

Croaks and Becks.

"THERE'S life in the old dog yet." The Chatham *Banner* proves its claim to rank as a "live paper" by the remark, "The fools are not all dead yet."

THE President of the Council, the big head among the Savoyards, has repudiated the idea of separation from France. The German Diet has an eye to Savoy; but it is only natural that it should desire to quietly vegetate, instead of being put into a ferment in the manufacture of *saur kraut*.

QUEBEC should build a few churches at once. At present it has Notre Dame cathedral.

IT IS not surprising that the foot-ball match between Ontario and Quebec should have resulted in a draw. The two Provinces have been kicking against each other for years, and we can't say that either of them can boast of any advantage yet. Let the game go on!

Alexander the Great.

I sing of ALEXANDER, he
Who, "thirty days or dollars three,"
Vociferates in thunder tones,
In Court street, when the "drunk" bemoans
The fate that led his wayward feet
Across some burly "BOURNE'S" beat,
Just at a moment dire to him,
When right against the guardian grim
He stumbled, and was collared fast,
And into durance vile was cast.
The thief may wander up and down,
And ply his trade throughout the town,
May boldly prig, nor "douse his glim,"
Policemen have no eyes for him;
The burglar may the safe invade,
Or on a stock of laces raid,
May use his "jimmy" left or right
Nor fear the guardian of the night;
A fight may rage beneath his nose
The "peeler" never heads the blows;
His valor in discretion lies,
His ear is deaf to "murder" cries;
But woe betide the luckless wight,
Who, reeling homeward on the tight,
His notice draws: How bravely then
He wields his club, and to the pen
He drags his victim, with a zest
For glory, thro' that bold arrest.
But 'tis of ALEC. I would speak,
Whom scoffers designate "the Beak,"
He who doth bummers daily fine,
Or place in jail, for drinking wine
Or spirits, bought, we know full well,
From those who licensed are to sell
The stuff pernicious, which to hell
Consigns its victims sure and fast,
And robs them of their souls at last.
This ALEC. knows, and often will
The wretch's sentence leaping fill
With words of warning 'gainst the sin
The libulist has fallen in,
Till one would think that ALEC. no'er
Would lend his ample Christian ear
To any plea to multiply
The shops for sale of ancient rye.
Alas! the weakness of the flesh!
While yet the recollection fresh
Upon his dough-like mind did dwell,
Of promise made, both plain and well,
That not another license should
Be granted, either bad or good,
To any, for the further sale
Of either spirits, wine or ale,
Within Toronto's utmost bound,—
May I be planted 'neath the ground
If this same ALEC., undeterred,
Did not go back upon his word,
With his two colleagues, craven tools,
A trio whom grim Mammon rules;
Police Commissioners! good lack!
That with this false and recreant pack
Disgrace should on a city fair
Come down, and laughter shake the air
That such men high positions fill;
This, *certes*, is a bitter pill.
One Mayor, one Judge, one Magistrate,
Fit each to be the other's mate;

All three, alike, with broken pledge,
May now sit "on the ragged edge"
And study well the simple tale
Of him who tried without avail
To everybody please, alas!
And lost his marketable ass.
But their's a different case presents,
For when they look, to all intents,
Each finds the ass is just himself,
Unsaleable for love or pelf;
For who would love a servile slave,
Or buy th' influence of a knave.
Of ALEXANDER, called the Great,
(Ironically, let me state,
I would express a final hope,
Then he may go to stretch a rope.
'Tis this: that henceforth he will see,
As long as he "the Beak" may be,
The feeble folly, rot and rant,
Not to say hypocritic cant,
Of mixing that Police Court stench
With temp'rance lectures from the Bench.



THE ONLY POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

Persistent Proof.

THE *Nation* is not satisfied with the present system of political representation, and continues to cry out against it in truly grandiloquent style; but studiously fails to offer any suggestions as to how a change for the better is practicable. This "leather and prunella" discussion is easily summed up in its own bombastic utterance, that "the attack will prove too much for the defence." That's just where the folly is apparent; "the attack will prove too much for the defence." If the *Nation* takes our advice, it will at once cease making a fool of itself; and if it chooses to denounce the present system of political misrepresentation, it may yet gain credit for some sense, and earn the thanks of the people.

Infanticide.

OUR contemporary, the *Nation*, says it "seeks to control the aspirations of a rising generation." Now, that's something like what "ole PHARAOH" tried about the time MOSES was born; and HEROD also went in for that kind of thing at Bethlehem. This "controlling of aspirations" is a bad business; and we plead that the *Nation* shall confine its Thuggish propensities to its own "brat," which act would not be much of a crime, as the weakling is a *lusus nature*, and will die soon in any case.

MR. GUS THOMAS is doing a patriotic work. "It is the aspirations of a rising generation which he seeks to control, the future of a nation for which he wishes to prepare." He has emblazoned in beautiful saponaceous letters on a mirror in his Bar: "Canada First cock-tails." He believes "neither in Judaic exclusiveness, nor in attic antoektho-nism; the only stipulation imposed, the only entrance fee that is required"—is five cents.

N. B.—Gus assures us that his "Canada First cock-tails" are manufactured by native artists from pure Canadian rye.

QUERY.—Can a man with very small calves to his legs run with as much veal-ocity as he who has large ones?

Form for a Dunning Note.

"Want, like an armed man shall rush,
The hoary head of age to crush."—*Scripture Paraphrase.*

DEAR SIR,—Please arrest the course of this adversary by cheque payable to bearer.

Yours, &c.,

HOARY HEAD.