

Dickens—"Oh, Copperfield! my joy and pride! Oh! what a tale these two cities of mine can tell! Poor Mrs. 'Arris!"

Hogg—"Oh, waly waly up yon bank! An' waly waly doon yon brae!"

Gray—"Alas! I, in my pensive elegy, Thinking t' immortalize departed worth, Did use a phrase none can explain away: 'Here lies his head upon the lap of earth.'"

Shakespeare—"Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness! Men have grown better than the world they live in.

No longer up to Nature dare the muse Uphold the mirror, lest by truth impelled, Too like herself poor Nature may become. So thin skinned have men grown, so sensitive, That grammars from the schools must be expelled,

Or purged from words indicative of sex, As 'masculine,' 'feminine,' 'neuter' only left, As being non-combustible. The Word of God In the ears of such a people outrage were! And think of children saying Ten Commandments!

"Tis well I live not in this prurient time." Christopher North—"Gentlemen be calm. All this hubbub which you take to heart is nothing more or less than a Canadian election dodge, suited to work either way. Let us resume our celestial conversation. You were saying, My dear Dickens, that generally speaking"—Here one of Vennor's storm clouds loomed up and hid the Emphyrean.

JAY KAYELLE.

JOHN O'DONOHUE IN 1873 AND 1882.

SUGGESTED BY THE CARTOON IN "GRIP."

I'm Senator O'Donohue, a burly Irishman, Who in year of '73 for Aist Taranto ran. Ind in the good Reform Cause I was elicited too, Which was a plisint incident for John O'Donohue. But faix, the cursed Tories they swore they would me bate, So on appale they tuk from me my fondly cherished sate;

But to mesilf I vowed I'd be revinged upon the clan, Who thus could trate so shamefully a dacent Irishman: That to me feet I yit would bring their wily chief to sue, Fur pardon fur the wrong thus done to bowld O'Donohue.

They called me all the filthy names that Tories brand poor Fat, Sich as a "ribil Fanyan ind disloyal dimicrat." Whose shady antesaidints were not above suspicion— Who'd sell his principles ind sich for honor ind position. Now was it not a crying shame to thusly be abused, Ind by the fifth rib stabbers so basely be accused; Shure little did they know, when they their vile tirade began,

How dangerous it was to rouse a schaming Irishman. Or that their allegations might some day yet come thrue, Whiniver it sarved the purpose uv the bowld O'Donohue.

So from that sorry toime till now I've deftly played me card, Until at last me inimies low to me wid regard. And now I am a sinator, an honorable man, The loudest mouthed widin the camp, a lader in the clan.

I hob-a-nob wid Tories now—me counthrymin. I find They're just the sort uv bipeds that's suited to me mind. They'll give us any mortal thing we for our votes may ask,

So let us, friends and counthrymen, in fortune's sunshine bask; Let not shlip past advantages that to yez may accrue, By apeing the ixample of the bowld O'Donohue.

Though there are yit some poor gossoons widin the imerald ranks, Who publicly denounce me acts, as base unmanly pranks; But what uv that, me darlin' byes, beneath their lash I'll smart, That in our sinatorial halls I may uphold your part; Till even wid good McKenzic Bowell a truce I hiv patched up, That henceforth in the public bowl as brothers we may sup.

All bygone animosity is crushed or laid aside, That we the loaves and fishes may evenly divide; The will-o'-wisp called honor is long past over-due, Its payment then repudiate like bowld O'Donohue.

—TOUGAL MCTUFF.

Campbellford, Sept. 25th.



The Rivers and Streams Act—Fishing.

A Fair Deceiver—The woman who exhibits the same prize patchwork quilt for the fourth time.

An advertisement in a Philadelphia paper is headed "How to spend a Jolly Sabbath." We presume the next thing we shall see will be how to thoroughly enjoy a funeral.

Our Funny Contributor purchased lately a key to wind any watch, but his friends shrewdly suspect that what our contributor was really after was a key to unlock any girl's heart.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has published his opinion on the rights and wrongs of dancing. This is all very well in its way, but we were of opinion that the rights and wrongs in dancing pertained more to the dancing-master.

"Why, there is nothing on your subscription list," said a friend to our Funny Contributor, who was canvassing for the missions. "No," rejoined our Contributor, "I haven't done a Russian business, although, classically speaking, this is a *Nilist list*."



OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY, THE IRISH CANADIAN, MAKES HIS APPEARANCE IN AN EVENING DRESS.

CHRONICLES OF BAYVILLE.

(SWIZVILLE SNORTER.)

CHAP. I.

It is the peculiar province of the traveller to give the impressions he receives in his peregrinations to the reading public, and to let the inhabitants of such out of the way nooks as Peterborough, Bullock's Corners, Cayuga, and Montreal, see that there are other places in the world besides those in which they are permitted to reside, a fact which many of them would appear to but dimly realize. With this object in view I would wish to say something about the city of Bayville, a city, by the way, with the full complement of churches and saloons, with a municipal council, many of the members of which can read quite easily without spelling the big words, and with a chief of police who has kindly endorsed the excellent qualities of St. Jacobs Oil.

Bayville, then, starts from the south, at the foot of a mountain of which the Bayvillians are justly proud, not so much on account of its vast altitude (for of such it cannot boast) nor because of any extraordinary formation in its superficial (or other sort of) geology, but for the reason that it affords an excellent site for a hotel to which no license is ever granted, care being taken that the lessee is endowed with more than the usual "cussedness" of his tribe, and who will persist in constant breaches of the license law; of course being "nabbed" in his peccadilloes. Thus the hotel becomes a source of perennial revenue to the city of Bayville, and the citizens are proud of their mountain, exhibiting it with justifiable pride to every stranger visiting the place, and each one talking as if he himself had had a big hand, say the two bowers, joker, ace, and king, in putting it where it is at all.

For years and years, however, the Bayvillians stubbornly refused to erect any decent steps by which this mountain might be ascended. Many were the reasons given for this neglect, but the true one is supposed to have been that, as a magnificent view of the surrounding country and of the backyards of the houses of Bayville could be obtained from the top of the hill, and as those who scrambled up in a go-as-you-please manner to obtain this view might be supposed to be far thirstier than if an easier means of ascent were provided, it was therefore probable that the breaches of the license law referred to would be more frequent, and the influx of wealth from the lines more copious, if things were allowed to remain *in statu quo*. But one day a member of the City council, clambering about on the mountain side in a futile endeavor to find the downward path, and, as ill-natured people assert, having been assisting in several of the aforesaid breaches of the aforesaid license law, did there and then, in his erratic perambulations, trip, jab, stub, or swoggle his toe against a stone, stump, empty beer keg or rock, and did pitch from a height of 197 feet 3 inches, on to his head on the sidewalk below, thereby causing a breakage of three planks of the said sidewalk, and contracting a headache which lasted for several minutes thereafter. This fact caused the members of the municipal board to sit and think—for they could think when put to it, and did a vast amount of work—in their minds—and they said among themselves, "If some less gifted head had belted that sidewalk, it, the head and not the sidewalk, would have probably been the sufferer, maybe to the death, and this our city would be put to more expense for coffins, damages and things than the profits accruing from the breaches of the law as before-mentioned would make up for, therefore, Be it resolved that

"If this steep hill is quite as steep a hill as it appears to me, why what a most particularly beneficial thing a flight of steps would be."