

*— Lever à cinq, diner à neuf
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf
Fait vivre d'ans monnaie et neuf.*

OLD PROVERB.

Rise early— Six o'clock— After bath— An hour's walk.	Drink neither Wine nor beer, If you would keep Your head clear.
Take for breakfast What you please— So it with your Health agrees.	After dinner Take your ease— Read, talk, As you please.
Work hard Till lunch-time When you hear The bells chime	Tea or coffee Bye and bye— Which you like best You can try.
Light lunch— Keep head cool— Brains are dull When stomach's full.	Book, song, Chess, friend— To your taste The evening end.
Earn your dinner Like a man— Get as hungry As you can.	Go to bed About eleven— Take for rest Hours seven.
Dinner ready— Eat enough And no more— Don't stuff.	To God and man If you've been true, Pleasant sleep's Awaiting you.

DIFFICULT TO FIND.

To find a carter who has any change.
To find a clean crossing on a muddy day.
To find a debtor at home when you call upon him.
To find out how you stand.
To find the Board of Health talking common sense.
To find the City Council in harmony.
To find a soloist who loves newspaper criticism.
To find a teacher of shorthand who will teach you the art thoroughly in twelve lessons.
To find a newspaper without a "correction".
To find a purse with any money in it.
To find a house that is thoroughly rat-proof.
To find a landlord who forgets to send you his bill when it is due.
To find a public speaker who is not surprised at being called upon to say something.
To find a teetotaler who has never broken his pledge.
To find a policeman just when you want him.
To find two watches alike.
To find an old maid who hates tea.

OUR "MILITARY" COLUMN.

CANADA'S RESERVE FORCES—The High School Cadet-Corps.

In estimating the value of Lieutenant-Colonels due regard will be had to the size of their chest.

CAPTAIN—A Court of Enquiry never reveals its proceedings, so you are safe from dismissal—at present.

A MOVE—Colonel PAYETTE's contingent of light Infantry will shortly be inspected on Court House Park by General Lord Monk before leaving for the East *via* St. Vincent de Paul.

YOUNG ENSIGN—You are correct. Yes. The new mode of attack, was as you state, only adopted by the war office authorities after the grass-hopper invasion of FLETCHER's Field.

ENSIGN—No. The officers of the Rifle Volunteer Force do not use the same code of signals employed by the *Witness* delivery drivers when carrying their last edition.

HISTORICS—It was *immediately* after General JONES wanted to see the old flag hauled down that the Home Rulers made their first raid into Canada in 1866.

THE BOUNDARY LINE—The services of a Hochelaga Engineer have been retained by the St. Jean Baptiste minister of war to define the extreme boundary limits of the Fifth and Sixth Military Districts.

The employees of the Road Committee are always *picking* at the Drill Shed, and the military are always blowing it up. The next operation will be to put a Mansard roof on the whole thing.

OBITUARY POETRY.

The season of obituary poetry is upon us. Why will people attribute to deceased humanity virtues it never possessed, principally for the sake of the rhyme? It is not only wicked but it is a fraud on poetic art. If bereaved relatives will rush into verse in order to soothe their sufferings they should at least be consistent in their versification. Otherwise, their efforts only merit the contempt of sober thinking persons. Death comes to all of us and we all should think about it in a proper way. We do not desire to make light of affliction or to be thought wanting in due respect for the feelings of others. But to repeat what we read in a city newspaper the other day on the death of a child would be simply impious. In order to avoid any careless trifling with grave subjects we would suggest something of this kind for general purposes. It will at least be found to be truthful and quite up to, if not above the general standard of obituary verse:

Let us give him a rest
In the spot he loved best,
For on earth did his troubles begin;
Never more in this world
Will he pull down his vest;
Never more will he wipe off his chin.

AROUND TOWN.

A CREMATORY PROCESS—Being burnt out.

The slough of Despond.—Fortification Lane.

The "correct card" for rowdies—The Jack of clubs.

The talented leader of the Mendelssohn Choir is worth his weight in Go (u) ld.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN—That in the Police Court record Y. M. C. A. stands for Young Man Convicted Again.

Doctors, like others, complain of the "hard times." They are looking forward for a renewal of typhoid fever.

The "Milk of human kindness" is the only milk that can be depended upon. You can't buy it with money.

WE HOPE the commercial Metropolis will not forget to testify its appreciation of its Metropolitan in a becoming manner.

YOUNG MEN if you would preserve your Constitution buy a dollar's worth of Club at Perry's Hall, up the stairs and turn to the left.

"BREVITY is the soul of wit." But our Police Court lawyers are not wits; that is why they take up half a day to find out whether they possess any.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. — Since the Press dinner the reporters have given more space than usual to Mayor BEADON's opinions, ancient his opinion of Alderman HOOD.

Who would have thought that the celebrated Chickering Piano would have produced such a discord between musical men? We were of the opinion that Pianos were intended to create harmony.

GRAVE PROSPECTS.—Since the inauguration of street revolver practice the Cemetery Commissioners expect a brisk spring trade. Parties making out their wills should consider the accomodation held out for prompt despatch.

"Give us a rest" said a distinguished lawyer to another, last week in the Court of Queen's Bench. "I wish with all my heart I could" returned the other. "I would give you a long vacation with a very great deal of pleasure."

THE CAXON of St. James Church was brought to bear on Constantinople on Tuesday evening with great effect. The reports reached hundreds of miles and St. Sophia was one of the objective points of this great gun.

A MOSAIC PAVEMENT.—See the South side of Notre Dame street, between Place d'Armes and the Court House. The originality in this remarkable work of art is worthy of Ruskin's worst inspirations. Montrealeers who are proud of their city should never fail to point it out to travellers.

A HOST IN HIMSELF.

(Scene.—A Church Choir.)

NEW COMER.—"What do you sing Mr. Shanks?"

MR. SHANKS.—"My voice is tenor, but I generally sing bass. Think I'll sing alto this morning."

(The "New Comer" is extinguished at once.)