



"I'LL JUST PROCEED TO TAKE HIS MEASURE!"

A TRUE TALE.

CAWEEK OF A SPWIG OF UPPAH-TENDON.

I was—aw—nineteen when my name went in,
And I donned the old "wed was"—
A wattle mess was "ours" I guess
With a spanking team and dwag,
But we made the shinahs vanish, deah boys
Too fahst by the half for me—aw ;
My Governah swore he would send no more,
So I was up a twee—aw.
My papahs went in ; the Jews came down—
As I did'nt care to app a'
I gave them the slip and took a twip
To scaatah the wemnants heah—aw.

I-ah-went o "weform" at Somerset House
Upon ninety pounds, all paid,
But as you may guess, a wattle mess
In the vevy first yeah I mad—
For bouquets and weeds alone, deah boys,
The ninety was short by ten—aw ;
Not a sou could I "squee" tho' I went on my knees,
My dad was the hardest of men—aw !
This time 'twas a wascally bwoker swoah
In court I should have to appeah,
But I gave him the slip and took a twip
To wattle the shinahs heah.

I marwied an heirwess who vevy soon died,
But her coin remained for me ;
I did'nt much mind ; thought it wather kind
To set a poohah beggah twee :
I'd a jolly good time that yeah, deah boys,
And a tewwible lot I spent—aw,
And a wattle mess I made, I guess,
So to Coventwy I was sent—aw
But that bwoker fellah was watching me
Whenever I did appeah ;
So I gave him the slip and took a twip
For freeddom in Canada heah.

SWIZ.

A DILEMMA.

"Charles, dear, I'm in a horrible dilemma," said young Mrs. Flippety.

"How is that, my dear?" asked her husband.

"Why, here's a note from Mrs. Champignon, the wife of that wealthy cheese-monger, and she wants to know whether the doctor ordered me beer or whiskey when I was ailing a short time ago, as she fancies she is in the same state as I was."

"Oh, well, I don't see any dilemma about that ; it was whiskey, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, write and tell her so."

"Yes, but she spells whiskey, w-i-s-k-y, and I hate to hurt her feelings by spelling it right in my note to her."

"Pooh, pooh ! it doesn't matter ; say it was beer, then."

"But, my dear, she spells beer, b-e-r-c, so what am I to do?"

"Don't know, 'm sure ; say both." S.

TO ANGELINA.

WHO IS QUITE PUT OUT BECAUSE I DECLINED TO WALTZ WITH HER WITHOUT GIVING A REASON.

It may not be—at least not yet ;
'Tis no slight cause that bids me own it.
Think not my promise I'd forget.
But for a while I must postpone it.

Think not I've ceased to love the whirl
Of giddy waltz or galop mazy,
Nor that thy hair is out of curl,
Nor that thy Frederic's getting lazy.

Think not 'tis thro' some jealous qualms
That thus I'd have thee disappointed ;
Nor that a prettier rival's charms
Thy nasal organ have disjointed.

Nay ; teach not those sweet lips to pout,
Nor at my pleading make wry faces ;
Canst still thy faithful Frederic doubt ?—
Know, then, the truth : *'Tis bust my braces !*"
SWIZ.

CONUNDRUM.

A correspondent, apparently a crank, sends the following :

Here is something fresh, guaranteed to be the production of this season, and not exhibited at any other show :—

Why is Hanlan the most delicate of all the famous oarsmen?

Because they are all row-bust except him.

There is nothing that will take away a man's appetite like a bill-of-fare printed exclusively in French.—*Lowell Citizen.*



EFFECTS OF READING MURDERERS' LETTERS AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTIONS.

Rev. Gent.—And so you go to Sunday-School, my dear? Now can you tell me who was the meekest man that ever lived?

Little Willie.—Yes, sir ; Fred Mann, the murderer.

A small man has always enough to bear, but his dress becomes exceedingly heavy when the despicable salesman of the clothing store, just after the small man has got into his new clothes, cries out to the accountant, so that everybody else can hear : "Boy's suit ! Mark gone !"



RE-APPEARANCE OF THE TRAMP.

FOOTMAN GRIFFIN.—FELLOW ! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SKULKING AROUND HERE. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT MACKENZIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE NOW?