



THE NATIONAL GAME.
A FRIENDLY CONTEST BETWEEN WHITE, YELLOW, AND RED.
(Dedicated to "Evergreen" Hughes.)

A DECENT KIND OF YANKEE.

"Won't you let me have a license?" said the Yankee to the Mayor,

"I've got the finest sarpint show, e'er caused Canucks to stare,

Its contents are a monster snake, and a woman called the Fat.

—And you may go in and examine it, and if everything ain't genuine, why—

I swear I'll eat my hat!"

And the Mayor replied, in dulcet tones, "What is to be must be,

And I might as well oblige a race who've often favored me,"

So he gave consent to erect a tent, if he'd play no hanky-

panky,

Nor impose upon Canadians,—though he could hardly do that,—he was

Such a decent kind of Yankee!

(But on the morrow, the Mayor found that he was a victim of misplaced confidence, and this is what the Recorder said to the decent kind of Yankee before he awarded him \$2.50 or fifteen days:)

"Won't you step into the dock, please," said His Honor to the Yank,

"They tell me you were drunk last night,—I thought you never drank?

You oughtn't thus to fool a man, who, though a little cranky, Is a very good workman, though somewhat out in his estimate of a

Decent kind of Yankee!"

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

"The country is in a most disorganized condition. Paper money is forced upon the people on pain of death."—*Telegraphic Despatch from Japan.*

With reference to the above telegram, DIOGENES has received the following communication from an impecunious contributor. The Cynic suppresses the names of a numerous party, who intend accompanying his correspondent, from dread, lest premature disclosure should tend to frustrate their laudable design. Should the projected exodus be happily carried out, he anticipates that his office of censor will become almost a sinecure, owing to the clearance of the social and political atmosphere. He congratulates the Japanese on the advent of their distinguished visitors, and to the latter he earnestly commends the study of the manners and customs of their new country,—especially *kari-kari*,—and emphatically wishes them a *happy dispatch*:—

"Hurrah! my dear, old boy,—Eldorado is discovered at last! Did you see the telegraphic news from Japan? '*Paper money forced upon the people on pain of death!*' I'm off by next steamer. Alderman ——— joins me, also besides of the O. P.; and we expect to recruit largely at Quebec from the City Fathers. Won't we put the innocent *Japs* up to a thing or two in the way of Expropriation, Drill-Sheds, Public Parks, &c., &c.

"Now, old fellow, you remember when you made me that *last* little advance, it was understood that it *was* the *last*; but you see, my dear old Cynic, this is an exceptional case, and, as the Allans' won't give tick, I am bound to raise the passage-money somehow, and you shall be sure to have a remittance of that aforesaid paper-money,—none of your dirty silver,—as soon as we arrive. Now, remember, this is the last opportunity you will have of obliging yours truly, and I expect you to respond favorably—like a jolly old brick as you are." . . .