

**OH, THE TRAMPS !**

OH, the tramps !  
Scurvy scamps !  
Here they come !  
'Tis a silent march they make sans the drum.

No banners wave,  
No martial stave  
Tells that they're here—  
One by one, two by two, in they steer !

Advent dread !  
To be fed  
And be housed  
Are the ragged ruffians, grimed and frowed.

Devil-may-care  
Is their air,  
Tramping the pave,  
And their motto : " He who works is a slave."

Alas, alack !  
Though to the track  
They are used.  
Run them out of town and " We're abused !"

To each vag,  
Human snag,  
Society's in debt.  
" This world," he says, " owes keep to me, you bet !"

In durance vile  
He rests awhile ;  
" Indurance vile ? " not so !  
The jail is where the very worst breeds grow.

Full fat and lazy  
Does Michael Casey  
Emerge in spring,  
Then off in rural haunts resumes his fling.

Lusty lout !  
Roam about !  
Beggars, budger, thief !  
Of stinky, slouchy sinners he's the chief.

Who can make—  
And no mistake—  
Tramps all quit this clime—  
His will be a memory green all time.

**WHO THREW THE BÜTTON ?**



OCASIONALLY the boys and girls in the University lecture rooms have a little fun to enliven the tedium of profound study. For instance, a few days ago one of the learned lecturers, while in the midst of his " oration," heard something drop. Stopping suddenly and glancing on the floor, his eagle eye detected a button, which had impinged upon his reading desk and then dropped to its lower retreat. A common, infamous button, hurled, no doubt, by some ribald student ! It was not a vast outrage, to be sure, but it involved a principle of discipline, and the professor determined to nip the insubordination in the bud. Recalling the scene at Trinity Medical School a few days before, as a startling example of what students are capable of if not thoroughly controlled, he demanded in stentorian tones, " Who threw that button ? " Dead silence reigned. The question was repeated. No answer, beyond an irreverent titter from



**IN THE WEST.**

CAVALRY COLONEL.—" Boy ; did you see any Indians around here lately ? "  
BOY.—" Yessir, saw a hull crowd. "  
CAV. COL.—" Were they hostile ? "  
BOY.—" No, boss ; they were all on foot. "

some of the benches, which only heightened the grave gentleman's wrath. Once more, by this time pale with rage, he demanded, " Who threw that button ? " Then up rose one of the bold, bad students, who said, " I think, sir, I noticed it drop from your own coat. " The professor gave a horrified downward glance, and there, sure enough, was the place where the button belonged. He was probably " too full for utterance, " as he said little, and it will never be known just how cheap he felt as he resumed the thread of his discourse, which had also been broken.

**IN THE CITY COUNCIL.**

GILLESPIE came down like a wolf on the fold  
With charges specific, and laid 'em out cold ;  
Then Baxter in ample proportions arose  
And struck his old-time injured innocence post ;  
Then Shaw, with that slick, oily wave of his hand,  
Proposed that the whole blessed business should stand—  
That is, he suggested it all be referred  
To the City Solic. Hallam said 'twas absurd ;  
It ought to go straight to the County Court Judge,  
Where the case was in hand when a parcel of fudge  
Expressed by a certain " unrighteous " big-wig  
Had stopped it—which judgment was not worth a fig.  
Then a wrangle ensued, which ended at last,  
And the motion " refer to committee " was passed ;  
But all through the scrimmage 'twas queer to perceive  
That the friends of " accused, " who most fully believe  
In their innocence—who the charges denounce as most vile,  
Were most anxious of all for to hasten the trial !

**CONSISTENCY.**

" I DON'T see what the boys want to go loadin' themselves up with chestnuts for, " said old man Grumbleby, and then he turned from the window and resumed his reading of the " Round the Globe " column of humorisms in a certain leading daily.

THE *World* alludes to Sir John Frost, meaning our old friend Jack. This is one more instance of the demoralizing influence of the introduction of titles upon Canadians of the tuft-hunting variety.