



"HAMMER AND TONGS"

OR, JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES IN HAMILTON.

can hear 'em clicking all over the place. Everything goes by that gun here - hotel meals and street cars run by it, the Speaker leaves the chair at six by the clock, but the clock goes by the gun. Those madcap bells that twitter all over the place when the House gets called together, go by the gun, and I guess salaries are paid by it, too. In the evenings it's pretty nice on the hill. You can hear the falls pounding down. The tugs go screeching and snuffing along the river, and now and again there's a chirping in the branches of the trees like s'ef some little bird had been too tired to say its prayers, and wakened feeling scared he'd get et up for being so bad. Away up on the very pint of the tower at the front of the buildings, there's lights burning whenever the House is sitting. There's lights peeking out of the windows all over the place, too, and there's nothing so home sick like as window lights when you're outside and it's getting dark.

SUSANNAH.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE FOOL'S BALANCE.

"Could Anything be more wisely adjusted or work more Beautifully than this!" said the Fool, with Admiration. "See how Perfectly the Balance is Kept. The Rye makes the Drunkard; then the Gold-Cure transforms the Drunkard into a Sober man again. When one goes Down 'tother comes Up; it's just like Clock-work, and I call upon the Whole World to give Thanks for this last and best Scientific Solution of the great Liquor Problem!" "Thou Fool indeed," cried Wisdom, looking on, "It is a Useless and Wicked waste of Time! Destroy the Barrel upon which your Teeter rests, and Smash the Rye bottle, and there will be no further need of Keeley!"

MORAL.—Prevention is better than Gold Cure.

OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES.

IN the Scottish Marriage Act, passed in the reign of Queen Margaret, commonly called "Maid of Norway," A.D. 1288, will be found the following:—

"It is ordainit that during the reine of her maist blessit Majestie ilk maiden ladye of baith highe and low estate sall hae libertie to bespeake ye man she lykes best; albeit gif he refais to tak' her till his wife, he sall be mulct in ye sume of ane hundreth pundes, or less, as his estate maye be; except and alwaies gif he mak' it appeire that he is betrothed to another woman that he sall be free."

ARGUMENT.—With fools, passion, vociferation, violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men of sense, sound reason.

SOME POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IN these piping times people honest have grown,
But their reasoning faculties seem to have flown;
Especially when they're discussing of trade,
An argument something like this will be made:
A nation that buys more goods than it sells
It's folly abroad to the universe tells:
When our exports exceed our imports, 'tis said
In the balance of trade we are clearly ahead;
The more of our goods we ship o'er the sea,
The richer and wiser and better we'll be;
To be inundated with foreign made goods
Is as bad as to suffer from literal floods:
So let exports be great and imports be small
Or the nation will certainly go to the wall,
Such is the argument solemnly made
By those who stick up for the "balance of trade."
In earlier times folks were morally bad,
But sound reason at least they seem to have had;
I'm referring just now to a sample of these,
In the form of bold pirates who roamed the high seas;
These gents, like ourselves, were seeking for wealth,
But they plundered and murdered and took things by stealth:
They never indulged in "exporting" at all,
Except on occasion a mere cannon ball,
Or perhaps more than one, and yet it is said
They never gave thought to this "balance of trade,"
They'd hold up a merchantmen, clamber on board
And "import" to their own ship the whole of his board,
The "balance of trade" was against the sea rover,
And he kept it like that, and revelled in clover!

—R. G. Kent.

APPROPRIATE ENOUGH.—Subject: Life of Milton; student (reciting):—"His third wife was Elizabeth Minshull. After marrying her, he began 'Paradise Lost.' Uproarious applause ensues.



THE BRIGHT LEXICON OF BUST.

HEAVY FATHER: "With energy and perseverance every young man can succeed. There's no such word as fail!"

HOPEFUL SON: "You're right there, Father—it's compromise!"