



NOW THAT THE EXPENSIVE SOCIETY SEASON IS OVER I GUESS  
I CAN AFFORD A NEW NECKTIE.

THE Newfoundland deputation is on its way to Ottawa to discuss the project of entering Confederation. Sir John is in favour of the union. He says, Let us go up and possess the land. It is the land of Canine.

\* \* \*

MR. SPRATT made himself rather troublesome to the big fishes at the Federation League meeting. He tangled up the line of argument with ill-advised interruptions, and caused the orators to flounder. It is wrong for a spratt to cod respectable patriots in this way, and he deserved the whalings he got. It's a great wonder Colonel Denison didn't stride from the stage and bait the scaly person within an inch of his life.

\* \* \*

MANITOBA has at last found out the way to manage the Dominion Government. It is the Green-way. The Norq-way was a flat failure every time.

\* \* \*

WE stop the press to announce that the New Party is still alive, and "doing as well as could be expected." It will not be brought up on the bottle, Dr. Sutherland says.

\* \* \*

IT is a matter of astonishment to all readers of the Reciprocity debate that those truly loyal orators should indulge in "spread-eagleism," which is a purely Yankee invention. Superabundant loyalty may account for extravagant periods, but mixed metaphors are generally the result of mixed drinks, and the saloon is still open in the basement, as everybody knows.

To the Liberal Candidate in West Hastings—Good Day!

THE Meuse has inundated several Dutch towns. The press of Canada will soon be inundated by the Meuse of spring poetry.

## THE HEN-PECKED ONE'S LAMENT.

I'M buckled tae a wae fu' wife,  
These twenty years and mair, man;  
And deil a haet but noise and strife,  
Has been my wretched share, man.

For oh, the jades are ill tae ken,  
And slippery as eels, man;  
They're angels till they hook the men,  
And syne they turn oot deils, man.

She dings me roon about the hoose,  
As if I were a dog, man;  
And if I keepna quiet as puss,  
She scrimps my parritch cog, man.

She keeps me nursing a' the night—  
Frae five o'clock till nine, man;  
And if I hint its hardly richt,  
I'm ca'd a "lazy swine," man.

I'm wakened at the-break o'day  
Tae tidy up the hoose, man;  
And if I dare tae say her "nay"—  
She sends me tae the deuce, man.

When Sunday comes, tae cook I'm turne'd,  
While she gangs tae the kirk, man;  
And if the broth's a wee thing burne'd,  
I'm "just a muckle stirk," man.

There's bod'ly pain, there's mental pain,  
The plague o' human life, man;  
But oh, life's sorest, hardest bane,  
Is the plague o' a ruling wife, man.

A warning tak', a warning tak',  
A warning tak', be wise, man;  
And dinna buy them in a sack,  
But sharply tak' their size, man.

JOHN MCCALLUM.

## HOW IT STRUCK THEM.

THEY were standing at the corner of Yonge and Gerard streets when a runaway team came tearing along, scattering the pedestrians right and left and finally brought up with a tremendous crash against a lamp post. The rig was an antiquated ramshackle concern and was badly wrecked by the collision. While the proprietor was sadly collecting the fragments, Dusenbury turned to Jinglejaw and suddenly remarked:—

"There is something in this incident that reminds me of a presentation address."

"Why so?"

"Because the victim of the catastrophe is evidently bent on preserving the debris, not on account of their intrinsic value, but a slight token of 'is-team'—tumble?"

"Ah, just so. And you can no doubt readily understand why the circumstance should recall to my mind that well-known and beautiful air from the opera of the 'Bohemian Girl'—'Then you'll remember me.'"

Interval of two minutes for serious reflection.

"No-o, I don't exactly see the association of ideas."

"And yet you will doubtless admit that—"

'There may perhaps in such a scene  
Some wreck-collection be.'

and they broke for the nearest hostelry to relieve their over-wrought feelings.

A LADY customer sent an order to a store for some dates, and the facetious clerk returned her a bushel of last year's almanacs. But the lady got even with the establishment. For when the grocer sent in his account with a note to the effect that he would like to receive part of it, she cut the bill in half pieces and sent him a fragment.