

BANG!

THOUGHTS ON THE OPENING OF THE HOUSE BY THE DEMOCRATIC EDITOR.

Bang! That goes the first eternal cannon,
Now Hizzonor, I reckon, is gittin' in his coach;
Wall, I should like to know what's the use to keep
a-famin'
The flaming fires of liberty, or trying to approach
Anythin' like freedom, anythin' Democratic.
When round the country's neck sich millstones are
lowed to hang.
As Aidekongs and Body-Guards, and gew-gaw 'risto-
cratic—
Confound that beastly battery! that's another cannon
—bang!

Bang! now Hizzonor's got down to what the guard is;
Shoulder humps! present humps! and shoulder
humps! again.
The weather's mighty cold, and I think it rathar hard is,
To keep them soldiers out thar so long, it is a sin;
But I suppose they like it, each poor benighted critter,
It seems a mighty "loil" thing to hear the rifles
clang
When he comes to the "present," though the wind is
nipping bitter—
Hallo, thar she goes agin! another cannon—bang!

Bang! Now Hizzonor has got among the ladies,
The kornals and the majors, and the military "staff";
The latter don't have much to do, 'cept draw upon their
pay days.
But never mind that now, for see! Hizzonor's hat is
off:
He stands and reads his little apocch 'bout this and
that and the other;
But nobody there hears or cares what is the long
harangue
Oh! boys, it's 'nuff to make a man git up and cues his
mither—
Number one gun ready! Number one, fire! Bang!

Our Own at Ottawa.

Lord Gumboil—Open-mouthed Amazement—Lans-
downe's Good Taste—More from Huggins, M.P.
—Sunday at Home—Liquor on the Shelf.

OTTAWA, Feb. 28.—Took a walk to Rideau
Hall to-day to see the tobogganing and other
national pastimes that go on there every Sat-
urday. Celebrities of all kinds to be seen
there too—latest importation is Lord Gar-
moyle, alias Gumboil, whose affections have
been decided to be worth £10,000 to the young
actress who lost them. Probably affections
are best part of him—don't think any Canadian
girl would give £10,000 for all the rest of his
lordship. Funny to see members from "way
back" going down the slide—full of "agricul-
tural prejudices"—don't like "shooting Nia-
gara"—eyes stick out—hats fly off—hands
clenched on sides of toboggan. Young Eng-
lishmen make point of going down. One of
them told me—"Turned woun'd to speak to
Smyjthe, you know, who was steering—wascal
staw'd bofoah I had time to shut my mouth
—couldn't shut it till we got to the bottom, by
Jove!" Lansdowne very affable—Huggins
says he's finest conversationalist he ever met—
asked him what Marquis said—"Gad, come to
think of it—can't remember anything he said
—believe I did all the talking myself!" Only
remember one thing he said to me—"Haven't
looked twice at *Punch* in last six months—
don't seem to have any relish for it since I've
taken *Grip*." Remarkably fine taste for an
Englishman.

Huggins was out this forenoon.

Monday, 23rd.—Laurier insisted on discus-
sion about short line railway from Montreal to
sea coast—Government wouldn't discuss—
moved adjournment—Laurier and Langeller
reminded them of promises—said Quebec
wouldn't stand any more nonsense. Langevin
looked very cross but said very little—strong
"ultramontaine"—has to support Pope and
"Pope's road" whatever Quebec may say.
More Section B—Pope tired out—"Sit down
and I'll give you all the papers you want."

Tuesday.—Cartwright worrying Pope about
Census—said it was "deliberately and fraudu-
lently falsified for a purpose"—purpose, to
give preponderance to Quebec—ruled out of
order—went into *Hansard* all the same. Pope
insists on counting everybody that ought to be
in country—Cartwright says should only count

those that are there—Mitchell abusing Grand
Trunk again—down on 'insolent railway cor-
porations"—thinks they should be taught a
lesson by House—pretty rich that from the
"Herald angel."

Wednesday.—Kranz's resolution to compen-
sate brewers and distillers when we pass pro-
hibition. Wells thought tobacco did more
harm than alcohol. Orton said prohibition
was destroying Christianity. Fisher said time
enough to discuss compensation when we had
prohibitory bill—debate adjourn'd.

Thursday.—Foster gave lecture on Kranz's
motion—even flow of eloquence—level elo-
quence—almost flat—House agrees to shelve
question. All very well to shelve it now, but
what's to be done on Batty's bill to prohibit
and compensate? Suppose will find some way
out of that too. Government must take re-
sponsibility—then we've got 'em whichever way
they go. Charlton addressed congregation—I
mean House—on Sunday Excursions Bill—
highly instructive. Chapeau in reply quite
humorous—thinks everybody ought to be al-
lowed to rest on Sunday, just as hard as he
likes—on steamboat or on rail, or anyhow—
moreover, held bill *ultra vires*—let Provinces
look after Sunday—bill thrown out.

