



TWO.

SUDDEN APPARITION — "Yes; and 'Charlie' would like a little, too!"

has a wife and seven children, who attends religious meetings, revivals, prayer-meetings etc., but almost totally neglects to provide for his family, thus leaving his wife the whole burden of providing them with food and clothing, while he largely squanders his time reading newspapers and story books. This sort of thing has been going on more or less for over twenty years, and is getting worse and worse. Another feature of the case is that he gets as much credit from merchants as possible, and never exerts himself enough to pay his bills, consequently he soon comes to the end of his tether and has to leave. He has been married about twenty two years, and in that period has moved fourteen times. I will add that this man's wife is as good a house-keeper as any man could wish to have, a good cook, kind and economical. I write these things not out of malice (though I have not one particle of respect for this man) but for the sake of suffering female humanity.

Could you represent a lazy-looking, bushy-bearded man, praying for a barrel of flour, while a thin care-worn woman with two of her daughters is laboriously scrubbing out a church to earn money to keep the wolf from the door, and keep a roof over their heads?

Yours sincerely,
D. M.

THE NEW LEGISLATURE.

A *HARDY* fight the Grits put up
And won it for their party, O,
But the country's commendation was
By no means strong and *Hardy*, O.

The Government's majority
Is no whit *Biggar* than before,
Although 'tis true that *Meredith*
Would not object to having *Moore*.

All women from the House are barr'd,
Mis Campbell represents them there,
Though one seat's given to a *Kidd*
(Which we call very far from fair!)

The P.P.A. made much ado
But got a very *Little* score,
Their propaganda seems indeed
Completely to have gone a-*Shore*.

The Patrons made an *Aury'd* breach
In Mowat's ranks, the game they're at
Is, if he will not grant their claims,
To rise and knock his Cabinet *Platt*.

But may the new House live in peace,
And most harmoniously get on;
Love ought to hold a foremost place
Where sits the gentle soul, *St John*.

THE REBELLIOUS SUMMER GIRL.

I WILL bathe in the surf on the sands,
When the white-wing'd yachts are in sight;
And tableau and statue the strands,
Dress'd in blazers both brilliant and tight.

I will tell of our fabulous wealth,
In a lofty and fabulous style;
Until yawning ones leave me by stealth
To dream of the fabulous "pile."

I will dance at the "Hops" till my toes
Are mangled, crush'd, jellied and torn;
And from bolting ice-cream suffer woes,
Until all the best brandy is gone.

Nay more, when to town we return,
To curtail expenses I'll seek;
And promise you never to yearn
For butcher's meat twice in a week.

But, mama, for ten seasons we've been
To one certain summer-resort;
And my age still remaining eighteen
Makes the fact very hard to support.

Ernest E. Leigh.



FIGURATIVE.

COMEDIAN — "I'm going starring as *Falstaff!*"
COMMEDIENNE — "Dear boy, you're quite too little for *Falstaff!*"
COMEDIAN — That makes no difference. Doesn't Shakespeare say 'Throw physique to the dogs?'"