

reporter of the *Globe*. He seemed to be a very sensible and intelligent person."

"Sir," replied Dr. Jounson, "a man may be sensible and intelligent and yet write for the *Globe*."

"I am surprised," remarked Boswell, entering the Doctor's apartment with a newspaper in his hand, "at the cheapness of the journals of this city. I have here a *Telegram* for which I paid but one half-penny."

"Sir," retorted the lexicographer, setting his wig awry on his head, "an article may cost but a farthing and still be exceedingly dear."

Our Own at Ottawa.

DIARY OF A TORY M.P.

Lively Rackets—Impartial Judgments—Sensational Scolds—Important Memoranda.

OTTAWA, Feb. 14.—Looked into Chamber this forenoon—Huggins working at desk directing papers like a country editor—bushel basket full behind him—seems to have constituents on the brain. Muggins out—probably in Departments—regular Saturday lounge for Tories—lots of little things there worth picking up. Muggins seems to have truly impartial mind, e. g., viz.:

Monday, Feb. 9.—Bills and questions—Farrow wants to know if we should allow England to be blown up on Canadian soil? Sir John says "No."

Landerkin and a lot of other grits want Ontario and Ontario counties re-imbursement for railway expenditure, same as in Quebec. Why can't they let that alone? Ain't we here to look after Ontario interests? Had to vote against it last year—nasty vote to explain—no doubt Old Man will make it all right before elections—he'd better, if he wants to see me back again. P. E. I. members up again about crossing between Capes Traverse and Tormentine—always tormentin' us about it—make note of this joke for speech.

Tuesday.—Sir Sohn moving to make Daly chairman of committees and Deputy Speaker. Daly mad because they won't take him into Cabinet—Halifax went Grit at local election—got to give him something else with salary to it—work "poor speaker" racket—Kirkpatrick overworked—flush of exhaustion on his cheek—that kind of thing—must have relief from part of duties. Racket worked all right, only Bleus want Frenchman, and Blake said they should have one—confound his meddling. First resolution through—then Blake up again grinning—knew Old Man had put his foot in it somehow—seems he'd been trying to amend B. N. A. Act by resolution instead of bill—miserable technicality. Old Man says "of course—knew must be bill—had one ready based on resolutions"—hooray for O.M.! Blake says, "too thin—resolutions not worded like that." Old Man looks green but laughs—Grits laugh too—bill put in—"read"—bill blank paper—Grits laugh again—O.M. laughs too—wags head—nearly wags it off—always mad as the deuce when he wags it like that. Mean of Blake—used to tell O.M. how to fix little things like this—now lets him get into mess and grins. Nasty thing to give first vote of session for job like this.

Wednesday.—All went to Senate to hear scolding match between Alexander and McPherson. Alex. thinks it a scandal to have Ta Phairshon painted any longer than nature made him—awfully absurd—Ta Phairshon just as bad—wish he'd go over to Grits too—pity to spoil two parties with the pair of them! Saw picture myself—looks rather weak with admiration of his own beauty—"Sir Narcissus Ta Phairshon."

Thursday.—Blake says something quite casual-like about Senecal ring and "No. 8"—that's room where French Bleus smoke—got Chapleau on his ear—pitched in like all pos-

sessed—Senecal savior of his country—Bleus only true patriots—No. 8 triumphed over enemies of Quebec—arms and hair flying—magnetic eloquence and all that—hooray!—bully for Chapleau! Ouimet in same strain—good boy, Ouimet! There's Blake up again grinning—who's been doing it this time? Eh—what? Gad, he's right enough, too! What the dickens were we cheering Chapleau for anyhow? Confound his cheek—blowing about how they bullied the Government last winter—nasty job forus Ontario Tories—remember very well how mad Old Man was about it. What's up now? Old Man's called him down to scold him—serve him right—O.M.'s language "unrevised"—hope Grits won't overhear—Sh—h—Sir John. *Mem.*—We've got to do a little bullying for Ontario or it'll be all "blue" for us next election.

