

Fast—oh, ye gods, let's drop the curtain,
This theme is growing heavy, certain.

Just think of such a fellow nosing
'Round Cleo. on her throne reposing!

I think I see her rise and mutter,
"I s'pose the child wants bread and butter!"

I see her quit the room—returning,
All royalty and stiffness spurning.

She pins a bib upon her collar
As on an ordinary squaller,

And handing him some cake, she hums,
"There, darling; don't make any crumbs!"



ORDER! ATTENTION!!

Sir John is just going to explain all about
the Pacific Railway Guarantee. Order! Sit
down in front! Now, Sir John—proceed.

IN HONOR O' ST. ANDRA.

MR. GRIP, I'm a puir man, and hae nae dol-
lars to spend on dinners or the like in honor o'
Saint Andra, but I can dae what some o' thae
rich anes wad gie their lugs tae be able for—I
can compose a sang. I wish I could jist get
myself tae a kind o' a newtral stan'pint on
this matter. For of coorse its verra hard for
a writer no tae hae a likin' for his ain produc-
tions. But wi the maist cauldly creetikie
frame o' min' that I can bring tae bear on this
sang, it appears tae me tae be jist aboot per-
fect, as a leeriele composition. I'm no sure
that even Burns has left us anything that, as it
were, gangs ower mair groun' than this simple
ditty o' mine. For jist tak a look at it again,
Mr. Grip, and see the scope o't. First there's
the apostrophy to my countrymen represented
by the "Heelan Laddie." Then there's the
kindly asking after a' his freens. For altho'
only his daddie is named, he (the daddie) stans
as the representative o' the hale femly. Then,
look at the allusion to pawtriotism as evinced
by partiality to Scotch dishes. True, there's
nothing named but the finnan haddie, but that
stans for every thing, and the reader o' sense
will easily see that sheep's head, haggis, par-
ritch, kail, sawbier and herrin', and curran bun,
are a' teepifeed, as it were, by the illustrious
haddie.

Then follow allusions to the beautiful scenery
o' Auld Scotia, that'll go hame tae the heart o'
every ane o' her leal sons. The line "High
over the glen the laverock whistles," speaks
for itsel. I may be wrang, but I think
mony a reputation hings on a weaker peg than
that. But maybe I shouldna say that much.
Glasga hearts'll tingle tae the famillar sound o'
the "bawbee bap." If they dinna, theyre
cauldier than I tak them tae be, and I can only
greet ower them, for I was under nae necessity
to say a ward aboot the bap. Plenty o' ither
words wad hae rhymed jist as weel. But, as
I kent I was comin' near a compliment tae
Paisley, I thoct I had better no mak my
Glasga freens feel bad, and sae the bap was
luggit in ontirely for their sakes. If they din-
na appreciate the compliment it's their loss.

But I approach noo a pairt o' my composi-
tion that I wad rayther no speak o'. But if

I dinna, then the best o' the hale sang may be
passed over without any particular notice,
except frae a few Sons of "Seester," wha's
hearts, I ken, will burn at seein' the "Curt"
and the "Snedden,"—words, that, sae far as
I can mind, I have never seen in print except
in dercession—embodied—like flees in amber—
in sentimental verse. Aye and verse tae
that'll maybe leave for generations. For I'm
no without a feelin' that somebody will set
this sang o' mine tae a tune; and if they dae,
by Jingo! I dinna care whether I dee or no,
for my name will go doon tae generations yet
unborn. Bit I maun stop. There are only
two verses that I hadna alluded tae, an' it wad
scarcely be fair for me tae exhaust the subject.
Nae doot somebody will creeticise the hale
peice. Maybe some folk may wunner that I
should hae said any thing about the sang at
a'. Bit it seems tae me, that if some o' the
great writers o' by gane days had followed my
example, and gien their ain explanations o'
what they were writin', lots o' time an' money
wad hae been saved. Jist look at Shakespeere.
Hoo many commentaries hae been written on
his books, an' hoo faur off we are yet frae
gitting the exack meaning o' mony o' his ex-
pressions. There's a guid deal o' talk in
the papers sometimes aboot the benefit o' folk
that are rich being their ain executors—I dinna
see why men o' genius (tho' they be puir,
shouldna be their ain creeticks sometimes.

A SANG.

DEDICATED TO "BRITHER SCOTS THE WARD O'ER," IN
HONOR O' ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Hech! ho! my heeland laddie!
How lang is't since ye saw your daddie?
O weel he lo'ed the Finnan Haddie!
Hech! ho! my heeland laddie!

Saw ye e'er the chucky stanes
Lyin' in the Gala Water?
Heard ye e'er John Tamson's banes
Wi' the rheumatism clatter?

Saftlies the snaw on Tintock tap,
High o'er the glen the laverock whistles.
Gae bring tae me a bawbee bap
Tae eat wi' butter, whulks and mussels.

