



THE BALLAD OF LORD LANSDOWNE.

Lord Lansdowne was a noble lord—
A noble lord was he of high degree;
And he determined to go abroad,
As Governor-General of Canadee.

Now McBride is a great Fenian fighter,
With a big cocked hat and a sword by his side;
He loves old Erin and swears he'll right her,
For that sort of a man is the bould McBride.

And when he heard that the noble Lansdowne
Was a thinking of going over to see the Falls
Of Niagara, he takes and hands down
A blunderbuss and loads with powder and with balls.

He goes to Joe Smidt's situated on Niagara
Street, and fills some lobster cans with dynamite;
And he vowed and swore (altho' he was no bragger) he
Would blow up Lansdowne as high as, say, Gildroy's kite.

Now Lansdowne travelled as far as Toronto,
And a newspaper which assumes to be dimmycrat,
Said that his lordship was 'fraid to say where he had gone
to,

And that 'in point of fact McBride made him "lave that,"

All the same, his lordship went to Niagara
As he had declared to be his firm intent,
And he crossed to the States, but no dynamite or dagger
he

Got, and his lordship wasn't scared worth a cent.

And he came back all right, himself and his lady,
And Lord and Lady Melgund and the rest of his suite;
Not forgetting Ma'amelle (*nee* O'Grady)
The charming French *bonne* who always looks so neat.

So we'll drink success to old Lord Lansdowne,
Who went and came back from Niagara Falls;
And McBride may as well keep his dynamite cans down,
Likewise his ancient blunderbuss, charged with powder
and with balls.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—This is to inform you
that it will be impossible for me to attend the
approaching meeting of the House. You will
perhaps think it singular that I should resolve
not to go to Ottawa this session. In taking
this step it may appear to some that I have
not acted with sufficient deliberation. But I
can assure you that in taking this step I have
been actuated—as in all my public career I
have been actuated—by the purest and loftiest
of motives. Pressure of professional duties,
and increasing private business, are among
some of the reasons which have influenced me
in my action. But perhaps the most cogent
reason is found in the fact that Hon. Chief
Justice Galt has decided that it will be un-
healthy for me to go to Ottawa for some time.
You will remember that during last session
you were always certain of my support and
co-operation. In this respect I am vain
enough to think that my absence will be ap-
preciably felt. I have been congratulated by
my friends upon my record as a parliament-
arian. They say that I have made for myself
a name and place in history, from the fact that
I am the first man who ever sat in Parliament
representing a minority of votes. This is very
flattering to me. Of course I only did what
was expected of me as an humble member of
our great party, and am not disposed to place

so high an estimate upon my senses as you
seem inclined to do.

Kindly explain my absence to the "boys"
—Tilley, Carling "Tup," and the rest.

Yours as ever,
JOHN JOSEPH HAWKINS.

Your telegram just to hand I will start
for the capital immediately. You are a brick.

J. J. H.

LOST TIME.

Old Mr. Crumbley is a zealous worker in
the temperance cause; he is a powerful ex-
horter and has wrought much good amongst
the sheep who have strayed from the fold, and
he rather prides himself on his flow of eloquent
language and its effect on those who stand in
slippery places.

Somebody put him on the track of old man
Suckerbung, a confirmed toper, and he sallied
forth to see what he could do to bring the old
chap to his senses. He felt that his visit was
a kind of forlorn hope but he was determined
to make a trial, be the result what it might.
Accordingly he called on Suckerbung's wife
to obtain a few particulars concerning the old
boozer, and he was informed, amongst other
things, that the wicked old fellow had not
been sober for six weeks with the exception of
two days when he had been confined to his
house and totally unable to procure his longed-
for stimulant, and the day on which the zealous
worker called, Mr Crumbley was introduced to
the sinner and at once poured in a volley of
hot shot. "Ah! brother," he said, "It
grieves me much to hear of your conduct.
Give up this vile thing; trample it under
foot; put it away from you." Suckerbung
was much affected. Somewhat encouraged by
seeing this, the other went on; "I am told

you have only been sober two days in the past
forty-two; it is an awful thought." Sucker-
bung groaned. "Ah! brother, I am glad that
your eyes are being opened to the enormity of
your sin." Suckerbung groaned more dis-
mally than before. "Two days out of forty-
two," continued the exhorter, "two days of
sobriety to forty of drunkenness and ravening
wickedness! It is an awful thought; an
awful thought indeed." Suckerbung fetched
a groan that nearly lifted the good man from
his seat, and a sigh that came within an ace of
blowing him through the door.

