

## SAYS I TO MYSELF.

When I picked up my paper on Feb. twenty-eight,  
Says I to myself, says I,  
Some fellows are howling and cursing their fate,  
Says I to myself, says I.  
But now they'll have leisure to think and repent  
Of their folly in running for Parliament,  
So they'd better retire till after Lent.  
Says I to myself, says I.

"I'm glad I'm returned to power once more,"  
Says Noll to himself, says he,  
"Though my forces are not quite as large as before,"  
Says Noll to himself, says he.  
"And now I will say to Sir John, 'Old pard,  
I suppose you will give me that stolen award?'"  
"Ask an easier question, that one's too hard,"  
Says Sir John to himself, says he.

"I'll disallow every bill that you pass,"  
Says Sir John to himself, says he,  
"Provincial rights may go to grass,"  
Says Sir John to himself, says he.  
"I'll punish Ontario for this vote,  
The traitor's hand's still on her throat,  
And will be till we conquer Mowat,"  
Says Sir John to himself, says he.

But Noll still rules in Ontario,  
Say we to ourselves, say we.  
Though the Tories decided that Mowat must go,  
Say we to ourselves, say we.  
Yes, Mowat *did* go, through thick and thin  
He went, in truth, but he went to win,  
And the Tories are out and the Grigs are in,  
Say we to ourselves, say we.

## DISILLUSIONED ;

OR,

## THEY ALL DO IT.

It was evening when we found ourselves once more in the street. To say that I was shocked by what I had seen, would but feebly describe my feelings. "Surely," I said to my little companion, "surely you have selected some exceptional cases, haven't you? All the human beings we see cannot be as false, as thoroughly sham as those we have accompanied." "My good young man," replied the little fellow, "you chose those examples yourself, bear in mind, or rather they were thrust upon you, but they were very fair samples of the classes they represent, for all that. Of this you will see the truth, when you are as old as I am." "How old are you?" I enquired. "One thousand years," was the reply. I glanced at the little man incredulously, but his face bore no token that he was not in earnest. "You must have known George Washington, then, did you not?" I enquired. "Yes, sirree, knew him well." I could not help thinking that my guide had failed to profit by the example of the Father of his country, as regards veracity, but I merely said, "and was he as big a fraud as these people we have seen to-day? Surely he never lied?" "well hardly ev—, pardon me, we will not discuss George's character at present. Let us go in here;" and he indicated a church as he spoke. We entered; the congregation was kneeling, and I could not fail to notice the fervor of a young lady who sat near the clergyman, in making her responses. They seemed to



come from the very depths of the contrite and penitent heart. "Honor thy father and thy mother," spoke the preacher. "Amen,

amen," murmured the young woman, with an intonation that betokened her sincerity. "Children obey your parents," went on the minister. "Amen, amen," came once more from between the rosy lips of the devotee, whilst her eyes rolled, with a holy light, towards a fly spot on the ceiling. "Amen, amen." Again the pastor's voice was heard, "Be kindly affectioned one toward another;" and the "amen, amen," floated apparently from the innermost heart of the saintly maiden, and was borne away to heaven.

During the remainder of the service I paid particular attention to this young lady, for I was much struck with her piety, sincerity and humility. "If ever mortal enters the golden gates, that one will," I whispered to my companion. "Certainly," he replied, "and as the service is now concluded, we will see her safe home." Outside the door stood several youths, and one of these, coming towards the young lady who had attracted my attention, proffered his escort, which was immediately accepted. We followed closely, but I could not believe my ears when I heard those tones, whose religious fervor had so lately won my admiration, say, with a giggle: "Queer old guy of a minister in there; but he can't play off his gum games on this chicken; but I saw the young curate,—he's dead mashed on me,—watching me all the time, and I fairly revelled in devotion, te-he." "Well, you are a daisy," said the feble-kneed youth by her side, "you capture the bun; by jingo!" and he gazed at her admiringly. "Well, that's the kind of a hairpin I am, any how," was her reply. Further conversation of this nature took place between the two, before our walk ended, by the couple stopping before a house: after a few jokes, which certainly bordered on the questionable, had passed between the two, and half a dozen kisses long drawn out, they



parted, and she and the mannikin and myself entered the house. A tired-looking, worn-out woman met the young damsel in the hall, and said, "It's time you were home; your dishes have all to be washed, and the children put to bed." "Hoity-toity," replied the



penitent, "this snoozer don't wash no dishes this night, and as for those abominable little brats, I'll spank 'em all till they howl holy Jerusalem if they don't crawl into their bunks kerlap, so there now." "Susanann, I insist on your obedience to your mother," said the

woman, "you—" "Oh! jigger the mother, taint my fault you're my mother; go and wash your dirty old dishes yourself;" and she flounced upstairs to her bedroom. "They are not all like this?" I asked my companion, "No, my friend," he replied, "not all, but a good number; have you seen enough?" I certainly had, and said so. We departed silently and unseen, the mannikin capering lightly by my side.



(To be Continued.)

## SUCH THINGS WILL HAPPEN.

A man has to be mighty careful what he's about when he has written several post cards and is about to address them, or he'll soon find himself in the same predicament as Bullock, whose wife left for a short stay in the country a few days ago. "Now's the time," he thought to himself, "for a bit of a jollification; I'll write to my old chum Jack Lucy to come down and have a time."

Accordingly he did so, and Jack was coming in two days. Just as this arrangement was completed, a note arrived from his wife's rich old bachelor uncle, from whom the Bullocks have great expectations, to say that he was coming down to stay with them a bit. This frustrated Bullock's plans with regard to his friend Jack, who is a harum-scarum kind of a fellow and would be certain to offend the old gentleman in some way or other, so he sat down and hurriedly wrote three post-cards, as follows:—

No. 1 (to the uncle)—"Dear Old Boy. Delighted to see you; don't fail to come. My wife is dying to have another kiss from you, as she's awfully fond of you."

No. 2 (to his wife)—"My dear angel, that old brute of an uncle of yours is coming to stay. Hurry home, and for heaven's sake, try and get rid of him as soon as possible."

No. 3 (to his friend)—"Dear Lucy. No go this time. Wife's coming home; be the deuce to pay if she finds you in the house. Better luck next time. Wait. Nil desperandum. Yours, as ever, B."

In his haste and irritation Bullock turned the cards over on his blotter and addressed and sent No. 1 to his chum Lucy, No. 2 to the uncle, and No. 3 to his wife.

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Bullock domicile shortly afterwards. Ring down the curtain to very soft strains of slow music.

Heavy tragedian at railway hotel: "Pr'y'thee, landlord, dwells there within the precincts of this hamlet a machinist?" Landlord; "A machinist? Yes, sir." Trag: "Then take to him this bird of many springs. Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then, for our regalement, to chisel slices from its unyielding bosom, for we would dine anon. And, pray you, do it quickly. You peace you need not carry: for those, with dextrous management, we can swallow whole. Away!"