



At Terrebonne and Two Mountains.

Gunner Tarte (opening the campaign) : "Gee wiz! she not ver beeg—but she mak de beeg noise. Hear de report all over Canadaw.

Slang's Witchery.

Sadie is rude, though of the gods
 A daughter most divinely fair.
 She terms my soulful tributes "cods"—
 My tributes to her eyes, lips, hair.

I say her presence sheds a glow
 Like sunrise shimmering o'er the dunes.
 Unmoved, she answers : " Is that so?
 Oh, Petey, you are full of prunes !"

In ecstasy of high-wrought zest,
 My passion fills the ambient air,
 A royal crown I vow should rest
 Upon her wealth of wavy hair.

She darts at me contemptuous glance,
 As if she'd read me through and through,
 And wakes me thus from Love's sweet trance :
 " Oh, Ikey, quit that bunch talk—do !"

I gaze into her azure eyes,
 And swear their depths a soul reveals,
 That willing angels watch and prize—
 That to one's holiest sense appeals.

The eyes take on chameleon change,
 And dimples vanish, red lips pout ;
 Her answer—ah, 'tis passing strange !
 " Ring off! Forget it! Cut it out !"

Showed ever mouth such perfect curve !
 A mouth I ween of Venus' mould !
 " Just one, sweet pet " — " I like your nerve !
 You dare !" she says, " I'll knock you cold !"

And yet I kick not 'gainst such things,
 Nor suffer from acute neck-pang,
 The while this red-hot stuff she slings,
 For—well, I'm—stuck on Sadie's slang !

—T.W.T.