



### AWKWARDLY WORDED.

SOCIETY LADY (*who gets younger every year*)—"Well, Mr. Jones, and how old do you think I am?"

JONES—"I should say about twenty-five. What's your guess, Smith?"

SMITH—"Well, say twenty-eight."

LADY—"And now, Mr. Robinson, what do you say?"

ROBINSON—"Well, taking it altogether, I think the gentlemen are about right."

### POETRY vs. TRUTH.

"OH! What so rare as a day in June?"  
True, oh Poet! the song you chant.  
The birdlings warble their sweetest tune,  
And the sunshine is filling a long-felt want,  
And the flowers which spring from the dewy earth  
Are blooming and blooming for all they're worth,  
But yet methinks that in one respect  
The poet is out in his observation;  
June's days are thirty if you'll reflect.  
Now by arithmetical calculation,  
If February has twenty-eight,  
It's days are rarer, I beg to state.  
I hate to spoil a good verse, I vow,  
Or prove to poesy's fire a damper,  
But Mr. Lowell should not allow  
Enthusiasm with fact to tamper,  
So when he issues a new collection,  
I trust he'll profit by this correction.

### A FIRST OF JULY ORATION.



ALL the patriotic orations delivered at the Exhibition Grounds on the glorious First were practically lost because, on account of the babel of noises going on in the vicinity of the grand stand, the voices of the speakers could not be heard. What the orators really said is therefore a matter of conjecture, but Mr. E. E. Sheppard is understood to have delivered himself of the following:

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—We meet together this day under the blue canopy of heaven to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of our entrance upon

Nationality. We have good reason to jubilate, for no land on earth approaches ours in extent, in beauty, in resources, in all that goes to make up a great and glorious commonwealth. From ocean to ocean we are a united people, and one impulse of patriotism to-day animates all hearts. Such a thing as partisan rancor is not known amongst us. Such a thing as abject poverty on the one hand or fabulous unearned wealth on the other we know nothing of, because our just and admirable laws secure to all Canadians access upon equal terms to the land of the Dominion, from which, by the application of labor, wealth is drawn. Happily for Canada, common sense reigns at Ottawa, and the nefarious systems in vogue in less intelligent countries, under which the people as a whole are taxed for the benefit of a few, have met with no favor at the hands of our statesmen, and would, if seriously proposed, meet with the indignant reception which their madness and their cruelty merit. We are a free people—a self-governing people. We wear the shackles of no slavery, either of body or mind; no one man power dominates us; no party leader is so idolized that he can drag his followers through the mire of dishonor. No despot dares to trifle with our voting lists, or to gerrymander our constituencies. The road to preferment in this glorious land is the path of merit, and that alone. Our wives and children nestle in security beneath the broad shield of the law, and no barbarous Drink Traffic is licensed to lacerate their hearts or to destroy their bodies! To-day we celebrate Confederation—Unity! We are one. No Province entertains the wild, fantastic dream of setting up an *imperium in imperio*; we speak the one language—the undying tongue of Shakespeare—we have the one code of laws, and we doff our hats to the one flag, the red-cross banner of Britain, which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze! Why, then, should we not astound the heavens to-night with fires of a thousand colors, and awake the echoes with the shouts of national jubilation? Why, my countrymen, why?

### SONG OF THE INDEPENDENT KICKERS.

TORY.

O I go in for Equal Rights,  
For Country and for Queen,  
I'm down upon those Jesuites  
And business I mean!  
I'm down upon the pesky Grits  
Who voted 'gainst O'Brien,  
Next 'lection we will give 'em fits  
And send their ranks affyin'.  
Hurrah, hurrah for old Sir John,  
The man the people know,  
Hurrah for Billy Meredith,  
For Mowat's got to go!

GRIT.

I'm strong on Disallowance  
Of the wicked Jesuit Bill,  
And shout for brave O'Brien  
With heartiest good-will,  
But till we get the Tories  
Who voted wrong turned out,  
It really won't do any good  
To merely cheer and shout;  
They must be kicked from office  
And better men put in,  
So I'll vote with my party  
And help the fight to win!

BOTH.

O yes, we're independent  
And our cry is Equal Rights,  
We'll each stick to his party  
To beat the Jesuites.

[Exeunt arm in arm.]