



PETERS' PENCE.

London cannot settle down to the business of the Great Western Fair until the pending law suit of Peters vs. Morrison & Trotter is settled, which will be on the 26th inst., unless the lawyers on either side move a *rule nisi* to have the *habeas corpus* transferred on an *a priori* and enlarged to the Michaelmas term. "The facts of this case," as the opening attorney will say, on rising before the jury, "are as follows: The defendants are laundrymen; it being their business to cleanse, wash, dry, starch, iron and otherwise renovate shirts, collars, vests, etc., for gentlemen. The plaintiff on the date stated in the information gave the defendants an order to wash some articles of wearing apparel for him, said articles including one white vest - or one vest which the plaintiff wanted to have made white by means of soap and water. When the job was accomplished, the plaintiff called to get the articles and asked for the bill, which was duly presented to him. In said bill an overcharge of five cents was made, according to the plaintiff, upon the washing of the vest. Defendants claimed that the apparent overcharge was due to a mistake of the printer in the printed list of charges, the words 15c. to 20c. having been put instead of 15c. to 25c. The plaintiff repudiated this vile insinuation against the intelligent compositor as *you*, gentlemen of the jury, will repudiate it, and again demanded that the defendants should pull down that vest. They refused to do so, and the plaintiff paid the full amount under protest. He now comes to you, gentlemen, to recover that five cents. I am aware, gentlemen of the jury, that this plaintiff has been maligned and abused by a thoughtless and uncalculating community on account of the smallness of the sum for which he is suing. But, gentlemen, no truly frugal man, no domestic economist has joined in these smiles and jeers. Five cents, gentlemen of the jury, is - is, well it is solid silver as far as it goes. It is not to be sneezed at, and this plaintiff is not willing to become the prey of cold-blooded extortioners without a murmur. A scene rises before me. I see a dusty highway. It is a torrid afternoon in mid-summer. A traveller, weary, footsore and perspiring, drags himself along with laggard step and haggard face. He has travelled for miles, and now he is ready to perish through heat and thirst. On the distant horizon he descries a country tavern, and his heart bounds at the sight. New energy inspires his limbs and urges him forward at an accelerated pace. At length he reaches the threshold and falls rather than steps across it. He totters to the bar and calls for beer. A glass of the beverage is placed before him, and he is about to seize it, when the barman demands cash in advance. The traveller fumbles in his pocket. It is empty! The beer is returned to the barrel, and the poor traveller - no other than our plaintiff - is thus deprived of the nourishment that Nature demands, because these defendants have got that five cent piece which ought to be in his pocket. Another scene rises before me. A gentleman has left his office for the day, weary and lagged, and makes for home. He is late

and he lives a long distance out; he sees a street car going in his direction and runs for it. After an exhausting chase of five blocks, gentlemen of the jury, he catches that car and secures a seat. Immediately the conductor approaches, and makes a slight movement with his leather money bag. The passenger searches his pockets. It is in vain. He has no change. Amid the jeers of the other passengers he is hustled with coutumely into the street. Again we look and behold it is our plaintiff, who is obliged to walk home, all on account of the merciless greed, the consuming avarice of these defendants. Five cents nothing? Gentlemen of the jury, the value of five cents cannot be estimated, except by gentlemen like you, for I will do you the justice of saying that if there is a class in the community that *can* and *do* esteem a five cent piece that class is the hardy yeomanry who furnish our country with juries.

Wanted-Missionaries for Yale!

(See "On the Wing" in the *Globe* of Aug. 13, 1881.)

Far off in British Columbia,
Beside the Pacific Rail,
On the western bank of the Fraser,
There stands the town of Yale!
And these are the strange proceedings,
There, unrestrained by law,
That the *Globe's* "Own Correspondent,"
On a Sunday morning saw!
The highways hummed with the traffic,
Of buyers and sellers there,
A motley crowd, like the traders,
In Bunyan's *Pilgrimage*,
Shoemakers, snips, and hatters,
Dry-goods, and hardware stores,
Butchers, bakers, and grocers,
Were vending with open doors.
The low saloons were busy,
Plying their ghastly trade,
And poisoned drinks flowed freely,
Behind each bar-room's shade.
Men staggered about on all sides,
Reeking with "forty-rod"
And the sidewalks seemed too narrow,
For many that on them trod.
Others were stretched out, snoring,
Covered with dust and flies;
Blacklegs with broken noses,
Blackguards with crocked eyes.
Such were the strange proceedings,
Unheeded by the law,
That the *Globe's* "Own Correspondent,"
On a Sunday morning saw!
Navvies from San Francisco,
Miners from Cariboo,
Light-fingered sharp, and bullies,
With some of the fair sex, too,
Were gambling in tavern parlors,
At keno, euchre, and bluff,
Or rooking at three-card monte,
Some greenhorn who had the "stuff."
But the only hint of Sunday,
Was when, with Sabbatic qualms,
A maddily drunken dorky,
Hiccoughed some Goody psalms.
Such were the strange proceedings,
Unnoticed by the law,
That the *Globe's* "Own Correspondent,"
On a Sunday morning saw!

