

DOMINION DAY.

BY T. MCTIFFE.

Ring the bells, merry bells,
At the break of day!
Their clangor tells, as it swells,
'Tis Dominion Day.
Fire the guns, beat the drums,
And glad and joyful sing!
Your songs of peace—let mirth increase,
And let dull care take wing.

Do not lag, hoist the flag
Upon the highest pole;
Loyally and joyfully,
Engage with heart and soul,
To celebrate, with minds elate,
This happy holiday
Which saw a nation born in peace
Beneath Victoria's sway.

From Nova Scotia's rugged coast,
From far Vancouver's Isle,
From Manitoba's prairies green—
Ontario's fruitful soil,
A loyal people, happy, free,
Contented with their lot,
Vie with each other thus to show
The day is unforget
That bound them in the holy ties
Of unity and peace—
And hand in hand
United stand,
Their power and wealth increase!

New Brunswick's mountains echo back
The thunders of Quebec;
Cape Breton's sons
Stand by their guns
Prince Edward's to awake—
Whose sturdy fishermen are eye
The foremost in the van
In all those noble qualities
Which constitute the man.

Long may Confederation be
Our country's guiding star!
Nor overt act of rulers e'er
It's constitution mar;
And may foresight and wisdom
Their every action guide—
The strengthening of the bond still be
Their glory and their pride.
That in the march of progress each
May with its neighbor vie:
Each stone well tested, that it may
Time's ravages defy.
A noble structure thus we'll raise
In this free Northern land:
Symmetrically, solidly,
And admirably planned.
In which our rights we will defend
With true consistency:
Still loving well that dear Old Land,
That land across the sea,
Which all true Britons still regard
With love and pride sincere;
Our parent whom we all respect,
And honor and revere.

What enemies but well might fear
Our borders to attack,
Did they but know the souls which glow
Beneath the Union Jack!
United all,
We stand or fall
By Grand Old Mother Isle;
To crush the foe who'd dare to land
Upon her sacred soil!

Ours not the mercenary aid
That pampered hirelings give;
The ties which bind our loyalty
Are silken bonds of love,
Cemented by the purity
And justice of her reign,
On whose domain the sun ne'er sets—
Proud Empress of the main.

Then let us all right loyally
Engage, whilst yet we may,
To celebrate,
With minds elate,
This happy holiday,
Which saw a nation
Born in peace
Beneath Victoria's sway.

Campbellford, June 18th, 1883.

A young man dressed in the highest of fashion and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road and upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to lave my head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink."—*Ex.*



BRIDGET'S SUCCESS IN COOKERY.

"Do you think, Bridget, you could get dinner ready yourself to-day?"

Bridget was just over from the 'ould country, and though most willing to help with the work, was not capable of much culinary skill.

"Sure, yis, mem," said she, curtesying and smiling good-humoredly.

"Very well, listen to my directions, and you may try. The first thing you will do is to watch the sponge cake in the oven and turn it, so that it may not burn. Then the goose I have left dressed, you will put in the oven about ten o'clock and baste occasionally. Do you think you can do this?" I asked, remembering with sorrow Bridget's previous efforts, when the potatoes had been placed on the table almost raw, and certain mutton chops had made their appearance in the unrecognizable form of bits of charcoal.

"Yis, mem, yis, mem, you need have no fear. You'll find everything done when you come back."

My last injunctions before leaving the house were, "Don't let the cake burn—recollect to turn it—and be sure and baste the goose."

I was detained in the city some time, and about noon my husband and I journeyed homeward together.

"I really believe Bridget is improving, and will make a good servant by-and-by," I remarked.

"I have no doubt she will, and, furthermore, when she reaches the acme of fulfilling your instructions, she will demand an audacious increase of wages, or else decamp with an irreproachable 'karracher'."

"Oh, no, Fred, she could not be so ungrateful after the pains I have taken with her. However, I think all will be well to-day."

When I entered the dining room, a nasty, mutilated mass of half-cooked goose reposed on a platter on the table, while Fred, in convulsions of laughter, was rolling on the floor.

"Why, what has happened to the goose?" I exclaimed.

"She says you told her to baste it—ha, ha, ha!"

"Baste it? Certainly I told her to do so. Do sit on a chair, Fred, and don't be ridiculous." I rang the bell. Bridget came. "What did you mash the goose like this for?" I sternly inquired.

"Sure, mem, you told me to baste it, an' didn't I? I lade I jist tuk hould of the pounder and gave him a raal good bastin' now and agin'."

"Oh, Bridget," I groaned, "I did not mean you to beat it. Baste it with gravy," I explained.

"How did the cake do?" I faltered.

"Nicely, mem, though it don't look so well as some others, but—"

"Let me see it. Bring it here," I added, as a sign from Fred indicated he wanted to know the result.

The cake was brought. At the sight of it, with something between a shriek and a howl, Fred rushed from the room.

"Was this basted too?" I asked, controlling my anger.

"Sure I turned this as you bade me."

"Turned?"

"Yis. When the top came on a little hard and brown, I tuk the cake out of the oven, and wid a spoon I broke it in and turned it around. Then I put it in the oven agin' an' let it cook till it became nice and solid."

"Take it away. If your comprehension were equal to your willingness and good nature, what a treasure you would be, Bridget."

STRIKING A HATTERTUDE.

"You observe this hat?" asked a young blood of highly respectable parentage and of a very ancient family, but who really knows better than to be so positively ghastly in his remarks as he was some days ago, when he got the following off to a friend he met on the street. The article in question was nearly new, a plug, but bore a terribly battered appearance.

"You observe this hat? It has thrice been metamorphosed."

"Expound," said the other.

"Well, you see, in the first place, that it is a silk hat."

"Exactly."

"It dropped off my head the other night—late—and I groped round for it, and at length touched it. It was then felt."

"Just so."

"Just as I touched it, I fell down myself and sat in it. It was then satin. Dy'e see? Silk, felt, satin."

"Ha, ha."

"So long."

"Charge, Chester!" shouted the druggist, as he sold a lung pad on credit.—*Ex.*

The Irishman's motto: If you have a duty to perform, do it with all your dynamite.—*Ex.*

A young lover in Iowa paid \$40 for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when there the family bull-dog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent.



THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

MISS GUSHY (petting her pug).—I do love dogs!

MR. DUDEY.—Then I wish I was a dawg.

MISS GUSHY (consolingly).—Never mind—you'll grow!