

MY SWEET NANCY.

NEVER painter's fairest fancy
Can compare with my sweet Nancy,
For she is a perfect picture
Of a perfect womanhood;
Though she is not blessed with riches,
And must earn her bread by stitches,
She is better than her betters,
For her heart is pure and good.

When I sometimes watch her stitching,
Every stitch my heart bewitching,
I exclaim in hasty language
At the sad mistakes of life;
But she laughs so quick and jolly,
As she puts to flight my folly
By asking if I wish to have
A duchess for a wife.

Then I say with love that lingers
Near the stitches by her fingers,
That if I had Aladdin's lamp
A duchess she should be.
And she answers, archly smiling,
In a manner most beguiling,
That if she were a duchess
She would never marry me.

So, perhaps, it may be better
After all to wear the fetter
Of a poverty that's honest
Than be titled, proud, and rich;
For before the moon is changing
By a mutual arranging,
King Cupid will our threads of life
Unite in one strong stitch.

PETER QUILL.

THE SESSION.

THE session of the House of Commons is over, and it is now the duty of the public journalist to gather up the fruits of the Parliamentary labors and present them to the people.

We observe that in some quarters the session is styled "barren." This is very unjust to the hard working members, and is particularly unkind in view of their display of generosity in refraining from their contemplated plunder of the public treasury under the form of additional indemnity.

It is perhaps true that very few new laws have been placed upon the statute books, but when we consider what might have been done in this line, we cannot feel too thankful for the dearth. Nothing but consideration for the public welfare, we are sure, prevented the Government from introducing a Bill to prohibit the reading of second-hand books. Had they introduced such a measure they could no doubt have carried it as easily as they did the almost equally hurtful item in the tariff changes imposing a high duty on the importation of such evil things. The Government might also have carried a slight amendment to the Franchise Act, making it impossible for anybody to vote against the Conservative party, but they generously refrained. These are some of the negative good things the session gave us. And now as to the positive. Look at the Iron duties—that masterly stroke of statesmanship which has done so much to assist the cause of Commercial Union, and cast an eye on the Prohibition vote, which gives promise of the early enactment of a law to abolish the traffic. Again, it will not be denied that air is a good thing—a prime necessity as well as a prime luxury of life—and didn't the session give us abundance of air, in the form of wind? It should not be forgotten, either, that the presence of the mem-

bers at Ottawa for so many weeks provided employment for a large gang of sessional clerks, who might otherwise have been forced to do nothing at their own expense. In short, when you come to look at it, the session has been far from barren, even admitting, for the sake of argument, that all the work of any value to the country could have been as well performed in half the time, and at one-twentieth of the expense, by a couple of able-bodied hired men.

THE first grand moonlight excursion to be held under the auspices of the employees of the Toronto Opera House, on Friday evening, July 15th, per palace steamer Chicora, should not be overlooked by their numerous friends. Music will be provided, and the trip will prove in every way an enjoyable one.



SWEET DUBLIN BAY.

THIS elegant, costly bouquet,
Was thrown to Miss Flora O'Duct
As a tribute of praise
For the sweetness and aise
With which she sang "Dublin Bauct."

RANDOM REMARKS.

A NEW YORK house advertises shirts made to order, and sent by mail. No doubt we will next hear of ball dresses being sent by postcard.

Counter-balanced—The dry-goods clerks leaning over to serve a customer.

We don't know whether dumb-bells are counted among burglars' tools or not, but they ought to be. They are excellent for opening the chest.

What with the never ending Water Works Investigation, the *Globe* young man's expedition up the Don, it would seem that there are strained relations between the city and the water supply,—strained relations, you see. (When we are feeling pretty well, thank you, we can turn off paragraphs like this with one hand tied behind our back.)

Leaflets green and blossoms white
All the branches veil,
Sprays of pink arbutus
O'er the mosses trail;
Butterflies and bumble-bees
O'er the clover sail;