Scotia's Pacific Scene.

Will Scotia cease her pathetic howl,
And all her lonely cries of woe,
Which, sighing, she pours forth to Paul,
Turn to their sunny
In pure dignified tones nasal,
On Scotia's home?

Will that imported canty matter
Yet consent for cause the wrong,
Now fill my ordained golden hopper
With Scotia's wealth?
And vent said Scotia's plaintive pucker,
Gold shekels?

Nae wonner, then, our notes are blue,
Our counsels crying like to spae,
And the pathetic almost the tight
In earnest pleading,
Against Congress and Force-to-fee,
As Scottish seeling.

Nae wonner the ministerial dogs,
In pity he hard hearty paws;
A' dem young Scotia's lantern jaws,
Sadly regretting
The taste delivered that's been the cause
O sic begetting.

CROSS AND SPUDS.

Of what has heaven given us an equal share?—Air.

What does a tailor think he does when he sits?—Lies.

Which is the loveliest flower that grows?—Rose.

Whose children are we apt to think the sweetest flowers?—Ours.

What is manner is sure to please?—Blanc.

What will frequently overcome the most austere?—Rose.

What bees its flavor when we borrow it?—Wh.

What did Cleopatra do to her bosom asp?—Asp.

The "bump of destructiveness"—A railway collision.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? Because both delight in a full crop.

A Philadelphia youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. He wishes now he hadn't asked her but seventeen.

A philosopher says that "a true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star."

Very Appropriate—Child—'Papa, why do so many churches have eagles in them for reading desks? Father—'Because, my boy, the eagle is a bird of prey.'

Quin believes in cremation, for the benefit of the soap trade. He knows lots of people whose ashes would make good lye.

A Tory cremationist asks, wouldn't it be unpleasant to receive a dispatch something like this someday: "—Dear mother,—William died to-day. Ashes by mail. Yours, in sorrow now, John Smith."

A liberal-minded youngster picked up by a visitor of the family, who, dandling him on his knee, said, "wish I had this little boy! I think there's money in him." To which promptly responded the child, "I know there is, for I swallowed a cent when I was at grandma's the other day."

An old lady with a large family, living near a river, was asked if she did not live in constant fear that some of her children would be drowned. "Oh, no," she replied, "we have only lost three four in this way."

"Fellow-travelers," said a colored preacher, "of I had been dried apples for a week, on' drink to drink cypies for a week, on' drink to drink in' for a week, I don't feel some swelled up dan I do now. I mean wid vanity and such foll' business."

Here's a fun reply given by a little boy in Louisville to the following question asked him by a gentleman: "What occupation do your father pursue for a living?" He answered, with great promptitude, "He is a dreadful accident-ist, sir, for the newspapers."

"I'LL REMEMBER."—Servant (returned from an errand): "Please, m'm, I couldn't get it."—Mistress: "Got what?"—Servant: "They said they didn't keep it, m'm."—Mistress: "Keep what?"—Servant: "What you told me to fetch, m'm."—Mistress: "What was that?"—Servant: "Dunno, m'm—I forgot."

Councillor Lamb was a man of timid manners, and nervous disposition. On one occasion, when opposed in some cause to Erskine, he remarked that "he felt himself growing more and more timid, as he grew older." "No wonder; every one knows the older a lamb grows, the more *sheepish* he becomes,' replied the witty but relentless barrister.

FEMALE ASTRONOMERS.—Two decent housewives in Fifeshire, who had gone out to give the pigs their supper, met at the loan-heak, and naturally took advantage of such a favorable opportunity for a two handed crack. "Lesh, Peggy, and one to the other, I hear folk say there's at man i' the moon." "Lesh, Peggy, "I've heard about him, but he canna be very fond o' his sin wife, for he's aye gloomin' this way."

AN OLD STUDENT.—Soon after Louis XIV, had collated the celebrated Bossuet to the bishopric of Meaux, the king asked some of the citizens how they liked their new bishop. "Why, your Majesty, we like him pretty well."—"Pretty well! why, what fault have you to find with him?"—"To tell your Majesty the truth, we should have preferred a bishop who had finished his education; for, whenever we wait upon him we are told he is at his studies."

PREACHING AND PROPHESYING.—One day the minister of a Scotch village, who on Sundays was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage, whilst its occupant, a pious parishioner of the old school was engaged in reading a chapter of one of the prophets. "Weel, John familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what is this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astounded divine, "I doubt ye mean reading a prophecy." "Aweel," argued the rustick "gif reading a preachin' be preachin', ilma reading a prophecy prophesying!"

On the evening train from Albany, recently, was a woman bound for Westfield, who persisted in requesting the affable conductor to inform her when Chester was reached. Every time when the conductor passed through the car he was greeted with: "Please tell me when we get to Chester." Courteous man though he is, even his patience was finally exhausted, and he politely requested the unfortunate female to maintain silence, as he had heard and would heed her injunction, Chester was finally reached, and "Chester" was yelled at the car door. The train again started, and the conductor mounted the car in which was his persecutor. "Will you tell me when we get to Chester?" she asked. "This is Chester," he exclaimed, and, grasping the bell-rope, he had the train backed up to the station. "I'm real glad you obliged me," said that daughter of Eve to the exasperated conductor, "my husband used to live here."

ART AND NATURE.—A young man fresh from the country, visiting Edinburgh, entered an exhibition of wax figures, and on going within the gateway his sympathy was directed to an old cripple upon two crutches in the corner of the courtyard. After looking awhile upon the object of pity, he drew out a coin and presented it to him, but was rather nonplussed at his making no effort to take the proffered alms. "Hae, man, there's a penny tae ye," said he, but got no answer; and it was not until the bystanders burst into laughter that he discovered it was a wax man that had aroused his generosity. Determined not to be again taken in, he entered the spacious hale of figures, and in walking among the various groups he observed one isolated figure with its glassy eyes apparently fixed upon some object at the far end of the room. He walked up and examined it all round, and, lifting his hand, he rubbed it over the shoulders of the supposed model, and down its arm, observing to a companion—"Mon, isna thae natural? I dinna ken hoo they can mak them sae like-life," and, peering into the eyes of the figure, was thunderstruck to see it burst out into a broad grin. He left the room with hurried steps, declaring that "he didna kou the deid frae the living, nor the living frae the deid."

Special Notices.

SHIRTS.—Mr. J. Cooper, Shirtmaker, 107 Colonel Iron Building, gives the operations of measure, and attentions, and by a staff of cutters, he can supply our leading gentlemen, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Ellis