



J. W. Burroughs

TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

"This is the young man as takes my business, and I hopes you will treat him as well as you've always treated me!"

PUFF-BALLS.

THE flowers that bloom in the spring seem to be largely paper flowers this year.

When a young lady has fine chestnut brown hair, she should not object to being called a chestnut belle.

A street-car conductor is essentially a public car-actor.

Almost anyone will admit that at times Sir Richard seems to have something of the Tartar about him, but it is the Tories who think him the cream of Tartar.

Law students will be interested to know that the best way to get a notice of a-peel is to step on one on the sidewalk.

A conductor remarked at the station the other evening that a certain train was "made up." It ought to be ashamed of itself, and it a mail train, too. If it had been a female train one might not be surprised.

W. H. P. W.

Business Chances.

AURISTS, ATTENTION.

THE corporation of the City of Montreal hereby offer a liberal bonus and freedom from taxation for a number of years to all

AURISTS

who will undertake to start factories in the said city for the cure of jurymen afflicted with DEAFNESS, and thereby rendered incompetent to sit on protracted cases.

LIBERAL ATTRACTIONS

are also offered to specialists in the cure of Dumbness, Prejudice, and other ailments which afflict Montreal jurymen. Address

THE CITY CLERK.

NO FUNDS.

MISTRESS—If you break another dish, I will take it out of your month's wages.

Bridget—Well, mum, if yez can collect it from yersilf, it's more nor I kin do.

THE SCHOOL-MARM'S LEAP-YEAR LETTER.

RESPECTED SIR :

REFER, I pray,
To the great love I feel,
The boldness that constrains me make
This *personal* appeal.

In *case* poor pen and paper may
Thy manly heart incline,
O, let it yield to these few lines
Indicative of mine.

I shall not beat about the bush
With *periphrastic phrase* ;
Declarative and *simple* arc
My sentences ; no mazes ; no daze
Shall make the meaning murky, or
The wildered mind shall daze.

Thy name, beloved, is to me dear
All other names above ;
Thou art the *subject* of my thoughts
The *object* of my love.

After long years' *comparison*
Of all the men I see,
I'm *positive, superlative*
Would be my joy with thee !

They say it is not *proper*, thus
My woman's love to own ;
What in the *abstract's* wrong, my love
Uncommon must condone !

No longer can I *passive* pass
In loneliness my days ;
To you, love, am I forced, alas !
My *active voice* to raise.

And yet I may not write the half
I feel—nor ever could !
But, well you know, what's not expressed
Is always *understood*.

Then turn not with cold eye from my
Irregular petition,—
O, *sentence* not to obloquy
My humble *proposition* !

Forgive this *mood imperative* ;
Demonstrative must be
Each heart that feels affection's power
Like that I bear for thee.

And use no coy and bashful Arts
O, speak the word, I pray,
Shall *conjugate* our loving hearts
For ever and for aye.

Leave, leave me not to dull despair !
O, heed my knee's *inflections*,
And raise me from these doleful dumps
Of woful *interjections* !

So to the preacher will we hie,
Receive the church's unction,
And life until death part us, in
Coordinate conjunction.

And ever will I be to thee,
As long as lasts our life
A faithful, firm *auxiliary*,—
A loyal, loving wife.

In *concord* and *agreement* thus,
Our peaceful hours shall flow.
In expectation,

Fondly yours

x x x x

MARIA SLASHERTOW.

P.S.—The marks,—the simple signs
With which I finish this,
Are *pronouns* all, for each one stands
For that sweet noun, a Kiss !