

HOW TO DO A RECHAUFFE

WHEN from a maid her lover goes,
Her little heart is full to burstin'.
She goes at once and dons the clothes
Her fickle lover kissed her first in.

She argues " if I reconstruct
That situation accurately, Beneath his arm I'll
soon be tucked,
If any virtue lie in Whately."

With Huxley it appears to her,
Mutatis, that's to say, *mutandis*,
The situation will recur,
Unhelped by *artibus nefandis*.

She will not recognise the fact,
That probably a change would snare 'em !
A person of superior tact,
Would purchase bloomers, ay, and wear 'em.

The jaunty jump, the cigarette,
The little hat (or toque) all skew-wise
Might claim his errant fancy yet—
This seems to me (I hope to *you*) wise.

There ! dry your eyes, my lass, put on
A pretty costume to surprise him,
Don't wait till he is really gone !
(Like Ahab did, on Mount Gerizim).

Don't read "Félice " or any thing
That naughty Mr Swinburne scribbles ;
The human heart with love enring ;
Don't dig right into it with dibbles !

Good luck, my lass, you now your way can see !

—I feared she might have taken me to

Replenish the unusual vacancy ;

And I have other things to see to.