



DISCRIMINATION.

MRS. LEMONDE (*who has an artistic turn of mind*)—"See, John, are not these very like the originals?"

MR. LEM. (*who has been waiting for dessert while his wife was painting*).—"Yes; but I would rather taste the originals."

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY THE LYRICAL LUNATIC.

No. II.—THE LOGICAL LOVERS.

AMBROSIA McQUADE was the belle of the ball,
(See Ontario Statutes, Vol. 3)
'Twas her shortness prevented her being too tall,
And her feet were quite large—or perhaps they were small,
It really don't matter to me.

But Alonzo P. Cummins was pleased with her style—
Alonzo was easy to please,
His apt conversation would cause her to smile,
As he trotted beside her for many a mile,
Till his pants became worn at the knees.

One morning at sunset he happened to call,
It chanced that Ambrosia was out,
But she welcomed him in with her usual bawl,
Shoot the dude! Cheese it, cully! Oh, hire a hall!"
And O'Reilly re-echoed the shout.

"I never could see why a dude should be shot,"
Alonzo reprovingly said,
"Well, the case rests with you to show why he should not
Let us argue it out on the next vacant lot—
For your hair is provokingly red."

They sent circulars out to invite the elite—
Price one dollar—reserved seats half price—
And the neighboring policeman deserted his beat
And the *furor* extended to Temperance street,
Where they put up the figures on ice.

"Now a dude," said Alonzo commencing the fray,
"Is a *lusus naturæ*, that's clear."
"No, no," said Ambrosia, "he's not built that way."
Then the umpire cried "Time, let us live while we may,"
So an alderman furnished the beer.

But O'Reilly got left for he couldn't make it out
What a *lusus naturæ* might mean,
And his beer wouldn't freely run out of the spout,
"This is quite *ex cathedra*," he whispered in doubt,
And gyrated away from the scene.

"The Jesuit question we can't overlook,"
Said Alonzo resuming his part,
"For the Syllabus levels its sternest rebuke,
If you don't take my word I will lend you the book,
'Tis a triumph of logical art."

"On the contrary, no," said the umpire in haste,
"Much otherwise—stick to the text,"
"But the elephant's coming—we've no time to waste—
I move that the clauses should all be embraced,
Or the public will doubtless be vexed."

The reporters here left, so we cannot pursue
The theme to its logical close,
The detectives have promised to furnish a clue,
And certain it is that if ever they do
The secret we'll never disclose.

THE MOST DELICATE PROPOSAL YET.

[SCENE.—*Boot Department, Eaton's Store.*]

YOUNG LADY ATTENDANT (*bussing gentleman attendant*)—"I want something in boots."
HE—"For yourself? What would you like?"
She only sneezed, "It is—sh-you!"
Oh! woman, this gives you the cake once more.
Next!

THEN AND NOW.

WITH nimble feet, in careless joy,
He gathered daisies when a boy;
Through meadows green, with shouts of glee,
The more of them the merrier he.
He wove them into garlands fine,
To crown his sweetheart aged nine,
Likewise his sweetheart aged ten;
That's how he gathered daisies then.

All that was twenty years ago.
But now he takes his sharpened hoe,
With bitter oath and heavy frown,
To cut the rampant daisies down.
He views their numbers with a sigh,
And longs to see them lowly lie.
With aching back, perspiring brow,
The farmer gathers daisies now

DONE BROWN.

"I SAY, Jones, I wish you would settle up that little account. It's getting mossy from age. If I call to-morrow, can I—?"
"Consider it done," rejoined the polite Jones, but Brown says it is now two years since, and he hasn't considered it done yet.

AS OUR CHILDREN WILL SING IT.

SING a song of Frenchmen—
A patriotic whoop—
One-and-seventy Jesuits
Cooking in the soup.

When the pot was opened
There was lots of fun—
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before Sir John?

Sir John was in the counting-house
Dishing out the money,
Tories in all offices
Were eating bread and honey.

The Mail in editorials
Was prophesying woes,
Out popped a Jesuit
And snapped off its nose.

MUSICAL taste is developing in the royal family.
Princess Louise married a bag-pipe, and now her niece
and namesake is about to wed a Fife.