

## DOUGH.

(Apropos of verses in "The Century" by J. A. F.)

Oh! say Johnny Fraser, Oh! say Johnny Fraser,  
Now who is the girl that enraptured you so?  
A poet, dear Fraser, should be a star gazer,  
And how does it come then that you've looked so low,  
Is her form so majestic? Is she a domestic?  
Come tell us friend Johnny, we'd all like to know  
About this bewitchin' young sylph of the kitchen,  
Who mashed your young heart with her big lump of  
dough!  
And what were you doing, the young maiden brewing  
In her warm bower suered to pot and to pan?  
It's rather a queer place for doing your wooing,  
And I hope my dear Jack you're not that sort of man.

But don't take too much chances on all the fair Naneyes,  
Who perhaps have a "cop" hid in closet lain low,  
Or a big soldier, belted, whose thape has quite melted  
The heart of fair Nancy while kneading her dough!  
There's nothing aesthetic or highly poetic  
To see a young girl to her elbows in flour,  
It may do for verses; but p'raps she a nurse is,  
Or lately before's had the back stairs to scour!  
For my part I'd rather see my Nancy gather me  
Bouquet of moss rose or violets! and so  
You can have Nancy if she suits your fancy,  
And likewise the doughnuts she makes with her dough.

TOM BOYLAN.



## MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

PAT SULLIVAN'S "VISIT TO PARLIAMENT."

## MISTHER GRIP.

Wan of those playboys av the Press Gallery av the House (yez will kno THE HOUSE?) is just after playing a purty mane thrick upon an ould frind. Pat Sullivan cum up to town from Whitby lasth week—havin' a short time ago crost over the Salt Say all the way from the flow'ry vales av Killarney,—Pat had an onconsaivable hankerin' to see a rale Parliamt. An, shure, small blame to 'm, poor fellow. All his life, iver since he'd bin a bit av a gossoon, an long by that, Pat had bin hearin' about the grate grandur av a Parliamt in College Green. He had listened—whilst deep indignashun was bustin' his manly buz-zum—to stories about the shame an' the scandal av keepin' the Green Isle Gim av Oshun, an' the finest pansantry in the world (as Dan O'Connell, God be wid his sowl, used to say), out av the Rites av a native Parliamt.

Well, seein' but a mity small chance av iver beholdin' a Parliamt at Home, he med up his mind to cum to Canada, where, he was towld that Parliamts wur quite plintful. "Tim," sez he to me, "I must see what Parliamt looks like. I must see it wanet—jist wanet—an' dhin I'll die aisy." I promised, in an off-hand way, that if he'd hunt me up at Toronto, I'd show him the Parliamt, an' Grand Pan-Jan-Dhrum, an' the Unicorn an' the Lion fitin' for the Crown. Pat tuk all I sed rale sayrious, an' the Grand Pan-Jan-Dhrum was niver wanet out av his hed, so that he evin kipt raypatin' the word to himself all the time—the Grand Pan-Jan-Dhrum—as part av the Parliamt.

"There was a counthryman here lookin' for ye, Misther O'Day," sez the messenger on the

Press Gallery, "Mr. Moses Oates hard him axin' for ye, and he tuk him round to show him the Parliamt Bildins; an' I think (widh a grin) they're now gone to the Zoo, for I hard 'em talkin' about the lion an' sum other wild animal, the panth—No—twasn't the panth-or, twas sum strange animal." "An'," wint on the messenger, "Misther Moses was sayin' that he was bound to show the gint the animated machine, includin' the elefant."

About an hour afterwards Pat cum ruishin' to me widh open mouth an' bawlin' at the top av his voice—"I've seen It!—I've seen It!"

I cud only look me astonishment—as he wint on cryin' out—"I've seen It!"—the Great Pan-Jan-Dhrum, sittin' an' hatchin', an' fed widh flopdoodle—I've seen the Unicorn an' the Lion; an' the Inchaned Mace, mod out av a lump av solid goold, an' which was stole from Ireland! An' I've seen the man with the sword who tackles the dhragon! I've seen Parliamt! 'Tis all wonderful intirely?"

"Patsy, ye omadhan," sez I, "Twont do to be dhrinkin here (I thot he'd bin takin' a sup) be aisy an' tell me what yez mane?" An' after a grate dale av sarcumlocushun, the poor innocent bye towld me the followin':

"Not findin' yez handy, Tim, I towld that dacent, fair-spoken jintleman, with the spectacles, what I wanted. He sed he was a grate frind av yers, and wud show me the Parliamt, the Pan-Jan-Dhrum, an' iverything. He tuk me to what he called the duro av the chamber. 'Look,' sez he, 'look straight fornist yez? There by yez, in the cocked hat an' gown, an' widh the white gloves on, an' his legs acrost, sits the Grate Pan-Jan-Dhrum. He has to remain sittin' ontill the Bills are hatchd an' cum out Acts av Parliamt. Yis, that's how they're brot out. The min yez see talkin' are supplyin' him with the flopdoodle. That's the grate gasheous food av Parliamt. They make it out av their mouths, yez see, in the same way that the spider spins his web. That's the Mace lyin' cushioned on the table. 'Tis an inchaned wand, med av solid goold. 'An' bethune oursilves,' sed he, 'it wanet belonged to Finn McCool, the Irish giant, an' was stolen out av the ould House in College Green at the time av the Union!' Oh, the murtherin' villins, I cudn't help sayin' to meself. 'An' that jintleman with the sword?' I axed. 'Yes,' sez he, 'he's a grate warrior, an' he's engaged to keep off the fiery dhragon, whose tail runs a hundreth miles under Lake Ontario, an' is iver on the watch for a chance to stale the inchaned golden wand, as the Mace is sometimes called.'

