

THE MONTREAL GLOBE

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POETRY.

MARY ANN, MARY ANN!

I've a letter from thy sire,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann;
And he's just as mad as fire,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
And he says if I come nigher,
That he'll raise me ten times higher
Than a Montreal church spire,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
If to win thee I aspire,
Mary Ann!

I'm so scared I cannot slee-beep,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
For I'm struck all of a bee-heep,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
He is coming after me!
Blood in both his eyes I see,
Oh, wherever I shall flee-hee!
Mary Ann, Mary Ann;
He will make it hot for me-hee,
Mary Ann!

When a man hasn't a red he gets blue.

How natural it is for an old "seed" to ask "What's up?"

When gamblers fail to agree they pour Hoyle upon the troubled waters.

A young man in Brooklyn boasts that he has kissed his girl 450 times in 6 hours and 3 laps, and thinks he has won the match.

A correspondent explains why he hadn't written before by saying he could not "get money enough together" to buy a postal-card.

"Take back the heart that thou gavest," as the gambler said to his pal who had passed him under the table the wrong card to fill the flush.

"With all thy false, I love thee still," murmured a young man as he calmly handed his girl the artificial teeth that she had sneezed into his lap.

"An old head on young shoulders" is a very trite saying, which was reversed by Old Buffer the other day, when he took the hired girl in his arms, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"Two months with but a single stew, two spoons that dip as one," as the young man remarked to his dearly beloved, after giving his economical order of "one stew; two spoons."

"Johnny," said a sporting father, "Johnny, what have you got in your fist?" "Two pears," said Johnny. "Good hand," said the absent-minded parent, "take the pot—" Then he blushed, and pointing to a brass kettle, he added, "to your mother."

The pedestrian fever has even extended to the most secluded precincts of the family circle. We hear of several young ladies of highly respectable parents in this city who are training to walk, and nearly all of them are under two years of age.

"Paralyzed" is the last slang. It is very expressive. For instance, if you see a man sitting on his front stoop about 3 a. m. trying his best to open the door-knob with a lead-pencil, it is pretty nearly right to say that he is "paralyzed."

"What does your husband do?" asked the gas man. "He ain't doing nothing at this time of the year," replied the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the man. She blushed scarlet to the ears. "Law, no!" she exclaimed, "We've only been married six weeks."

"TAFFY."

Crawford's faro bank is run on the U-rope-in plan.

The conductor will get himself in trouble if he drinks so much I. P. at Dan's.

A new brand of cigars has been named after "the professor." Because he's a nice moke?

If the cracked watchmaker don't give up hawking at night, we will give him "dead away."

Harry Brindley is going to take off his goatee. He is afraid the moths might get into it.

The gang at "615" better be careful. The "cops" intend making a raid one of these nights.

Had Joe Kellert bathed his feet before his great walk, he might have showed Thompson a clean pair of heels.

"Take a run" over from the walking match to "The Mystic," 671 Craig street, near Bleury. The "Colonel" wants to see you.

"Did you ever see 'John's sleeve-buttons' on a drunk?" "Never." "What! never?" "Well, hardly ever." (This is new.)

Billy S. and Harry B. had better "let up" on breaking hats. If Billy was made pay for a few more he would probably "drop" on himself.

"The Major" has given up storekeeping, and gone house-keeping. Six months hence he won't be able to tell the price of maple sugar.

If Bob, the brushmaker, don't stop dealing in red herrings, sauces, etc., and attend to his legitimate business, somebody will hear of it.

Joe P. and his "ringer" are, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up. Like a great many of their "pards," they are "kept" waiting.

"Piano Lou," why don't you "take a tumble," and go to work. Stanley is jealous, and will give you the "shake" if you don't behave yourself.

"Sheeny Gus" travels a long way up to Hypolite street. What does Louis say? Don't wear your boots out, Gus; you may need 'em before the fall.

How is it that the police have not interfered with the gambling which has been going on at 471 Craig street for the past two years? It is not too late yet.

If Mr. B., of St. Joseph street, will call at our office, we will give him a recipe for making a first-class oyster stew—one that will "paralyze" you.

When "Arcade," of the Globe, is not talking about cows, he is teaching his parrot how to call him away when he gets about 75 cents ahead in a poker game.

"Bowery" and "Sadie" are to have a grand walking match when the roads get good. They will start from Paquet's, and will not get back till late in the fall.

"Skeleton Ike," who accomplished the great feat of crawling up a gas pipe and coming out through the burner, has taken down his tin shingle from opposite the Ottawa Hotel, and is now associated with "The Wolf." They are always on the look-out for an honest (?) dollar.