

### The City Park.

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TRUTHFUL L. X. & R. TO THE EDITOR—

"A little nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men."

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We want a nice park for the city,  
There's few that will say against that ;  
But surely it is a great pity  
A decent one can't be got at  
Without going out to the township of Barton before we can  
"squat."

It's all very well for those people  
Who own fine "turn-outs" and fast nags,  
And wear hats as high as a steeple  
And live on their rich money-bags ;  
But what's to become of the *housers* who can't drive down  
there in their drags?

Must they "waddle" down to the race-course,  
And carry the "kids" in their arms,  
While the sun pours his rays down in great force  
And freckles and spoils all their charms,  
Creating a row and a discord that equal War's wildest alarms.

George H. Mills, the dauntless, where are you ?  
Come forward, and fight like a man ;