

Will almost make it plain to you,
They're wrong in everything they do,
Such wily talent could I borrow,
I'd start in life as young "To-morrow!"

Young politicians on each side,
Men wiser than themselves deride,
And waste the hours for debate,
Their small ideas to propagate,
Then thinking they have saved the Nation,
Pleased, they adjourn for irrigation.

When I commenced my maiden speech,
Tory, and Grit, I tried to teach,
That sneers at what each other meant,
Would ne'er improve the Government,
But if they hand in hand would go,
The country'd get a better show.

But being to each side too bold
I soon was left out in the cold,
For party spirit put on shelf,
Nobody would set any pelf,
And when there are no signs of booty,
How can a Statesman do his duty?

He knows that each constituent wishes,
To have his share of loaves and fishes,
If he gives neither fish nor bread,
They'll choose another in his stead,
So tries to secure for each a crumb,
Never forgetting number One.

—A. K. T.



THE SONG OF THE SKIFF.

DISRESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE DUFFERS WHO BE-
GUILDE THEIR GIRLS INTO SAIL-BOATS ONLY TO DROWN
THEM.

With clothing all dripping and wet,
And hat very sodden and soiled,
A young girl sat on a boat-house bench,
With a look both angry and wild;
And the water ran out of her boot,
As she, with a sigh and a sniff,
Removed the wet handkerchief clear of her snoot,
And sobbed out The Song of the Skiff.

Oh! why did I go with that fool
In his skiff away out on the bay?
When he hoisted the sail in the midst of the gale,
And straight from the wharf sailed away.
And he grinned like a huge Cheshire cat,
As the boat careened down to each whiff,
But he got a surprise when we took a capsize,
And we both tumbled out of the skiff!

Now the ferry comes to our relief,
And they pull us on board with a hook;
I was more scared than hurt, tho' they spoiled my new
skiff,

And the cold water ran like a brook
From the legs of my escort's tight pants,
And he looked soiled, and started as if
He thought he fell overboard by some mischance,
And that he didn't capsize the skiff.

Oh! ye who have daughters that go
In their innocence out on the bay,
Along with some callow young cad for a beau,
Take warning by what I now say;
Just tell its 'bout a toss up
If she's not carried home as a "stiff,"
With weeds in her hand, and her eyes full of sand,
If she sails with a chump in a skiff.

—B.

JUST now every one wants a new cool
summer hat, and if there is any object in
saving twenty per cent, the purchaser should
let nothing prevent him from going to R.
WALKER & SONS', as they import direct from
the makers.



"Mott's Mottled Soup, the advertisement of
which appears in another column, has establish-
ed for itself an excellent reputation. We
have received a sample, which appears to do
its work very effectually."—*St. John, N.B.,
Globe*. I have no doubt it is a very soup-er-ior
soup, but what under heaven is "mottled
soup?" The *Globe* man has tried it and says
it "appears to do its work very effectually."
Do what work? Is the above intended
for a *bon mott*? Let us soap not.

MONTREAL LADIES' WRONGS TO BE RE-DRESSED

Mr. S. Carsley, of Montreal, has captured
aesthetic Boston's leading fashionable *modiste*,
Louis Hammondi. As he has for years
artistically draped the female form divine in
the modern Athens, he can s-Carsley fail to
please the beauty and fashion of Montreal.

I FAILED TO GRASS-P IT.

As I was rambling through the Viger
Gardens the other evening listening to the
band, a policeman stepped up to me and said,
"Nellie's pa surly gaze on." I looked around
for Nellie's irate parent but could not see him.
I asked an interpreter what the "cop" was
trying to give me: "Ah! sacre! don you see?
He say, 'N'allez pas sur le gazon.' Keep off
de gras."

The *Montreal Gossip* is a bright and spicy
little literary paper, published by Harry
Livingston, son of John Livingston, Esq.,
editor of the *Herald*. Harry is evidently a
"chip off the block" and will make his mark
on the journalistic field.

I told Nellie, the vivacious little grisette
who waits on me at the table, that she would
be able to get a good situation in the new
hotel building on Notre Dame Street. "Why
so?" she asked. "Because, you know, they
will be sure to want a Nellie-waiter in a high
building like that."