Friday.—Edgar up again wanting statement about trestles on C.P.R.—these Grits always poking and prying. What's it all about? Won't the Government look sharp enough after the C.P.R.? Pope says "no—Yankees might hear how much wooden rock-work there is, and say bad things about railway." Charlton gave us about two thirds of old anti-syndicate speech. McLellan up—poor Mac don't amount to much. Why don't they have Peter back? Cameron said pair of them don't make as good a minister as Tupper used to—like his impudence! Tom White played Tupper—shouted and banged like a man—but couldn't Tupperize the boys worth a cent—afraid Tupper racket played out—can't always get bulldog with brains—Tom's not a minister just yet, anyhow. Casey pitched into all three—cheeky beggar—ought to be sat on—told White *Gazette* lied whenever party required—said it was paid \$10,000 a year for doing it—called Pope and Mac Siamese twins—some confounded yarn about stealing a jack-knife. Had to vote to refuse information wanted—all right enough, but "agricultural prejudices," as O.M. says mayn't understand it—some fellows shirked—wish I had.

Mems.—Go to Departments Saturday to look up some pay for Mugginsville *Boomerang*—"confidential printing" and that—won't do to let White have it all. Write to county council about bonus racket—get warden down—introduce him to Sir John—get him drunk—end of racket for this year—warden my friend for life.

A CANADIAN POET AT LAST.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—When Mr. McIntyre's "Musings on the Banks of the Canadian Thames," hit the literary public below the belt and caused it to gasp for breath, the long-vexed question as to whether we had genuine poetical talent in this country or not was set at rest.

Further evidence that Canada can produce minstrels about as good as they make them anywhere is now forthcoming, as all readers of the splendid effusion which recently appeared in the London *Tiscr*—a poem of joy, a grand soul-outpouring to Mr. Mowat—must admit.

Sundry papers credited that wonderful piece of literary architecture to the Honorable Editor-in-chief of the journal named, but he, modestly, denies the soft impeachment, and endeavors to father the production on the gifted editor of the *Mail*, but as there is no reference either to canvas-backed ducks, magnificent salmon, or Grits sadly in need of a bath throughout the whole poem, I can hardly believe that Mr. Griffin is guilty of the deed. Whoever is the author, I am inclined to believe that he is the same heaven-born minstrel who composed the following ode, which came to me in a manner which, at present, I cannot make public. The style and sentiments of the two works are similar, and the *tout ensemble* of both incline me to the belief that they were conceived by the same master mind and penned

by the same lily white hand. Canada is to be congratulated that she has a poet capable of producing such verse, although, for the present the author prefers to hide his light under a bushel of turnips.

I forward you the poem, as I think some of your readers may recognize the style of the writer and identify him, and as it would be unjust to kill an innocent man, it is as well that the real author should be lynched and not some obscure individual who does not know true poetry from Tennyson's Freedom.

Here is the poem:—

ODE TO AGRICULTURE.

"Hail! gentle zephyrs: fan my heated brow.
Thusspake the horny-handed son of toil
As, resting on the handles of his plough,
He took surcease from furrowing the soil.

"Down on the earth the fierce December sun,
His rays was pouring with his pristine fire:
Toward the ice-bound river thirsty run
The cattle, whilst the farmer and his team perspire.

"Athwart the sky the pallid moonbeams cast
A silvery light; the 'Merry Dancers' glow;
Whilst barefoot maidens' golden grainlets fast
Throw down upon the expanse of snow-white snow.

"The ice-house keeper to the frozen stream
Betakes himself to glean his crystal crop;
The bardy waggoner drives his lusty team
Toward the hay-field, and his brow doth mop.

"Fling wide your golden grain, ye maidens rare;
Cut broad your swaths, ye reapers; ice-men, saw:
And ye, oh! boys, make snow-balls round and fair,
And for the plough-man jugs of cider draw.

"Spread the guano on the frozen rills;
Down let it fall with d—l and s—ck—ng th—d;
Tone up spring livers with aperient pills,
And nip the 'aggressive janders' in the bud.

"With drowsy hum at eve the laden bee
Home to her hive from fields of clovered sweets,
Flies wearily across the darkening lot
As Chanticleer the breaking day-dawn greets.

"Afar the watch-dog's honest bark is heard;
The cat's sweet treble tuned to upper C;
Soft fall the bass notes of the bull-toad bird,
The world is left to solitude and me.

"Oh!"

This is all of the poem which ends very abruptly, that final "Oh!" being strongly suggestive of some one who has been peeping over the poet's shoulder, suddenly dealing him a tremendous kick in the rear. Be that as it may, I have much pleasure in forwarding you the work for perusal and, I trust, publication.

Yours faithfully,
CONSTANT READER

WELL AS EVER.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nausea, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever."

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