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The Blin' Bairn.

A SCOTCH SANG.

O BONNIE Maggie Robertson !
Thine image still I see,
Wi' a' the grace o' form and face,
Come owre the lily lee,
Wi' a' the the grace o' form and face,
The love licht in thine e'e ;
A vision bright o' pure delight !
Like sunrise on the sea ;
And what tho' I am auld and grey,
And thou hast gone before ?
Yet day by day doth memory
The vision bright restore.

CHORUS—Then first the "Blin' Bairn" wi' his dert,
Gart a' my heart-strings quiver,
And thy dear image on this hert
Was photographed for ever.

The love licht in thine e'e that wakes,
Has fa'n frae heaven abune,
And in a wave o' smiles it breaks
Upon thy cheek and chin,
And spreads a' through thy veins o' blue
Mang links o' gowden hair ;
The queenly lily draped wi' dew
Was never hauf so fair !
And meek and modest is thy mien,
Thy voice sae laigh and lowne,
Thy step sac light, scarce puts to flight
The wav'ing thistle-down.

And then thy words, like sangs o' birds,
They seem na words ava',
But jewels rare, beyond compare,
'That frae thy lips do fa'.
Thy very gown seems rich and rare,
Though but a hamely print ;
The very ribbon in thy hair
Has glamour hidden in't.
Then, Maggie, a' the crowns o' earth !
And treasures o' the mine !
Were paltry things that werena worth
A single smile o' thine.

CHORUS—For then the "Blin' Bairn" wi' his dert,
Gart a' my heart-strings quiver,
And thy dear image on my hert
Was photographed for ever.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE SECOND ACT OF AN OTTAWA COMEDY.

SIR JOHN—Well, if it must be, it must—but, if it must, I'm sorry—devilish sorry.

Ch—u (going)—*Helas ! mon cher,—si la savais ! Adieu ! adieu !*

Sir John—Hold on ! don't be in such a hurry—give me time to think—can't this thing be arranged somehow ?

Ch—u—*Ma foi !* worse wrecked ships have come to land. (Shrugs his shoulders.)

Sir John—Well, suppose we say shake, old friend ?

Ch—u—Ah ! oui ! I will shake. (They shake hands and embrace.) [Exit Ch—u.

Enter White]

Sir John—Good morning, my worthy keeper, what have you got there ?

W—e—Oh ! only the morning papers, and some rather voluminous correspondence.

Sir John—Honest ? I thought it might be a straight jacket—borrowed from the *Globe* office in Toronto, ha ! ha !

W—e—Ha ! ha ! Oh ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir John—Or a sample of *pica*.

W—e—Hush ! he's just outside—he's coming now.

Sir John (hums a kindergarten song)—

"Here comes the organ man !

He plays as well as he can,

But he is so dear !

Oh he is so dear !

Oh where, oh where, has my little *Mail* gone,

Oh where and oh where."

Enter Kr—s]

Sir John (slapping Kr—s on shoulder familiarly)—
Good morning ! good morning ! Mr. Kr—s, how goes the Queen City.

Kr—s—Oh, very well thank you, Sir John.

Sir John—Allow me to introduce Mr. Kr—s to you Mr. W—e. Mr. Kr—, Mr. W—e, my keeper. Ha ! ha ! About the baby ; I think we've hit on the right name, a good old Tory name, one that has braved o'er fifty years the battle and the breeze ; the glorious old *Standard*.

W—e—Of course you know the platform, Mr. Kr—s, and the other arrangements, financially, etc., of course, will be to your entire satisfaction.

Sir John—Hut-tut ! This gentleman is above all *Worldly* considerations. And this paper must be eminently Christian, that is, while in the *World* not of the *World* ; by and by the *World* will come up to our *Standard*, eh ?

Kr—s—Exactly Sir John, exactly ; I comprehend your little joke. Ha ! ha !

Sir John—And don't you forget to go for Bl—e, he's desperate, playing his last card, in fact, so don't let up on him from now till the 22nd, not *once*, an' you love me.

Kr—s—

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt my love."

or that I will ever let up on Bl—e. We'll fire red hot Pica at him with hot shot and shell editorials. Never fear ! We'll do him up serious.

Sir John—That's the talk ! By the by, have you seen Anannias' latest ?

W—e—Oh ; infamous !

Kr—s—Infamous ! he's placed himself without the pale of decent journalism.

Sir John—Oh pooh ! be charitable, gentlemen ; needs must when the devil drives. I'm in a quandary, however what role to play. I might try the role of David before Acish, and let my spittle fall on my beard, but not having that "knightly growth about the chin" am out there. Lear wouldn't quite suit my style either ; though with him I might say, to the *Globe*. "Blow winds and crack your cheeks," if the cheeks of the *Globe* weren't too tough to be cracked with any amount of blowing. Neither could I come Otto of Bavaria, for he's always fancying himself a bird, and bewailing he has no eggs to hatch. By Jove ! I've always lots of eggs on hand, and manage to hatch them out pretty successfully, too. The National Policy egg, and the C.P.R. egg are fair specimens ; thriving chickens now, aren't they ? I've a double-yoked egg about hatching now, the *Mail* departure, and the unfurling of the *Standard*. Heigh-ho ! birds or addled eggs on the 22nd ! Probably another proof of our insanity will be found in the fact of the Government having three Conservative papers instead of one this election. Let's go hens. Tre-la. [Exeunt.