



**"Ignorantia Legis Neminem Exonstat."**  
Scene.—St. Thomas, Ont. Time.—Saturday,  
March 5th, 1881.

**Small Boy.** (On an errand)—Say, mister, can you tell me wot part of the town—  
**Police Officer.** (Sternly interrupting)—City! City, you mean, you young vagabond!

### Tibbie and Her Bowl.

By Mrs. Morton, author of "Clarkson Gray," etc.

Whar Neidpaths wa's wi pride look doon  
Upon a gude nuld burgh toon,  
A crankie cretur leev'd lang syne  
Among the gude auld freens o' mine—  
Among the sib as sib could be,  
But weel a wat ye sune will see;  
She wasna aedrops bluid to me,  
Ane of the awfu' cleanin' kind,  
That clean folk clean oot o' their mind,  
And aften, as we've seen betide,  
Clean gude men frae their ain fire-side.  
A fykle fashous yammerin' yaud  
That could the geer fu' steely haud  
An ill-set, sour, ill-willy wilk,  
She had a face, 'twad yearned milk  
Forbye a loud, ill scrapit touce,  
As e'er in harmless heid was hung;  
To gira and growl, to work and flyte  
Was aye the ill-spun wispy delight.  
O heaven, I'm sure that Tibbie's meanin'  
Was as great everlastin' cleanin',  
Frae morn till night she ne'er was still,  
Her life was like a tough tread mill,  
She jist was like an evil speerit  
She ne'er could settle for a minute,  
But when a dud she made or cloutit  
Then a' the toon wad hear aboot it.  
Whene'er folk couldna keep her clues,  
She heckled them aboot their "views,"  
But when the wrath began to boil  
She grew real feart aboot their soul.  
Twus queer! but naught's sae queer as folk  
An' to the workin' she wad yoke  
Through perfect spite an' fair ill natur  
An' the deils buckie o' a cretur  
Was o' the pipe a mortal hater.  
John, honest man! I had aye to hap,  
For peace sake, o'er the weeshen stap;  
But e'er the lintel he wad pass  
Twus "Man, for gude sake mind the bass!  
Tak care o' this! tak care o' that!  
Had aff the hearth, now, when its wat;  
When ance its dry syne tak a heat;  
Tak care, man, whar ye set your feet;  
Fa' tae your parritch an' beware  
To let nae jaups fa' on the flare;  
To toil noo deed I'm no sae able;  
(Haud yer black dottle aff the table)  
Wass me! but ye hae little thocht  
Ye never think sae sairs I'm wrought  
To hae things richt when hame ye come,  
(Confound ye, smoke it up the lum),  
Some men wad hae the sense tae sae  
Yer sair for foughin'—like the day,  
Pair body! odd I'm sure yer wearit!  
The like o' that wud gie an' speerit,  
But you! whane'er ye've clawed yer loggie,  
Ye mak this hoose a fair killlogie;  
In ower the door there's no a steak  
But's puisoned wae yer baccy reek,  
An tho' I clocher till I'm chokin'  
It winni pit ye past yer smokin',  
What needs I toil! what need I care!  
Ye've blawn mare siller in the air  
Than wad hae built a hoose and mair,  
Yer neist gude wife will mend the matter,  
She'll no be sic a tholin' cretur  
She'll gae yer weel hain'd gear the air,  
My certie, lad, she'll kaim yer hair,

An' wae the saut blab in yer ee,  
Ye'll mind the patience I've had wi' ye,  
Do ye want to scornish me ootrich!  
Ye've ne'er laid down that pipe the night,  
For a' I've said yer never heedn'—  
Begin ye scoondrel, to the readin'!  
Ower well John kenned his hoose was clean,  
An' kept it like a new made pin,  
That a' frae end to end was bricht,  
For Tibbie roiled frae morn till night,  
Sae he, ta win the weary wark,  
Ance hired a lassie stout and stark—  
A snod bit lassie fell and clever,  
But Tibbie was as thrang as ever,  
Nae suner was the cleanin' through  
Than cleanin' just began anev.  
Noo' on a bink in stately pride  
Her favored bowls stood side by side—  
Draw painted bowls baith big an' bonnie,  
Bowls that were never touched by ony,  
For they were honoured vessels a',  
And servile wark they never saw,  
But when a daintie she was making,  
She whiles took ane her meal to drake in.  
Ane day the lassie a' things richting  
Wi' canny care the bowls is dichter  
And, pur thing, tho' her care increases,  
She bracks ane in a thousand pieces.  
"What's that?" squealed Tibbie, "Losh preserve  
us!"

