



"FAREWELL FOR-R-R EV-AR!!"

(Climax of the Great Quebec Drama of *The Ultramontane Triumph*.)

HE WAS LONG-SUFFERING.

PROPRIETOR—"Come, sir, we are going to close up. You will have to get out."

PHEEDER—"What is that?"

PROPRIETOR (*impatiently*)—"You will have to get out."

PHEEDER—"Well, this is getting business down pretty fine. I came in here two hours ago and ordered a stew, and while I am peaceably waiting for it you order me out. But I am a patient man, and will go as you bid me. I will be back to the city in two years if nothing happens, and if you have the stew ready for me then I will be satisfied. Good-night."

WOODBIDGE, ONT.

(FORMERLY BURWICK, AFTER ROLAND BURR.)

THIS town at first was Bur-wick called,
When woods so wild waved all around;
But now that Wood-Bridge is its name,
How strange! Not woods but burrs abound.

T. A. A.

THE SONG OF THE STAMP.

WITH fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red,
A poet rigged out in poetical rags sat scratching his frowzy head.

Rhyme! Rhyme! Rhyme! in poverty, hunger and damp,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch he sang the song of the stamp.

"Rhyme! Rhyme! Rhyme! till the brain begins to swim,
Rhyme! Rhyme! Rhyme! till the eyes are heavy and dim.
But still in vain, in vain, I nightly vigils keep.
Alas! that stamps should be so dear and glowing thoughts so cheap."

With fingers weary and cramped, with eyelids heavy and red,
A poet rigged out in poetical rags sat scratching his frowzy head.
Rhyme! Rhyme! Rhyme! in poverty, hunger and damp,
And still with a weird and dolorous screech
(Would that its tone would the editors reach),
He sang the song of the stamp.

"MAN wants but little here below," as the clansman remarked when he donned his kilts.

"I AM enjoying a Highland-fling," as the muleteer said when his mount tossed him over a precipice.