



A St. John Duet.

SIR SAMUEL TILLEY.

Never mind the why or wherefore
You're a Senator and therefore
You may drop all recollection of
That JOHN A. "telegram,"
You are now an Hon-o-rable,
You've achieved undying fame!
Set the N.P. bells a-ringing,
Fill the air with shouts of pride,
For the recent elevation
To the Senate, of JOHN BOYD.

MR. BOYD.

Never mind the why or wherefore
I'm a Senator and therefore
Though St. John has lost a champion,
Though the N.P. doesn't suit,
I have now high rank and station
And a salary to boot!
Set the merry bells a-ringing
Fill the air with warbling wild
For the recent elevation
Of this happy lucky child!



Won't go the Whole Hog.

Moved by public opinion, ripened and directed by Mr. GRIP and a few other far-seeing publicists, the local Government have at length taken action on the subject of exemption from taxation. The measure introduced is one which, in the opinion of the *Globe* is calculated to give rise to a good deal of discussion. The subject is con-

sedly a difficult one to deal with, and perhaps the Government shows wisdom in touching it but slightly at the present time. So far as it goes the act now introduced is good enough but it does not go very far. It confines its attention to lawns, paddocks, and church property, and on the whole is a local improvement scheme rather than anything else. Mr. GRIP would like to see a stroke made at the income tax phase of the subject, and the absurd exemption from taxation of certain high-salaried officials, done away. But no doubt the sagacious Premier of Ontario has good reasons for declining to go the whole hog just at present.

Rural Rhymes.

NO. 6.—UNDER THE MOONLIGHT.

Under the moonlight SARAH and I
Were taking a stroll together,
And if we had made it to suit ourselves,
We couldn't have had finer weather.
I talked of the future with all its desires,
As she laid her head on my vest,
But she pinched my arm, and said with a sigh,
"Now, FRED, do give us a rest."

Under the moonlight slowly we went,
Conversing as lovers will do,
Along the avenue, under the trees,
With the railway track in view;
Just then a train came shooting along,
Excited, my pulse grew quicker,
Then, I ask'd her to list to the engine's snort,
And she answered—"Let her flicker!"

We wandered along 'till we came to the lane
That leads by the banks of the creek,
And my heart was so full that I thought it time
To put on a spurt and speak.
Then I pop'd right down on my knees and ask'd
If she would be mine right there,
And what do you think was the answer I got?
"Now, you ain't a-doing things square."

I did think it strange—the expression she used,
Then I thought it was just her way,
So I put off pressing my suit just then,
To a more appropriate day,
But no satisfaction I got when I ask'd,
If she was inclined to wed,
She would put me off with a smile and say,
"There's nothing too good for FRED."

The presents I gave her would ruin a bank,
And I tell you it gobbled my pay;
What with ribbons, and trinkets, and tickets for shows,
With now and then a bouquet;
But I never could fathom her feeling for me,
Nor tell whether fickle or true,
She would take all I gave her with smiles that bewitched,
And say—"That's bully for you."

Under the moonlight sadly I stray
Reflecting on days that are gone,
As a partner she could not assist me a bit,
And so I must "go it alone."

* To be particular, this was a hog train going east on the G. W. R.

The Princess and Alderman McMur- rich.

It is said that the reaction from her nervous excitement caused Her Royal Highness to be very despondent for several days after the late distressing accident. The physicians having vainly tried to make her feel cheerful because really afraid that her physical condition would not improve while her depression of mind continued. Fortunately the Toronto papers that arrived in the Capital on Tuesday night contained a report of the proceedings at the last meeting of the City-council. Alderman McMURRICH is reported to have spoken of Her Royal Highness as a "warm friend." This being read to the Princess at once aroused her mirth and she broke into a peal of laughter. Her condition at once improved and she is now very well. The public is under an obligation to the worthy alderman for having restored Her Royal Highness so quickly by saying something at which nobody can help laughing.



The New Member.

The Rag Baby has been regularly introduced to the House, and has taken his seat alongside of his illustrious sponsor, Mr. WALLACE, of South Norfolk. When the matter of Bank Charters, alluded to in the Speech from the Throne, is brought up, we shall hear from the new member, and no doubt he will highly distinguish himself. In the meantime he presents as intelligent an appearance as many other honorable gentlemen on the back benches, and probably has at much in his head as some of them.



"Don't wake Tupper!"

MR. MACKENZIE, in the course of his speech in the debate on the address, made a good point by parableizing an incident which is said to have taken place recently on an Intercolonial train. A woman from Cumberland county, with several small children were aboard, en route to the Western States to join the head of the household, who had gone thither to get work, notwithstanding the N.P. One of the children at length grew restive, and began a squalling match, whereupon the mother uttered the memorable words of our text, "Keep still, and don't wake TUPPER!" that distinguished name having been bestowed in honor of the member for Cumberland upon another of the youngsters who was just then enjoying a nap. Mr. MACKENZIE conceived that the original TUPPER was very fast asleep too, at present, and in his subsequent remarks did his best to arouse him by shaking the emigration returns over his head.

A certain physician informs us that there's money in his coughers.—*Ed.*