NORAL.

Brethren! much filthy lucre,
Is spent to convert one Jew,
While the state of countless Christians,
Looks desperately blue.
To send white-chokered apostles,
With tracts to the Jew and Turk,
Or the King of the Cannibal Islands,
No doubt is noble work,
But, ere we baptize more Pagans,
I think that we should not fail,
To raise some funds for a mission,
To tackle that crowd at Yale!

G. M.

A Harmony in Colours.

By WILDE HOSCAR.

The king's daughter has golden clothes -
(It is a lewd thing to say "shucks.")
Ten score pair of purple hose -
(The good hour is Love's and Luck's.)
Garters girt with garnets gay,
(Whirl! wild waltz in the palace hall),
Deftly she dons, but does not display,
(Lucre, not love, is lord of all.)
Banged on her brow the tresses fair,
Ripple as doth the ribbed sea sand -
Shoulders and neck and arms are bare;
She is *decotele*, you understand!
Like a nocturne in gold and blue,
(The lily waltz - y the broad lagoon) -
No fairer form flits King street through,
On the dollar side, in the afternoon.

C. P. M.



SIR HECTOR'S VISIT.

Sir Hector Langevin, Kt., came to town the other day and inspected our harbor.

He understands all about harbors and there is no calculating the amount of good that is likely to result from his visit.

Having driven from his hotel in company with several gentlemen of experience, he reached the Esplanade, and took a general view of the bay.

He remarked that the water appeared to be damp, but looked like very good water.

He inquired the depth of the water at a given point, and on being informed that it was two feet he expressed a doubt whether that would afford accommodation for a very large vessel.

He observed a number of objects on the water at a distance, and, putting up his eye-glass, enquired what they were. "Buoys," replied Captain Eads. "You should not permit the boys to swim so near the city," said the Minister.

This concluded the inspection of the harbor and Sir Hector then left, having arranged to meet a party of friends who wished to hear him tell of the honors recently conferred upon him.

We Met.

We met in the midst of a bustle,
When the train was ready to go,
That instant the guard blew his whistle,
And past us the engine did blow;
And snoring away o'er the metals,
The monster went whooping along,
While I in a fit of excitement
Was left with that maiden so young.

We stood and we gazed at each other,
We spoke, but it was with our eyes,
And I cried emotion to smother,
While she badly stifled some sighs.
I know not what caused my emotion,
Nor fancied the source of her sighs,
So spell-bound was I for the moment,
With the leer of her lovely black eyes.

Her hair was as black as the raven,
And her eyes were shining as bright
As the stars that above in the heaven
Shine forth in the darkness of night.
Her lips were the hue of vermilion,
And cheeks, the deep blush of the rose;
And the calm, pale tint of the lily,
On her brow did sweetly repose.

With her I was so captivated,
I settled on asking her hand,
But, then, I got so agitated
I scarcely was able to stand.
But after a bit I took courage,
And ventured my suit then to press,
When she with a vile exclamation,
Cried, "Brute, you have tramped on my dress!"

Scotch Rhymes.

There was a young lassie named Menzies,
Who tried a sonata to senzies,
And the best of the thenzies,
A ballad she'd kenzies,
Which near to convulsions would brezies.
There was a young man named Colquhoun,
Who started a backwoods saiquhoun,
But he sold to an Injun,
And his biz at Lake St. John,
Went up like a circus balquhoun.
There was a young lady named Farquhar,
Fell in love with a gay billiard Marquhar,
But her old dad one day,
Drove the young spark away,
By the aid of a six-chambered barquhar.