"An' the Government?—Whares the Government?" axed I. The Government, he towld me wur just now assistin' in the incubashun av the Bills that bekum Acts av Parliamt. They are, sez he, assistin' the Grate Pan-Jan-Dhrum, an' hev arrived at that stage av the incubashun called Hunky-Dory. But make no noise! They mustn't be disturbed in the process or the eggs would all be addled.

"An' Parliamt?" axed I, "Whares Parliamt itself?" "Yez see the Unicorn and the Lion overhead av the Grate Pan-Jan-Dhrum," he answered, "Parliamt is fast asleep in the til av the Lion at this moment, an' if ye spake a loud word to wake'm, there will be roarin' an' ruckshuns."

"An' Mowat-Must-Go?" I axed in a whisper.—"Whares Mowat-Must-Go?"

"That," he answered, "is a kind av animal invented be a Hated Imaginashun. The unforchunate crayther who invinted it was a crank, an' he's gone an' hanged himself."

Isn't Patsy back to Whitby, who is now tellin' 'em all there about the wondhers av Parliamt and the Grate Pan-Jan-Dhrum, an' I'm in sarch av Misther Moses for a short bit av an explanation, which he will hey to give.

Your true friend,

TIM O'DAY.

## GRAND!

When cabbies on the city stand  
Charge double fare with visage bland,  
If you've a cheaper rig at hand  
'Tis Grand!

A quarter takes you anywhere,  
A reasonable handy fare,  
But O, it makes the cabbies tear  
Their hair!

Then shout their praises o'er the land—  
The coupes for a quarter, and  
The man who took this noble stand—  
Mr. Grand!

## LETTERS TO EMINENT MEN.

TO ALEXANDER MC-SNEESHIN, ESQUIRE.

SIR,—It may perhaps somewhat surprise you that I should immortalize you as one of the eminent men of Canada, and on the other hand it may not, for if ever there was a man surcharged with conceit and egotism, you, Sandy McSneeshin, are one. Even in your early days, when you were selling spellings and Loch Tync herrings on the Saltmarket of Glasgow, or as you would call it "Glascie," you thought yourself superior to fellow snop-boys, because, forsooth, you are a McSneeshin, and boasted of your Highland blood and ancestry, as you now boast of being the McSneeshin. It is quite true that one of your sans culottes forefathers, during an unsuccessful raid and with other "rievers" upon the cattle of the peaceful Lowlanders in the vicinity of Glasgow, got captured and was placed in gaol along with the notorious outlaw Robert Roy McGregor, in the "Cross of the Gallowgate," but, with the exception of endeavoring to get into a pair of second-hand breeks, wrong side foremost, he never did anything remarkable, nor was he the chief of the clan, as you pretend, not that that was any great honor, but, like the rest of the humble members of his sept, lived in a very primitive not to say barbarous fashion, and it is said very often took his lunch of oatmeal out of the heel of his brogue, moistened by the waters of the mountain streams. Occasionally, of course, he and the rest of the gang of marauders would hold high carnival, devouring stolen beef and "whiskey" in the peat reek of their Highland cabins.

Now, Sandy, I tell you this aristocratic assumption won't do, in this country, at least. You are certainly a merchant, or rather grocer, and rich, for your success you deserve a certain amount of credit (which, by the way, you never on any account give yourself); I mean credit for goods. I explain my little joke, as it is an established fact that no Scotchman can "tumble" to one except it is clearly explained to him. You live in a fine house, and keep servants to wait on you. True, some of your discharged Sassenach retainers have made the statement that you feed your henchmen on a short allowance of cauld Kail, bannocks and "parritch," but this statement may be a malicious charge on the part of the bounced Saxons; so it must go for what it is worth.

And again, Sandy, I ask you candidly why do you intend running for the House of Commons, now, if you were a Frenchman, even a large number of the "Honorable Members" might understand you, but really Sandy you must confess you speak such broad Scotch, that it is of sufficient dimensions to capsize a mail coach, and your speeches would be lost to the House, the reporters, and consequently the Press. Had you learned the aboriginal Gaelic of your forefathers, the McDonalds, the McHanshons and P'razers thereof might get on to what you meant, but take my advice, given in all good feeling, and stio to your codfish and sugar.

ANGER.

By-the-Way—Milo-stones.