



A GENUINE BREAKDOWN.

BRER RASTUS—"You was at de dance last night, Julius. Did you dance any break-downs?"

JULIUS—"Bet yo' life. Broke down de shanty, sah."

THE MONTREAL MAYORALTY.

WHEN asked as to the other candidate Mayor McShane replied—"What other candidates? I am the only candidate I've heard of."—*Vide: Witness.* "What other candidates?" says he. "Which other, don't you mean?" says I. "Shure what or which is one to me. And rules of grammar I defy. For I'm the Mayor of Montreal. Possession's nine points of the law. I'll not retire at all, at all. So let them other ducks withdraw."—*Antidote.*

SO spake the Mayor of Montreal,
As forth he went to stump the town,
"Bring forth Plourde's horse," his lordly call,
"Them other ducks I'll soon ride down."

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor of Montreal,
Possession's nine points of the law,
I'll not retire at all, at all,
So let them other ducks withdraw.

But Rolland, too, has found a steed,
The party horse he well bestrides.
"Allons mes freres, no rights we'll cede,
We'll have our turn whate'er betides."

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

The mayor rides slowly down the hill,
His third term baby sits behind,
The Mayor is musing sadly still
Upon that contract he's not signed.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

The electric car he hates to see,
Yet there it flies so gaily past,
And poor man's carriage though it be,
The Mayor breathes curses thick and fast.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

Another car comes clanging by,
Jim tries to sooth Plourde's prancing steed,
But as of old, Plourde's horse will shy,
And once again Plourde may be feed.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

The third term baby in despair
Shouts "Father we'll be in the mud."
Plourde's horse proceeds to wildly rear,
While Jimmy vows he'll have his blood.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

Rolland's French pony's far ahead,
Plourde's horse is off, the Mayor is left.
Alas! the third term baby's dead,
His father's now indeed bereft.

Chorus—For I'm the Mayor, etc.

No more he sings "For I'm the Mayor,"
"Is it them ducks?" no more he'll cry.
At home he'll sit to storm and swear,
To hear "them street cars" clanging by.

A. KEYDON.

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO "EVANGELINE" (WITH A FEW COMMON SENSE REMARKS.)

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
(What in the mischief, I wonder, had trees to complain of in those days?)
Bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,

(Barbarous lines those were, too, so it's strange that they didn't get shaved off)

Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
(But they surely would moan a joke off sometimes, I fancy),
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
(They were evidently all of the masculine gender.)

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
(I'll bet they made quite a racket between them, the trees and the ocean),

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

(Something like cats in the night, when they start up a fence entertainment.)

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leap like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman.

(Hearts that would jump several feet must have been inconvenient for comfort.)

GEO. M. L. BROWN.

DOWN ON THE BAY.



ASTE to the ice, girls, and come every boy too,

Here is fine weather, let's skate while we may;

Come, hurry up, all the whole gang of you,
Don't be forgetting the half holiday.

Come Bertha, come Jack, come Minnie,
come Mack,

Let's follow the leader right down on the bay.

Put by dry-as-dust, inky old office books;
Twelve o'clock strikes, boys, and 'tis Saturday.
Snatch a lunch quickly, and don your good looks,

The sky is bright blue, the sleigh-bells are gay,
But you'll not be late to fasten the skate,
Your best girls are waiting you down on the bay.

Fling down your short-hand, girls, type-writers cover,
Show your trim boots thus for once in a way;

Bob, Fred and Harry—each has a lover—

Look for you now on this bright winter day;

Tall Flo and fair Belle, sweet May and dear Nell,

Will meet with a long-hand squeeze down on the bay.

Come, haste to the tryst, girls, get there in a trice,
Each lad awaits you, his homage to pay;

As gliding, in pairs, across the clear ice,

I guess I'll hear Jess and all of you say:

"Toronto's learn'd Meds, have not got wise heads,
For Love-microbes only live down on the bay."

NORA LAUGHER.

JOKES are like flannels. A man has to be careful
how he gets them off.