



BLARNEY!

SCENE. - Coboury - Near the Harbor.

Mrs. Coboury (log).—Shure, Sur Hector, the Quane did herself a great honor in makin' a knight av ye, so she did. But its an Earl or a Lord you ought to be, Sur Hector. An', begorra, O'im sartin a statesman like you wouldn't be ather lavin' this har or av ours in its prisint condition fwthin a few thousands out av the public till wud fix it ail as purty as yerself, sur!

Change Ringiz z.

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The shock king news that all may hear,
Least welcome tidings of the year,
Ring out wild bells, so ring it st and high.

Ring out the ying, ring in the old,
Ring out those bells with bronzed throats,
Ring out your strange prophetic notes,
Ring fast yes fast tho ye are told.

Ring out some hopes beyond recall,
Some fears that shall be felt no more,
"Ring out the feud of rich and poor,"
Ring in the worm-wed and the gall.

Ring out a quint-essential flirt,
A heroine of "party" strife,
Ring in a hum-drum mode of life,
With buttons for the daily shirt.

Ring out the glance, the smile, the sigh,
The sudden coldness at odd times,
Ring out, ring out my spicific rhymes,
Too deep for words my feelings lie,

Ring out the pride of tact and wit,
The caustic tongue, the frolic pen,
The pricking goads of stricken men,
Ring in a change of "biter bit"

Ring out wild bells without a check,
Ring out the knoll of girlish mirth,
Ring in fresh disappointments, birth,
[O some one, wring this poet's neck!—Ed.]

In Kilts.

A great many peepel will found disfavor, and luff and mak' sport of ta kilts, but nevertheless notwithstanding mor-over she'll pe ta finest dress and pretty pesides what li pe wore py any nation in ta world. Not wan of ta peepel what will mak' sport of ta kilts will ken ta oreigin of him. There will pe several views given as to where ta kilts will start from. Some very eminent writers affirm that ta will pe ta first dress wore in ta garden of Eden. Herself does not agree wis this opeinion, although she thinks maybe ta Heelan plaid will pe wore py Adam and Eve, but she would not claim more nor that at all events. Another view is that ta kilts was first wore py ta Jews at ta crossing of ta Red Sea, and since ta Heelman is always foremost in saology; Toogal will be inclined to these opeinion. Whateffer will pe ta correct view, ta kilts is a bonnie costume, anyway whateffer, and she'll neffer pe more proud of her native land than when she'll see ta ninety-second parade in a foreign country. She was an honor to ta land of ta heaser and cakes. Well she could wrote to any lense on ta kilts, but this will pe sufficient to show that him is a grand dress and worse of a Heelman.

TOOGALL.

The Bay.

BY EDGAR ALLAN KHAN.

The skies they were cloudless and pallid,
Chaste Cynthia shed a cold ray,
A shivering, shimmering ray,
In the old golden green of a salad
She painted the beautiful bay,
Oh, I thought, could I indite a ballad
To put in the papers next day!
My excuse would be honest and valid,
To sail out to-night on the bay.

Then I thought of my own Marianna,
My loved Marianna, my soul!
My utterly utter sweet soul!
I called, she was at the pianola
And making an overture toll;
I asked in my most polite manner
If she'd deign to go out for a stroll,
And I said the cool breezes would fan her,
If she'd walk to the bay for a stroll.

Marianna then put on her bonnet:
I said "Let us go to the bay,
"The beautiful, sweet scented bay!"
"If you like I will write you a sonnet
"To put in the paper next day.
"For I know well that once we're upon it,
"Albeit health Astaire's bright ray,
"I can write to your eyes a sweet sonnet,
"But of course I won't give you away."

Oh, vile, cranky boat, Oh perfid'ous,
Oh, cruel and treacherous bay!
Oh, weedy wile, wish-washy bay,
Marianna's voice made the night hideous
As our last on her lonely side she lay.
Marianna was dumped in the bay,
When at last with an effort prodigious
She was raked with a hook from the bay
By the heathen man, whom I'd to pay,
And who said, if ye'd done what I bid ye,
Ye'd have not dropped the girl in the bay.
In the drear, dismal, damp, dirty bay.

The Telegraph Monopoly.

SCENE.—St. Francois Xavier Street. Mr. A., a retired merchant, who speculates in stocks and is a large holder in telegraph shares. Mr. B., an extensive produce merchant, but not an owner of telegraph stock.

