



MEREDITH'S STABLE.

CREIGHTON (Jockey)—"Which of 'em do you intend to enter for the Ontario Stakes, sir?"

MEREDITH (Owner)—"Er—I hardly know, Davy, which of 'em would be most likely to win?"

WELCOME BACK.

[Hon. Thos. McGreevy intends, it is said, to re-enter public life.]

AIR.—"WIDOW MACHREE."

Oh, Tommy, old boy, how you fill us with joy !
Ochone ! Tommy Machree,
When you tell us you'll come, and again make thing hum,
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.
Faith ! 'twill gladden our sight,
And 'twill give us delight,
If once more in the fight
Our dear Uncle will be ;
For should boodle revive, we'll into it dive ;
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.

How we curse that wee Tart—aye, right from the heart,
Achone ! Tommy Machree,
How we wish him to go to Dante's Inferno,
Achone ! Tommy Machree.
Ere that he'll get a chance—
This renowned son of France,
To again make you dance,
And to let the folks see
Where their money is sent, and how it is spent ;
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.

But come out again, and we'll battle like men,
Achone ! Tommy Machree,
And to you, as we live, our votes we shall give,
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.
For when put to the test,—
You're as good as the rest,—
Giblin says you're the best,
And with him we agree,
Despite all those stains and your great lack of brains ;
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.

So, when Parliament ends, come back to old friends,
Ochone ! Tommy Machree,
John's tired of the West, and he'll soon want a rest,
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.
Besides, you'll do good
In Quebec's neighborhood,
Which is well understood

By the powers that be,
Then, come you right on, and we'll vote you in, Tom ;
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.

There's no work at all since we built the cross-wall,
Ochone ! Tommy Machree,
Faix ! our harbor's quite dead, and poorly we're fed,
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.
There's no money in town,
Since the works were shut down,
And our mis'ry to crown,
We shall soon bankrupt be
Unless that our Mac to Quebec will come back ;
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.

In this vein I might write or sing a whole night,
Ochone ! Tommy Machree,
But I hope by this time you're pleased with my rhyme,
Ochone ! Tommy Machree.
We believe 'twill be found,
What we've just said is sound,
For 'tis boodle all 'round,
So for this reason we
Being in the same boat, will still for you vote ;
Ochone ! Tommy Machree!

Paddy Kerry.

THE funny man of the *Star* ought to be told that a condemned murderer is hardly a fit subject for jokes.

PROOF !

MR. JOHN LAIDLAW, whom we honored with a place in our series of "Familiar Outlines," has an idea that he is really much prettier than he was represented in that sketch. To prove it he has had a photograph done by Mr. H. E. Simpson of College street, and he triumphantly submits the result to us. We cave in at once. Truly John is a grand old man as he stands before the camera, and assuredly the photo is excellently "took"—quite Simpsonian in finish. So we will consider the point settled, and MR. GRIP beaten for once.