

**MARY'S LITTEL LAMBE.**

TRANSLATED FROM "THE BOMBASTIC" FOR MARCH, 1174.

MARY had a little lamb  
Which went with her to school;  
This caused the master to assert  
That Mary was a fool.

And when one day the master found  
That Mary did not know  
One letter from another, then  
He gave the lamb a blow.

He hit that lamb's head with an axe,  
Cleaving it right in two,  
And Mary now forgets no more  
Her little double-ewe.

W. H. T.

**MY BILLY GOAT.**

I ONCE owned a goat. He had a very striking appearance, and likewise a very striking way. I once got a phrenologist to examine his bumps, and the goat, strange to say, was very enthusiastic with the idea; he even went so far as to bow his head for the accomodation of the professor, and gave the old gentleman such a fine caste of his goatship's adonis-like features in the pit of the stomach, that the phrenologist carried a lasting impression of them to the grave.

Biliy was no Bird of Paradise in regard to good looks, but would have passed muster among the dudes who assemble in front of the opera house after matinee—that is, as far as chewing a cud, wearing a fur coat, and bumping people is concerned.

He seemed to take great pride in his ugliness, and whenever an opportunity was presented invariably made himself look worse. On one occasion he butted a barrel of soft soap just for the sake of covering himself with the slimy stuff and glory, and another time he paralyzed a pail of lye, and consequently went nearly bald the rest of his life. I got him a sort of a wig to cover his goneness, but the conceited fool was so struck with a clean shave that he refused to wear it, and gobbled it up the first chance he got. That goat was a confirmed epicure; after that I could get him to eat nothing but hair, and had to make a contract with a young ladies' seminary for all the combings.

One day Billy was out foraging for hair, and made a grab at a woman's switch, which brought the whole business from her head; but that didn't seem to bother him much, for he chewed it up, hair, net, bangs, and all the rest of the decoration she was trying to disguise herself with. The woman got so indignant at being thus discovered that she threatened to marry me, but I covered the matter over by purchasing another outfit, although this was hardly satisfactory to her, for she claimed that the hair consumed was auburn, whereas I bought red; but I got rid of her by offering to throw Billy into boot—that settled her—she got out.

The last exploit that William was mixed up in was this—A young lady called at our house (a friend of my sister), who owned a thoroughbred mongrel purp, which she claimed to be a fox hound. The dog got wandering about the premises in search of food and adventure, and I guess he got all the adventure he wanted, for no sooner did the goat spot him than he started to make a meal of the purp. We raised a big racket, but it was no use—Billy was determined, and nothing could stop the tragedy. The poor young lady was dissolved to tears, which were only appeased with another yellow dog;—

but sweet William never acted the same after that. He would howl all night long, chase the small boys and pedlers who ventured near the house, and then he could wag his tail for all the world like a dog. One day Billy was missing; I traced him to a butcher shop where I discovered a lock of his hair which I kept. I'm not sure what became of him; but, all the same, I've never eaten sausage since, and never will. BERT COURTENAY.



**GRANITE ITEMS.**

*Inexperienced Member (to venerable skip)*—Mr. MacFergus, what's a pat-lid?

*Skip*—Weel, liv ye see, ye gowk! ye ding yer stane cannilie, but nae sae feckly as tae hoggit. Nae haeflins lleg, nor jinkin turn, ye ken, but tentiely, that it aye gars snoovin' an' straught as an elder's walk, hogsnotherin' amang the guards, till ye land on the varra tee. When ye've dun that, laddie, ye've med a pat-lid, and ye may bear the gree.

*Inexperienced Member (somewhat piqued)*—Thank you, Mr. MacFergus; no doubt the explanation is very accurate, but I think its lucidity would have been very much heightened if you had made it in English.

*Skip*—Tut man, an ye'll be a curler ye maun faumeelyerise yersel' wi' the vernauckular.

**AIRLIE ON LIBERTY.**

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—When puir auld Job was left tae the tender merceies o' the deil, auld Clottie swore he wad either mak' a spoon or spoil a horn. But nane o' Job's afflictions cut him sae muckle as the gude advices o' his freens—the convictions o' his freens—the extraordinary wisdom o' his freens! An' raily, Maister GRIP, it does seem tae me that oor body politic has been, like the auld pawtriarch, clean gein ower to the deil. Frae tap tae tail we're a' brooken oot into boils an' rinnin' sairs, in the shape o' saloons an' taverns; an', like Job, we're fain tae tak' the Scott Act or onything we can get hand o', by way o' a potsherd tae scrape oorsel's withall. We sit in the ashes o' sufferin' an' lang endurance, but when we bemoan oor afflictions, an' crack aboot curin' ance for a', thae boils an' abscesses that are sappin' the national life, then Eliphay the Teemanite, and Bildall the Shuhite, and Topher the Naamathite, sit doon beside us an' spend their wind tryin' tae persuade us tae be patient an' no attempt tae dae gude lest evil may come. Oor position at the present time, Maister GRIP, is that o' a man in the grasp o' a deevil fish, wi' ane o' its airms hard roon the rock o' self interest, an' the ither four grippin' him like grim death, an' blisterin' like het irons, an' kennin' weel