

Calf or black cow that has the straight or left horn, and as the color of the heifer is peculiar to Africa, it will be difficult of recognition in Montreal, especially after sun down.

From Sherbrooke Street, says another advertisement there recently wandered one evening :

“A Very Small Scotch Terrier, black on back, yellow head, legs and belly.”

If the length and color of the caudal appendage had only been given the description would have been recognizable by the most casual observer.

The following is an exceptional case : reported missing from

“LORNE AVENUE, a large Newfoundland Dog : brass collar, with owner's name on, also city tax medal.

This is the first dog for weeks advertised as wearing the Corporation medal. During the summer months the city dog trappers are on the warpath and nice buttered bread offered to a confiding rover is strictly followed with the net or lasso, and that is the last that is ever heard of the glossy black curly dog until his hide shines in winter as part of a real Persian Lambskin overcoat.

### DISCOBOLUS AT A DISCOUNT.

Dedicated to the *London*, and to the *Canadian Spectator*, without the permission of the National History Society.

An Ancient Person, called a Taxidermist,  
Pursued his vocation in a darksome garret  
A stranger to the world and its relations,  
Vaguely recalling the name of Mr. Spurgeon.  
O! ignorant old man!

While stuffing cats, there stood by him, unheeded,  
A broken something, termed a plaster bust ;  
A thing of beauty, but of mutilation—  
In his opinion scarcely worth a cent.  
Oblivious old cat stuffer!

A classic Cockney broke the musty silence,  
In search of something, but he didn't know what.  
His gaze, artistic fell upon Discobolus,  
And seeing this he took its beauty in  
O! knowing Cocknee!

“Most Ancient Person,” said this fine art Critic,  
“What art thou doing with thy wild-cat notions ?  
My God's Discobolus— a joy for ever !”  
How came he here in this bleak, back-woods country ?  
O! Antiquarian!

The Taxidermist, shocked, replied in answer  
“Tis but a plaster bust—an antique idol,  
And worshipped not by Mr. Spurgeon  
To whom my cousin is haberdasher by Appointment  
Imberious Londoner.”

“Know Discobolus is here for a night's lodging ;  
He's naked, and his nudity nits him  
For indicating where to buy tobacco—  
But I know not whether Mr. Spurgeon smokes  
Most foolish Cocknee.”

“The Fine Art Gallery in Montreal  
Which is not built—but will be some day,  
Might give him place—so out of pity  
We keep him here, because too poor to clothe him,  
Eccentric Party.”

“Learn also that my haberdasher cousin  
Takes Mr. Spurgeon's notes at sixty days,  
Discobolus cannot give security  
For tailors all in Montreal ask cash.  
O! classic Londoner!”

Then the Cocknee's wrath, like living flame  
Broke out in torrents of abuse. He cried  
“Thou hast no soul, thy eyes are bat's eyes  
That thou wouldst dare compare Discobolus to Mr. Spurgeon,  
Profane old Colonist!”

The old man mildly answered, but with firmness  
“I know not Discobolus, or his relations,  
I know not you, who come to blow me up  
Because my cousin sells to Mr. Spurgeon  
Jealous Inquisitor!”

Then out upon him, fell the Man of Wrath  
And cut the old man up in high class language  
But yet, withal, the old man disregarded  
And went, on stuffing still the skins of skunks  
O! calm old man!

By “special cable,” in syllabic cypher,  
The Londoner an indignant message sent ;  
Which duly published benefitted no one  
Except, perhaps, that wealthy haberdasher  
Who never advertises.

Discobolus has ever since remained in darkness,  
And a cause of anger to the Taxidermist,  
But the great prominence his name occasioned  
Has gained one honorary member to the Society.  
May it be happy!

