

Mr. ODDFISH.—You are talking nonsense, sir. What is your next lesson?

BOY.—Algebra—(reads)—Factoring, Greatest Common Measure, Least Common Multiple, Square Root, Fractions, Surds, Simple Equations, Easy Quadratics, Proportion, Progression, Permutations and Combinations, Binomial Theorem, Properties of Numbers.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Excellent, Excellent. This is true instruction. And how will you use them when you grow up?

BOY.—Use 'em? Guess not. I'm goin' on a farm. Them blamed things is no good nohow.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Nonsense—Come now. You study history. Who was NERO?

BOY.—He invented printing, and died 3000 B. C.

Mr. ODDFISH.—No, can't be, surely. What was the cause of the second Punic War?

BOY.—Abraham Lincoln and the Abolitionists (sees *Oddfish frown*.) Well, if it wasn't that, it was because Napoleon Bonaparte conquered St. Helena.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Boy, do you not study history?

BOY.—Guess we do (reads), Canadian and English History, Elements of Modern and Ancient History, Tudor and Stuart periods, Roman History to End of Second Punic War, Grecian to Death of Alexander.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Well, why don't you remember it?

BOY.—Too much to remember, I guess. You try lessons all day and all night, and see how much you'll remember. I say, I wants to learn to read and write, and speak proper, and know somethin' of somethin'. I does, if you'd let me. Now, you cut all them things down to half-a-dozen, give us no night work, and we'll learn.

Mr. ODDFISH.—Nonsense, nonsense! Go, go! (boy goes.) (To Clerk) Add six more subjects to new programme, immediately.

(Scene closes.)

The Debate on the Liquor Law.

Mr. CAMERON.—Illogical and vile. Your leader, too. Look down, O startled gods. What did he do?

Did he not tell from his place opposite,
Here, in this Parliament of Canada,
The tempter, not the tempted, was the one
Who should be punished?—and I do demand
Punishment on himself, for that he did
Offer and press upon, and did induce,
And beg and eke beseech, and tempt his friends
To make partake, and drink, and swallow down,
And to imbibe, and inwardly apply,
And put themselves outside of, certain drinks,
Glasses of wine, and such like awful things,
Which I much do abominate, and would
Not venture near—he did, my friends, he did.
Fine him, imprison him, put him in gaol,
Therein to break up stones, and weep and wail.
Oh, nothing but disaster will be here
Till Tories rule, and Grits all disappear!
There's not one gentleman this side the House—
(Who said "That's true?" Will not the Speaker see
Folks do not interrupt?) There is not one
I say, who's not more sound than any Grit
On temperance, and that's the whole of it.

DR. CLARK.—Who says, where is the man—
The man who on his two legs dared to walk
Into this House, and herein to proclaim
I helped my sons to start the liquor trade,
(The traffic in that vile and horrid thing
Which whoso touches is beyond the pale
Of Christianity) at Thunder Bay?
By Thunder, I did not; so thunder now
No more of Thunder Bay into mine ear.
Far from it, far, my friends; I sent to them
Letters of credit, and for eighteen months
They held them, and did untouched them return.
What is it that I hear?—who whispers there
That "unnegotiable" on their back
Was written? Sirs, unto those private things
No gentleman doth poke. And do not think
Though unto temperance bound, it doth extend
To language in my case, for know ye all.
If any member of this House do dare
To whisper Thunder Bay into mine ear—
Nay, let him but point at the lightning rod,
Or venture speech of an electric shock,
I will disgorge myself of such a mass
Of language strong and stories scandalous,
Shall make you Tories tremble, till the walls,
And strong foundations shake, and all the House
Pass the New Buildings Bill. I shall! Beware!
Thunder at me no more, or else despair!

Mr. CAMERON.—And go you say
Because my constitution is not good
That I teetotal am?—it is not true.
You, agriculturist of Norfolk, you
Are of a body sound; but if you were
As weak as I, you your teetotal bosh
Would cast unto the winds, and drink as deep
As ever in far Thunder Bay the fish
Do swallow water down. Think, think, I say,
Teetotal miscreant, think on Thunder Bay!

DR. CLARK.—Would'st mention it again?—then from me
far

Be moderation now. I say, your lips
Your tongue and mouth, your teeth and palate too—
Your epiglottis and your thorax base—
Your epigastris, liver, lights, and lungs—
Ha, do you shiver, knaves?—see what it is
To talk to doctors!—yes, and then your spine
Supported on your one leg, and your one
Which is not yours; I say you and the rest
Do utter scandals vile, adulterous,
Miserable and base! What's that? Sit down?
I will not sit, sir, and I will not stand
To hear such slanders low. Great heavens, I pray,
Why made you such a place as Thunder Bay?

Song of the Canned Beef in England.

We shall *meat* beyond the Ocean,
We shall land at *Liver*-pool,
We'll be *can*-did with those Britons,
And let them *meat* their full.

They sell our cans at *Ox*-ford,
They sell our cans at *Cowes*,
Our cans *Bull*-dose the English,
De bump, te bump, te browse.

N.B.—The poet gave out at the end of the 3rd line and our compositor had to fill up with the first thing that came handy.

Croaks and Pecks.

THE first Orange Bill.—WILLIAM III.

Will Mr. HARDY have the Hardy-hood to accept the Secretary-ship
REFORMERS met at Whitby on the 9th and they didn't gain a Whit—
by the meeting either.

PROBABILITIES FOR FEB.—Cold—with snow—slush—signs of thaw—
freezing—mild and warm with occasional flurries of snow, rain, hail, dew,
sleet, &c., warm showers, muddy roads, and snow blockades.

We hate to see these Orange Bills continually coming up before the
Legislature. Why can't the members pay for their oranges just like other
people, as they are cheap just now, and not have the Bills sent up to
the House all the time?

• ANOTHER SET BACK FOR THE GREAT EX-BREMIER OF CANADA.—
No Canadian SIR JOHN A-llowed on the Allan line!! Are we never to
hear the end of that ALLAN & MACDONALD business? Still, this is not a
Pacific but an Atlantic scandal.

Now winter will soon be gone. The Belleville *Intelligencer* of the
31st ult. says a piece of ice struck MR. FROST of that city and hurt him.
It does not tell whether or not MR. FROST struck back, but if FROST
will now challenge Ice, go to Delaware, and fight a duel, then we may
get rid of both FROST and Ice and have perpetual summer.

THE steamer "*Northern Light*" is frozen in, and it will now be no
light matter to get her out. Although a slow steamer she is now fast—
in the ice—which is cold comfort for her owners. We hope that none of
her *beams* are injured, in fact we'd be re-joist to hear that this heavy
"*Light*" is unhurt, although prospects look dark at present. She is
not in an ice position, and if the temperature does not rays the *Light* will
be heavy.

THE Lambton Co. Council asks an immediate opening up of the In-
dian Reserve. Now we think if the Indians want to be reserved the
Council ought to let them alone. Generally the trouble with the Indian
is, he has not reserve enough. Look at the Sioux out west, what a
lack of reserve they have. We would council the Council to reserve any
further attacks on an Indian Reserve.

• Professor Bell, of Albert University, is preparing the annual address for the Dairy-
man's Convention, which is to meet at Belleville on the 14th February.—*Globe*.

Ding Dong Bell,
Press your subject well
And squeeze it,
All that's oc-"cured" he'll tell
About the Milky W(h)ey, the swell;
Oh, Cheese it!