

appeared in the June number of the *Life Boat*, accredited to the authoress; but it was not otherwise acknowledged, as we had forgotten the name of the paper from which it had been taken.

We have received from Messrs. Salter & Ross, Printers, Great St. James Street, copies of a beautiful wood engraving, representing "the Bank of Montreal, as it appeared on the night of the illumination (4th of October), commemorating the fall of Sebastopol." The engraving is executed by Mr. John Walker, and reflects him the highest credit. It is accompanied by a description of the celebration here, and general remarks on the siege and fall of Sebastopol. We would recommend it to our readers.

Price 7½d., or sent post free to any part of British North America, on receipt of 9d in postage stamps.

All orders [post paid] sent to this office, or that of the publishers, will be promptly attended to.

TEMPERANCE SONG,

Composed for the *St. Andrews Section*,
No. 188, *Cadets of Temperance*.

BY E. A. W.

COME all Cadets of Temperance,
And list to me a while,
For on the cause of temperance
Methinks I'll make you smile.

Perhaps about old Nic Brandy;
Perhaps old Madam Gin;
For they think they can quite handy
O'erthrow us, temperance men.

But if you'll join in brotherly love,
And all of you combine,
You may perhaps give them a shove,
And off them take the shine.

So come, my lads, you must all try
To conquer and defeat;
All liquor-sellers thus you'll try,
King Bacchus to unseat.

But to do this you must put on
The armour that will show
That you are temperate every one,
And to the battle go:

And then you must show them the right,
And you must let them know,
That stoutly you'll for temperance fight,
Till Bacchus is laid low.

So now, my lads, I'll say good night,
And to my dreams will go,
Still hoping you will onward fight,
And strike the fatal blow.

CHARADE.

I.

COMPLETE I'm a city—a seaport as well;
And many long furlongs to eastward I
dwell;

To me from all provinces merchants will
hie,

To barter their goods, to sell and to buy.
So much for my whole, but now curtail my
name,

And poetry I wing to the annals of fame;
Curtail me again, and my smooth wheed-
ling tongue

Well merits th' aversion that on it is flung.
Now, friends, I pray, can't you say what I
am?

You can't! then curtail me again, and you
can.

Montreal.

A. D.

ANSWERS.

To Charade, No. 1, in last number.

A pig is a quadruped
By farmer folks well fattened and fed:
An *i* is always seen in flight,
But in standing still takes great delight;
An *s* in the history you may scan.
Of every nation, every man;
The next to describe, O what shall I say,
You can find it tomorrow, or find it today.
The letter *o* is in home; so *l*, I can tell,
Is staying at present in Sorel.
And your whole is a *pistol*, that can
make a noise
That will scare all the girls and amuse
the boys.

C. F. FRASER.

Montreal, Oct. 24.

To Charade, No. 2.

An *u* is always seen in a run,
And *v* is exceedingly fond of fun
A *d* takes great delight in a ride,
And also prefers to stay inside.
The *e* and *r* are both seen together
By seamen in fair as well as foul weather,
Without a *rudder* the ship cannot go,
And its loss at sea causes the mariner
woe.

C. F. FRASER.

Montreal, Oct. 24.

To Enigmas—No. 1, Mary Stuart; No.
2, Rickmansworth.

To Puzzle—Four cats.

The answer sent by C. F. Fraser and
James Ross, Montreal, to Enigma, No. 1,
is correct.

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