

Lines Suggested by a Recent Division.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE HON. MEMBER FOR
NORTH WATERLOO.

That pure patriot, Foley,
A compact ubholy,
Lately made with the Devil his party to sell,
When they "called in the members,"
Old-Nick raked the embers,
And laughed in the chair of that Lower House, well;

And said he with a grin;
May this send never sin,
If henceforth when a demon don't act on the square,
I don't just for short,
Put the thief out of Court,
And give him a Waterloo medal—to wear.

A Peep into the Future.

For the benefit of those who enjoy a peep into the mysterious future, we have consulted the celebrated clairvoyant who just now favours the city with her presence. Among other revelations, she makes the following:—



GAZETTE EXTRA.

Priv. Secy. Office,
March, 1894.

His Excellency the Governor General, has been pleased to dispense with the services of the following gentlemen:

- Charles Rommie, Esq., Collector of Port of London.
- F. E. Ball, Esq., County Attorney of Oxford.
- C. E. Coleman, Esq., County Attorney of Hastings.

- M. H. Foley, Jr., Government Clerk.
 - A. Brunel, Esq., Inspector of Customs.
 - T. McNab, Esq., County Attorney, York and Peel.
 - George Shepherd, Esq., Organ Grinder, &c.
- From this list it would appear that now is the time to make hay with some of these gentlemen.

THE NOBLE WARD.

A meeting was called some few days since of the citizens of St. John's Ward by the late commander of the *Firefly*. True to our mission, we instantly dispatched a *Life* of reporters and give the proceedings precisely as they occurred. Pressure on our columns alone prevented us from publishing the proceedings before.

Songs.—*Terauley Street*; platform; assemblage of citizens; *Ald. Moodie*; *Coun. Baxter*, &c. &c.

Alderman Moodie.—"My much respected fellow citizens, I have ventured to summon you this evening—"

Indignant citizen interrupts him.—"You summon a meeting? You ought to be summoned yourself, who got his house painted for nothing? Who took such pains with the City Hall glazing? Who—"

Cries of "Order, order!" "Go on, Manning!" "Moodie, hoist your sails, show 'em your signals!"

Alderman Moodie.—"Fellow citizens, I am a mariner, and accustomed to the waving owls, the

howling of waves, I mean. I care little for the effervescence—as my friend Sprout has it—of this tumultuous assemblage; my object is just this: I have nothing to say against our friend Fisher, but the city scales should be put up to public competition.

Voice.—"Put up your grandmother! Who got the little bill down at Quebec? Who button-holed the Members? Who turned round on Robinson?"

Another voice.—"Crudee! He turned round on Robinson Crusoe, because 'twas his duty to do so! 'Ohrens by many citizens.—"Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe!"

Cries of "order, order, Councilman Baxter for ever, now Mr. Baxter."

Councilman Baxter comes forward:

"My friends and fellow-citizens, the music of our friend, Alderman Moodie's, voice, alas! now too rarely heard in the Council of collective wisdom; sounds, I was going to say, almost, strangely in my ears. As is not of us, it is true, we are of the earth, earthy, he is of the sea, I cannot say scaly?"

A voice.—"fishy!"

Many voices, "no, scaly, scaly, a scaly mariner, a confounded scaly old mariner, a merman ashore, where's your glass and your comb?"

Councilman Baxter.—"My worthy friends, now you have cut your chaff, perhaps, before you get cornered you will come to a decision on this matter. I look upon it as a decidedly scaly attempt on the part of the worthy Alderman, still, a landsman's vision and a mariner's may not take the same view of the matter in hand. If we, therefore, give him a check on this point, it will be no more than he received, so report says, at Quebec. To checks, therefore, he is used; my friends the wise men say, submit for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back. Now what shall we say? Shall we 'dimble' this matter, no matter if the Alderman be, as in fact he is, moody. Shouts of "Fisher for ever, no scalliness, down with all merman! Councilmen, Baxter for ever. Let's have a drink."

Exeunt omnes.

Paternal Affection.

Would that young mother that resides on Alexander Street, and who wears in her little hat a rooster's feather, confine the fortunes of her husband a little baby boy to the nursery, and thus spare the feelings of those of our citizens who patronize the street cars.

Query.

—What is the difference between a North American Indian and an Irishman? The Indian smokes the pipe of peace, and the Irishman the piece of pipe.

SPARROW BILLS AS A PENSION.—We see by the Australian and New Zealand *Gazette*, that an English sparrow sold for 13s-9d. currency, if this sale is to be taken as any criterion of the value of sparrows, these birds are enormously increased in price since "two were sold for a farthing."

THE TERRAPIN.

CARLISLE AND McCONKEY.—The very names are synonymous with good dinners, jovial feasts, and bright hours. Who has not heard of the Terrapin? And who hearing, has not wished to see, feeling has not entered, and then wholly overcome by the good cheer, has remained there a willing, nay a joyous victim. A noble hall, such a hall as King Arthur might have held festival in, such banquets as King Arthur never had, such suppers as Queen Guinever dream't not of, at such low rates, as would content the veriest miser. These are but a few of the attractions held forth by those very models among *Restaurateurs*, Carlisle and McConkey, King Street Toronto.

Appreciation from Abroad:

—It is said that the publishers of *Punch* have obtained permission from the *Leader* to reprint the papers on art and music, which have appeared over the signature of H. M. in our city contemporary.

STRANGE YET TRUE.—It is a significant fact that the money-market gets light when gold is high.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. J. SHARP'S

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES, &c.



SHARP'S PATENT CUSHIONS.
SUPERIOR TO ANY NOW IN USE.
Patented November 16, 1892. Manufacturing, No. 148 Euston Street, New York. Balls, Cues, Trimmings, &c. Old Cues soon repaired. Orders by mail punctually attended to. None but the best tables made at this establishment.
First class Marble or Slate Bed Billiard Tables from \$250 to \$375, according to style or size, on reasonable terms.

"Walls, Walls!" is the favourite exclamation of the East Indian kiltmutgar whenever he sees anything he thinks very beautiful, anything super-excellent: How these fellows would apostrophize the splendid articles to be seen at Messrs. WALLS, King Street, and in terms, too, which might almost be mistaken for the name of the Firm.

Professor Nelson should publish his "Life," and introduce therein the number of lives he has saved by the far-famed magic of his unequalled medicines. If a man bravely rescues a fellow-creature from drowning, we give him a medal or other acknowledgment. Why should Science alone toil on unrewarded? Ask the question of the learned Professor, at his address, over Dain's bookstore, King Street.

A Photographic Album is, verily, a marvel of beauty. Happy are we who, in these latter days, have at our command for a small sum these splendid depositories for all the notabilities of the age. Turn but the page, and the wisest of earth's sons, the fairest of earth's daughters greet you; and in this hallowed nook affection's hand has bestowed her rarest treasures: C. A. BACKUS'S, Toronto St., stock of these beautiful Albums is to be surpassed.