

## SIR JOHNWABETTING THE GRAB.

By the Windmill line agreement, which was signed by the city and the railways, and ratified by the Government, Toronto is entitled to the patent of certain lots which the C.P.R. is trying to expropriate. This patent is in Sir John's hands, having been duly issued over a year ago. Why doesn't he hand it over to its proper owner, so that the city may control the railway and protect its rights? If the expropriation is carried through, how long will the C.P.R. have to wait for that patent? Let the Old Man beware! Toronto has awakened from her "disgraceful sleep," and is in no mood to be longer trifled with

## A PA OF THE PERIOD.

To Messrs. Fitout & Co., Fascinating Artists.

GENTS,—You have seen in the papers that I have struck coprolite in my pasture lot. I mean now to make my gal Susan a lady. She has no mother to speak of, so I have to build her up myself. Send the following articles for scaffolding, to wit, namely:—

An assortment of hair of fashionable colors, golden preferred; one hair frizzer; some marble brows; stuft to put in her eyes to make them look big; ink for eyebrows; chalk and blommonge for skin; box of Mercier's mountain rouge for cheeks; freckle eradicator; one nose moulder; so so don't for teeth, and one new pearly set (the gaps are jotted on the enclosed paper); supply of stereotyped smiles; steel shoulder braces; several pairs Mrs. Langtry's stays; some chamois unders; horse-girths to haul in waste; magnetic liver pads and porous plasters; roll of bussel, warranted 100 yards; plumpers for calves, and socks with clockwork; gross of embroidered garters, of colors pleasing to the eye; case of boots, threeinch heels, number elevens. Mrs. Milliner will supply the outside gear. Send by express. Draw on me at three days, BUCKSHEESH HOBNAIL, Esq., J.P.

## A BALLADE OF BOREDOM.

I N the morning when keen as a knife
I is the breeze of the front-parlor air,
And the microbes of grippe are most rife,
This lady ne'er seemeth to care;
But planting herself on a chair,
Around her her wrapper she girds,
And fixing a pin in her hair,
Starts boldly at "Songs Without Words."

She abounds in all stations of life,
You know her, this bird is not rare,
She's a bone of contention and strife,
She maketh the neighbors to swear,
And folks say they'd live anywhere,
In a garret high over the thirds,
Or a cellar, to get from the scare
Of the girl who plays "Songs Without Words."

To the strains of an invalid fife
Add a bagpipe, all out of repair,
And the screams of a well-beaten wife
With a chord from the realm of despair,
That result would be easy to bear;
But my blood freezes up till it curds,
When I hear every morning the blare
Of the girl who plays "Songs Without Words,"
P. QUILL.