

Chairman—Dennis, what say you to the proposition of Mr. Chocquette.

Dennis—I don't want the scoundrel, the black-guard, the rascal on my premises, at all.

Chairman—Say, Gervais, do they grow anything like him on the farm at Vinton, or can you tell us how to come at him?

Gervais—Naw. We have nothing like that lad in Vinton, but here's a charm that's firm and good.

Fillet of a funny snake,
In a caldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

If that doesn't catch him Smithie, well—I can't play marbles.

Chairman—O, Christmas ! This is unbearable —Adjourn ! adjourn !! adjourn !!!

Adjournment—Moved by *La-pré* Marshal ; seconded by What's-its-name-thing-y-me.

All retired in the greatest disorder singing the following popular song, to "The Tune the Owld Cow Died Of :

"There's Ver-o, Tee-bo and Camp-o,
They're all *French's* men don't ye know ?
But we'll pummell, Du-ham-el and Schimmel
The life out o' him don't ye know."

Exuent omnes.

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Nick.—Say Tom, did you hear the latest poem on the Junior Editor ?

Tom.—No, what of it ?

Nick.—O ! its a peach. You bet he'll not spout poetry on us fellows again in public. Just listen :

'Twas at the close of Patrick's day
When most the fellows were away
There came unto his humble bed,
A youth but slim with a big head.

A great success, though he was small,
He spoke right well in banquet hall ;