



THE YONGE STREET CHOLERA PUDDLE.

Our Mayor and Aldermen seem to be so very fond of the cesspool at the foot of Yonge Street, that they expect shortly to find them wallowing in it. They would do so *volens volens* if he had his way about it!

TO THE FOG.

WITH THE THERMOMETER AT 90 IN THE SHADE,
AND THE SHADE KEEPING VERY
SHADY AT THAT.

If in St. John I had names
Did thee call,
I'll take all back, if thou'lt come,
To Montreal.
Since I came here, thee I've learned
To admire,
Especially on days when
I perspire.
From the island, could I hear
That sweet sound,
Of the fog-horn, how my heart
Would rebound.
But I've got to stay and swelter
In the heat,
While the pavements, red-hot, blister
My poor feet.
If I ever hear a word,
'Gainst thee said;
On the rascal, I'll at once
"Put a head."

Like the darling, whose sweet lips
You have kissed;
You can never know your loss
Till it's *miss*.

—J. S. K.

KING CHOLERA AND THE ALDERMAN.

King Cholera.—I am just arrived from Spain.

City Alderman.—And what can I do for you, sir?

King Ch.—Well, I've got things well under way in that peninsula, and I am prospecting for next summer's work.

City A.—Can't your majesty find enough work to do in Europe?

King Ch.—I am led to believe that I can claim many loyal subjects here.

City A.—How came your majesty to that understanding?

King Ch.—I saw an editorial on Prof. Smyth's analysis and report of bay waters. He wants the sewer carried out into the bay, so as to cleanse the slips.

City A.—Your majesty need not feel troubled. We will not follow his advice. We are going to recommend another course.

King Ch.—What may that be?

City A.—Nothing that need prevent your majesty's visit next summer, or indeed for many succeeding.

King Ch.—Thank you very much. From the appearance of the Yonge Street slip I think I could average 561 a day. Have you any more such promising pest-holes? Every night breeze from the lake will be propitious to my plans.

City A.—Oh, yes! At every wharf that excursion boats leave there are one or two—about ten or twelve, I believe, altogether.

King Ch.—Very good! You shall be my Prime Minister. I go now to visit the cities of the Union.

City A.—*Bon voyage. Au revoir.*

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.



- A bier garden.—The cemetery.
- Condensed milk.—Chalk.
- The cricketer's favorite author.—Bye-run.
- Theatrical dead-head.—The *Free Press*.
- The game season.—Seizen a Faro Bank.
- Have you ever heard a parrot swear? No, but I've seen a cro-cus.
- Advice to butchers.—If a man refuses to pay his bill for mutton—suet.
- Is a man with a glass eye a one eye-dea man?

AUTHORS OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

- "Too full of the milk of human kindness."
Cou-per.
- "Procrastination is the thief of time."
Steele.
- "Of two evils chews the least."
Chaw-cer.
- "We'll follow the pack."
Hoyle.

"Old King Coal was a jolly old soul."—*Coke.*

"Bully for you."—*John Bull.*

"Root, hog, or die."—*Bacon.*

A Montreal dude was found dead the other morning. As there were marks of violence on his neck it was thought he had committed suicide, but the coroner decided that his untimely demise was caused by collar-a.

Mrs. Tuff keeps a boarding-house on St. Catherine Street. I hope her steak is not like her name.

A ship is called "she" because it always has the last word. The ship is bound to answer its helm every time.—*Ex.*

Thought it was because she comes in "stays."

The Norristown *Herald*, in an editorial on the Grant funeral, says: "No such demonstration could have been made at the funeral of any living American." Correct! I think a living corpse would make it lively for the undertaker and all concerned in the funeral obsequies.

Topsy Venn, as *Lucien*, has been drawing like a plaster at the Crystal Palace Opera House. The bald heads of the venn-erables in the front row were turned topsy-turvy.

THE HOLIDAYS.

All things are now *en fête*, which results, we suppose, from fate ruling all things. The holiday season has come and every one seems to seize on its arrival to depart. Everything tells us of the time. The trees have been the first to leave—gone off to Long Branch, we believe; the country is all out of town; the roads, as usual, are running off to the resorts. The waggin tongues have run so far ahead that the folloes are tired. The bears and other animals have gone off to furrin parts and the bees will accompany them and make themselves to hum. Mosquitoes resort to all manners of sharp practices to reinvigorate their blood, and the flies speak to settle down everywhere and have a fly time. The hen lays aside her work in her nest, cacklulates on the result and hendeavors to have a lazy time, thus setting a good egg-sample to others. The cat amewses itself. The dog only makes a sirius start to curtail expenses, but the purpose is not in harmony with the season for the result is a pain in its bowwow-els. The cattle move along to the watering places. The goats capor off. Everything is off, even the weather. The weather prophet in all probability will be farther off than usual weather he wishes or not. The butter-maker, having put so much strength into her butter, will need to a-churn her work and so-churn a while at the seaside. The cheese-maker will get away for some time and skipper round all she can. The butcher does not calf for the holidays, as when the folks have hide off from the pelting sun he can hardly make both ends meet before they come back. The grocer will likely be aweigh for the balance of the summer. The baker kneads a rest. The merchant has long been waiting for the fun in store for him. The barber cuts aswell now as at other times and has a nextr good time. Shoemakers have pegged away at their last job. The bank-clerk goes off because of lack of fun(ds) at home. The jewellers have been watching for a chance to run down, and sprung at the opportunity. The sculptor goes off on a bust. The painter seeks the shade. The broker is having a capital time at the principal places of interest. The policemen are trying to rest because the burglars are stealing away and the thieves returning to