

Extracts from the Spring Poets.



A MATCH.

She lit my cigar;
We were parting: 'twas
late,
Yet I still lingered on.
How I bless the kind
fate
Which inclined her to
light my cigar.

As she lit my cigar
I saw in her eyes
Something deeper than
friendship;
And this sweet surprise
Made a match, as she lit
my cigar.

—Providence Journal.

BICYCLAR.

Into the saddle climbed the gay youth,—
Over the handles is out,—
The path before him seemed level and smooth,—
Over the handles is out;—
But the "wheel" collided with an innocent stone,
And the youth thro' the air sailed along with a
groan.
And—, well the rest of this tale we had better
postpone,
For over the handles is out!

Casey Tap.

IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

"Who, father, 's that gay man sitting there,
With the smile of merry glee?"
The father his eyes cast towards the chair,—
"Oh, an obituary poet, he!"

"But, father, who's he that looks so sad,
As though his dearest friends he'd missed?"
"By the window there, do you mean, my lad?
Well, that's a newspaper humorist!"

Casey Tap.

A SYMPHONY IN PRONOUNCED TINTS.

Green waved the branches o'er them,
Below the turf shone green,
And tender the words he muttered there:
Sooth, 'twas a pretty scene
But greener, alas! was no way far
Than the greenest leaf on the tree,
For he dreamed of a love no time could mar,
Unto all eternity.

Red were the roses wandering free
O'er the old stone wall hard by,
Who heard him whisper so tenderly
And caught her answering sigh;
But redder far than the reddest rose
E'er bloomed on bush or vine,

He saw her blushing cheeks disclose
Fond beauty's toll-tale sign.

Black flew the threatening storm-clouds
Fast o'er the summer sky,
And gathering night's all-cov'ring shroud
Lent them a deeper dye;
But blacker far than the storm or night
Was his glare of jealous rage
When he saw her welcome a favored wight
Who came in the evening stage.

Blue was the vault of heaven
When he rose the following morn
And took the train at seven
For Saham or Cape Horn;
But bluer far was he that day
Than the sky's cerulean hue,
And I fear no the tint won't fade away
For at least a week or two.

S. D. Osborne.

LOCAL VERDICTS.

That Partridge Island fog horn,
Which drives in all the mist,
Omitted in Tilley's tariff book,
We've got it on the list.

Afterthought—Action generally.

Home Rule—Three meals a day.

"Foot-prints"—Sole impressions.

A Macdonald fizz(le)—Ottawa beer.

Quoting rates—Rehearsing scoldings.

Is there a ring on the finger of scorn?

Maritime Union—A wedding by the sea.

Satanical quarters—"Fire" departments.

"ose "quarters"—Those held by a miser.

A good wife for an athlete—A dumb belle.

The tramp's motto—The Lord will provide.

"Lent" over forty days—Our Canadian fish-

eries.
The "Flying Yankee"—An American bank
cashier.

The Italian balloon-atic descended on St. John
the other day.

Which brand of flour is used by royalty?—
Crown of Gold.

We'll have that winter "port" yet, even if it
costs three a bottle.

The Maine fishing schooners are having a
"fine" time of it lately.

"It comes high, but we must have it," said
the dude, referring to his tall collar.

Why does a convict in prison resemble a bad
play in cricket? Because he is a fallen wicked.

A separation movement—The relations exist-
ing (usually) between ready-made pants and a
low-cut shoe.

Talk about fog! Why we had it so thick here
in St. John the other night you couldn't see a
policeman on the street.

There's a (c)reat for the weary, said the "peel-
or" as he lighted on a "paralyzed" man lying in
an alley off Germain street.

A DIRE CALAMITY—One of our city druggists
tells of a man that came into his store to buy
muriatic acid, saying he wanted it for "dyeing"
purposes. Two days later he died—poisoned by
taking a dose of the acid.

HE "CAUGHT ON."—Fogarty to McInnis, who
has a rent in his breeches: "Did yo catch on tu
a nail, Patsy?" McInnis, who likes a chance for
for a joke: "Faith, an' I did catch on to an ale,
Dinny. 'Twas down in Cronin's, and it cost me
eight cents, d'yo moind."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—A boy threw a stone
at a dog, hitting him on the hind leg. The dog
limped away, holding the injured limb up as he
ran. A waggish spectator of the scene remarked
that the attitude of the receding animal re-
sembled a rule in arithmetic—"three and carry
one."

A "ONE-SIDED" IMPRESSION.—We have re-
ferred to the Woodstock Press in another column
as "a nice, clean sheet." Latest issue received,
and on examination we find our statement still
further corroborated, for the inside pages were
completely bare. How are they dealt out? It
must be like a lottery, and we draw a blank. It
looked fearfully and wonderfully like the position
of a jug handle.

While the ministers are having their best time
across the pond, satan will maks bay while the
sun shines and there is none to hinder. If satan
can work in hot weather why can't the minis-
ters?—Maple Leaf.

Satan will have to "get his hay all in" in
three months, as the heated term (on earth) suit-
able to his constitution rarely lasts longer, and
then the ministers will have nine months to
overthrow his devilish work.

CALL THEM IN.—There are a lot of ragged and
defaced Dominion \$1 and \$2 bills in circulation
that the Dominion government should have
called in at once. They are indeed filthy lucre
and are in a fit condition to carry disease around.
—Maple Leaf.

Are they unpaid "paper" dollars due Maple
Leaf? One thing about them entirely dissimilar
to your delinquent subs. is, those bills are secured
by the Dominion of Canada, while your runaway
subscribers, it appears, are not.

BARBER-OUS.—We appeal to an enlightened,
conscientious, right-minded public to pity the
poor barbers. Some reformer ought to make it
hi. business to see that some of the unfortunate
fraternity can get a rest on the Sabbath day.
Really, it is not right, you know. Those loafers
who lounge about the streets in an unshaved,
unkept condition during the week should be
forced to visit their tonsorial artist on other days
beside Sunday. It appears to us to be a barber-
ous piece of sheer cruelty, and THE JURY pro-
tests.

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