

POETRY.

"CACOETHES SCRIBENDI."

If all the trees in the woods were men,
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shoot and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap, every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's
living tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as
scribes
And for ten thousand ages, day and
night,
The human race should write, and write,
and write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge ink stand was an empty
cup—
Still would the scribblers clustered round
its brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and
more ink.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

PIED.

The devil fell into the ink—
Such a sight had never benzine!
He was spotted and mottled
And we thought he'd be throttled,
When the foreman arrived on the
scene.

A grewsome sight was he also
As he glared when the devil he spied,
But he said with a grin "You imp of
sin,"
Its your turn now to be pied!"

PAID.

The printer paid his office boy;
Then paused awhile to muse
And softly said: "How seldom 'tis
The devil gets his dues."

PAY THE PRINTER.

The man who owes the printer
And would rather owe than pay,
Will never wait for fuel
After the judgment day.

FANCY AND FICTION.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE POOR.

"Johnny, my pretty," continued old
Betty, caressing the child, and rather
mourning over it than speaking to it,
"your old Granny Betty is nigher four
score year than three score and ten.
She never begged, nor had a penny of
the Union money in all her life. She naid
scot, and she paid lot when she had
money to pay; she worked when she
could, and she starved when she must.
You pray that your Granny may have
strength enough left her at the last
(she's strong for an old one, Johnny), to
get up from her bed to run and hide
herself, and swoon to death in a hole,
sooner than fall into the hands of these
cruel Jacks we read of, that dodge and
drive, and worry and weary, and scorn
and shame, the decent poor."—Our
Mutual Friend.

BRICKLAYERS' LABORERS.

It is odd enough that one class of men
in London appear to have no enjoyment
beyond leaning against posts. We never
saw a regular bricklayer's laborer take
any other recreation—fighting excepted.
Pass through St. Giles' in the evening
of a week-day: there they are—in fust-
ian dresses spotted with brick-dust and
whitewash—leaning against posts. Walk
through Seven Dials on Sunday morning:
there they are again—drab, or light cor-
duroy trousers, blucher boots, blue
coats—leaning against posts. The idea

of a man dressing himself in his hat
clothes to lean against a post all day!—
Sketches by Boz.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Noble is the hatred of ladies who
stand in this relation to each other;
each sees what injury the other is in-
flicting upon her darling child; each
mistrusts, distrusts, and to her off-
spring privately abuses the arts and
crimes of the other. A house with a
wife is often warm enough; a house
with a wife and her mother is rather
warmer than any spot on the known
globe; a house with two mothers-in-
law is so excessively hot that it can
be likened to no place on earth at all,
but one must go lower for a simile.—
Thackeray's "A Shabby Genteel Story."

BILLS.

"I propose," said Mr. Micawber, "Bills
—a convenience to the mercantile world,
for which, I believe, we are originally
indebted to the Jews, who appear to me
to have had a devilish deal too much to
do with them ever since."—David Cop-
perfield.

SQUIBS.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may
catch small flies, but let wasps and
hornets break through.—Swift.

Popular rumor, unlike the rolling stone
of the proverb, is one which gathers a
deal of moss in its wanderings up and
down.—Old Curiosity Shop.

It is very much harder for the poor
to be virtuous than it is for the rich;
and the good that is in them shines the
brighter for it.—Dickens' American Notes.

"Mornin', gen'l'm'n," said Sam, enter-
ing at the moment with the shoes and
gaiters; "away with melincolly, as
the little boy said ven his schoolmissis
died."—Pickwick.

"I suppose history never lies, does it?"
said Mr. Dick, with a gleam of hope.
"Oh dear, no, sir," I replied, most de-
cisively, I was ingenuous and young,
and I thought so.

"This is rayther a change for the
vorse, Mr. Trotter, as the gen'l'm'n said,
ven he got two doubtful shillin's and
sixpenn'orth o' pocket-pieces for a good
half crown."—Pickwick.

"How many seamstresses have we in
the army?" asked the general. "Now,
what do you want to know for?" asked
the aide-de-camp, who had been a hired
girl, and still retained her lack of re-
spect for authority. "Why, I read
somewhere that Napoleon often won his
battles by hemming the enemy in."

UNITY.

There is a class of workmen who should
be dealt with leniently by their fellows;
they are unfair men. And we should not
judge them too harshly. There are two
sides to every question. What excuse have
they for their actions? Give them a
chance for life and liberty, if they ex-
press a desire to do the square thing;
we may even do better than this, we can
make the first overture to them, pave
the way back to an honorable life. One
thing is certain, no matter what they
have done, if they are out of the union
they are against us; we have no control
over them, while if they are taken in
again, we stand a reasonable chance of
not being, at least, their enemy, and
that is something. What we need is mis-
sionaries in the field of unionism!

EXTREMELY OBLIGED.

On Cordova street the other day, a
dude accosted a small boy thus:—

"My deah young fellow, can you in-
form me of the particular appellation
of the thoroughfare which I am at
present twaworsing?"

The kid replied: "What yer givin'
us? Dis ain't no Seventh avenue. Why
don't yer speak de Buffalo English, so
as a fellow can understand yer, see!"

The dude looked down upon the
youngster and said: "Thear, thear, my
fweesh young scoundwel, don't be so ob-
stweperous; I shall propound my query
to some more cultured wessident," and
he proceeded onward. Finally he
bumped against a reporter on a Van-
couver daily, and enquired:

"Ah, my deah, fellow, can you tell
me the distinctive cognomen of this
thoroughfare I am twaworsing?"

Sam looked him all over for a moment
and replied: "I would be infinitely de-
lighted to impart the intelligence you
are desirous of obtaining; but an in-
evitable inability, engendered by the
obscure and uninitiated condition of my
intellect on this particular point, pro-
duces an obstruction which renders
futile the extension of any co-operation
I might proffer in the direction of the
elucidation of a problem which is un-
avoidably encountered by individuals
unfamiliar with their environments in a
municipality of this description."

The frightened "Johnnie" said: "Ah!
I'm extremewly obliged," and hast-
ened on.

CHEAPNESS.

Theoretically, cheapness is a great
 desideratum, but when practically
 weighed, it is found wanting. Cheap
 paper, ink, presses and workmen, rarely,
 if ever, give satisfaction. The "long-
 felt need" is seldom filled by them, and
 grumbling tongues are loosened. No
 printer (we use the term in its highest,
 best, and, as we believe, its true devel-
 opment) is pleased with ultra-cheap
 work; no' atton with it, except as to
 price. The getting of much for little,
 the "sawdust game" in printing, so to
 speak, has become not only a calamity,
 but a nuisance. The cheaper work has
 been done, the more it is required to
 be, and the worse for all who seek
 from it a living. To accomplish ends
 without means, to make bricks without
 straw, has developed into a fine art.
 To do it, everything of material and
 machinery has been cheapened, taste
 ruined, and creditable work grown
 beautifully less. The necessities of trade
 may demand a marked style and low
 cost of printing, but they effect an ut-
 ter demoralization of the art, to which
 the tendency of the age will soon bring
 it, unless a halt is called. Our friends
 will help us in no small way to ob-
 viate these evils, if they would kindly
 insist on having the printers' "union
 label" put upon their printing. It will
 cost no more. Remember, "One good
 turn deserves another."

The ballot is a prime remedy for evil.

Equality of opportunity is what we
want.

None but union offices can use the
label.

A reformer in pursuit of popularity is
on a wild-goose chase.

The City Council should pass a reso-
lution that all printing hereafter done
for the city must bear the stamp of
the union label.