



### SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

LAWYER (*to irate client*)—"Er—I'm sorry that you don't approve of the way in which I've dealt—"

IRATE CLIENT—"It's not so much the way you've dealt. What I object to is the way in which you've *shuffled*!"

### THE MERRY LAND MONOPOLIST.

BY ONE OF 'EM.

THE land monopolist he leads  
An easy happy life,  
His days are free from toil and care,  
His soul unfretted by the wear  
Of anxious business strife.

He rises late—he reads the news,  
Abroad he saunters slow,  
He doth not need to tear and rush  
To gain his bread, to fight and push,  
For why?—his dollars *grow*.

Between the daylight and the dark,  
Though nothing he has done,  
He rubs his hands in great content,  
Thinking of unearned increment  
By others' labor won.

Awake—asleep—'tis all the same,  
Or idle or alert,  
In foreign parts he long may roam,  
It grows as if he were at home,  
There's nothing pays like dirt!

The city spreads on every side,  
And what were rural spots,  
With stores and houses built around,  
Becomes most valuable ground,  
Staked off in building lots.

The men who do the work are poor,  
And poor they must remain;  
For mere existence they must toil,  
The idle owner of the soil  
He pockets all the gain.

The people don't make any fuss,  
They seem to like the plan,  
No doubt they think 'tis Heaven's behest.  
That some should toil to keep the rest,  
'Twas so since earth began.

Then let them toil and let them sweat,  
"For 'tis their nature to,"  
And let us play our merry game,  
And laws and institutions frame  
To suit the cunning few.

P. T.

### MUSING.

BETIMES I muse on other days,  
From which my fancy cannot part,  
The days when first you won my heart  
With fond, endearing, tender ways;  
When wildest, loudest is my laugh,  
When beauty breathes around her powers  
Lo! you are with me through the hours,  
With mem'ry's cup from which I quaff.

And ever in my saddest mood  
My fancy holds thy features fast,  
Waking youth's hopes to life at last,  
When darkly o'er my wrongs I brood;  
Dear love, each gracious charm of thine,  
Was wound close, close about my heart,  
As tendrils that may never part,  
Except when droops the stricken vine.

And as my dream brings back your face,  
And rings your laughter in my ears,  
My thought goes back adown the years,  
And robes you with diviner grace,  
For every joy the lover knows  
Was mine, when love was young and free,  
Long, long before you married me,  
And made me settle for your clothes.

W. C. N.

### THE WAVE.

"There seems to be a big wave of drunkenness on just now."  
—*Daily Paper*.

I'VE rolled on an alcoholic sea,  
To break on a drunken beach,  
I've laughed aloud in riotous glee,  
As men have tried to circumvent me,  
And get far out of my reach.  
And I've hauled them down into hollows vast,  
And up to my white crest's snap,  
Where melts the foam of debaucheries past,  
In a bubbling, boozy cap.

In the slipping slant of my sloping sides  
I've seen men gasp for breath;  
I've laughed with the man who my strength derides,  
And who in fancied security bides  
Till his feet go down to death;  
I've sympathized with the trembling soul  
In his longing to swim away,  
And I've hurled him along to a jim-jam goal  
In frolicsome, merry play.

I've welcomed husband, and babe, and bride,  
The youth and the innocent maid,  
The young and the old in their self-willed pride,  
The rich, and the poor, and the strong beside,  
And none of them felt afraid;  
Old Father Time came out for a spin,  
And was glad to be afloat,  
Till a sudden lurching fired him in  
From his cockle-shell temperance boat.

And it's Ho! I'm off, 'neath a beery breeze,  
And a riotous champagne sun;  
Take the spume from my crest for tears to tease  
The hearts that are mourning my powers to please,  
And my journey that's just begun;  
For now old Time is astride on my crest,  
And I temper the whole world's breath  
With the volatile warmth of my bacchanal breast  
And on to a drunken death.

CECIL STREET.

### HIGH HATS AGAIN.

FOGG—"Did you see the play last night?"

HOGG—"No."

FOGG—"You didn't go, eh?"

HOGG—"Well—yes, I went, but I didn't see the play."