



NEMESIS IN THE PARK.

The night was dark, the storm raged fast,
Fierce sounds were mingling in the blast,
Which men with terror fill.

Along the path with manly grace,
A lofty form did slowly pace,
I think his name was Bill.

Beside him paced a maiden fair,
'Twas very strange to see her there,
Indeed, 'twas quite a pity.

Slowly thus walked Toronto's Mayor,
Reflecting on his post of care.
Unto him then appeared

A form, with helmet deftly crowned :
"Why loitering here have I thee found ?
Now must thou come with me."

And Bill replied : "Cans't thou not see
I am the man who caused to be
This law for moral good ?"

"I cannot see," the peeler said,
"Because 'tis dark right overhead ;
Besides, it pours a flood.

"But thou with me must come at once,
I'll in 'the lock-up thee ensconce—
'Tis where all loiterers should

"Be placed secure till morning's dawn ;
When 'fore the Mayor thou'lt be drawn
For loitering in the wood."

A CRUSHER.

A prominent Haligolian Conservative was accosted by a Grit friend very recently : "You don't look O. K., old boy ; what's wrong ?"

"I feel like Lazarus ; don't you know why ?"

"Sore all over, from the beating we gave you. Eh ?"

"No, siree. Licked by the dogs ; they don't speak now."

A QUESTION OF ARMS.

"What's the difference between an angry lover and a jilted maid ?"

"Give it up, old man."

"Why, one is a cross-beau and the other a cut-lass."

"Oh ! go where glory waits thee," as the irritable man quoted to the lady book agent.