

REFLECTIONS ON RECENT EVENTS.

THE hoodlers came down like a wolf on the fold,
And they scooped in the silver, and greenbacks, and gold,
From the town on the lake, to the town by the sea—
They raked in the shekels from A down to Z.

The people were stupid, and trusting, and green,
And the hoodlers, the cleverest thieves ever seen—
In the street, in the office, by night and by day,
They grabbed what they wanted, and bore it away.

They laughed when the newspapers gave them a blast,
And they winked in the face of the judge as he passed;
For they knew while this land would be peopled with men,
That hoodlers who boodled could boodle again.

They know every art that has ever been known,
To make other's property serve as one's own;
In short, they're so cute and so wily, I see
There's not one thriving industry open to me.

I've mixed with the gangs till my pocket has bled;
I've gone into "stocks" with my feet and my head;
I've wined them, and dined them, while angling for gold,
And find, after all, I'm left out in the cold.

The question that worries me, day after day,
Is to what healthy climate can I safely stray?
For the land of the brave, and the home of the free,
Is becoming decidedly too hot for me!

A SOCIETY EVENT.

JUST after Editor Sheppard had finished writing his Western reminiscences for a recent issue of *Saturday Night*, the office boy entered the sanctum and deposited a batch of "society" copy upon the chief's desk. Being still under the spell of the good old cow-boy days—without being conscious of the fact—Shep. proceeded to edit the paragraphs. The literary style of the contributions didn't at all please him, and most of it had to be re-written. The items, when touched up, ran as per the following samples:—

Mrs. Windus of George St. gave a fancy feed to a gang of highflyers on Friday afternoon. There were about seventy-five present, and a big time was the result.

The Misses Jinks, old man Jinks' dandy girls, gave a skating party on Monday. There were a lot of tony stags up there, and a very nice assortment of girl stock. After the round-up, the whole crowd repaired to the house, where they wrestled buns and had fun until well on in the evening.

The yacht club fellers are humping themselves for their forthcoming ball. It's going to be the greatest racket the boys have had since they rode through Paradise Flats and bored so many holes through Andy McGuffin with their guns.

Mrs. Chumperton made a bull's-eye with her ball on Wednesday night. Her house is a daisy, up there near the University. The boys were on hand with their other clothes on, and girls were immense. The molasses on the floor was sticky at first, but got all o.k. before the cattle had tramped round long.

Young Mrs. Whanger gave a slap-up tea party at—

But just here the spell suddenly passed off, and Sheppard realized that he was no longer in the west, but conducting an organ of high society in the very heart of civilization. He sent the original copy to the printer, and stuffed the above revision into his waste basket, whence our representative obtained it.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

MR. GRIP—Sir, many people in Canada are reg'lar in the habit of sayin' that we're not so smart as Americans is. Well, I b'leve in stannin' up for our own country, more partic'lar since them cranks has got to talkin' about Commercial Union, and I knowed you'd be glad to hear jist how smart Canadians is. And country's, too!

I was fearful cold last night, an' dropt into a hotel down town, to get somethin' to warm me up a bit, and got talkin' to a oldish man as had a small "grip" (no offence to you, sir), an' we got discussin' the state of trade.

We had a little hot Scotch (at my expense), an' he ordered another, an' I was tellin' him how I'd just set-



ANOTHER BANK SCARE.

1st Director—Oh! L—!!

2nd Ditto—It's all right so far, old man! Only me!

1st Director—Hang it! I thought—I'm getting so infernally nervous, think I'll stop smoking!

tled at forty-two cents, and hoped to make a couple of thousand by it, when that stranger smiled slightly.

He says, "I don't mind tellin' you somethin'. I jest had a auction sale of my stock, an' got the money here! I bought them goods last December, at four months, and dated the notes in April, and I can't even be sued till August next!"

He stopped a second, looked past me, an' says he, "There's one of my creditors jist come in; I'll ask the old chap to join us! It's a farewell between me and him!"

Can any of your smart Americans beat that? The beauty is, it's legal, too.—Yours, in all honesty,

B. DOZER.