

OUR POET AT THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

"The curfew tolled the knell of parting day,"
See "Country Churchyard Elegy," by Gray;
Perhaps you may'n't know what a curfew is?
Well, we don't either, and it ain't our biz
To explain allusions of a classic kind,
Such as in first-class poetry you find.
"The curfew told"—each alderman 'twas time
For Council meeting, by its clamorous chime,
So 'neath the dome which crowns the City Hall,
Around the board behold them gathered all.

The Mayor—Good evening gents, I'm glad to see you here—
Say, Radcliff, send a messenger for beer;
The wheels of business, I have seen it stated,
Can glide much easier when well lubricated.
Let's wash our necks without removing collars,
The city well can spare the needful dollars.

Ald. Sheard—I must protest—

Ald. Carr— Sit down, you stingy Grit!
You needn't drink it if you don't see fit;
But if to take your glass you don't incline,
We can't allow you to indulge in *whine*.

Ald. Close—Hear! hear! a drink all round, a mild cigar,
That is the way for business to prepare.

The Clerk—Barber has sent in quite a lengthy letter
In which he says he thinks you hadn't better
Dismiss him yet. There can be little doubt
It would be barbar-ous to turn him out.

The Mayor—Well, read the letter—

Ald. Turner— No, dispense—dispense!
Of taking up our time where is the sense?
To put him out will make the city richer.
I move you pass—

The Mayor— A motion?

Ald. Turner— No, the pitcher.

The Mayor—Counsel's opinion has been duly axed
Whether bank stock can legally be taxed.
They say it can—

Ald. Thomson— Who tells you such a story?

The Mayor—Blake.

Ald. Carr— A base Grit!

The Mayor— And Cameron.

Ald. Henderson— A vile Tory!

Ald. Bell—About them school debentures which we saw
Rejected at the polls—

Ald. Turner— An absurd law
Requiring their submission to such fools.
We're bound to get that money for the schools.
Whether they like or not it's got to come!

Ald. Sheard—I'm down on voting such a heavy sum.

Ald. Bell—Chronic obstructionist! Inveterate growler!
Paltry, persistent, pettifogging howler!

Ald. Sheard—Hornswoogler, shennanager, and fraud!
Jobber, corruptionist, dead beat!

The Mayor— O, Lord!
Be quiet both—it's shameful, I declare.

Several Aldermen—Shame! Silence! Order! Order! Question!
Chair!

Our Poet—Enough of this—the room like them is hot—
I'm tired too—I think I'll get—

(HE GOT.)

BENJAMIN EMERSON DAVENPORT BUGG lives in Montreal. He is not naturally an irritable cuss, but he does throw things around and recite the Athanasian creed once in a while when his correspondents persistently use the initials of his front names in addressing their letters.

THADDY MALONE AND SYLVIA PRATT.

BY REV. J. ADAMS, BROCKVILLE.

Of late a fond couple alone
In the bar of a coffee-room sat,
Where the swain Mr. Thaddy Malone,
Sigh'd hard at the plump Mrs. Pratt.

His praises so pointedly gay
The widow received with a smile;
She heard the soft things he could say,
But she counted her silver the while.

"Mrs. Pratt," the fond shepherd began,
"How can you be cruel to me?
I'm a love-sick and thirsty young man,
Oh, give me some gunpowder tea.

For rolls, never trouble your mind;
I feast when I look upon you;
To my love let your answer be kind,
And half a potato will do."

"No trouble at all, sir, indeed,"
Said the lady, and gave him a leer,
"Do you wish to-day's paper to read?
Will you please, sir, to take your tea here?"

"Will I take my tea? that I will,
But I never read papers or books;
Be pleased, ma'am, the tenpot to fill,
You sweeten the tea with your looks.

"Saint Patrick! I emptied the pot,"
Exclaimed the stout Monaghan youth;
"But, my honey, your tea is so hot,
It has scalded the top of my tooth.

"How well your good time you employ!
May I beg for a jug of your cream?
The water's so warm my dear joy,
My whiskers are singed by the steam.

"Mrs. Pratt, you're an angel in face,
How I dote on your fingers so fair!
Oh, I long like a dragon to place
Another gold wedding-ring there.

"Do you think now my lies are untrue?
You may shut those sweet eyes of your own,
And never see one that loves you
Like myself, Mr. Thaddy Malone.

"Come join your estate to my own,
And then, what a change we shall see!
When you are the flesh of my bone,
What a beautiful charmer I'll be.

"I have fields in my farm at Kilmore,"—
Again Mrs. Pratt gave a leer,
And all that he manfully swore,
She drank with a feminine ear.

But scarce did the widow begin
To answer her lover so gay,
When, alas! a bum-bailiff came in,
And took Mr. Thaddy away.

DANGERS OF DRINKING.

—Our readers have doubtless heard of the bibulistic old rooster, who expressed the opinion, "It aint (hic) drinking that hurts a man; it's this way of (hic) drinking *between drinks*." This theory is corroborated by the following paragraph which recently appeared in the papers.

"OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Aug. 30.—A sad accident occurred at the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad Depot in this city, this afternoon. A young man named George Taverner was caught between the bumpers, while slacking cars, and was almost instantaneously killed."

Not the first "Tavern"-er who has been "caught between the bumpers," and killed, though the operation in the generality of cases is gradual instead of instantaneous.

"IRRITATED BAND-ITTI."—The bands which played at the Forester's demonstration, and didn't get a prize.

THERE is a sardine living in York Township who calls his farm "Rose Bank." He is a cattle-raiser, and consequently much exercised over the proposed taxation of bank stock.