



AT THE KAFFIR CLUB.

CIVIL SERVICE DUDE—"The worst of belonging to a literary club, don'tcherknow, is that people take one for a fellow who lives by his—er—wits, don'tcherknow."

ALECK SMART—"Nonsense, dear boy. Nobody could ever suspect you of such an impossibility."

TO EPHRAIM P. RODEN.

NOW Roden, old man, you have had a good show,
You were never much good at your best;
The Board needs new blood, it's quite time you should go;
St. David's will give you a rest.
You were once at a premium, Roden, no doubt,
But now at a discount you are;
And when the election returns are made out
You'll find yourself much below Parr.

OUR OVERWORKED POLICE MAGISTRATE.

WHILE pitying the unemployed,
Whose lot with care is much alloyed,
We never should our duty shirk
To sufferers from overwork.

A frightful case has come to light,
Which we should think of day and night,
Until we can alleviate
The lot of our Police Magistrate.

His salary is very small,
I don't see how he lives at all,
Four thousand dollars all he draws
For sitting to enforce the laws.

For you and I and common men
That would be quite enough, but then
We all admit 'twould be absurd
To rank him with the vulgar herd.

Because he is of high degree,
And boasts an ancient family.
His ancestor (by female line)
In valiant deeds of arms did shine.

Or, what is equally as good,
He hanged a prisoner in cold blood,
So that our Colonel's thirst for gore
Is drawn from martial sires of yore.

Four thousand is a paltry sum
For one of lofty lineage come,
Who needs in lordly style must live.
How dare they such a pittance give?

But this is not his leading grief.
From overwork he seeks relief.
A toil-worn, weary man is he,
With none to heed his piteous plea.

He sits on bench, the papers say,
Two hours and a half a day!!
No wonder that he's fit to drop
Before it's time to shut up shop.

It is an outrage no way small
That he should have to work at all.
Instead of reprobating crime,
He should play soldier all the time.

But, oh! how moisture dims my eyes,
How from my soul I sympathize
With one who slaves his life away
Two hours and a half a day!

Since help the Colonel does require,
Let us some cheap attorney hire,
And leave the Colonel free to caper,
And slay his thousand foes—on paper.



A QUESTION OF MEMORY.

NEW TEACHER—"Don't know who made you—you dreadful boy! Why, this little girl here, the smallest in the class, could tell me that."

DREADFUL BOY—"Well, miss, she ain't had time to forget yet."