### WON BY ONE ONCE MORE.

This time “the other side” has won  
Conservatives are hopeful—Liberals are dumb  
The former press poor JOLY to resign  
The latter think that he'll “come up to time”  
Public Opinion in the meantime waits  
To see how fortune will decide their fates ;  
Looking and hoping for some better rule  
To govern matters in that mixed up School  
Which, at Quebec, is governed by ST. JUSR.  
A man whose word the people take on trust.  
Conservatives and Liberals both alike  
Seemed bound to win. And so they strike  
For Right for Justice, and for Constitution  
Which to the Liberal mind is only Prostitution  
While some presume Conservative ambition  
Looks forwards to a reign of Coalition.  
Thus matters stand and TURCOTTE keeps his seat  
Till circumstances force him to retreat.  
Is it not strange, considering the issues,  
That lies and slanders with their kindred tissues  
Should form our politician's stock in trade,  
Some made to order and some ready made ?  
“Twas ever thus” in every Party fight  
That men have tried to prove that Wrong is Right  
But common sense and honesty's at stake  
As many members now “are on the make.”

### AROUND TOWN.

SUBSTANT.—The *Herald* is of late publishing Government notices, which VEXNOR says, indicates how the wind is blowing from Quebec.

HOME CULTIVATION.—Sweet potatoes are looking up this summer. The Montreal Lacrosse Club gave a gold medal last Saturday for the best of the potato race.

CLEANING OUR SKIRTS.—The reported “troubles among the Bannoeks at Fort Hall, U. S. Indian Territory,” have no connection with the Scotch Bannoeks of the St. Andrew's Home in this city.

ASSOCIATION IN EVERYTHING.—“A Hearse for sale, cheap, is the latest novelty in the advertising columns of an evening contemporary. We suppose that “Scraps from the graveyards” will be next in order.

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.—The difference between the “Swimming and Lacrosse trunks” advertised by CARSLY and the Grand Trunk Railway, is usually adjusted according to the price and the running capacity of each.

NEWSY.—We have received a copy of the *Scholastic News*. The tone is as excellent as the tint on which the type is printed. In time we hope to see it thoroughly re(a)d. As a matter of composition the *Scholastic News* is fortunate in being so ably edited.

AN OPEN QUESTION STILL.—A recent writer in the *Gazette* devotes the space of three quarters of a column on the subject of the Theology of the *Canadian Spectator* and very nearly concludes “that there is a large majority of both ministers and people who think otherwise.”

PET STOCK QUOTATIONS.—This market reports for sale some specially fine “Settling Hens, Plymouth Rocks, Spangled Houdans, all pure breeds, but the reader must first find out to what species in the vegetable or animal kingdom, the above belong before venturing an opinion.

COMING NEAR HOME.—A contemporary advertises the plan of a steamship, as being lost. The vessel is said to be the *Cimbria* privateer, for the reason that one, Pallascio, is the advertiser of the missing document. We hope that if the steamship has not foundered, somebody has found the plan.

NO ENGLISH NEED APPLY.—In a city advertisement for help wanted, it was stated that “Scotch or French Canadian are preferred.” It is believed by the Anglo-Israel disciples that there is a close original affinity between the enunciators of the Scotch Gaelic and the French *Patois*—hence the difference.

“THE EVENING POST.”—We have seen the first copy. The *Gazette* hopes “the *Post* will shine.” So do we, and that it may turn out to be a lamp post that will reflect Irish common sense and Irish opinion upon public affairs generally. We want more light, and sincerely hope that the electric current of popular prejudice will succumb to the battery of harmony and toleration. We hope following the example of its evening contemporaries, the editor will soon be able to advertise “Cents for sale” as an evidence of his prosperity.

TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.—The members of the Montreal Natural History Society had a field day at St. Jerome when, says the *Gazette* : “Some interesting specimens of moths and butterflies were shown,” and “Mr. J. S. LYMAN obtained honorable mention for a magnificent specimen of rattlesnake plantation root.” Timid excursionists should remember that although the Naturalists turn up roots for science yet there need be no fear of “snakes in the grass” around St. Jerome so long as Father LABELLE reigns in the Laurentian Valley.