

**A QUESTION FOR THE BISHOP.**

Mr. Gur (to his Lordship, who holds the valve cord).—Hello, your Holiness! We've got away up above the spire of St. James'. Don't you think we're getting a little too High?

**Slashbush on the Scott Act**

"Rain, rain, nothing but rain," sighed Gustavus Slashbush as he hung up his dripping coat before the kitchen fire to dry after a visit to the barn to secure the door which had been blown open during the night. "A perfect storm, and such rain! I really never saw the like of it, Almira."

"Reckon it's one of them 'roars' that your consarned weatherwise friend in Montreal spoke of as coming along this month. Durn him, he's everlastin' prophesying bad weather," said his sister, as she swept off the muddy pool of water left by Gustavus' boots on the floor.

"Don't blame that great man," replied Gustavus. "Don't blame him. Indeed we owe him a debt, for if his prognostications were more carefully studied, means would be more generally taken to provide against the inclement elements which occasionally prevail."

"Wall, I think he's a fool bothering about it, for he can't do nothing towards preventing it anyway," retorted Almira.

"Well, well, Almira, perhaps it's all for the best. Water, they say, is a great blessing, and certainly we have enough now to satisfy the most ardent temperance man. Speaking of temperance men, Almira, what do you think of the amended clause in the Scott Act passed by the Senate lately?"

"Don't know nothin' about the Scott Act, but I do know the anti-temperance people have had their claws long enough around folks' throats," replied Almira with some asperity.

"Ah, there it is! It is to get the grip of the hideous rum-fiend away from the throats of the people that Mr. Almon introduced the amendment in the Senate. The Scott Act as it stood was arbitrary in the extreme and conflicted with the rights ever dear to all British subjects, who are determined never to be trodden upon, either by the iron heel of the ruthless despot, or set upon by any clique or party, whether temperance people or not. And while acknowledging the baleful effects of strong drink, in the shape of rum, brandy, old rye, old Tom, Hollands, or in fact anything that contains more than ten per cent. of alcohol, they see the absolute necessity and right of being able to imbibe the "ale, porter, lager beer, and light wines" expressed in the honorable Senator's amendment, none of which contain the unholy ten per cent. of the demon."

"Oh git out! I've seen fellers as tight as owls on beer, and dad says nobody drinks light

wines but Dutelmen. I think your Senator is a durned old skuzix," said Almira, as she sat down to pare apples for the evening pie.

"I know the standard arguments that will be brought out against the amendment," continued Gustavus. "They will say that a man can make up for the light quality of the liquors by taking larger quantities; that there is as much alcohol in a large glass of beer as in the ordinary "horn" of whiskey partaken of by the average drinker; that light wines and beer only stimulate the beginner to drink the stronger compounds. But they're wrong, Almira, totally wrong! Look at the south of France, at Italy or Spain, where they drink no whiskey (of course they may occasionally take a *petite verre* of brandy)—nothing but light wines. There you will see little or no drunkenness. Besides, as I said before, it's unconstitutional, it's a standing menace to our free British institu—"

"Whar is that ornary mortal Gas? That's the barn door blown open agin, and him losin' round," roared the voice of old Slashbush outside.

Gustavus threw on his coat, snatched his hat, and hurried through the storm to the barn.

**The Language of Eggs.**

She was up in the morning bright and strong, And merrily carolled a gay old song, Down in the basement, loud and long.

While outside listened the milkman.

Oh his face was fair! and the thistle-down On his upper lip was but faintly blown.

And his eyes were blue as his sister's gown,

When she married a neighboring milkman.

So his bell he rang, and the voice grew still, And the maid appeared with her neck in frill,

And her hair all frizzed up in to kill

The poor unsuspecting milkman.

He filled up her jug, and drove away, But his heart he lost on that sidewalk grey.

And sadly he missed it day by day,

While pale grew the face of the milkman.

