

MONTREAL NURSERY RHYMES.

THE Bleu leaders cheep, they're losing
their sheep,
And do not know how to bind them;
Bleu hearts must be stone to hear poor men
groan
After leaving their taxes behind them.

Poor fat merchant sheep, they feel very cheap
To see how their leaders have served them;
This wicked new tax each big pocket racks,
And the nerve of that haul has unnerved
them.

Jack and Jill found an empty till,
So thought they'd raise the taxes;
"Boo-hoo!" they cry, "they're raised too
high;
Next thing the country sacks us."

Ding, dong, bell! the Bleus have rung their
knell;
Who put them in? The merchants, that's
their sin;
Who'll put them out? "We will," the
merchants shout,
"Fore they know what they're about!"
GEN.

ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.

ETHEL—"Johnny, was it you
that put the pin in the chair
that Mr. Slowboy sat on last night?"

JOHNNY—"No, indeed! Honest
Injun, sis, it wasn't!"

ETHEL—"If it had been you I was
going to give you a quarter."

Then Johnny went out and got
the bully of the street to lick him."

MORE THAN HE BARGAINED
FOR.

JACK—"I bribed her little brother
to get me a lock of her hair."

TOM—"Did he get it for you?"

JACK—"Yes. He brought her
whole wig."



THE HORRID MEAN THING.

SHE—"Here's a paragraph which says that the force exerted by artificial means to compress the waists of women, if aggregated, would be sufficient to turn all the mills in Canada; and the condensed force of their tight shoes, if it could be applied, would run many trains."

HE—"Bless me, if that is so, what would the condensed force of their tongues not run?"

LOYALIST ARGUMENTS.



WE regard it unwise
for those who are
opposed to annexation
to meet the
misguided advocates
of that movement
on the public
platform.—*World*.

Hurrah! Despite the sorry tale
That adverse ballots tell,
The loyal cause will yet prevail
As long as we can yell.

Who heeds the solid silent vote,
Though high its hundreds swell,
When bellowing from each beery throat
We raise the loyal yell?

In argument we have no chance,
Yet still our voices swell,
And check each traitorous advance
With loud, unmeaning yell.

We need no culture, sense or wit,
It serves the cause as well

To blow around and swear and spit,
But more than all to yell.

Our brazen throats and leather lungs
Have served our country well,
Though worsted in fair strife of tongues
We never cease to yell.

A dozen blackguardly galoots
Can calm discussion quell,
And of a triumph claim the fruits,
If only they will yell.

Oh, never will the Stars and Stripes
Our subjugation tell,
While loyal cads and guttersnipes
Retain the power to yell!

HE HAD ONE AFTER ALL.

CHOLLY—"Why, oh, why did you coax me to dwink
so much wine at dinnah lawst night? I made a
beastly fool of myself."

MAUD—"I wished to see if it would go to your head
Papa was arguing to me that you had none."