



THE CAUSE OF THE TIGHTNESS IN OUR MONEY MARKET.

SIC FUT, EST, ET ERIT.

OR, THE SOUTHERN OF LOVE.

Emptyest are hearts that love filled most
And laid at beauty's dazzling shrine;
The flint ere long them overtook,
And all their precious worth was lost—
It trickled off, like wasted wine.

That man whom passion cannot move,
Bow'd once, with maddest worship bold,
Before the car of idol Love—
The juggernaut that o'er him drove,
And crushed his life and left him cold.

The tenderest had will kiss the frost
That blacks with Ma'ruin all her Day,
The whitest bread makes yellowest toast,
And brickbat hearts were fired the most
With love when they were softest clay.

Her stalk's most bare, that erst too fair
Gave all its blossoms to the wind—
Insinuating, debonair,
He won them with the *coolest* air,
Then took his leave(s)—he didn't mind.

Again, the man who "cannot feel"
Gets plunged into the deepest woe,
(Behold you wary worldling kneel
A sudden with a rapid "Oh!"
While all in vain the slippery peel,
Insinuating to the heel,
Waylays the heedless urchin's toe.)

Your *knowing* blade, your *man of steel*,
Who plans thro' life unsentient to go—
His *soul's* distracted by a *peal*
Of witching laughter soft and low:
Swift, as one shot, whose senses reel,
While friends in vain cry: "Hold! hello!"
He headlong flies for woe or woe!
Down to the *suer's* depths below,
And, from that *cultural* lass, you know
There sounds an everlasting "O,
Marie! mar re, mi, do, oh do!"

E. T.

* Note—Distract—"to turn different ways" at once."—
Walker's Dictionary.

BOB BOOBIE ON A DEPARTED
MILLIONAIRE.

Blue blood is awful dimicratic. We don't think no more of a man if he's a lord and his feyther wur a chimley-sweep, than we do of a chimley-sweep if his feyther wur a lord.

"NO PUBLIC REQUESTS."

Well, now! O'ny to think! He come to Canada quite a boy, so to say, he got rich out'n her, and when he dies he don't leave her nothin', not even a good wish. Now I'm for fair an' square all round, an' I b'lieve as when a feller makes his will he shud first and fore-

most take care o' his wife an' children. But I also b'lieve its his solemn dooty to remember his country. An' if Canady wa'n't Sir Hugh Allan's country I don't know what makes a fellers country. Here he lived and here he cum to be buried, which shows as he luk'd upon it as his hum. But there ain't the first mention o' that 'ere fact in his will. Now when a man thinks how much he owes to edication, religion, good morals, good roads, good lightin' an' good fun; how mis'able he'd be without the advantages of 'em all, an how little better than a Red Injun he 'ould feel if there wa'n't nothin' but just what he could do for hisself to depend on in the matter o' civilization and preparation for the better lan' where, in Christ'en charity, we hope Sir Hugh's gone, it stan's to reason as he owes suthin' at least of his worldly goods to the land in which he himself located.



WINNIPEG'S GROWTH.

Paterfamilias.—Whow! how Winnipeg must be growing! Here I read that the building operations during the year have amounted to \$4,447,712. Most astonishing! most—

Hopeful Son.—(Home from the Prairie City for the holidays)—Not at all, governor; look at the soil of the Nor' West—everything's got to grow!

A FEW REMARKS.

"'Tis a cold, cold world," says the poet. The thermometer says so too.

A writer on natural history tells a wonderful story of a dog running at the top of his speed and a cat sitting on its tail. On its own tail, we suppose.

An exchange tells of a talented young lady who is preparing herself for a lawyer. Wonder who the lawyer is, and how the preparations affect him.

It is said that the first virtue is to restrain the tongue even though you are in the right. Yes; it's easy enough to restrain the tongue when you find yourself left.

"Will you come out to the gate this evening?" he asked. "Well, Fred," she replied, with a slight shudder, "I suppose I could, but I'd rather you'd come in to the grate."

A young gentleman at boarding school wrote home to his parents as follows: "This institution comprises a good many scholars, besides two cows, three pigs, and six teachers."

A new corset has been invented warranted to reduce every waist to fairy-like dimensions. A good agent is wanted to undertake the sale of it. No doubt it will prove very profitable to the undertaker.

"There's papa," cried Bessy, "stamping the snow from his boots outside." "How do you know?" asked her mother, "Perhaps it's some one else." "No," replied the child, "I'm sure it's papa. He has the stamp of a gentleman."

A team of horses and a heavily loaded lumber wagon passed over a tough little fellow while going into a barn the other day, without breaking his bones or injuring him in the least. The tough little fellow was in the barn cellar.

"What is it makes the car go?" asked little Willie, whose wondering eyes had never rested on a freight train before. "What is it makes the cargo?" repeated his father impatiently, "why, it's what goes into the car, of course."

A correspondent who signs himself, "A Lover of Animals," says we might sit at the feet of a horse and learn humility. So we might if we only had the time to spare. The best and quickest way of getting humiliated is to sit at the feet of a mule. Hind feet understood.

It is said that cannibals object to eating the flesh of a man that is saturated with tobacco. Seems to us these cannibals are getting a little too fastidious about their food. Next thing we know they will object to eating the flesh of a good wholesome, health reformer because it reminds them so much of chopped straw and water.

A correspondent signing himself "Dyspepsia," says he will be compelled to remain a bachelor all his life because he can't find a girl that knows how to make good brown bread with plenty of bran in it. This is too bad, but we can't blame the girls. Evidently "Dyspepsia" himself is not able to make a bran mash.

Something to boot—"Of course," said the bashful suitor, "I feel that I have gained an inestimable prize in the affection of your lovely daughter, but is there not a dowry—a little settlement—in short, to speak brutally, can't you give me something to boot?" "No," replied the fond father, "you have given me that;" and when the young man unexpectedly sprang from the porch over the front gate he realized that he had.