



SKETCHES OF MAX O'RELL.

(Continued.)

A MODERN CHEVALIER.

Notice is given *The Ontario Gazette* of the appointment of Mr. Martial Chevalier, of Montreal, as General Manager of the Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian for this Province.—*Globe*.

"I N days of old
When knights were bold,"
And barons knew no fear,
In armor bright,
Rode forth to fight,
Each martial chevalier.

They sought renown
By dale and down,
And mixed in frequent frays
By slaying foes,
Their credit rose
In those tempestuous days.

But now-a-days
We've other ways
In mercantile career,
Each strives to rise
And gain the prize
Like Martial Chevalier.

BETTER BE MORE CAREFUL IN FUTURE!

A TORONTO Employment Agency coolly announces:
"We have also various other places to leave the city, as cooks, chambermaids, dining-room girls," etc.

Now, the question is, what do these persons really mean? Are we to understand them (1) as proposing to remove this city, and leave it in some other place? or (2) as intimating an ability on their part to go away in the several capacities enumerated?

If the former, we warn the insidious proposers to have a care! There are too many citizens anxious to keep this town right where she is, for any man, or body of men, to suggest her removal with impunity. Doubtless some of our most active and enterprising real estate dealers, of whom there would appear to be a few "in our midst"—as the country editor loves to express it—would be quite ready to undertake the transfer, if the purchaser were a responsible person, willing to pay the customary trifling commission. But if there be any such deal on the *tapis*, let it at once be made public. It must, it shall be, dragged to the light and subjected to the most critical examination. John Ross Robertson will have to investigate it. Next, Most Worshipful Bro. Roden must scrutinize it on behalf of the Board of Works. After which, Harry Piper can lecture on it. Finally, perhaps, the attention of the City Council will be called to it.

Meantime, however, we enter a protest in advance.

This town has got nicely rooted on its present site. We want it to stay. Please don't go to work and pull it up and plant it, maybe out near Newmarket, or, worse still, in the vicinity of Hamilton.

But, if prayers won't avail, then we shall take more rigorous measures, even if we have to go out and stop the moving ourselves. Perhaps, however, our fears are groundless. No. 2 idea may be the correct surmise. If so, we cordially bid the gentlemen adieu, and trust there will not be any row over apportioning the offices, so to speak. It is true, a cook gets more salary, but a chambermaid has an easier job, while think of the fun a dining-room girl enjoys—with the drummers! Good-bye, friends, good-bye! Keep the peace, if possible. If we have misjudged you, we are sorry. But, really, you ought to be more careful in writing notices in the papers.

T.T.

THE PARTIZAN'S PERPLEXITY.

I WAS lately a thoroughbred Grit,
And gave an allegiance hearty
To Blake and Mackenzie,
And hated with frenzy
The men of the opposite party.
But now—let me think for a bit—
Am I Tory, or am I a Grit?
Am I still in the fold,
Or out in the cold?
Who is who, and what's what?
Things are mixed, are they not?
And I really don't know where I stand,
Or if I've a standing at all;
Here's Blake, who was once in command,
Who has blessed what he formerly banned,
Making up to the French with a bid for their vote;
Here's Dalton McCarthy been turning his coat,
And swears to demolish the Gaul;
Mc Neil and O'Brien are stealing our thunder,
I cannot but wonder
And think it a blunder
When Howell objects to help Rykert to plunder;
Then there's the Bleus,
Who seem to refuse
Continued allegiance to pay
To John A.
Ontario Tories are kicking like steers,
While Ontario's Grits
Seem losing their wits,
And act in a similar way.
It well might confirm the worst fears
That the reign
Of chaos is coming again.
Say, am I a Tory or am I a Grit?
I just wish I knew
What was what and who, who—
But to reason it out I'm not fit.