



Caught in the Act.

(Old gentleman, who has missed his "Daily News" for some time past, lies in wait and catches the thief in the act.)

OLD GENT.—Boy, why don't your father take the paper.

BOY.—Please, Sir, father is sick this morning, so he sent me.

The Song of the Monument.

I.
Take me down quietly,
Bury me low!
Let me not piecemeal
Be crumbling so.

II.
If no veneration
Quebecers can give,
Their historical monument
Cease should to live.

III.
Wolf and Montcalm stand firm
On hist'ry's page;—
My blocks, for the want of lime,
Fast disengage.

IV.
But, rather than startle
Quebec by my fall,
I give you fair warning,
Citizens all,—

V.
To take me down quietly:
Bury me low;
Let me not piecemeal
Be crumbling so.

A veritable and, well-plumed,
Phoenix.

The Montreal Transcript.

Sport in Earnest.

Prior says—

"Odzoos, can we look for truth in a song?"—

We beg to inform our readers that they may look for the sterling article in a joke—when it graces the pages of the *Sprite*. Parliament is to meet on or about the 1st of August! There is more of fact than fiction in this announcement, good Sir. Hurrah for the approaching fun! Won't there be lots of it? We beg to announce, and in time, that we shall not hold ourselves responsible for injuries arising from excess of hilarity, immoderate cachinnation, irrepressible screams of delight, or from any other similar cause whatsoever, caused by and through anything in or about these our columns, at the time aforesaid and approaching. Let this warning suffice; and furthermore, we recommend to every one perusing these pages, at or about the time and period indicated, always to have at hand a dose of *Chronicle*; which said remedial agent acts as an immediate and infallible sedative; it unsuffocates the laughter-choked, and lowers the temperament to a point of frigidity equal to its own; and in that lowest depth there is no lower still. We have also to announce that, consequent on the skilful arrangements of the *Sprite*, commander in chief and dictator, the Ottawa Buildings will be, in every respect, ready for occupation by the time parliament may be expected to rise. These oracles, if not Delphic, are something better: for Ottawa, at least, they must be—as they are—very *Sprite*-ly.

The Hon. the Minister of Agriculture.

This hon. gentleman sailed to Europe on a side wind; with small display, and on a comparatively unimportant errand. But once there, a very favorable breeze filled his sails, and he went ahead like jingo. Indeed, it is a question if, among all his compeers, he has not played the first fiddle. We sincerely trust this will not create a feeling of jealousy in ministerial bosoms. If such a misfortune should arise, consolation may be found at home. The three tailors of Montreal, (they call themselves, Fenians) who stand, shears in hand, determined to cut up the British Empire, are dissatisfied and indignant. However much we may admire the spirit of these formidable gentlemen, and however much we may laugh at their *fuss*, we cannot bring ourselves to look with an approving eye on their *forgeries*.

Advertisement.

The 'gentleman' who borrowed two umbrellas from the news-room at the parliament buildings, is respectfully requested to return them at his earliest convenience. If this is asking too much, he will, perhaps, be kind enough to restore, *one*. Umbrellas are generally opened in the singular number, and any one, not satisfied with the arrangement, must, surely, be either pluralist or prig. In this case, there is something *very singular*, viz: the method of appropriation! If the party will be so obliging as to make known his address, the umbrellas will be called for, and a stout stick given in return.