SEVERAL REASONS WHY MONTREAL LADIES
SHOULD NOT SHOP ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Because the tapes try to please the ladies
when buying tapstry, and the ladies should
return the compliment.

Because a clerk endures longer if he is not
kept in-doors too long.

Because a clerk who "stays" in all the
week must have some re-lace from his duties
or he will waste away. Of corset is necessary
he should have some recreation.

Because they yacht to have a chance to go
out sailing.

Because it is better to keep their muscle in
good order, and then they will be able to fill
a good order for muslin.

Because they spend so much time o'er
feathers and skeletons during the week, you
should give them a chance to feather their
ears in skeletons on the water on Saturday
afternoon.

Because after working hard selling pins and
needles, they needle little exercise at ten-pins.

Because if you want to buy a tire you
should think how tired the clerks are and
allow them to re-tire a little earlier.

Because, after using their most persuasive
powers to sell you balls of cotton and batton,
it will do them good to have a game of bat'n
ball on Saturday afternoon.

Because if they have a chance to see a

lacrosse match, they won't give you *la cross*
look when you get them to show you half the
goods in the shop and finally purchase a spool
of thread and ask to have it sent home.

Because it is the only time he has to take
his best girl to the matinee or to St. Helen's
Island.

Because a half (holiday) loaf is better than
none.

Because all work and no play is not con-
ducive to health.

Because you are opposed to slavery.

Because if you refuse to purchase goods on
Saturday afternoon, the poor jaded woru-out
clerks will carry their point, and thank you
from the bottom of their hearts for your inter-
est in their behalf.

SCENE IN AN AUCTION ROOM ON ST JAMES
STREET.

Joe H.—"A-t-n, can you tell me why the
goods you sell are like ten-plus?"

A-t-n.—"No, Josephus, I fail to decipher
the similarity; why are they?"

Joe.—"Because they are 'set up' to be
'knocked down.'"

The *St. John, N.B., Telegraph* is responsible
for the latest egg story. It says "Greenwich
has a hen which lays two eggs daily and each
has a double yolk." Yolk can tell that
to the marines. It's two eggs-agerated to
swallow.

RAISING THE D-DUTIES.

Raising the duties on spirits has not tended
to raise the spirits of the liquor dealers who
held large stocks in bond.

They are making a great rum-pus about
being corn-cred, and the distillers are making
wry faces.

A distiller says that raising the duty on
products of his still affects his till very much-
ly, and he thinks it very uncon-cider-ate on
the part of the Minister of Customs.

The brewers consider that they have been
badly malt-treated, and think the action of
the Government is very in-hop-ortune.

One says it has affected his business very
materi-aley. Another said he had a suspi-
cion that some trouble was brewing.

Tobaccoists are also "smoking hot" with
indignation. Those who have been chewing
black-jack will have to ca-chew it in future
(fig-uratively speaking), or "solace" them-
selves with something else.

Cigar dealers say it's puff-ectly outrageous
not to have Hav-anna notice of the intended
raise. Some supposed it was only a mere
sham and would all end in smoke.

The increase of duty on cigarettcs is rough
on dudes, and the bank officials say they must
"either have a waise of salawee or 'sweah
off,' by Jove! you know."

Old maids are vowing vengeance in conse-
quence of the raise in snuff. Some who had
got "pointers" from John A. were up to
snuff, and laid in quantum snuff, but those
who didn't, say its s-nuff to drive them crazy.
No one nose how much it will damage this
class. Aunty Diluvian says she would not
vote for one of them dratted, nasty Tories,
even if he should get on his sneeze and ask
her.

I intended to have a "fine out" to illus-
trate this with, but I must leaf off. It
is written for the benefit of to-baccha-malians.

P.S.—I omitted to say that the ex-port-ation
of partridges, woodcock, draw poker, cuclure,
and other games, is strictly prohibited. The
drawback on duck for sails and canvass-back
duck for sale's repealed.

DUFFERS vs. BUFFERS.

A party of dandy dude "Duffers,"
Played lacrosse with the hully boy "Buffers";
For the ice cream they played
And some mild lemonade.
"Who won," do you say? Why, the Duffers!"