



FASHION NOTE.

THE novel method of spending the summer by taking long rambles through the city is becoming popular in official circles here.

THE WAR CRY.

SHALL Yankee pirates dare to flout
Our grand old Union Jack?
No! Still Britannia rules the waves,
And soon will drive them back!
Let blood in torrents freely flow--
Canadians shall be free
Where'er it pleases them to go
And fish in Behring sea.

Where is the slave, the traitor knave,
Whose heart is not aflame
To stand and fight for England's right
Against the Yankees' claim?
Is there a sordid, crawling wretch,
Unworthy of his birth,
Who'd basely yield the foe the field?
Why cumber he the earth?

All who are loyal to the flag,
All patriotic souls
Will treat with scorn the Yankees' brag
So long as ocean rolls;
Old England's might shall be supreme,
And if the scoundrels dare
Just touch another sailing ship,
There's music in the air!

We'll burn their seaboard cities down
And ravage all the coast;
We'll trail through mud the stripes and stars,
And scatter all their host.
A braggart, vain, bombastic crew,
The Yankees cannot fight;
One single red-coat regiment
Puts ten of theirs to flight!

Oh, no! I'd not enlist myself--
I didn't think of that!
Well, hardly, for my health is poor,
And, then, I'm getting fat.
My business needs my presence, too,
And it would never pay
To go and wade in Yankee gore
At fifty cents per day.

But I'm a thorough patriot
As any you will find;
My folks were U. E. Loyalists
Of the most ultra kind.
And so, although I cannot fight,
I'll do my level best
To whoop it up both day and night
To animate the rest!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(AFTER THE STYLE OF KITTENISH "KIT" OF THE
"MAIL.")

P. Q.—Your handwriting greatly resembles the tracks made by a cockroach which has just scrambled out of the ink and is endeavoring to make its way to the paste-pot. You are independent, timorous, saucy, headstrong, affectionate and prudent, and will probably marry early and often.

ELIZA JANE.—What a nice, lovely, sweet-scented letter you have sent us, Liz! Thanks. Such tokens of appreciation are an oasis in the Sahara as it were. You are graceful, frisky, auburn-haired and sentimental, and when the hour and the man arrives you will do the clinging vine act in a manner calculated to awaken the emotions of an anchorite.

GOLDEN-HAIRED SUSAN.—Your calligraphy denotes perspicacity, frivolity, cupidity, a romantic disposition and ears perhaps a shade too large to suit the contour of your mobile countenance. You would be eminently suited for a waitress in a down-town restaurant or *soubrette* parts on the stage.

WILLIAM J.—(1) No. (2) Yes. (3) Consult a solicitor. (4) Handwriting fair to middling. It denotes courage, affability, earnestness and the cheek of a Government mule. (5) Bartenders wages are not high, and what is worse there are few opportunities to steal nowadays.

LONELY ELINOR.—Your soulful effusion strikes a sympathetic chord in our bosom. Its tone of subtle introspectiveness with its vein of sub-conscious irony, dashed with effusive and half melancholy complacency, recalls the journal of Marie Bashkertcheff. Poor Marie, she died young. Why are these things thus? Probably you did right to refuse the addresses of the captain of the mud scow. It would be hard for one of your refined sensibilities to retain respect for a man whose favorite ejaculation is "begosh," and who chews plug tobacco.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—Glad to hear from you, rosebud. Your handwriting indicates that you are aspiring, phlegmatic, genial, intellectual and lovable. You would probably succeed either as a book agent or as cook on a steamer. If your lover persists in the practice of striking