

## OUR "MILINGTARY" COLUMN.

ARMLESS.—When are soldiers charitable? When they present arms.  
A SORRY PUN.—When are they like repentant rakes.—When they re-form company.

OUR MAIDEN JOKE.—Why our Volunteers like old maids? Because they are always ready, but rarely wanted.

VERY EFFEMINATE.—Why should housemaids make good volunteers? Because they are accustomed to bare arms.

A LA RUSSIE.—Why is the Emperor of Russia like a schoolboy? Because he's confounded Hungary and longs for Turkey.

LITERALLY TRUE.—Why would Lt-Col. STEVENSON make a good newspaper man? Because he could make a big report in a very short time.

A POINTED CONUNDRUM.—Why is the Lieut.-Colonel of the Vics a standard for his men to go by? Because they should never be without their Handy side-arm.

NOTE THIS.—In the event of war, why should we hope that our Volunteers' drill book will be like the late King of Italy? Because we trust it will be a Victory Manual.

PERSONAL.—The "Vics" had the pleasure of greeting their old comrade and former Colonel, OSBORNE SMITH, at present Deputy Adjutant General in Manitoba. No mere nut shell that contains a Kernel of his quality. We make no doubt he will be able face the Nor Westers and command "attention" wherever duty may lead him.

LEFT BY REQUEST.—One of our worthy young men Mr. John Taylor leaves soon for England. It is said that he has been sent for by the War Department to act as drill instructor—*West Durham News*. What a fuss there will be among the tailors when he gets there! His mission we believe is to drill the eyes of the needles and other small bores—that is if he is sharp enough.

THE 100TH ROYAL CANADIANS.—The *Army and Navy Gazette* contains an extract from a letter written from Jullunder in which their correspondent says "I may add that owing to the carelessness of the Commanding Officer on arrival at Bombay, the regiment landed, leaving their colours on board." It is a good thing that the "100th Royal Canadians" is only a *nom de guerre*, as history has invariably proved that Canadians know how to *stick* to their colours, even though a Minister of Militia should give orders to haul them down. Better to send the "100th" home in order to read up "the Memories of the past."

## AROUND TOWN.

Mr. NELSON'S motto—Go slow.

"Just—but not Justice" say the Conservatives. "That excellent Saint—Just!" exclaim the Liberals.

A QUESTION FOR CONTRACTORS.—What is that which grows bigger the more you contract it? Debt.

WHEN are the birds in Victoria Square like bankrupts? In the morning when their little bills are over dew.

Party organs can only play one tune but the skill with which the "variations" are handled is something wonderful.

WHEN does our City Council present one of its most ridiculous spectacles? When its eyes are on one side, and its noses on the other.

A Chinese famine fund is being raised in Montreal—*Hamilton Times*. Yes. It is for the benefit of the distressed celestials on Craig street who cannot collect their wash bills.

Mr. WILLIAM BROWN wrote to the *Canadian Spectator* last week to prove that ninety cents is the true value of the American dollar. Of course it is. But if Mr. BROWN'S opinions are to have any standard weight with the commercial public he will have to throw more *sense* into his arguments.

The *Witness* wants to know "which is the Conservative Party?" It causes no surprise to find that during the present political excitement our contemporary should forget which is which. Perhaps if he were to ask "Which is the Liberal Party?" it would be equally difficult to satisfactorily prove its identity.

PERSONAL.—We understand the Rev. Dr. USSNER is to take up his permanent abode in Montreal. We hope he will know his business better than the average usher we are accustomed to see and trust he will not leave his hearers standing in doubt as to their final resting place, or after having got there, be in constant fear of being turned out to let some one else in.

A DAY or two ago the *Witness* contained the following advertisement: "WANTED—A young man servant to take care of a Horse, also a Housemaid. Apply &c." Housemaids usually know how to take care of themselves. But we fear that man-servant's work will be no sinecure. Possibly, the horse and the housemaid are to travel together. If so, we are afraid you couldn't buy a curb bit big enough to hold her. Whoever gets the place should have a large salary.

## THE YELLS.

BY THE GHOST OF EDGAR ALLEN POE.

*Suggested by the scene in the Dominion House of Commons, on Saturday, the 13th April 1878.*

Hear the Members with their yells  
Horrid yells.

What a tale of tumult, now, their turbulency tells!  
Far, far, too hoarse to speak  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of time,—

While with rattle and with clang,  
Their fists on desks they bang—  
Keeping time, time, time,  
To an idiotic rhyme

To drown the words of Members who are speaking against time,  
And they whistle and they sing  
And make such a frightful din

You would think a horde of lunatics had suddenly broke in  
To the room—

And the Public—ah, the long  
Suffering Public, who look on  
From the galleries on high,  
Heave a deep and mournful sigh,  
For they know

The report of these proceedings,  
Of these scandalous proceedings,  
Through all the land will go—  
And disgrace upon them throw—  
And each man his neighbour tells  
As he listens to the yells,  
To the idiotic yells,

To the most disgraceful yells  
That it knells, knells, knells,

Death of Parliamentary dignity it knells.

## DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a sewing machine manufacturer who had not gained a prize medal?

Did you ever know a landlady who would own to bugs?

Did you ever know a hotel porter call you half an hour too soon for the morning train?

Did you ever know a railroad company that allowed you time enough to eat your meal decently?

Did you ever know a teacher of languages who did not profess to teach French with a Parisian accent?

Did you ever know a 'smart' child who was not always getting into trouble?

Did you ever know a model young man who did not come to a bad end?

Did you ever know a red-haired girl who had a very clear notion where scarlet began and auburn terminated?

Did you ever know an old maid who had never had an offer of marriage?

Did you ever know a woman between twenty-five and forty who would confess to her right age?

Did you ever know a watchmaker who did not tell you your watch was dirty?

Did you ever know an auctioneer to tell the truth?

Did you ever know a policeman who was not a hard swearer?

Did you ever know a lawyer who could sum up a case in ten minutes?

Did you ever know a milkman who hadn't a weakness for water?

Did you ever see a dry goods clerk who did not sell below cost?

Did you ever know six musical critics in perfect harmony?

Did you ever know a rich man who hadn't any poor relations?

Did you ever meet any one you liked better than yourself?

SWEET HEARTS.—In the comedy of this name so beautifully played recently at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, Lady Dufferin appears in the first act as a lovely but mischievous girl of eighteen, with beaming eye and wavy nutbrown locks. Thirty years elapse, and in the second act, her quondam lover lacerates her faithful heart, by failing to recognize his early love in the gray-haired and saddened woman who yearns for one kind look. Such a meeting, after years of separation need not henceforth be sad, for in LADY'S PARISIAN HAIR REWEVER lies the secret of perennial youth, and maidens of fifty can by its constant use subdue once more the wandering lovers of their twenty summers.

—We hope that the shinty match advertised for Good Friday did not end in a shindy.