



### PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES.

VON SMASHKEYS—"I come next on the programme. What should I play?"

POUNDEROWSKI (*glancing through the curtain*)—"Guess you'd better play a march. The people are all going out!"

### YE LAY OF HONORE.

(NOT BY MACAULAY.)

HONORE'S brow was sad,  
And his speech was weak and low,  
And dark he scanned the gauntlet,  
Cast at him by the foe.  
"Sacre! they'll be upon us,  
Before we build the bridge!  
I'd pawn my honors—but they'd say  
It was rank sacrilege!"

Then out spake sleek Ernestus,  
Who never missed a chance:  
(Sure every man upon this earth  
For fame and lucre pants).  
"Sire, we can do no better  
Than face these fearful odds,  
Methinks a Government letter  
Would tempt the banking gods!"

"Wise art thou," quoth Honore;  
"Discount a future day,  
I, with two more to aid me,  
Will make contractors pay;  
In yonder banks the thousands  
May well be got by three;  
Now, who will stand at my right hand  
And discount bills with me?"

Then loudly spake Ernestus,  
Of Pacaud blood was he,  
"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand  
And guard the toll for thee!"  
And out spake big Langelier,  
Of ancient stock came he,  
"I will abide on thy left side,  
And levy swag for thee!"

"Ernestus, pure and simple!  
Thou'rt wise—collect each fee;"  
So straight against the treasury,  
Forth marched the dauntless three!

For boodlers, in such crises,  
Spared not the people's gold;  
Nor man, nor child, while still their game  
Knocked each contractor cold!

Then none was for the Province,  
Then each was on the make;  
Then the great man robbed the poor—  
While a cent was left to take.  
Then homes were crushed by taxes,  
The Crown's best gifts were sold,  
Then statesmen were like pirates,  
And boodling tricks were bold!

But what were left of nobles,  
Felt heart-strings shrink to see  
The scores of empty pockets,  
Made by the reckless three!  
And from the Inquisition chair—  
Where bristled scalping knife—  
Men shrank like boys, who, well aware  
Of fees to pay when entering there,  
Find banks and treasury stripped bare,  
Find posted o'er the bandit lair—  
"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"

Was none who would be foremost,  
Except to grasp the bag,  
While those behind cried "office,"  
And those in front cried "swag."  
From bank to bank they labored.  
Forces in deep array;  
With heart intent to grab and steal,  
In throes of gambling daze they reel,  
Hark! the victorious boodler's peal,  
Dies fitfully away!

Alone stood proud Ernestus,  
Amid the tottering wreck;  
Five hundred thousand francs to meet,  
For trifles in Quebec!  
"Down with him," cried pale envy;  
With grim and savage mien;  
"Now bounce him," cried the weak-kneed—  
"Honore's go-between!"

Round turned he, never deigning  
The bitter draught to sip;  
But thought he of the proverb  
That cups will sometimes slip!  
For he saw upon the terrace,  
The porch of his new home,  
And gazed on the noble river,  
Beneath its flashing dome!

"St. Laurent! wicred St. Laurent,  
For whom all Frenchmen pray;  
A Frenchman's woes, a Frenchman's luck  
Thou witnesseth this day."  
Thus speaking—grasped a letter—  
"I'll catch fortune on her flank!"  
And with mystic speed, levitating,  
Plunged headlong—into a bank!

When native weeds are fragrant,  
And pea-soup gorge is o'er;  
When children who brought acres,  
Are piled upon the floor;  
When young and old in circle,  
Bewail each deadly tax;  
When all bend double, daily,  
With burthens on their backs;  
When the good man pays big interest,  
And dreams of joys gone by;  
And wonders if the day will come  
For rest—before he die;  
With weeping and with wailing,  
The story will be told,  
How Honore duped the people  
In the dark days of old!

JINKS—"The Pharisees used to pray in public places  
in olden times."

JENKS—"They do so now only we spell it 'prey.'"