

WE publish the following advertisement without hope for the customary reward, the thread of Tommy Bodkin's life having been long since cut by the shears of Death :

TOMMY BODKIN.

I Tommy Bodkin, with your leave,
Here fain would make my bow, sirs,
With all sincerity and truth
To let the world know how, sirs,
I am a tailor thorough-bred
From famous Glasgow town, sirs,
Where long I cut and measured too,
With credit and renown, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow,
Fal al de diddle, ady wady,
Bow, wow, wow.

All kinds of tailor work I do,
Tip-top in cut and shape, sirs,
Coats, pantaloons and fancy vests
Are measured by my tape, sirs,
And warrant while the cloth endures,
My stitching won't give in, sirs,
And every article I make
Will fit neat as your skin, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

All those who choose may find their cloth
And trust me without fear, sirs,
My cabbage-bag long since I burned
To keep my conscience clear, sirs,
And now all fragments I return
To those who give me work, sirs,
To patch the old, as new is dear
And so is flour and pork, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

Now having told you who I am
And what's the work I do, sirs,
I'll don my hat, and for a time
Evanish from your view, sirs,
In hot-goose lane my shop you'll find,
My tape-string and my shears, sirs,
God save the queen and grant me health
To serve you many years, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

WM. MURDOCH.

THOUGH very creditable to the heart of the writer, the verses entitled "Charlie" are hardly adapted to the pages of this Magazine :

I oft sit sad and lonely,
And life seems dark to me,
For I've laid my first-born boy to sleep,
Down in the deep blue sea :
He was my pet, my darling,
My hope, my pride, my joy ;
Bright sunshine on my path he shed,
My lost, my angel boy

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