

### THE GAMBLER'S APOLOGY.

I REMEMBER most distinctly in my very early youth  
I developed quite a tendency for sport,  
And what I now unbosom will be nothing but the truth,  
For I don't unbosom any other sort ;  
I had quite a keen desire for to clean out Noah's ark,  
Which was mainly animalia minus tails,  
And I'd lay on heavy wagers from the early dawn to dark  
On a race between the elephants and whales.

I would bet the yellow grampus that he could'nt beat the horse,  
And incite the red giraffe to try five miles  
With the piebald alligator, while around the open course  
In my mind I'd pocket many little piles ;  
But when I matched the beetle for a two-mile steeplechase  
With the beaver, which was us'd to steer the ark,  
I'd scoop in all the money as was in that little place  
And expend it in a manner that was dark.

When I grew a little older I would catch the cat and dog  
And tie them to my toys—a cart and train—  
And start them down the garden, whilst behind I'd soundly flog  
The one as hung most loose upon the rein ;  
I would match a duck and chicken or a rooster and a goose  
For runs along the baryard, while I'd bet  
Imaginary millions, for I then could go it loose,  
And the fascinating feeling's in me yet.

But the best of all the fun was when I used to go to school  
And bet a mate upon a match with frogs  
At jumping over straw piles, and I'd win, too, as a rule,  
As I would likewise in swimming pollywogs ;  
And it's from these simple notions I believe the love of sport  
Was ingrained into my nature so secure  
That I'm ready now to bet you, though my funds are rather short,  
That my spider can run yours across the floor.

P. QUILL.

### THE KERMISS.

#### II.

THIRD, then, as to the young men. Speaking as one who was once a young man but who has grown old (and poor) in his attendance at charity fairs, the writer may say without hesitation that at a kermis the young men are very much to be pitied—very much indeed. They labor under a multitude and variety of disadvantages. Poor fellows. The more strenuously the fair vendors try to carry out the two rules given above, the prettier and the more gracious they are, the more pitiable is the plight of the poor (in both senses of the term) young man. The beauty lavished around him dazzles him ; the extra graciousness deprives him of the faculty of reason ; and a young man, above all a poor young man, deprived of this God-given faculty that is an object of laughter to the gods—and, alas, also to goddesses. Beguiled by blandishments, and by loveliness led captive, he goes he knows not whither and buys he knows not what. With no use for pins he purchases pin cushions for the score ; with no babies to rattle them, babies' rattles by the dozen. Now he raffles for an ottoman ; now he gorges himself with ices, forgetful (until the following day) of the fact that he has but just dined. Poor fellow.

For the young man, then, some rules are hugely necessary. One only does the writer venture to offer ; and it is this : *Grin and bear it.* Think not of the methods by which you are allured to barter the wherewith to pay your last year's debts for pin-cushions, babies' rattles, or ottomans. Dwell not on that ever-pressing yet ever-put-off necessity of economizing. Economize when the kermis is over. You will have to. For once be glad that you have been bereft of reason—if by means unfair, at least by maids so fair ; by smiles so soft to look on ; by words so sweet to hear. Often have you before this been

deprived of the same divine faculty by things very dissimilar to these. Your first cigar ; your first—ahem ! And these things too did cost you money ; why not then once again permit your head and your pockets to be emptied ? Why not for just four days revel in the ravishing sights and sounds spread for your regalement. Secondly, that is ; primarily of course for the infants of the Infant's Home ? Nay then, calm yourself. Bask in the sunshine of the extra graciousness, nor pass it through the spectrum of questioning and critical analysis. Buy freely, and remember that at all events some part of your spendings (after all expenses are paid) will go towards increasing the pleasures (and perhaps the pains) for perchance with some portion of the proceeds nasty physic will be purchased for the poor crying infants of the Infants' Home,—infants crying in the night, infants crying for the light, and with no language but a cry.—Surely such an appeal will touch the most obdurate of hearts.

Only a few more hints will the writer add for the now doubly, nay trebly poor young man :—On the morrow, after your reason (but not your small change) has been returned to you, do not resolve never to go to kermisses again, for it will be a vain resolve. You will go again ; you know it. Long, long will you remember those soft smiles, those sweet words, those still sweeter ices—the last perhaps longest of all. They will haunt you by day and night, by land and sea ; and when again another Kermis is announced you will go, you will purchase pin cushions, rattles, ottomans, and ices ; your senses will be delighted, and your emotions will be stirred, and your pockets will be rifled—all for the good of the crying infants of the Infants' Home.

But do not, do not I pray you, wish to heaven you were an infant in the Infants' Home for when all these good things were spread, all the fair sights were shown. Remember that we cannot all be infants—not all our lives ; and perhaps the next best thing is to be the young man who contributes to their pleasures—and their pains. Let this latter thought be to you a source of solace. If you have suffered, so also will they ; for, as I before have said, perchance with some portion of the proceeds nasty physic will be purchased.

T. A. H.

### OTTAWA POLITICIANS—A NIGHTMARE.

ONE morning as the Kirk Bell rang Wright merrily and birds sang "Tyrwhitt !" Ouimet passing Mills, Hall, Burns and Temple, in a White cart, a Cook, Carpenter, Smith, Taylor, Porter, Mason and Fisher (seven Grand-bois) smoking Small Clays and Caron with them a Chapleau but Guay.

"Make Roome !" they cried.

Then our Marshall Barron his Armstrong gave them some s-Lang.

"Kenny Audet accounts ?" they asked derisively. "We Trow not."

With a Yeo-heave we Bowell'd their Cartwright over.

"Holton," said one, don't Bowle and Hall that way ; it's Bain-ful ; I'm a Freeman and Lovett not ; you've one Madill ; call a Sir John Daly till I'm well ; I'm White and Haggert though naturally as Brown as Turcot or Bourman. I Wood my Ward and Foster-son were here ; 'Tis dale with you he Wood right Royal-ly."

A White Curran at him.

"Oh Brien (O'Brien) !" he cried, "Choquet with Brien, or you, McCulla,\* Skinner alive !"

They knocked it all to Flynn-ders.

\* My cully.