



SONGS OF THE SEASON

THE HUNTER.

'Tis now the shootest goeth forth
With shot gun and breech-loader,
And fills the wild woods of the north
With fumes of sulphurous odor.

Now trampeth he the cedar swamp,
Far, far from human creeter,
Where erst the red deer used to romp,
And buzzed the dread musketeer.

He trampeth East, he trampeth West,
The wild goose North is scootin';
He sits him down to take a rest,
Too, whoo! the owls keep hootin'.

The deer is nowhere to be found,
The carriboo is missing;
The bears and wolves have taken ground
Way north of the Nipissing.

At least so said the Indian guide,
Wrapped in his greasy blanket;
"We best go home," the hunter cried,
Amen! the laws be thankit!

This guide he was an Indian brave,
A red skin savage, dusky,
An out and out old cunning knave,
His clothes reeked of musky.

The Hunter said, "This is a fraud,
Here I'll no longer tarry";
And back he tramped o'er the wet sod,
And took the train for Barrie.

Now rolls the Indian on the moss,
And whoops and shouts in laughter
"Caw-oin nts-shis, in Shan-gan, nans,
You got not what you're after."

But me know where is carriboo
From here way to Lake St. Jean;
But carriboo is not for you,
I keep 'em all for Injun.

SUNSHINE AND STORM CLOUDS.

ROMANCE OF LOVE AND LOCAL POLITICS.

CHAP V.

Mr. Meredith sat alone in his law office. He was a strong swimmer who had never to battle with heavy seas—whose teeth never proved the toughness of the *vache enragee* whose iron fibre has nourished so much human greatness of that Alpine sort—thunder-scarred, solitary, sublime—which flings its vast shadow over the future, and to which generations, as they spread their sails and skim lightly along, turn ere they pass away, once and again from love and laughter, from hoaxing and buxtering, to contemplate with admiration and awe the slowly piled-up monument of Titanic energy and mournful immortal longings begotten of some divine despair. This description was originally built up for another man, but as it will answer just as well for Meredith, the author has secured the right of way from the original patentee, Mr. N. F. Davin. We take pleasure in drawing the attention of writers and others to this admirable *cade mecum*. It is warranted to fit every time. It is equally useful for a funeral sermon, an editorial, an after-dinner speech, a stump oration, or a biographical notice. It is adapted to all sorts and

conditions of men—will keep any length of time without fading. Simple in the extreme, even a child can use it. None genuine without the maker's name on the wrapper.

"So," muttered Meredith between his clenched teeth, "Phipps is to be taken into the ministry, is he? Then all is lost. The game is up!"

"No!" shouted a man who precipitated himself headlong into the room. "Do not despair. There is yet hope!"

"Bah! Who can save the party now?"

"I will!"

Tableau! Stage embrace.

"But how?" asked Meredith, when the enthusiasm had subsided.

"Easy enough. By means of parrots."

"Parrots?"

"Yes. Parrots!!! Them birds which talks, yer know."

Epictetus Whitelaw was but a Canadian—hence these grammatical solecisms.

"Explain!"

"Yes, yes. Big scheme—as thus:—The party has money—say a few thousands. Very well. Buy a thousand parrots. Teach them to talk. Have 'em learned to say 'Mowat must go—Mowat must go—must go—go, go, go.' That's all they want to know. Then sell 'em at nominal prices—give them away or turn them loose for the matter of that; have 'em everywhere, in hotels, shops, streets, parks, houses, railway stations—repeating all the time, 'Mowat must go—must go!' Do you catch on? Get the idea into the public mind. Presently everybody tumbles to it. People all take it up—repeat it—reiterate it—here, there and everywhere. That'll do the business. The party can yet be saved."

During this hurried elaboration of the parrot scheme Meredith's downcast expression of countenance had changed to one of triumphant anticipation.

"Yes," he said, "thanks to you, there is yet a glorious future within our grasp. You must return to Toronto at once. Send me the lowest market quotations for 2000 parrots. I will have the money raised immediately. You are prepared, I presume, to take charge of the political education of the birds?"

"Yes, on one condition."

"And that is—"

"That when the party attains power Parkdale shall be obliterated from the map."

"A strange consideration," said Meredith. "However, I consent. And now, R. W. Phipps, do your worst—ha ha!"

CHAP VI.

It was a fearful scene. The heat was intense! The rain had fallen for weeks in cataracts. The thunder roared incessantly. The sky was one vast blaze of vivid sheet lightning. The swollen waters of Lake Ontario, lashed into fury by the bellowing blizzard, rose momentarily higher and flooded the lower portion of the city. The terror-stricken populace fled in every direction. The streets were a mass of floating debris. The great storm had come.

One man stood calm and radiant amid all that uproar. It was Moses Oates.

"Ah," said he, "I told you what would happen when the comet fell into the sun, but you wouldn't believe me."

"Mowat must go!" shrieked a big grey parrot that fluttered overhead on the telegraph wires.

"My storm is a big success," continued Moses, as the incoming flood swept up to his waist. "I knew it would be, and it won't let up for a week or so yet, either. I tell you when a comet runs whack into the sun it's no fool of a business—"

Here a huge wave overwhelmed him, and the next minute he struggled on to a section of floating sidewalk, and was last seen sailing up Yonge-st.

CHAP VII.

The sun was visible again, the force of the storm having spent itself. Some miles out in the township of York patches of land began to be noticeable here and there, as the flood subsided.

Dishvelled, limp, and demoralized, Beekie Arundel crawled down from the tree top where the flood had landed the packing-caso to which she had clung for safety.

All around was a solitude: the stillness became intolerable.

"Mowat must go!" screamed a draggled-tailed parrot from the tree, and, Grit as she was, Beekie felt cheered even by the slogan of Toryism.

Do not blame her. Supposing you were cast away upon a desert island, even a Tory would be better than no companion. You would have somebody to swear at, anyhow.

O joy! A figure approaches. Can it be? Ah, yes, it is indeed Epictetus, the long-lost, the estranged Epictetus.

"What, Beekie! Then you are saved also! This is indeed"—

"Yes, Epic. Is all forgiven? Are we once more as previously?"

"It would appear so," replied Epictetus, "and really, as Parkdale has been effectually obliterated from the map, there seems no further obstacle to the consummation of our cherished hopes."

And so they were re-united, and as he once more folded her to his bosom as a mark of his esteem, all nature seemed reanimated, and the parrot fluttered overhead in the branches crying out more vigorously than ever—

"Mowat Must Go!"

THE END.



OUR USEFUL MAYOR.

It is not generally known that our worthy Mayor is in the habit of inspiring an organ, but it appears that when the instrument in Knox church is in need of a little help, his worship is willing to make himself useful by taking his place at the blowing apparatus. Having got his hand in at this business, couldn't the esteemed chief magistrate get hold of the handle of a few of our influential newspaper organs, and pump them up on the subject of the Waterworks. Our citizens have not forgotten that as yet no action has been taken to remedy the existing state of affairs whereby we are losing over \$30,000 a year through bad management in the matter of coal alone. The facts were but recently set forth by a practical and disinterested engineer, and are, we believe, admitted by the officials who are in charge of the Waterworks.