



"DYER NECESSITY."

LITERAL.

SMITHSON—"Our mutual friend Jinkson is in town. Have you met him?"

DOBSON—"Oh yes; I fell in with him at the foot of Yonge street."

SMITHSON—"You did! Phew! How in the deuce did you ever get your clothes deodorized?"

THE OLD TORY'S LAMENT.

WELL, things is changed and no mistake.
I sometimes think I dream;
Are people crazy all around?
For that's the way they seem:
I've been a Tory sixty years,
And never turned my coat,
And rally each election day
To give my little vote.

But half my neighbors, Tories too,
Who swore by old Sir John,
And at the Grits till all was blue,
Clear back on him have gone;
They talk about some Jesuit Bill
That soured them on him quite,
And want to bust the Government
As high as any kite.

It's all a pesky Grit device,
Whatever you may say,
Put up by Mowat and the *Globe*
In their durned sneaky way;
We've always licked 'em every time,
The measly, scheming crew.
A Grit will lie and steal and sich,
For 'tis his natur' to.

But I declare it makes me mad
And stirs up all my bile,
To see fool Tories helpin' 'em,
For that a saint would rile;
And all because Sir John was smart
And headed off the Grits,
That's what they say, by buying up
The French and Jesuits.

Of course he would, and what of that?
That isn't nothing new,
He's worked the thing for twenty years—
No other plan would do.
Was he a-goin' to be beat
And let the Grits come in?
Not much, I guess—the Old Man knows
Too much to let 'em win.

Now, darn my skin, ef I kin see
What all the row's about.
The Grits, of course, must kick and howl
And sling their mud about;
But here McCarthy and Jim Hughes,
An' parsons by the score,
As used to vote our ticket straight,
Begin to rave and roar.

I'd like to thump the pesky lot,
The fools and traitors all,
Who spout this anti-Jesuit rot
In every cross-road's hall.
They're Grits—yes, every mother's son—
Just sneaking, turncoat Grits,
But they can't euchre old Sir John,
He'll give the rascals fits!

ANYTHING TO GET RID OF HIM.

RONDEAU—"I have an 'Ode to the Moon.'"
EDITOR (*waving him off*)—"Well, you had better go up and show it to her. She would appreciate it if anyone would."

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

MRS. JACK WALLOPER (*who lives in a "shady" neighborhood*)—Says she knows all about the elixir of life. Her husband has acquainted her with it. *He licks her pretty often.* [N.B.—The contributor of this simulation of a joke has been removed to the gaol by his friends, the lunatic asylum being full.—Ed.]

TO DAVID BOYLE.

SOME people delve the rocky soil for gold,
Or ransack earth for oil or precious stones,
Thy humbler quest is for dead Indian's bones,
Relics of Iroquois or Mohawk bold;
Pipes, tomahawks and beads, and such-like truck.
Great store of ossuary wealth is thine,
Invader of the fifth concession line,
Who deem'st to strike an Indian tomb good luck,
A gentleman and sculler art thou sure,
Although thou findest skulls of Indian braves,
After much digging for forgotten graves
From all *skull-diggery* thy course is pure.
Keep right ahead—you've but to persevere—
We'll start that Museum within a year.

A MISLEADING ANNOUNCEMENT.

HE entered the second-hand bookstore on Yonge street with an expression of lively curiosity on his face and approximated the salesman.

"I observed, as I was passing," he began, "a sign in your window stating, 'Old Books Rebound.' Now is that a fact?"

"Certainly, sir," said the salesman.

"Permit me to take exception to the statement. I cannot believe that age imparts any appreciable degree of resilience to printed volumes. In fact I am prepared to demonstrate by actual experiment that it does not."

So saying he reached for a volume of Shakespeare considerably the worse for wear and whanged it down with considerable violence upon the floor. He followed it up with a couple of blue-books and an old copy of *Cæsar's Commentaries*. "Now, you see, old books don't rebound worth a cent. Always stick to facts."

And he was gone before the flabbergasted salesman could think of any swear words which seemed in any degree adequate to the occasion.