Whulks and mussels by the sea,
Cockles, dulse, and crawlin' parsons.
But ever till the day I dee
I'll lo'e the lass that wears the tartans!

Hair—saft and toozy as the tow,
E'en—black as Cart is at the Snedden,
Lips, that set my heart abow—
My winsome, lively Lizzie Shedden!

Oh Lizzie! faur across the sea
I've wannert since the nicht I kissed ye,
But quately ower my barley bree
I often wunner hoo ye mis-ed me.

I'll say guid bye, Mr. GRIP. If ye get this
an' the sang weel printed, ye'll hear again frae
yere freen

ALEXANDER MACSKARTAN.

Montreal, 24th November, 1883.

A BLESSED COUNTRY.

In the far-away country of Nobuddinoze—
(A rather strange place from its name, you'll suppose)—
If all that is said of that country be true,
I should think that the very best thing I could do
Would be to go hence to that glorious climate,
And to give you my reasons for thinking so I'm at.
In the first place, politeness is studied by all,
And the strong never let the weak go to the wall.
If a street car is crowded, no lady stands up,
She is sure of a seat for herself and her pup.
If you travel by rail, though you go on a pass,
Your baggage is handled as though it were glass;
The hackmen will never take more than their dues,
And, if pressed to accept it, like heroes, refuse;
And if in your wallet your stock should be small,
They'll carry you gladly for nothing at all.
Each man has a heart that can feel for the woes
And sufferings of others in Nobuddinoze.
The neighbors ne'er gossip; a milkman dishonest
Is not to be found; *inveniri non est*
(That's meant to be Latin; I'm sure I don't know
Whether such it may be or may not; let it go.
If one makes a mistake each man sympathy shows
For the one who's caught tripping in Nobuddinoze.
A tailor ne'er thinks of presenting his bill
Unasked; a physician ne'er makes up a pill
Out of bread and bestows a long, jawbreaking name

On the article, charging a dol. for the same.
A lawyer will make his most eloquent pleas
In your case, without ever onst thinking of fees,
In fact, in the law very little is done,
And that little is looked upon merely as fun.
To the clergy there *ours* could not hold a candle,
Altogether unknown is a clerical scandal.
All this I'm relating undoubtedly shows
That a very blessed country is Nobuddinoze.
The milliners there make the costliest raiment,
And consider a "thank you" the very best payment.
In the theatre Gainsborough hats are forbidden,
Not a bit of the stage from the whole house is hidden.
The penalty's death for a gossip or meddler,
A hook agent, tramp, or a lightning-rod peddler.
A joke on a mule or a goat never goes
Into print in the country of Nobuddinoze.
If goods placed for sale are not just what they seem,
If butter's *not* butter, and if cream is *not* cream,
There's a person appointed whose function or "biz,"
'Tis to make dealers label it just what it is.
Hotel clerks are modest, reporters don't call
Them "genial," "urbane," and so on; not at all.
No, everything there by its proper name goes
In this thrice-blessed country of Nobuddinoze.
If you go to a friend for a loan, you'll be met
With a smile, and the money you'll instantly get;
The excuse is not known, "If you'd come yesterday
I'd have lent it with pleasure; a bill I'd to pay."
Or, "I wish you had come just ten minutes ago
For I've put every cent in the bank, don't you know."
No; down in his pocket your friend's hand will dive,
You asked for two dollars, he offers you five.
And now I've but mentioned a few of the things
In this country where people are angels *sans wings*—
Where 'tis more of a pleasure to give than receive,
Where all are so joyful and no one may grieve.
But where is this country, so *couleur de rose*?
Ah! that, my dear friend, is what Nobuddinoze!



A CORRECTION.

In a recent issue one of our funny
writers got up a little comic opera founded
on an alleged insult to the American flag,
said to have been committed by a number
of extra loyal citizens of St. Thomas. The
sqib was published in these columns, so of
course you saw it. Well, we find that it was
built upon newspaper facts, and we hasten to
take it all back, and to state that no insult was
offered the stars and stripes at St. Thomas.
Our funny, funny man, who believes all he
reads in the Western exchanges, founded his
operatta on a paragraph he clipped from the
—, but no, it is past and gone, so let us say
nothing more about it. We are pleased to
learn that the mayor and citizens of St. Tom
have always had a proper respect for the ban-
ner of our neighbors, and by way of compensa-
tion for the injustice we have done them, we
give above a correct picture of the whole popu-
lation of St. Tom, headed by the mayor and
council, singing "the star spangled banner."

HE LAUGHED.

He was a tall, lanky, cadaverous, dyspeptic-
who had used almost every decoction and pres-
paration that was ever made. His friend,
saw his case was hopeless, but he laughed,
for he had just procured a Notman's Stomach
and Liver Pad which had already commenced
to cure him. He is now cured as everyone
else is that wears a Notman Pad.