

THE OLD GANDER GOOSIE.

How dear to our hearts is the day of Thanksgiving,
The day when the turkey is eaten with joy;
What memories it brings of the time we were living
At home with our mother—a glad-hearted boy;
How she roasted the turkey,
The old gobbler turkey,
The red-headed turkey we used to annoy.

There was only one thing that we liked any better
Before we were grown to the stature of man,
And that was the goose that would fight when we met her.
Ah! we loved to see her frying-brown in the pan—
The Christmas-cooked goosie,
The old gander goosie
That pounded us once till we hollered and ran.

W. H. T.

AIRLIE CONCLUDES HIS NARRATIVE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—In continuation o' ma last mischanter, as I telled ye last week, I just got by the licht o' the burnin' hoose a glisk o' a pair o' sharp shears lyin' on the bureau, when up I grabs them an' we a'e vigorous clip I divorced masel' frae ma wife—just comin' within a hair o' committin' murder, though, for the shears were sherp pinte, an' comin' doon wi' sic' force, they brocht up in Mistress Airlie's haffits no half an inch frae the jugular vein! Losh, mon, I can find the rope room ma thrapple yet when I think on't! But tae describe the torrent o' abuse she began to poor oot on ma devoted head at that 'oor o' the mornin' wad be past ma lingual poers, in fack, I didna hear't, for by this time the reels were up afore the door an' the heat an' the crood was something awfu'. Sae gettin' on a wheen duds I hurried oot, just in time tae gie the firemen a canny hint that I wad see it wad be naething oot o' their pooch, if, afore they began tae ply on the fire, they wad just strone a wee drap ower on ma hoose tae keep the pent frac blisterin' like. I canna say but they treated ma request very ceevily; but the muckle cuifs, misun-nerstannin' me nae doot, turned the nozzle on *me* instead o' the hoose, an' losh! I thocht ma very head was blawn aff. Onyhoo, I fand masel' soomin' about on the sidewalk tae the onmitigated merriment o' the crood, though what they cud see tae lauch at in a fellow-bein' gettin' drookit tae the skin I canna mak oot.

I winna tak up yer time tellin' ye hoo I crap intae the back door an' shifted ma claes, an' hoo, after, I fell asleep wi' ma head in a bason o' warm water soakin' the mucilage oot o' ma hair; sufficee tae say I made ma ain breakfast that mornin', no daurin' tae wauken up Mistress Airlie, wha had gane back tae bed again after the fire was oot. Another thing ye may be sure o'—I wasna gaun tae let an onfortunate mistak prevent me frae usin' the hair dye noo after I had laid oot the bawbees on't; sae, takin' gude care tae see I had the richt bottle this time, I poors oot a gude sup intae ma lufe an' rubs the decoction weel intae ma hair an' ma whiskers. I rubbit, an' rubbit, takin' aye the 'tither slaik, till the result was a most beautifu' black beard an' moustache. I declare, I hardly kent masel', when I tuk the first squint in the gless. In fack, so youthfu' was ma appearance, that I began tae grue for fear I had, wha kens, through ma vanity, sold masel' tae the deevil, an' that maybe this was the first installment o' perpetual youth. No tae say that I had any objection to the youth itsel in a way, but there was ma bit laddie wad be growin' up, an' gettin' marrit, an' growin' gray like an honest mon; an' here wad be me, the auld grandfather, wi' ma hair as black an'

ma skin as fresh as a laddie o' nineteen, a livin' lee, wi' ma auld heart an' ma young face. Gude forefend! the mair I thocht on't the mair horrible the picter seemed, an' the mair I becam' convinced that this hair dye was a decoction o' the deevil's for the entrapment o' the vain. Sae mad was I at gein' the deevil sic a chance tae mak a caricature o' an honest Scotchman, that I tuk the poker an' smashed the bottle then an' there. Then kennin' confession was gude for the soul, I gaed up the stair an' made a clean breast o' the whole thing tae ma wife, an' tellin' her that what I had on ma beard noo, I wad let wear off by degrees; an' then, nae maitter hoo sair the years moulted their white wings doon on me as they flew ower ma head I wad never complain. Sae peace was restored an' awa I gaed doon to the warehooose whustlin' like a mavis. But gin a mon thinks he can escape the consequences o' his folly by simply sayin' that he'll never dae the like again he's muckle mista'en. For three days I sported ma bonny black beard, but on the fourth day it lucked say dingy greasy luckin', that after I had gotten the warehooose soopit up, I got a sowl o' warm water an' washed an' scoored ma head, determined ance for a' tae get rid o' the infernal stuff. I rubbed ma head weel dry an' tuk a keek in the gless—just a'e keek—an' fell doon onsensible. Hoo lang I lay I dinna ken, but when I cam' tae the hale establishment was gathered roon' about me, an' lauchin', every mither's son o' them, lauchin' in the maist inhuman manner! Chokin' wi' rage I scam-mel't tae ma feet an' said I wad really like tae see the p'int o' the joke. At that meenit Maister Tamson held afore ma face a sma' mirror—an' the next meenit I tore oot the back door amang roars o' lauchter an' the yells o' newsboys—an' makin' a dive intae the first barber's shop I beggit for mercy's sake for a clean shave head an' a' regardless o' expense. Sair, sair did I pay for ma folly, for ma hair was as green as grass! Yours baldly,

HUGH AIRLIE.

THE ANTI-FRENCH CRUSADE.

THE esteemed *Mail* patriotically continues to call attention to the great and growing evil of French aggression, and to point out that these evil-disposed people are settling in large numbers in Eastern and Northern Ontario. Our readers will learn with regret that not only do the invading Frenchmen persistently refuse to quit being French, as any right minded person ought to do under such circumstances, but they keep up the extremely reprehensible practice of having large families, so that in the future we Anglo-Saxons and Celts are likely to be swamped and out-voted by their teeming progeny. This is a bad state of affairs, but the *Mail*, while energetically drawing attention to the evil, has so far failed to indicate any adquate remedy. The practical question is, what are we going to do about it? Perhaps an Act of the Ontario Legislature of something like the following tenor might meet the case:

"An Act for the Suppression of French Canadians.

"Whereas certain persons of French extraction settled in Ontario have wickedly and maliciously neglected or refused to denationalize themselves and continue to bear French names and speak the French language, and whereas said persons are notoriously guilty of the pernicious custom of exceeding all reasonable limits in the numbers of their families, and whereas it is desirable that said persons should be assimilated to the English speaking people of this Province as speedily as possible, it is hereby enacted—