



SCENE—BEAUPORT FLATS.

SPORTSMAN.—(*Just arrived from the Old Country*) *Are bears plentiful hereabouts ?—*

What no man has ever heard.

Do you think to deceive me thus, Sir ?

It is not so easily done !

And to make the matter much worse, Sir,

You say it was all meant in fun.

You think I observed not her blush, Sir !

Indeed, I have seen it before,—

And I mark'd on your cheek a deep flush, Sir,

And daresay shall many times more.

To bid me be quiet is vain, Sir !

I'll seek my inamma and the law ;

You've ruin'd my peace 'tis quite plain, Sir ;

My prospects are gone at the core.

But my dowry you'll please to return, Sir ;

A settlement, too, you shall make ;

Your wheedling advances I spurn, Sir,

Farewell, 'tis the last I shall take !

Fire ! Fire ! Fire !

This, certainly, is no subject for a joke, however sorry. We assure every one that the *Sprite* deeply sympathizes and shares in the general mourning caused by this our recent and most frightful catastrophe. But still less should the occasion be made an opportunity for quarrelling. For the life of us we cannot see that there was anything out of place in Mr. Forsyth's remarks at the Relief Meeting. If our water-supply arrangements are imperfect, could any time be more appropriate for allusion to the subject than the one selected by that gentleman ? Most assuredly not. And yet, one of those big round O's must roll itself into a passion, fume, flame, and threaten another conflagration. Those round O's, rather than be noughts, will be mischief-makers. Never mind. Subscribe for the sufferers ! Imitate the *Sprite* ! That most noble gentleman had set apart \$400 as a prize for the best *bon mot*. The great affliction came, and he devoted it to the poor and the houseless ; it was duly placed to the credit of the Relief Fund by Mr. McGreevy. In consequence of this, the *bon mot* prize will be \$5.