

ORANGE INCORPORATION.

In the present year it was, you see,
Of Eighteen hundred and seventy-three,
There was talk among the powers that be,
And grave deliberation.
A subject was there of hot debate,
They kept it up both early and late,
And some maligned with deadly hate
The Orange Association.

With steady purpose and firm will
They tried a simple measure to kill,
Which was embodied within a bill
Of Orange Incorporation.
At every reading a growl arose,
And frequently it come from those
Whom one would think ought not be foes
Of the Orange Association.

Yet up it went, an angry shout,
Until we felt almost in doubt
The Asylum inmates had broken out
And were taking recreation.
Such angry words and angry looks,
Such poring over obsolete books,
Such trying by hook, or else by *Crooks*,
To quash the incorporation.

Such poor revenge! Such pitiful spite
To rise in Parliamentary might,
And bark at that which they dare not bite;
And, by misrepresentation,
To raise a fear of *Frays* or rows
Which no good Government ever allows,
And which a *Striker* solemnly vows
Will result from incorporation.

But all their efforts were misapplied,
Such opposition was set aside,
And of their mark they steered quite wide
In spite of their declamation.
They truly felt it a bitter pill
When, though the work was hard uphill,
The honest members carried the bill
Of Orange Incorporation.

But now to conclude this rambling rhyme
Already I've wasted too much of your time,
So together let our voices chime
In general approbation;
Let it by all the world be seen
That loyal we are and ever have been—
Three cheers for KING WILLIAM THE THIRD—OUR QUEEN—
And the next fight for incorporation!

L'HOMME QUI AIT.

A FUNNY OCCURRENCE.—The day before yesterday, a thrifty citizen of Toronto, desirous to please his better half, and properly adorn his palatial residence, purchased a twenty-five dollar mirror, "which was cheap, and just suited her." The purchaser concluded to carry the mirror home himself, and not trust its transmission thence to the perils of a porter. With tired muscle and pouring sweat, he arrived at the St. Charles Hotel corner. The owner of the precious mirror was thirsty; therefore the mirror was stood up against the hotel stoop on the sidewalk, and a small boy was bidden to watch it, while the owner stepped into the St. Charles bar to get "satin" to cool himself with." At this unlucky moment a large billy-goat, which is familiar to all the residents in that vicinity for his famous "butting" power, came leisurely along the sidewalk: the small boy in front of the mirror fled in double quick, in serious apprehension of being "buted." The goat kept on his way till he caught sight of another goat reflected in the polished surface of the glass; then he stepped back some dozen feet, reached aloft his caudal appendage, gave three or four preliminary shakes of the head, and rushed on his shadowy adversary with a power of "buck" which, of all creatures of the animal kingdom, goats alone possess. The glass was shattered into a spray of fragments, and the goat went through the back of the mirror up to his head and shoulders. Whether the goat was more astonished at his utter demolition of his opponent, or the owner of the mirror at his unexpected loss, is one of the problems yet unsolved.

MARKETS.

GENERAL.

There has been a good demand for sharpness and acuteness. We notice also some call for roguery and rascality. Selfishness is steady. Prudence—the stock small, but the demand inconsiderable. Peculation and embezzlement looking up. Gross flattery active, with a rising tendency. Adroit lying at a premium. Not much demand for truth, except in small quantities; holders firm. Candour unchanged. Uprightness has a downward tendency. Zeal for the right dull and quiet. Modesty has declined. Light demand for justice; not much offered. Cunning more active than usual. A good business done in pocket-picking; would be better but for the police.

How to prevent bad dreams.—Stay awake.

A tight race.—Tipplers.

A harmless shock—A shock of hair.

How is it that when our streets require widening, a contractor is employed to execute the work.

Matchless misery—Having a cigar, and nothing to light it with.

A shiprigger uses more rope than a thimble-rigger, but the latter is the more deserving of it.

Our tailor recommends *doe-skin* as an appropriate clothing material for bakers.

"I like to be over and above board," as the gormandiser said to his landlady.

The times are effecting the poor Indian. He complains that none but bald-headed emigrants go west.

"Bob, how is your sweetheart getting along?" Pretty well, I guess; she says I needn't call any more."

English Girl: "Please, marm, there bees a man below as wants to see you."—Aristocratic Lady: "Tell him to send up his card."—E. G.: "Please, marm, he says as he is *a-gent* for a sewing machine."

Our American correspondent who interviewed Captain Jack after his capture, states that the appearance of that dusky chief would have been greatly improved if he had been washed before he was ironed.

"What power do you use?" asked the editor of "Grip," in conversation with a similar magnate of a country paper; "Water power," replied the country editor; "what do you use?" "Oh, the same, but we take it in pretty much with our whiskey."

Husband who has arrived home at a late hour of the night: "Don't look so cross, love, I have been detained on a committee."—Wife—I don't like these committees. I suspect that"—husband interrupting, "just hear that infernal caterwauling!" Wife (sarcastically)—"Oh! that's your tom-cat! I suppose he's out on committee too!" Husband remains silent for the rest of the night.

During a recent thunderstorm, as a late importation from the "Emerald Isle" was passing an hotel, a fork from an upper window fell at his feet. "Begad," said he, "an this is phat they call phorked lightning, eh! I'll jest send it home as a specimen." Unfortunately, he had to *fork* out again to the proprietor, who came to look after his property.

A School Girl in Oshawa was recently asked at examination, by a clergyman, what Adam lost by his fall, and, when pressed, replied, "I suppose it was his hat."

ENGLAND is celebrated for its fogs, France for its frogs, Ireland for its bogs, Canada for its dogs, Maine for its logs, and Ohio for its hogs.

DIGNIFIED CLERE—"Are you going to marry yourself?" Facetious Patlander—"Arrah, now when did iver ye hear o' ill of a gentleman marrying himself? Shure there's a lady goin' to be married along wid me!"

A REMARKABLY dirty man stepped in front of a small boy sitting on a doorstep on Stanley Street, expecting to have some fun by chaffing him. He said: "How much do you weigh?" The answer was, "Well, about as much as you would if you were washed."

The latest bonnet is a trifle higher than freight on the railroads, and as graceful in proportion.