



To the Irish Blood

We follow the star of the vision,
Whose light to our souls doth
stream;

For us swing the ivory portals,
Where the pearls of fancy gleam,
'Mid the coarse, Philistine banter:—
" 'Tis the mad Celt's madder
dream!"

Oh, we are the world's great lovers;
To our hearts Love fled from the
skies;

For we know the secret of laughter
And we know the passion of sighs—
And your vanity's fief to our blarney,
And your heart to our Irish eyes.

Then, fill me a cup, 'till I drink to
St. Patrick,
Drink to the harp strains, the songs
that beguile:

Drink to our emblem, the mystical
shamrock!
Up with it! Down with it! The
Emerald Isle!

—M. W. W.

Wrathful Rogers

Naughty Robert Rogers! He has
no respect for the best-selling novelist
this country has produced. There
was a solemn hush after he called the
author of "The Prospector" by such
dreadful names as heeler and un-
truther. The very Rocky Mountains
seemed to threaten to fall on the
ruthless Rogers. But when he went
on to say that the purpose of all
these political sermons was that the
"silly novels" of the clerical opponent
might be advertised there was a
shudder all the way from Vancouver
to Glengarry.

To modernise Edmund Burke's im-
mortal outburst, it seemed as if the
sword of every Sunday-School Su-
perintendent must leap from its scab-
bard, to avenge even an adjective
that threatened the "Sky Pilot" with
insult. But a brilliant revenge is
within the grasp of the man behind
the pen. Six months from now there
may appear such a romance as will
make all former records look like
faded laurels. "The Graftor" or
"The Man from Manitou" (not Man-
itoulin) will expose to a not-easily-
horrified public the political ways of
Winnipeg. Of course it will be fiction
with all the fights and flirtation that
made "The Doctor" the cutest story
you ever read. Then will the cabinet
minister wish that he had kept silence
regarding the Connor campaign, since
Roblin didn't really need the Presby-
terian vote, anyway.

With wrathful Rogers in Winnipeg
and threatening Fowler in the Wash-
ington of the North, the political
circles of this fair Dominion are not
exactly stagnant. It now remains
for someone to accuse Mr. W. A. Fra-
ser of having something to do with
Toronto License complications and

Rev. R. E. Knowles of going to Ot-
tawa to see about getting Hyman's
place.

* *

A Lyric of Licenses

Sing a song of licenses,
A bottleful of rye,
Many worthy grafters
With fingers in the pie.

When the pie was opened
The censors had their fling.
The "Globe," it nearly had a fit
And didn't say a thing.

The Colonel's in the counting-
house,
Counting out his money;
And Whitney's in the parlour,
Calling Hossack "honey."

But Pyne's among the timber
tall,
A-holding of his breath:
Those Grits are such a fiery lot,
He's scared almost to death.

* *



The Better Half.

Strong-minded Old Lady (to the new Vicar's
Wife). "Oh yes, Mum, I've 'ad my ups and downs,
but I never 'ad what you may call a serious trou-
ble. I've only lost two husbands!"—Punch.

* *

An Expensive Joke

"I've had to buy my wife the most
expensive hat you ever saw," said
Jones.

"How's that?" asked Briggs.

"Well, it was like this. She was
reading the evening paper, aloud, and
came to the heading, 'Was Thaw In-
sane at the Time of his Marriage?'
Of course, I chuckled like a brute and
said: 'Certainly! Every man is.'
Then Mrs. Jones said that was a low
form of wit and I had no business to
be discussing such a thing as the
Thaw trial before the children. Just
as if she hadn't started it! Anyway,
there was such a chill for a whole day
that I told her to get a new hat be-

fore the best ones were taken. She
came home perfectly radiant and said
it was the new shade of Copenhagen
blue with a large bow of champagne
ribbon at the back. All I know is
that the bill was twenty dollars."

"They're all alike," said Briggs
sadly.

* *

Horrible

There's a western member at Ot-
tawa who spends his idle moments in
perpetrating such puns as would give
the author of the "High School
Grammar" a severe nervous shock.
The Westerner reduced one of the
French members to inarticulate dis-
gust some weeks ago by saying:

"What would happen if the Gover-
nor-General were to return Root's
visit and the Secretary of State were
to order drinks?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, you see the drinks would be
en route."

* *

A Roland for an Oliver

The Canadian child is said to re-
semble the United States' juvenile in
a lack of respect for the aged. Re-
cently a small girl in a Canadian
city was rebuked by her grandmother
for using a quotation from the Bible in
a frivolous connection. The other day,
the twelve-year-old Dorothy looked
up in surprise as she heard her grand-
mother say laughingly:—

"Oh, well! 'Sufficient unto the day
is the evil thereof.'"

"Grannie, you're using Bible
words," said Dorothy solemnly.

"What's the matter, child?"

"You said words out of the Sermon
on the Mount and you told me I had
to be very serious whenever I quoted
the Bible."

Dorothy's grandmother quailed be-
neath the accusing eyes of her pre-
cocious little mentor and came to the
conclusion that the modern child is
entirely too forward to be lovable.

* *

Another Exile

There came to the beach
A poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe
Was heavy and chill.
Ere the steamer that brought him
Had passed out of hearin'
He was Alderman Mike
Introducin' a bill.

—Kipling.

* *

An Iconoclast

A story comes from England about
a certain Colonel in the Royal Horse
Artillery who had the reputation of
lacking in imagination, with a care
for nothing but his beloved guns. He
happened to be visiting Egypt with
some friends and naturally went to
see the Pyramids.

"So there are the Pyramids, eh?"
he said as he gazed stolidly at them.

"Yes," said an enthusiastic friend,
"are they not wonderful—stupen-
dous?"

"Oh, yes," grudging the Colonel, "I
suppose they're all right in their
way."

"I should say they are," returned
his friend. "Think of their standing
for all these thousands of years!"

"Humph!" said the unimpressed
soldier. "Give me a couple of bat-
teries and I'll guarantee to knock
them to pieces inside a week."