT INTERVIEWER.

Perhaps nothing is more humiliating to a man of the world than his voluntary confession of having been sharpened; candour, however, compels me to acknowledge the fact. The antiquated stranger your itinerant commissioner interviewed last week was evidently a fraud; his assertion that he had shot bears and Indians sixty years ago on what is now the Esplanade, I am convinced was nothing more than an alluring fiction. This conviction, however, is exceedingly painful to my feelings, for my heart yearned towards that apparently guileless and simple-minded veteran, nor do I so much regret the wealth disbursed—for who could see a man of eighty-four athirst without alleviating an affliction to which our common humanity is so universally subject. No, sir! it is not a question of filthy lucre, for money is neither here nor there with me; but I do regret my being compelled to disillusionize the minds of your many thousand readers whose sympathies may have been excited in his behalf. If any contributions have been sent to your office for his benefit, and you will forward them to me, I will endeavor to find him at the same place where I made his acquaintance for the first time.

The next subject in my professional itinerary is not only a coat of another color, but a petticoat to boot.—in fact a lady. Just as the impecunious loafer loiters with longing look at the money exchanger's offices, so the hungry poet patrols the matutinal market and feasts his eyes on luscious specimens of "Brisket," "Round" and "Porter-house."

The other morning, while revelling in this carnal display, my attention was directed to a lady whose manner of fixing the vendors of meat was a caution, rejecting this, and selecting that, bargaining, disputing, but always negotiating to her own advantage, she at length left the market with such a triumphant look of having done it that my curiosity prompted me to address her as a fit subject for the interviewer.

"Madam," said I, in my usual suave manner, (which is almost irresistible), "is meat dear this morning?"

"It's never dear," said she, "when you know how to get it cheap—but you are very inquisitive—are you a newspaper man?"

Oh! how my heart glowed to be taken, or rather *mis*-taken, for one of that noble band. "Madam," said I, "your questioner is but a poor poet, but he does occasionally write for the newspapers."

"Then," said she, "come and view my establishment! I am a boarding-house keeper, and if you will give me a 'puff' in the 'Tele,' I shall be grateful."

"Madam," said I, "lead on! I will give you a puff anywhere."

I found the establishment a very pattern of neatness. A young lady, the daughter of my conductress, and to whom I was introduced, was practising at the piano, after which introduction your interviewer proceeded to business in the usual way:—

Ques.—In supplying this very long table in your dining-room, can you make both ends 'meat'?

Ans.—Taxes, coals and lumber come heavy, but still I do pretty well.

Ques.—Do you find any difficulty in supplying square meals from a round of beef?

Ans.—I never buy rounds, but the boys always get a square meal.

Ques.—May I ask you if the matutinal steak is eaten before beaten, or *vice versa*?

Ans.—I think beating makes it tenderer, except the bone.

Ques.—You sometimes purchase poultry now, when you buy your goose, do you always think of it's age?

Ans.—I always season them up, it makes 'em tasty.

Ques.—Now does sauce for the goose ever necessitate saws for the gander?

Ans.—I think the male bird wants quite as much sauce and longer cooking.

Just at this moment the young lady at the piano exclaimed, "Mare! sing the gentleman the song you wrote; you would not think 'Mare' could write poetry, would you, sir?"

"Madam," said I, "humble hands have twanged the extatic lyre, and the divine afflu—"

"Tush!" said the young lady, "that's too tall; sing 'Mare,' can you sing, sir?"

"Madam," said I, "I had an excellent voice, but it was accidentally broken by a fall in Western Stock!"

"I am afraid the gentleman will laugh," said the lady.

"Madam! it is the poet's delight to foster—"

THE SONG OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER.

Oh! for the life of a boarding-house,
When health is good and the boys are gay,
Each night I indulge in a mild carouse,
For my beds are full, and my boarders pay—
They've lots to eat

Of hash and meat—
Who stints her boarders I call a cheat!
I buy the cheapest meat in town,
And season it up or salt it down,
And if it turns green I singe it brown:
And all the boarders exclaim, you know,
Say, "doesn't she make it tasty, O."

A queen may sit on her gilded throne,
And try to rule a divided state,
But here the empire is all my own,
I rule the boys with a teeming plate—
Their taste I woo

With wholesome stew—
Who stints her boys is a wretched screw!
And in the winter I always try
To keep them warm without taking "rye,"
By giving them lard and mustard pie;
And all my boarders exclaim, you know,
Say, "doesn't she make it tasty, O."

After another song from the young lady at the piano, "All the blue bonnets go over the boarder!" your interviewer took his leave.

R. C.

A NIGHT IDYLL.

Bow! wow! wow! how-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow!
How calmly the moon shines down (she wouldn't if she heard the row);
The city is hushed and still; on the street not a sound is heard,
Save the bow-wow-wow of that dog, chained up in the next-door yard.

All through the long hours of the night he has howled and howled,
While the neighbors profane they swore, and the neighbors devout they growled
As they turned and turned again in their vain attempts to sleep,
And it's oh! for a string and a stone, and a pond fifty fathoms deep!

Bark-bark-bark! how-wow-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow!
And the town clock it strikes two, oh! surely he'll shut up now;
Every bone in my body aches, my head is as heavy as lead;
Surely the folks who own that dog must be deaf or drunk or dead.

One! two! three! and my weary eyes I close,
But nary a wink of sleep, no siree! not if he knows.
He has barked, bow-wowled, and yelped, he has howled
and yowled and whined,
And there's nothing left me now but to try and be resigned.

Four o'clock, and there is the sun coming up o'er the eastern wold,
Grinning all over his face at the way we are nightly sold.
"Strychnine," "rough-on-rats," "seven-shooters," such thoughts my devotions retard;
Sure it is the arch tempter himself, shut up in the next door yard!

A DISTINGUISHED OUBAN.

Amongst the toilers who contribute to make the nineteenth century a luxurious one to live in we must give a prominent place to the makers of cigars, and away up on the top shelf in this department of the world's work stands Davis, of Montreal, the manufacturer of that fragrant "weed" known as the *El Padre*. If our maiden aunt could only be persuaded to try one of these sublime soothers, we would hear no more of her shrill remarks about the "horrid smoke;" ten to one she would turn right round and invite us to smoke in the parlor. The Davis factory at Montreal is one of the institutions of that city, and embraces all the departments of the business even to box-making. The firm also have branch offices at 34 Church-street, Toronto. Their goods enjoy here a popularity proportionate with their merits.



A PROMISING BOY.

TEACHER.—And what comes after T?

PUPIL.—You do, to see my sister Ann Maria