

They will wear a colored wig—
 Tango—Hesitate—or Jig—
 Slash their skirts about a foot above the knee—
 Exposed braces, on a man,
 Are a thing, though, we should ban,
 In his shirtsleeves he's a thing not fit to see.

LADIES: if you would be thought
 Mere man's equal—'stead of naught—
 A small piece of sound advice I'll hand to you:
 Do not from your province roam—
 START REFORMING RIGHT AT HOME,
 And eventually you may be listened to.

SONNET.

To Mr. Beausoleil, Chief Accountant, Dept. of the Naval Service.

What time the glory of the earth is hid
 'Neath dark, obscuring fog, or dank, cold mist;
 And Nature's self is so near lost amid
 The vapoury film she seems not to exist;
 How doth the great celestial orb burst forth,
 And in a trice the gloomy clouds dispel;
 Seeming to bless with gladness of new birth
 The verdure of the hills whereon we dwell.

Thus thou, O "Beauteous Sun," dost with thy smile,
 And (chiefly) with the cheque for me addressed,
 Melt into nought the host of shadows vile
 That me surround when funds become "non est."
 Long mayst thou live, and in thy life continue
 To wield that magic power invested in you.

E. A. T.