



STUCK.

(Scene—THE MILE END.)

First Jehu : "Is it stuck ye are?"*Second do.* : "Mine cheval won't go no more far, de snow too strong. He no stuck."*First do.* : "Clear out, then, with yer ould 'shovel.' I can't wait here."*Second do.* : "He no go. Let him stand. We go see Wiseman—get a drink—then 'shovel' de road."

NELSONIAN.

What truth is there in the report that Nelson is to come down from his elevated position in Jacques Cartier Square, be washed and made young again? His name-sake—the Admiral—may know, and perhaps would inform enquirers, many of whom are exceedingly anxious for his "return" to his former position under more favourable auspices.

GRINCHUCKLE is a little behind time. Elections, of course,—working too hard! Trying the "Free and Independent" dodge. This is our apology. Who says GRINCHUCKLE is dying? Nothing of the kind. Going in stronger than ever. He's not ready to "shuffle off," and doesn't dream of such a thing.

A FINE OLD CANADIAN GENTLEMAN.

By SOCRATES SNOOKS.

(AIR: "*A Fine Old English Gentleman*.")

I'll sing you a fine old song about the olden time,
When lived a fine old man, whose story I'm now about to rhyme:
He dwelt in the backwoods, which to his eyes looked so sublime.
And, being always honest, of course, he never committed a crime,
Did this fine old Canadian Gentleman one of the olden time.

He was the most influential man in all those unsettled parts.
He scorned book "larning," and all the ancient or the modern arts;
His heart always gloried with honest pride as he gazed on his horses or his carts,—
And he knew where his land lay without consulting any sea-man's charts,
Did this fine old Canadian Gentleman one of the olden time.

Every Spring he used to go into his fine old woods his maple sap to boil,
Which, by the way, was produced upon fine old Canadian soil.
And, like a fine old Canadian Patriarch, he never spared his toil,
And, consequently, his syrup was always good, unless it happened to spoil,
Which vexed this fine old Canadian Gentleman one of the olden time.

His fine old Sunday suit was made of fine old home-spun grey,—
He only wore it once a week, and that was every day;
Don't laugh at my hero, when I take the liberty to say,
That when he was dressed for meetin' he looked tremendously gay,
Did this fine old Canadian Gentleman one of the olden time.

He had a chubby wife,—her British heart was true:
His boys were splendid specimens of the Canadian true blue;
His daughters had sparkling eyes, and lips pretty and pouting too,
I fell in love with one of them, and, doubtless, so would you,—
With the girls of this fine old Canadian Gentleman one of the olden time.

And with his short pipe in his mouth, he felt like Olympic Jupiter in state.
However of the latter gentleman a thought never entered his fine old pate,
But, like him, he was up at daylight, and never stayed up late;
For he was always snugly ensconced in bed at night long before eight,
Was this exemplary fine old Canadian Gentleman one of the olden time.

For though he lived to a good and prosperous old age,
He has long been gathered unto his fathers by being hurried off life's stage:
And should I hear anything more of this fine old Canadian I unhesitatingly engage,
To scroll it at the earliest possible moment upon history's future page,
To honour this fine old Canadian Gentleman one of the olden time.