Is this the way the fremie serves us  
Dail speed the fummlin' fingers o' ye!  
Ye clasket, guid for nothing jaud,  
Ye'll brak us oot of hoose an' haud,  
My fingers yuke to hae ye whackit,  
Tell me, ye cutty, hoo ye brak it!  
Ye donnest drab! ye thochtless idiot!  
I canna think yet hoo ye did it.  
In Edinbro toon thae bowls were bought,  
And sax and twenty miles were brocht,  
Weel pack'd up and kindly carrier  
An' gien to me when I was married.  
In name o' a' that e'er was wrackit  
In a' the warl hoo did ye brak it!  
The lassie sabbit lang an' sair,  
But Tibbie's tongue could never spare;  
Lood was its clear and wrathful tenor,  
When in John stappit to his dinner.  
An' as he drew in ower his seat  
Her tongue brak' ower him like a spate.  
He heard o' a' the sad disaster,  
An aye the tongue gied fast and fuster,  
An aye there came the ither gwol—  
"Lassie! hoo did ye brak the bowl!"  
"Wheest! wheest!" says John, "nae mair aboot it;  
Od sake! ye've plenty more woot it."  
But e'er another word was spoken,  
Wi' face thravn like a weel wrung stockin'  
She squealed, "D'ye want to brak my heart?  
Ye monster, will ye tak her pairt?  
Is this my thanks for a' my toil?  
Hoo cud the gipsy brak my bowl?"  
Patient John heard the endless clack  
Till his twa lugs were like to crack;  
An' rising, stappit to the shelf,  
Whaur whammilt stood the gawsic delf—  
An' lookin' o'er the precious raw,  
He raised the biggest o' them a',  
An' without steerin' aff the bit  
Clash loot the bowl fa' at his fit,  
An' as the frichted finders flew  
Quoth he, "Ye ken the way o' noo,  
For sure as I'm a livin' soul  
That's hoo the lassie brak the bowl!"

### Scene in a Montreal Office.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

Mr. De Bluett, a recent importation from old England, who has been making frantic efforts to learn French, and who rather prides himself on the correctness of his pronunciation.

Enter a small boy. "Charite, sil vous plait, Monsieur,—charite."

Mr. De Bluett thinks this a splendid opportunity of airing his recent acquirements. "Charity? Ha! hum! *Quel age avez vous mon garcon?*"

Blank stare from small boy.

Mr. De Bluett, a trifle more imperiously, "*Quel age avez vous petit, polisson?*"

Small boy, innocently, "*Je ne parle pas Anglais, Monsieur.*" ("I do not speak English, sir.")

Consternation of Mr. De Bluett and rapid and wondering flight of small boy, after cleverly dolging a flying cash book.

There must have been something radically wrong about Mr. De Bluett's pronunciation after all.

The people of Hull, P. Q., are very prudish. They won't allow a young lady to embrace a new religious faith.



### It Works Beautifully in N. B.

Scene.—Myth's Drug Store, Woodstock (not Ontario.) Enter Seedy Customer.

**Cus.**—Say, pard, can you givo us a pint of old rye?

**Vendor.**—Have yon a doctor's certificate?

**Cus.**—Nary onc.

**Vendor.**—Got a flask?

**Cus.**—Keerect, you bet.

**Vendor.**—All right; produce the document!  
(Exit customer in due time, whistling a temperance ode.)

### The Prorogation Speech.

(Freely translated from the Ministerial Language.)

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Good-hye, and I'm unquestionably glad it's over.

The Syndicate Bill will, I am assured, be followed by most favorable results (to the lucky fellows of the Syndicate). It will be their duty of course to sell the lands cheaply and rapidly, and encourage emigration, etc., and of course they will do their duty. Of course. Oh, certainly! by all means.

My ministers will, however, keep right on as if nothing had happened.

The amendment to the Naturalization Laws will do big things for the country, and don't you forget it.

I'm glad you've fixed up our railway legislation, and that you haven't forgotten poor Lo. I trust the Indians will be induced to give up their wandering habits and become good politicians like Mr. Macdougall. The cable in the St. Lawrence river and gulf is a good job well done.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Thanks for the usual remittance.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Good-bye; and now vnmooose!

### Seeing Sara.

They sallied out to Sally see,  
With rain their garments drenched,  
Altho' they saw the motines,

Their ardor was not quenched.

They sallied out to see fair Sal,  
Altho' the drama French is,

When if she were an English gal,  
She'd play to empty benches.

They came by the G. W. R.,  
Grand Trunk and Credit Valley,

In Pullman and in palace car,  
To see the meagre Sally.

And through the muddy streets they plow,  
Disconsolate and wet too;

They must learn all about *Frou Frou*,  
With aid of a libretto.

The doctors have agreed they will,  
By understanding tacit,

The damp ones dose, should they fall ill,  
With salicylic acid.