



POLITICAL CHANGES.

Mercier of 1884.—WHY, HONORE! IS THIS REALLY YOU? I SHOULD NEVER HAVE KNOWN YOU!
Mercier of 1888.—NO! THAT VOYAGE TO ROME HAS MADE ANOTHER MAN OF ME!

THE SHOP GIRL'S COMPLAINT.

NOWADAYS, when the sun and all men seek their rest,
 Is the time when shop windows appear at their best;
 And the face of the shop girl, so pallid all day,
 Seems brightened a bit by th' electric light's ray;
 While none who pass in for a moment would think
 She's been working all day, and is ready to sink.
 With that stereotyped smile on her pale, pretty face—
 What, overwork *her*? 'twere a shame and disgrace!

Up in the morning—aye! up with the lark,
 Then work all the day until long after dark;
 The cool of the evening, when all are astir,
 Alas! that's a season quite unknown to *her*!
 No twilight for her, for there's no time to spare,
 Ere the sun settles down all the lamps are aglare;
 And all looks so bright and so pleasant within,
 That to pass and not enter seems almost a sin.
 Oh! night is the time, it most certainly is,
 For those who would work up a lucrative "biz."

The smith in his smithy, the laborers all
 Hear the clocks tolling "six," and respond to their call.
 "Time's up—work is over—no more for to-day—
 "Go home and enjoy yourselves well as you may.
 "No man ever yet hardest labor would shirk,
 "With an honest night's rest after honest day's work."
 No *man*—but the *girls*—come, now, what about *them*?
 What is *their* great offence that we all should condemn
 Them to toil more unceasing than man often knows?
 "Oh, they're kept out of mischief," you'll say, I suppose.

"This is all very fine," p'rhaps the ladies will say,
 "But you'd not have us shop in the heat of the day."
 I agree with you, madam, most certainly not,
 But to *visit*—come, say, is it ever too hot?
 And you shopkeepers, too, if 'twas known that you'd close
 Say at seven each evening, sure none can suppose
 But that all of your customers, women and men,
 Would get through all their purchases long before then.
 And you'd find it as easy to empty your shelves,
 Though allowing the girls all our evenings t' themselves.

G. S.

HIT-'EM-ALOGICAL.

WHEN you come to think of it, is it not queer how folk's names appear to get "kinder sorter" mixed, as it were? We have Carpenter, a tailor, Butcher, a clergyman, Smith, a doctor, and so on. Then we read that Mr. Truelove has deserted his wife; that Mr. Wrong devotes his life to setting other people right, and that Mr. Sweet is at bitter enmity with his neighbor. We know a very lively cuss whose name is Death, and only the other day we read something in the newspapers about a contractor whose name should be Devilson, but it was not.

IN the same vein, one can't help thinking that as far as devotion to duty is concerned, the Contracts Investigation indicates that inspector Lackie has not been mis-called.

SPEAKING about contractors, does it not strike you that in the light of recent court revelations, these people should hereafter be known as expanders?

WE had often wondered where all the money went that was raised in Toronto in the shape of taxes. Now we know that a good deal of it has "gone West."

WHEN three or four city officials were asked in court what they knew about the inspection of, and payments on, a certain contract, they all replied with one accord, "I'm sewer I don't know."

IS it true that the famous Denison gold mine was discovered by "that man Denison who died in Winnipeg?"