

Turpin vs. Turpitude ; Or, The Two Dicks.

Long years ago on Hounslow's famous heath,
The bold Dick Turpin, well armed to the teeth,
Used pistols, as a mild, persuasive aid,
To ease the helpless travellers he waylaid—
But times have changed, and now that worthy man,
Our Dick—Dick Cartwright's—hit upon a plan
To coax the bloated plutocrat to yield,
He merely shews a "silver-plated shield,"

(See Hon. R. J.'s speech at Aylmer.)

A Good Sign—Oliver, Davidson & Co.

Let the ramshackle shed have a ghost when it's dead
Give the Neebing Hotel a good sign !
Messrs. O., D. and Co. with Mackenzie, will show
How their "arms" embrace his and *combine* !
They so plotted the job, that with cash safe in fob
There is rest from the "Hostler's" alarms—
Ka-mi-nis-ti-qui-a, points a *deep* water-way
To the INN—of the "*too friendly ARMS* !"

W. M. makes known his requirements through the columns of the *Mail* as follows:—

WANTED—To apprentice, a sharp boy to the tailoring trade.

No doubt it is intended to make a *cutter* of him. We would suggest an application to Mr. Shears. It is almost *needles* to *point* out that any *goose* ought to answer the requirements of an ordinary tailor. W. M. evidently wants a *pattern* boy.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.—The buoys have been placed in the western channel—Mail. Suppose they have. We cannot see any such proof of intelligence in this as to call for mention in the daily print. Every intelligent man performs his ablutions every day, and sees that his boys do the same; and he gets no great praise for intelligence in that respect. We can't understand it. We trust our usual truthful contemporary will convey the information to the *marines*. We think it shows great marine stupidity if the boys have not been in the water all winter. We sincerely hope the price of admission to the swimming baths about to be erected will be so low that even the children of sailors will be able to display their intelligence by taking advantage of them, and thus avoid the necessity of waiting till the ice goes out of the bay in the spring and the opprobrium of having such private matters appearing in the public print.

The Injured Constitution.

Luc (less) Letellier's first resolve
Was place and power to keep in view—
The "House" he therefore must dissolve
And trust dear luck, what next to do !
What cared he for a House in tears
As when the Devil drives—"needs must" !
And so Quebec's set by the ears—
To please the Saint—nick-named *un-Just* !
The country's hope—elections o'er—
Bad LUC—may find no absolution
Nor on the spendthrift's plan of yore
Patch up a *broken CONSTITUTION* !

The Quebec Muddle.

Saint Just's fair game is "*laissez faire*" !
Or what's less fair—a *ruse de guerre* !
A LUC-penny toss'd up in air
Chance gives the answer, we infer—
'Tis this—Elections must be run—
For which M. P.'s decry their *luck* !
The Joly Ministers feign fun—
But vow, they'd rather "*run a muck* !"

OUR ORCHESTRA CHAIR—"The Hidden Hand," a play noted for strong dramatic effects and situations, has been the chief attraction this week at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House, and was well acted. Miss McAllister's *Capitola* was a markedly excellent performance. The benefit of Mr. John Nickinson, the popular business manager was announced for April 5. At the Royal Opera House "The Flying Scud" was revived with great success. Miss Sallie Holman was a capital *Kate*, and Miss Julia Holman and the remaining cast were all that could be desired. Mr. Halford's *Nat* was especially good. The programme included a very droll entertainment by Mr. Cool Burgess, with other amusing novelties, all of which were applauded to the echo.

Neebing-Town-Plot.

Know ye the town of—who's name ?
Ka-mi-nis-ti-qui-a—that's jaw-breaking !
Say Neebing Plot—deserving fame
Where "lots of money" Grits are making ?
Who is responsible ? Who pays ?
The sums for some things so surprising ?
The Premier squelches *jobs* he says
By his new rule—*extemporising* !

Chaff from our Hamilton Corn-tributor.

McGinnis wants to know if the Czar's wife is a bruin-ette.

"Every cloud has a silver lining." It must be *electric-plate* by thunder.

Anagram on the Premier—(Alexander Mackenzie) E' man I think Alex.' crazed.

One of the earliest flowers of spring—the bull-frog—he's the earliest *croak-cuss*.

Doesn't it look rather out of place to see the Russian bear sit down on an Ottoman.

The Guelph *Mercury* has come out in a new dress. We suppose *it will* be a read one.

A London paper says "a thunder storm visited us yesterday evening." Did you have a *shake* over it ?

We hear that a homestead to the Premier is talked about. McGinnis suggests that *there be a steel rail-ing* round it.

England is in a desperate condition between Rossa and Russia.—*Ex.* She may teach *them both* to die-in-er mite.

In the fisheries award the Americans, although deeming the *scales* of justice fair enough, seem to wish to step out of the *net* sum.

"Apples at \$1.00 a peck will make farmers daughters sought after.—*Ex.* Yes, if they act *de-core-us* and don't "*sass*" too much.

The Shah of Persia is shortly expected in Paris. We suppose if he visits Dublin he'll be made a paddy-shah (padisha)

An exchange says "a dull razor and a returned Californian are always well strapped." Probably because *they don't hone* anything.

Grasshoppers are hopping out of their eggs in Missouri.—(*Spec.*) This should have been legs, but p'raps the writer don't believe in "*L.*"

"The order prohibiting passengers from taking dogs in street cars is in operation in London." Can't he take 'em if he pays the *cur-rent* fare ?

A handful of green clover was plucked in the battery, Quebec, on the 1st of Murch.—*Exchange.* The chap must have been on the batter eh.

"Joaquin Miller is in favour of cremation after death." We always gave him credit for poetic *fire*, but we don't think he will ever reach *Burns*

Gen. Bishop, of Ohio, wears a steel pen coat on dress occasions. That's the write costume.—*Can. (Ill.) News.* We suppose his legs are *ink-cased* in *pen-taloons*.

A Stratford paper says a little baby was found in a fence corner near that place lately. It was probably left there by "miss-stake." It was a *gross attempt* at infant-aside.

Why are novelists the most remarkable animals ? Because their tales come out of their heads.—*Exchange.* More remarkable still *some persons go out of their heads* by these tales.

George Eliot's last novelette, "The Lifted Veil," is described by a critic as "altogether disagreeable, with not an element of interest in it." That's nothing, many a *lifted veil* discloses disagreeable features.

A Newberg woman threw a lamp at her husband's head the other evening. If anything would make a man feel hot-headed that ought.—*Commercial Advertiser.* Yes, especially if she *threw it with a wick-ed intention*.

The short dress for the street is at last an accomplished fact.—*Fashion Notes.*

Man wants but little here below
But wants that little *long*.

Emigration is what is needed for our criminal classes. We would advocate the issuing of free passes by way of the hempen line.—*Chicago Journal.* Wouldn't by way of your-rope do just as well?—*Commercial Advertiser.* This subject seems to have touched a sympathetic cord in these fellows.