Mr. B.—Oh! Mr. A., I hear you are a huge holder of Montreal Telegraph stock, but I trust you don't intend to vote for ratifying the agreement made by the Directors with this shun leasing company.

Mr. A.—Most certainly I do. Why not?
Mr. B.—Why not, my dear sir? Why you, as an old business man, mu-t understand the evils of a monopoly. Rates will be raised at once—we shall have an inferior service and be treated as arrogantly as we were when the Montreal Telegraph Company had no opposition.

Mr. A.—Quite a mistake, my dear sir—quite a mistake. The rates may certainly be slightly raised, say five cents per message; but what of that, the business of the country can afford it. But excuse me, I have an appointment. Good morning.

Mr. B.—Stay Mr. A. How many telegrams do you receive and send in the course of the year?

Mr. A.—Well, certainly, not a great many. Suppose we say—ah!—um—yes—about fifty.

Mr. B.—Exactly so. Well, I receive and send on an average about fifty per day, and I don't relish being muled seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum by a set of Yankee stock jobbers.

Mr. A.—Come, come, my dear sir, now that is really unjust, and a little coarse in the bargain. The shareholders will derive the benefit of the increased dividend, and an eight per cent. stock is certainly worth one hundred and fifty. See how the shares must advance.

Mr. B.—Oh! then all you think of is the increased dividend and the advance in the stock. You have no thought for the public good, and no qualms about selling out to a set of Wall street sharpers a purely Canadian company of which we have all been proud.

Mr. A.—Well, really no, can't say that I have. I am a large holder of the stock and feel it my duty to make the most of it. Each for himself, you know. But positively you must excuse me. Good morning.

Mr. A. marches off calculating his profits should the stock advance to one hundred and fifty, whilst Mr. B. ponders on the virtues of an injunction.



RESIGNATION OF KING ALONZO.

The doizens of the Gatineau have long been happy and contented under the rule of King Alonzo Wright I. This good monarch has grown gray in the service of his loyal people, and is beloved by every shanty-man and habitant of the Ottawa region. But, alas! times have changed and the sceptre has departed from King Alonzo. By the high imperious command of the Dominion Government, a party named McLaren has been placed upon the throne of the Gatineau, and usurped the crown so long and worthily worn by the Wrightful King. This King McLaren, it appears, owns some land on a lumbering stream, and by virtue of the Disallowance of the Streams Bill, passed by the Ontario Government, he has been declared owner and controller of the waterway. In pursuance of the arbitrary power thus put in his hands, he denies his neighbors further up the right to float their logs down his stream, and thus has provided food for the lawyers of the vicinity. King McLaren should take warning by the pitiful example of the present Czar of Russia, if he doesn't want to see a Nihilistic community around him.

A "Soot-er Johnny."

According to the census regulations origin follows the paternal side, and a colored man living in town is therefore held to be a Scotchman, because his father came from the "Land of Cakes." We have not heard that he belongs to the Caledonian Society, but if he does he should certainly be made chief. Dundas Standard.

Mr. Grip is lost in astonishment at the ignorance displayed by his worthy and esteemed relative, Mr. Standard, of Dundas. Here he is shouting Eureka in his own way at the appointed time, by a census-taker, of a black Scotchman. Now, if it had been a black Scotchman who had discovered a census taker who knew a B from a bull's foot, figuratively speaking, who could locate India out of the Province of Ontario, or who could spell Germany without a J., Grip himself would have echoed Eureka! in letters 4 x 3 on the front page of his very next issue. But he could not think of going to that trouble about a black Scotchman. Shade of Roderick Dhu! There are lots of them in Canada here. And Mr. Standard thinks that such a *rara avis* should be elected chiefman of the Caledonian Society! "Well, what for no?" Why, the chiefman of the great Tory party is a Scotchman, and according to accounts of him in Grit papers he must be as black as the most "called pusson" outside of Timbuctoo.

"According to census regulations origin follows the paternal side." Good for you, sensible regulator! Hooray! for mother Eve. So then we are descended from the baboons, and monkeys, and gorillas, &c., *ad infinitum*, on the father's side early!

Oh! woman, though in hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
While monkey blood in Adam ran,
Thou, perfect, came from perfect man.

You bet "dat ar nigger" fooled the census-taker to the top of his bent when he answered, "Scotland, sah!"