"But don't take it so hard, brother, groan-
ing will do no good; why groan? Forty days
of drunkenness to two of sobriety is a fearful
thought, but why groan?"

"I was thinking of them two days wasted,"
said Suckerbung, and the good man went forth.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

IN MILTONIC VERSE.

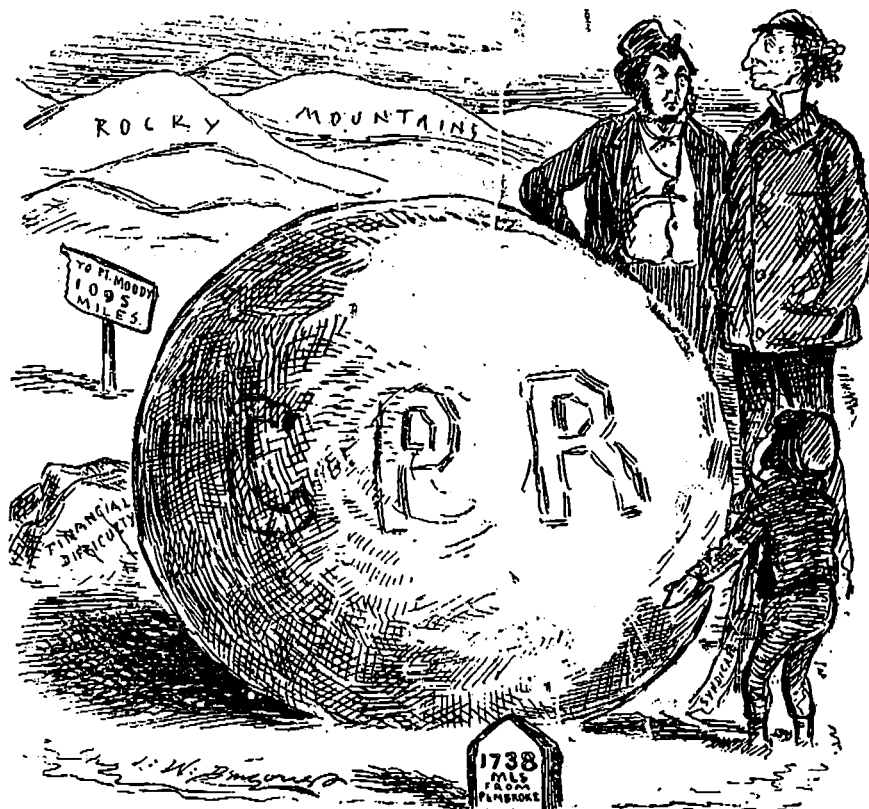
In arched recess, beneath th' ancestral roof,
The scion of a haughty ducal line
View now installed. Yet this without design
Of harsh correction—due not to reproof
Parental. He, with whollier mind to dine
On viands deleterious there, aloof
'Stablished his infant-seat: not thither crept
Had he as cowering culprit—sullen, swept
By withering glance, his gaze down-borne by frown
Of angry sire. Seemed rather he had slept
Some mead within, with soft-hued crown
Of odorous clover.* Likewise to renown
As moral urchin he has proved his dignity—
Deep thrusting his anterior digit down
Into the savory paste, up choicest damson came.

J. B. M.

Brantford, Jan. 25, 1884.

* A circuitous method, possibly, of representing one to
be "in clover."

Whenever a dentist takes the stump, he
draws well.—*Ex.*



SUPPOSE WE GIVE THE LAD A LIFT OVER THE HILL?