

THE MASHER.

Some bipeds wander down the street
 And ogle every girl they meet—
 That kind of lobster I despise,
 I'd throw red pepper in his eyes
 Were I a girl, instead of boy—
 T'would give me most ecstatic joy.
 The kind of ass who acts that way
 Has sauer-kraut for brains I say,
 He walks a-down a decent street
 And wears his brains around his feet.
 We cannot call that jay a man
 I'd like to take an ax and fan
 His wooden head—and mash his face—
 He is a sore and sad disgrace.
 I've seen them watch young girls go by
 And stare at them with bloodshot eye
 And pass remarks as they would stare
 On what she happened, p'raps to wear,
 Or ask if they could see her home
 Or take her to the Hippodrome.
 But thank God, every decent girl
 Will squash such fellows as they whirl
 About the town, and turn them down
 With just a chilly freezing frown.
 Were I a Policeman I'd arrest
 Each sickly jay who did his best
 To catch a glance from any eye
 Which happened to be passing by.
 I think our laws are very lax
 When knowing these disgraceful facts,
 Just stand aside and let them go
 Along behaving as they do.
 Each one of them should have the lash
 For every girl they try to mash,
 And she should be the one, I say,
 To flog the pale faced sickly jay.
 The town should give each girl a mallet
 With which to smite him on the palate
 Or chase him over dale or hummock

And paste him one upon the stomach.
 His type is getting common now
 And should not be allowed to grow.
 You know him by his up-turned pants—
 He lives upon his maiden Aunts,
 And wears a kind of "Willy" tie
 And looks just like a butterfly.
 He hangs around the poolroom door—
 His heart is rotten to the core
 He should not bear the name of dog—
 He is as useless as a log
 Of wood, he couldn't earn a cent
 No matter where the — he went.
 Girls: freeze him out, and slap his face,
 And he'll soon learn to keep his place.

"Low-rate."

AMENITIES OF THE "FREE" PRESS.

The Ottawa "Free Press," in its issue of Feb. 12th, makes the following editorial comment, in referring to an expression of opinion by a correspondent:—

"Optimist" voices the opinion of a large number of us. There is no objection to Civil Servants in an association of their own discussing their status and planning reform; there is no reason why Civil Servants as a body should not make representations direct to responsible ministers; but the constant airing of their grievances in the public press is, as "Optimist" says, rather "nauseating."

In its issue of Feb. 13th, the "Free Press" publishes a letter, in reply, from a Civil Servant, who signs himself J. A. M. This letter and the second comment of the "Free Press" follow:—

Sir,—You say that "Optimist" voices the opinion of a large number of us." "Optimist" is not one of those "disgruntled Civil Servants" at all. "Optimist's" is an inspired article, and no Civil Servant would take the responsibility for his conclusions, nor would any of them