

THE FALLS.

BY THE GHOST OF EDGAR ALLEN POE.

I.

COME and gaze upon the Falls—
Water-falls!

What a heap of H. z. O. leaps o'er their rocky walls,
How they tumble, tumble, tumble,
Down the yearning gap below,
Whilst the never ending rumble
Seems a great gigantic grumble,
Or a sort of monster blow!
Down they go, go, go,
Like a cistern over-flow.
O! the circumnavigation of those cataractine squalls
Of the falls, falls, falls, falls!
Falls, falls, falls.
Of the dashing and the splashing
Of the falls!

II.

How about those horrid falls,
Sidewalk falls?
What a shake-up to the body, and how the mind it galls,
And men say as down they go,
"Hang it all!" or "Rats!" or "Oh!"
Whilst the omnipresent boy,
At height of voice,
With a yell will them annoy,
For with frantic, fiendish joy
Doth he rejoice.
Oh! the epithets he bawls,
Whilst his victim spreads and sprawls.
How he calls,
And cat-like crawls
Up the sidewalk, and snow-balls,
With triumphant catawals,
The wretch, lying, sighing, crying,
From his falls, falls, falls, falls,
From his falls, falls, falls,
From the aching and the shaking of his falls

COLLEGE SONGS.

WE have known good and pious citizens with an ear for music to be on the verge of profanity at the musical efforts of students on the streets. Other citizens, of less self-control, we have known to openly express their desire to murder these authors of discord. The question, What can we do with musically inclined Varsity men who sing out of time? has profoundly agitated Toronto. Messrs. Suckling & Sons have neatly solved this poser, by publishing in handsome form a volume of College Songs, from which the words and tunes of all the choruses, odes, glees and madrigals known to undergraduate fame are printed. There is no excuse now for poor performances. The street parades, with "Old Grimes" sung according to the score, will hereafter be a treat and not a terror. Suckling & Sons deserve a medal.

IN the great European upholstery establishment the French Cabinet is being run down by the German Press!

"You say that you love me," said the charming young lady to the dude. "I do," he replied. "Then why do you ask me to marry you?"—*Boston Courier*.

POLITICS and poetry are not supposed to assimilate, yet the politician and the poet are not so very different. One lays his pipes and the other pipes his lays.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE rain falls on the just as well as the unjust. On a wet Sunday, however, the churchman gets wet going to church. The baseball man postpones the game and keeps himself dry.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

HON. MR. FOSTER.—To talk nothing but straight and immediate Prohibition when Mrs. Youmans is around.

Hon. S. H. Blake.—To consume more sugar and syrup than heretofore.

Hon. T. B. Pardee.—To give no more champagne lunches to visiting lumbermen, unless the permission of the *Canada Citizen* be first obtained.

Sir John A. Macdonald.—Not to give the C. P. R. Syndicate a cent more—than they ask for.

Hon. E. Blake.—To remain out of public life until the policy of the Reform party can be discovered by the naked eye.

Mr. John Livingstone.—To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the editorials of the *Empire*, and thus to convince everybody of the purity, honesty, and capacity of the present Government.

Hon. Frank Smith.—To stubbornly remain out of the Cabinet and thus bring Sir John to his knees.

Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain.—To write a book upon the manners and customs of Canada, from notes taken during a lengthened residence.

Mr. E. F. Clarke.—To find out the truth about Langevin's alleged anti-Orange influence in the Cabinet.

AT LIBERTY.



SIGNOR NORQUAY, late of the Manitoba Government, is open for engagements in his unrivalled act entitled "The Back-Boneless Politician." Address *Winnipeg*, care of *Conservative Club*.

OFFENSIVE EPITHET.

SINCE the developments in Banking Circles this week the operators in the Telephone offices object to be accosted with, "Hello Central."

THERE was a young man named Bosanquet,
Who grew so exceedingly lanquet,
To take off his hat
On a chair down he sat,
And people all said he was cranquet.