Oh! how shall I ever my love convey,

Was the thought that troubled him day by day,

Till at last one morning early in May,

A hen laid an egg to the milkman,

Now this egg, it was one of those eggs as are eggs,

It was laid by a Brahma, all feathers and legs,

A double-yoked beauty, pale brown. "Good fegs,

This egg's just the thing," quoth the milkman.

There now are two hearts that still as one beat,

Two duffy-winged Cupids just waiting the beat,

To crack the thin shell, and besides 'tis good meat,

I'll give her this egg, thought the milkman.

And again he rang, and her voice he heard,

But never a word on the stairs appeared;

Only an archin, so small and white-haired,

"Give your sister this egg," sighed the milkman

Then down in that basement was music no more,

But loud laughter ringing from ceiling to floor,

As brothers and sisters all joined in the roar,

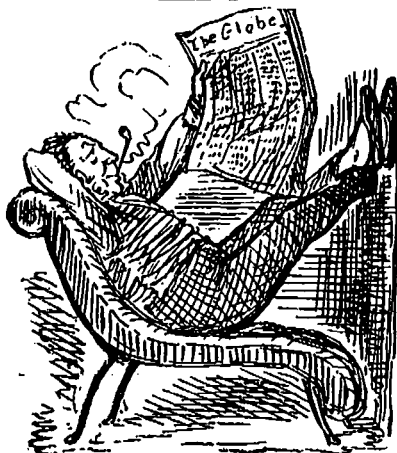
At the love-token sent by the milkman.

What flower, what clover four-leaved could convey

The meaning implied in that hen's modest lay;

Flower language is stale, out of date, had its day,

There's the "language of eggs" by the milkman.



**HOME AGAIN.**

He it ever so humble There's no place like Home!



**READY FOR WORK!**

Sammy B.—There, now! I've thrown off that cumbersome gown, and now I'm ready to go to work in earnest. Only give me a job! I don't care whether it's Evangelism, Temperance, Philanthropy, or—anything but politics, and I'm willing to work overtime, and wages are no object!

**A Maiden's Lament Over the Exodus.**

They are going off, the chaps I knew,

They are going one by one,

Leaving their country and their friends,

For the land of the setting sun.

For they see no chance or prospect here

To better themselves in life;

Hard scraping they find it a living to make,

Let alone keeping a wife,

And must we girls here still remain,

To fret our lives away,

Where there's their twenty girls to every man,

Why some must single stay,

And earn their living as best they can,

With their sisters, and cousins, and aunts,

By a dreary stitching of hickory shirts,

Or a pair of cottonade pants.

Our chances were slim before, sisters,

For young men couldn't afford

To marry, and start house-keeping,

But were pinch'd for the plainest board.

And now when we're left alone here,

To fret and pine away,

Our chances are gone like the morning dew,

At the dawn of the rosy day.

We are told that trade is regulated,

By the law of supply or demand,

That no legislation can increase

The wealth of houses or land;

That a scarcity raises the value;

Well the men are mighty scarce;

The demand is large enough, good sooth—

But the supply is a regular farce.

Who is to blame for this state of things?

Is it Sir John, or Tilley?

I can't believe that Tupper or Plumb

Would be so awfully silly.

Had they known that their great N. P. would drive

The best of our men away,

They could just as well have made a law

To compel young men to stay.

Oh! then Sir John would have found us girls,

The strongest of his support,

Though we couldn't vote, there are many things

To which we could resort,

In order to gain the object sought.

Whether a man or a vote—

It isn't the first time a woman has help'd

A man to turn his coat.

But what is the use of repining,

They are gone, and there an end,—

Must we settle down to old maidenhood,

With a parrot or cat for a friend?

A thousand times, No! let us show the world,

We can act when put to the test,—

Let us pack our trunks for pastures new,

And follow the boys out West.

SWEET WILLIAM.

"When taken to be well shaken,"—the boy who upset your ash-barrel.

Byron is remembered more affectionately by the ladies for his collars than for his poetry.

The latest society craze is to study Hebrew by mail, with a "corresponding" male teacher.