

THE SONG OF THE "ELL."

A LA HOOD.

(Written for the special perusal of "late-hour" Merchants.)

With visage sallow and pale,
With figure lank and thin,
A youth stood clad in a manly garb
Behind a counter, within—
Sell! Sell! Sell!
Chained as if in a cell,
And still with a voice of doleful air
He sang the song of the "ell."

Sell! Sell! Sell!
While the sun is shining bright,
And clip! clip! clip!
Till aided by gas-light,
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the Afric or Turk,
Or to be laid in a youthful grave—
If this is manly work.

Measure—Measure—Measure—
All day and night confined,
Measure—Measure—Measure!
Till my eyes grow nearly blind!
Ell, scissors and pen,
Pen, scissors and ell,
Till over the goods I fall asleep,
Unfit to measure or sell.

Oh! girls with brothers dear!
Oh! ladies with husbands and sons!
It is not Dry Goods you're buying out,
But the lives of loving ones.
Sell! Sell! Sell!
So full of care and distress,
Measuring at once with a double ell
The span of life—and a dress.

But why do I talk of thee?
Thou phantom so ghastly pale,
Thou seem'st so like unto me
Thy look don't make me quail—
Thy looks don't make me quail,
I dream of thee in my sleep;
Oh! God, that life should be so dear
And Dry Goods sold so cheap.

Sell! Sell! Sell!
My labor is never done;
But what do I gain? a salary small;
The stream of health—hath run
A visage pale—an eye grown dim—
A diet—a Sunday stroll—
Robbed of pure air—my health purloined—
No time for mind or soul.

Sell! Sell! Sell!
For my employer's sake,
With energy and zeal,
As if my future I'd make—
Measure—clip—and sell—
Sell—clip—and measure,
As if for all this heartless work
One day I'd find a treasure.

With visage sallow and pale,
With figure lank and thin,

A youth stood clad in a manly garb
Behind a counter—within,
Sell! Sell! Sell!
Chained as if in a cell,
And still with a voice of doleful air,
(Would that his tone could reach the "Fair,")
He sang the song of the ell.

The York Roads.

Our cotemporary of the *Globe* whenever he gets a chance endeavors to plant his "bunch of fives" between the eyes of our friend of the *Leader*; and we admire his pluck for that same; only that we cannot endorse the course he pursues in that relation when the interests of the public are endangered by it. In his issue of yesterday morning he treats us to a lengthy dissertation on the benefits that would accrue to the Counties of York and Peel if the above roads were purchased by the County Council; and vaguely hints that there is a mine of wealth to be realised by the transaction. Now, Mr. *Globe*, why don't you tell the truth and shame the devil? Why did you not give the facts and figures at your command regarding these roads? Your own model man and his friends had the management of them for the last ten months, and notwithstanding that scarcely any amount of labor has been done upon them, they are at this moment largely in debt. Why attempt to betray the rate-payers of the counties in question into such a snare as this? Here you find a property in the hands of the Government, that is and has been unremunerative, and you wish to saddle it upon the people of York and Peel for the purpose of gratifying your own spleen. Why did you not tell us that the roads, notwithstanding the fabulous thousands that you say have been realised from them, are now deeply in debt, although scarcely anything has been expended in keeping them in repair during the last twelve months? Why did you not tell us that they are at present, in some place, almost unpassable, and that thousands of dollars will be required to put them in anything like good condition, before tolls can, with any great degree of justice, be collected upon them? Why did you not tell us that portions of the road built or kept in repair during the time they belonged to the late company are now infinitely better than those, comprising the ten or twelve miles, upon which your friends had done work during the Clear Grit reign of terror? Aye, Mr. *Globe*, why did you not tell us all this, together with the additional fact that you make this move simply with a view to gratifying your spleen against your old enemy of the *Leader*, and with the further intention of getting some of your own creatures placed at the gates, &c., once more? We ask you now for the facts and figures of the past ten months regarding those roads while under the economical management of Mr. Jacques, and defy you to produce them. Let us have them in black and white; and then, if the Counties Council buy the roads, or any other corporate body in Canada, good speed to them, we say.

Notes and Queries.

—Mr. Tunis advertises an "English Woman for August." What sort of a woman has he for September?

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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NOTICE.

Managers and Superintendents of Canada Railways are respectfully requested to forward by the 23rd inst., a copy of their latest time tables, for publication in Robertson's Canadian Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, for the month of October. Also any other information useful to the travelling public. Address,

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