

A MODERN CHEVY CHASE.

(SOME SOLID FACTS DRESSED UP A LA COWPER.)

GOD prosper long our noble Queen,
Our lives and safties all;
A hunting in Muskoka woods
Relate to you I shall.

To chase the deer with hound and *horn*
Three city bloods took way;
The girls they lov'd near came to rue
The hunting of that day.

Well arm'd with cuirass, helm and spear,
Hounds with patrician snout;
But e're the city hail'd them back,
Things all went up the spout.

Full stock'd with grub, with bearing brave
Those three went on their way;
Full flagons seal'd with patent corks
For a cold October day.

From rail they land—a jolly band;
They liquor; but still better,
They find a trusty forest guide,
They hire him and his "setter."

Full bound for Doe Lake's hunting ground
The three ascend a wagon;
And every jolt the three sustained
They kiss'd th' enchanted flagon.

But as ill luck would have the thing
('Twas number one bad luck),
Off went their chariot's hinder wheel,
Squash went they in the muck!

Repair'd, they reach the promis'd lake,
And camp'd like huntsmen bold;
But ere the witching hour had sped
They felt 'twas blawasted cold.

Hounds were unleash'd by break of day,
But scorn'd such hungry work;
They scatter'd—each on his own hook—
To raid on *Free Grant* pork.

But "setter"—the plebian born—
Sent to the lake a buck;
Shiv'ring in barks sat Fred and Tom,
Just watching for the luck.

'Twas then misfortunes quickly came—
That buck they failed to take;
He flounder'd 'twixt the two canoes,
And flopp'd them in the lake.

But for the guide the liquid tide
Had gobbl'd up the two;
But once on shore they stoutly swore,
If—but—and if they knew.

But hark! whilst things are in this mess,
Old spouse MacGroggan came;
And at her heels was mother Graham—
A virago of fame.

The two were armed, most David-like,
With pebbles from the brook;
With steady aim right on they came—
Old Nick was in their look.

"Yir murtheren' houns have ate me bafe,"
Shriek'd mother Graham, "My butter!"
And for five minutes, by the watch,
'Twas Pandimonium utter.

MacGroggan swore two hundred pounds,
At five cents, must be paid;
While mother Graham swore she had lost
Ten dollars by the raid.

The two, though dripping, pay their bill,
(But tell it not in Gath)
Then "cooring" round old misery's fire,
Down shower'd a snowy bath.

They struck their camp and clear'd outright;
But, woes me, after follow'd
Five other claimants for their loss,
Who fairly howl'd and hollo'd.

The whistle blew, and off they flew,
Most glad to leave Muskoka,
Tho' from the colds they caught that day,
Each huntsman was a croaker.

They hung their armor in the hall
With heavy hearts, Ah me!
Thus ends the modern Chevy Chase
Made by that noble three.



"ONLY WAITING."

Policeman—What are you loitering around this bank for? Come now, move off.

Idle Person—O, you needn't worry; I ain't no burglar. I heard that the *Mail* was goin' to take up the challenge of the *World* about big circulation, and I wanted to see the *World* man deposit his \$1,000 in the bank, just as a curiosity.

CONTRADICTED PROVERBS.

"SILENCE is consent." Not from a dumb man.

"OUT of sight, out of mind." Not necessarily. A blind man need not be mad.

"You cannot get blood out of a stone." Yes! you can, out of a stone of fresh meat.

"WHEN two ride together, one must ride behind"—Not on the patent double tricycle.

"EVERY bird must hatch her own eggs"—except the cuckoo and the Imperial Federationist.

BAREFOOTED men should not tread on thorns. Men with big boots on should not tread on corns.

"AN ounce of knowledge is worth a pound of comfort." Not when you know your umbrella is lost.

"BEAUTY buys no beef," says the adage; but if report be true Mrs. Langtry will soon be able to buy all the beef in Chicago.