

THE PROPHECY.

- "Come hither I dark-eyed gipsy, come, and let me cross thy hand,
Give me knowledge of the future, if it be at thy command :
- "Full five hundred shares of Bank stock I've been let in to take,
Tell me, thou swarthy prophet, when will they my fortune make?"
- "List to me, my pretty gentleman, with piece a of silver cross my hand,
I will tell you when your shares will bring you money, beeves and land—
- "When the meetings of the Council shall be free from personalities ;
When the drill-shed, and a concert-hall, have become confirmed realities ;
- "When our city has a depot which shall not be a disgrace to it,
And some honest law in bankruptcy, without assignees to race to it ;
- "When the proposed statue to Maisonneuve in the city takes its place,
And our sporting men surprised for once at something like an honest race :
- "When the great N. P. is talked of as a legend of the past,
And the towers of the French Church are open free at last ;
- "When the hostess at a party says, ' You must not go away,'
All the time hopes entertaining that you will no longer stay.
- "When all these things come to pass, in honour bright, and no mistake,
Then my pretty gentleman, the bank shares will your certain fortune make."

RUMOR VS. RUMOR.

Bank Official, who has sent for a Mr. Muldoon (hitherto supposed to be a "solid" man)—How is it, sir, so many reports are current as to your insolvency, and *we* not to know it?

Customer—It isn't true, sir, it must have emanated from the same authority who has circulated so many reports about your having absconded with \$75,000.

THE WEATHER.

Look for some sort of weather about this time ; that is to say, somewhat warm, perhaps hot, or perchance it may be coolish, and if it raineth not, it will be div.

If it be neither warm nor cold, wet nor dry, calm nor storm ; and there be neither frost, snow, hail, rain, nor sleet, why then you may say that we are no conjurers.

LOGIC.

From a California University we gather the following specimen :—

"A Poet is one who gives to 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name.' A Liar is also one who gives to 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' hence a Poet is a Liar, and a Liar must necessarily be a Poet."

And the Professor further says :—"You will perceive, if I lend you even a limited amount of money, I shall undoubtedly be under the necessity of calling repeatedly on you to return the loan. This importune will, in all probability, terminate the friendship now existing between us. I will lose my money and a friend. By refusing you the money, I simply will lose a friend. My reply must be obvious."—*Q. E. D.*

MEMORANDA.

The Height of Cowardice—Kicking a man with a wooden leg.

Directions for Husbands—All the wards of a latch-key should be home-wards.

Recollect, if you slip down in the street, do not evince any pain, but rather laugh ; get up smiling, and walk on with a joyous air.

In early times the greater part of this month was dedicated to the Saxon God, *Thun.*

A Cure for Toothache—Extraction is out-and-out the best remedy for this malady.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

(By Our Own Astronomer.)

The character of the weather is rather violent at this time of the year ; for it generally knocks down the thermometer, and is guilty of other very cool proceedings.

The depth of rain may be ascertained by placing a common stick in an ordinary puddle ; or to walk into one will answer the same purpose.

If there should be ice in your water-jug, Moore says : "Look for its continuance," but we say, "Look for something to break it, and put an end to it." If there is fog, it will be useless to look for anything.

Perhaps the best method of ascertaining the fact of its being warm or cold is to go out into the air ; but if you are unable to do this, and a person coming in from out of doors is seen to rub his hands, you may presume that the atmosphere is chilly.

An infallible method of ascertaining whether it is wet is to watch the puddles in the street, and if you see them agitated you may conclude that rain is descending.

If there has been a frost at night, you may look for ice in the morning, and if you have no thermometer, you may get some valuable information from the state of your water-pitcher.

In the summer-time when the water-carts are particularly active, you may expect rain ; and if a flash of lightning is seen, you may prepare for thunder.

If your water supply is not effective, you may conclude there has been frost, unless you happen to be in arrears with your rates, when the phenomenon may be otherwise accounted for.

TO FIND WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

Go into the Place D'Armes, and stand at the corner of St. Sulpice street for a quarter of an hour, on a breezy day. This plan has rarely been known to fail.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

(Drawn from *Bo-he and Sue-Chong.*)

Never do anything hastily ; remember it is the last cup of tea which is the strongest.

Butter not your bread on both sides, lest in your old age you be left without bread and butter.

Happy is he who can take the rough with the smooth—the strong hyson with the fine pearl gunpowder.

Delays are dangerous : remember the hottest toast will get cold by standing.

Here and There.

Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue.

The *Utica Observer* regards the plough as the oldest landmark.

Spring does not begin till the 20th, and not then, if it isn't ready.

The height of impudence—Stopping a railway train to ask the conductor what o'clock it is.

The word right is never pronounced wrong, and the word wrong is never pronounced right.—*Ex.*

The season is at hand for the grocery-man to wipe the dust and fly-specks off his new maple sugar.

Some men are averse to having clean hands because they don't believe in removing ancient landmarks.

A lady in Boston is so polite that she always refers to a "dummy engine" as the deaf-mute.—*Ex.*

The spring trade is opening out, the organ men are buying red flannel for suits for their monkeys.—*Ex.*

A grocer was recently convicted for selling a spurious tea, which shows the necessity of avoiding an uncertain T.

They always blame it on the women. An exchange says that if it were not for the women there would be no polygamy in Utah.

Professor.—"You can surely tell me if water is the only liquid we have." Student.—"I really don't know, but I hardly think it is."

There is at length a prospect of better times, "as the days lengthen, the hope begins to strengthen" that the gas bills will get lighter.

The fortunate man is he who, having been poor, gains wealth and consideration, and having achieved them, dies before the world finds out how he got them.

It is the belated husband, who when he finds that somebody has stolen the key-hole out of his door, and diffidently rings the bell, knows exactly who "The Coming Woman" is.

The *New York Herald* says that "the place for your napkin is your lap." It is thought that many of its readers will be disappointed if it does not go on to explain what a napkin is.

They now say that walking into a snowdrift on a cold, dark night, is not what it is cracked up to be. We are sorry to learn from this that some one has been misrepresenting matters.

"Here," said the farmer, as he exhibited a broken jar to the manufacturer. "I packed this jar full of butter, and the jar split from top to bottom. Perhaps you can explain the phenomenon." "Oh, yes, I can," was the ready reply ; "the butter was stronger than the jar."—*Ex.*

A young poet who has been disappointed says :—

"Think, think thou cruel *Emma*,
When thou shalt hear my woe,
And know my sad dilemma,
That thou hast made it so."

Plutarch tells us, that on one occasion the election of the Consuls at Rome was set aside, because some rats had been heard to squeak at the time of polling. If the principle were introduced into our Municipal, Local and Federal Parliaments, that all returns should be set aside whenever a "Rat" had taken part in an election, it is evident that our Aldermen, M. P. P.'s and M. P.'s would never be duly chosen, and that we should live in a wretched state of *untaxed* existence, in a destitution of distress warrants, and be utterly abandoned by excise men and bailiffs.

Around Town.

This month, called *March*, from *Mars*, is full of bluster,
For Boreas, doth his windy forces muster.
Mars and old Boreas give mutual shocks ;
One sending equal blows, the other *Equi-knocks*.

A contemporary writes about a certain volunteer company being "well-sized." What dry fellows they must be to be sure.

Lenten "retreats" are in vogue now among certain churches. It would be extending this good work if the "retreats" of certain absconding defaulters could be shown up at the same time.