



AN INCIDENT OF THE HOUSE LETTING SEASON.

GENT, IN SEARCH OF A TENEMENT: "THIS HOUSE IS TO LET, EH! AH! JUST SO; VERY NICE; I'M SHUAH. AND MY DEAH, ARE YOU TO BE LET WITH IT?"

SMART HOUSEMAID, indignantly: "No Sir! I'M TO BE LET—ALONE."

THREE BELLES.

(After Kingsley.)

Three Belles came prancing in from the west,
In from the west on their way to town;
Each thought but of little save how she was drest,
And whether her train looked best—carried or down.

For men must work that women may sweep
With Silks and Merinoes and Velvets, the street.
"Though there's little to earn and many to keep
And the head o'er the Desk be groaning.

Three wives reclined in a Cosy Boudoir
And from "five o'clock" tables sipped small cups of tea;
And they looked at their watches and wondered what rare
Business could keep men who now home should be.

But men must work, and women may weep,
For losses are sudden, and troubles are deep;
Money is hard hard to get, and still harder to keep,
And the heads o'er the Desks are moaning.

Three names stand out from the printed sheet
On the breakfast table.—The "House" is "down"!
And wives and daughters are wringing their hands
To think that their names are the talk of the town.

The men have worked that the women might sweep
With Silks and Merinoes and Velvets the street.
But now it's all over and they may get off cheap,
And good bye to their debts and the moaning.

PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE?

Protection or free trade, that is the question ;--
Whether 'tis wiser, in our minds, to suffer
Under a depression that makes times hard,
Or to take up arms against our sea of troubles,
And legislate to lift it? To protect,—
To remedy ;—for by a stroke we cure
The malady—the thousand grievous shocks
That trade is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. We act,—we change ;—
We change! perchance *de trop* ; aye, there's the rub
For, once we change, what changes may not come,
When of our policy we've rid ourselves,—
Must give us pause :—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For where's the country that can stand to see
Her manufactures killed,—her very blood
Feed a stouter foreign life which, growing
Upon her substance, wears out her very skill,
Till air is din'd with plaints of law's delay ;—
When herself could her own safety find
In a mere statute?—Why these burdens bear,
Sweating ourselves in agricultural toil ;
But for the dread of something worse to come,
If on that ground debateable we move
Where 'conomists political get mired,
That makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus doubts and fears do make us all afraid ;
And thus the native hue of industry
Is sicklied over with a foreign cast,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this default, their currents turn aside
And lose the name of venture.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

We are glad to notice that the St. George's Society of Montreal did not forget the poor of their nationality on the anniversary of their Patron Saint on Tuesday last. After attending service at St. George's Church at the conclusion of which a liberal collection was taken up, a number of the members adjourned to the Windsor Hotel to partake of a pleasant supper. This is doing things on the proper orthodox principle; for after helping others, who required it more than they, they next helped themselves. If this was made the rule rather than the exception, the funds of all our National Societies would be in a far better condition than they are at present. Let us hope the hint may not be forgotten. "To do good and to distribute, forget not."

A RE-BUS.

"What is a rebus?" I asked of dear Mary,
As close by my side the fair maiden was seated.
I saw her eyes sink and her countenance vary,
As she said, in reply, "'Tis a kiss, Sir, repeated."

A HINT.—If our local Inspector of Weights and Measures would only take a turn around St. Lawrence Market he would be surprised to find the number of instances in which the truth is made evident that "false weights are an abomination". "Just measures" need not necessarily be confined to Ottawa, although we are free to confess they appear to be the exception in the above locality.

PARLIAMENTARY eloquence is on the decline.—*Ex.* What a good thing for the reporters. And now that the Session is drawing to a close the next question in order is "What has been done?"

LADIES have now dropped the acquaintance of noodles and have turned dog-fanciers; they have taken to poodles.

QUERY.—Who is the greater? The man who walks against time or he who talks against time?

E. H. GOFF.—His case will be discussed in the Courts, we will therefore withhold our Judgment. The man looks young to have done so much in finance, railroading and insurance; but those who know him say he is older than he looks. We are told his youthful appearance comes from the use of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer.

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