Friday.—Chapleau's resolutions to raise pay
of Civil Service Examiners to \$600 one of
them getting \$2,800 a year already in Library.
Blake, Mulock and Casey worried him.
Chapleau always cross with Casey—tried dig-
nity racket—no use against cheek—Casey re-
ferred him to Langevin and Caron for lesson
in politeness—Chapleau too mad to risk reply.
McCarthy's bill about "Carriers" passed second
reading—partly *ultra vires* too, perhaps! Mc-
Carthy ought to be a Grit—always trying to
reform something—don't get much help from
his party—will have to reform the party some
of these days—nice job he'll have too.



A POSER.

Sunday—Scene, Toronto—An actual fact.
(Mamma has been reading about the Israelites
asking for a king).

Ethel (who is an adept at "grab")—What did
they ask for a king for, mamma; didn't they
have any Jacks?

A LAY OF THE LIBRARY.

Anathema be to the evil day
And likewise Maranatha, too,
When my love took wings and it fled away
To that demoielle dressed in blue,
With eyes of a mixture of green and grey
But decidedly azure hue.

So airily, fairly, lovely she,
And so softly susceptible I,
No wonder she soon made a conquest of me

And certainly didn't half try.
But I'm easily vanquished, as one may see,
And I'm also uncommonly shy.

But daily my eyes on this beautiful lass
In the Library known as Free
Will fall; and no wonder it came to pass
That she utterly flattened out me.
Alack! well-a-day! and also alas!
My woo is most awful to see.

For she heeds not the depth of my lover-like sighs
And repays me with never a look
As I pour out my soul thro' my languishing eyes
When I go for a Library book.
She jots down the number with little surprise,
And hangs up my slip on a hook.

Yet I try every stratagem I can devise
To detain her most rapturous figure,
But she sees through my art, I can tell by her eyes,
Which are blessed with remarkable vigor.
But she heeds not my looks and my desperate sighs
Any more than if I were a nigger!

Then I pick out a book that I know isn't in
Just to watch her as, going to look,
She walks with the grace of a Persian queen
In search of the absent book;
(Which I know isn't there as I'd carefully soon
The red ticket so visibly tuck.)

No word will she speak save what business demands
As she comes back again—so fair—
And she says as she puts back the slip in my hands,
"That identical book isn't there."
And whilst I am choosing another, she stands
With a slightly contemptuous air.

Oh! peace, beating heart: trembling flutterer be still;
Oh! fates, what on earth shall I do?
My love, unrequited, is making me ill,
And my appetites leaving me, too.
Such tender emotion my bosom do fill
All caused by that maiden in blue.

Oh! Library Board, please pity my case
And choose some less beautiful maid
Your present enslavers, so fair, to replace,
With their bangs and their frizzes and braids.
Get some spectacled spinners with beautyless face,
Ere my figure to nothingness fades.

Or make a new by-law preventing such men,
Such susceptible creatures as me
(That isn't good grammar—'tis a slip of my pen)
From entering the Library Free—
Until this is done, and then, only then,
Will my heart again passionless be.

SHEEPSHANKS' LOVE.

I.

"Good night, sweet Julia: may an angel's
slumbers be yours."

Such was the parting benediction of Adel-
bert Sheepshanks, as he pressed the fragile,
yielding form of Julia Grandpere to his manly
bosom and bowing his graceful figure into two
sides of an equilateral triangle, prepared to
take his departure. Julia was his own and
only love; that is, with the exception of her
fortune, himself and his own magnificent
whiskers, which latter were a pair whose
glossiness and beauty were the envy of all the
young lah-de-dahs of the city—Toronto.

Our gallant knight, then, having invoked
those blissful slumbers of which we have
spoken, departed.

The full, fair moon was now far up in the
sky—a solitary light twinkled here and there
from a window—the streets were deserted and
not a sound could be heard save the echo of
the lover's footsteps and the occasional mur-
murous snore from the mouth of some weary
policeman. Adelbert wandered on; he was
too happy to sleep—too romantic to retire to
his chamber. That very evening he had been
accepted as the affianced of the lovely Miss
Grandpere, and he was even now turning over
in his mind the manner in which her fortune
might be invested to the best advantage. Yes,
he was very romantic. He walked down to
the Bay and made sundry ejaculations to the
sleeping moonbeams on the bosom of the deep.
He was, however, somewhat too near to the
opening of a sewer and he retired, his mind