

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

JOHN BEVERLY IN N.Y.

'RASTUS WIMAN
Is a high man,
Potentate and swell,
Says he, John B., you come with me,
I'll feed you mighty well.

EDDY BLAKE'S SONG.

When I fight a campaign,
Speaking time and again,
Till they tell me the heather is fired,
Then find that John A.
Goes and carries the day,
That's something that makes me feel tired!

DUET FROM OUR OWN "RUDDIGORE."

Tupper—I once was a Lord High Cocolorum;
Cartwright—Yes! and you cost a heap of money!
Tupper—I *did* live high, but with great decorum.
Cartwright—Your little bills they were far from funny!
Tupper—Now I've come over to lead my party.
Cartwright—Old John A. doesn't think of going.
Tupper—True, he appears uncommon hearty!
Cartwright—O, he knows what he is doing!
Make no mistake,
He's wide awake, (Dance)
You can't lead, and Sir John is knowing!

A DEMAND FOR COMPENSATION.

MISTHER GRIP,—



SOR—Is it a fray country ye'd be
after callin' the City of Toranty? Where
a man can't do what he plazes widout
havin' the bread taken out av his mouth
widout a pe'nn'orth av compensatin?
Where a man cant turn an 'annesht pinny
behind the bar widout a thaf av the wurralld
like Howland shuttin him up an lavin'
him widout a roof over his head in the
dead day av winter? Och wirrasthruel
It's evil times we're after fallen upon in-
toirely; talk about evictions! An' me just after buyin'
two beautiful houses an' rintin' them; an' a pianny fur
Mary Ann, me dahter, to play on whin she comes home
from the boordin' school. No compensatin! the plun-
derin' vagabones, the robbers. Luck ye now, afore I wint
into this drink business, sure I was nobody at all, at all,
only an ordinary man wid nary a thing atune me an' star-
vation, but the grace av God an' me days wage. Thin I
rinted a place an' got a bit av a license whin licenses were
aisier to get than they are now, an' I got a keg av lager
an' a couple av gallons av whisky an' sure the luck was in
it, fur the byes 'ud drap in on their way to an' from worruk
an' they'd lave me quite a bit av money. Then some-
times when they'd be short I'd trust them and they'd
always pay me the very frisht thing out av their pay, an'
if the winmin did come along onst in a while like to tear
the bit av hair out av me head for givin' their sons an'
their husbands whisky, what matter, sure it was only a
woman's tongue an' whin they weren't waggin' about that
sure they'd be tacklin' something else, anyhow I got the
money. An' I thruv—for whin a gosoon ud' come in wid
his pockets full av money, it's a comfortable sate I'd give
him by the shtove, an' sometimes he'd shtay there tratin'
this bye an' that bye that ud drap in, till beggora I'd have
every copper he had in the till an' then av coorse I'd have
to help him outside, so as to get up me shutters afore
eleven o'clock like a daycent law abidin' citizen. Then

there was that little back dure in the alley way for Sundy
convaynience, where me regular customers cud shlip in
quietly an daycently widout breakin' the resht av the Sab-
bath day. Shure the money we'd take in from that little
back dure av a Sundy was more'n we'd take sometin's
through the shop dure av a weekday, an' where's the
harm, so long's we wernt found out? An' now all this is
shtapped on me, be Howland an' Flemin' the thavin
vagabones, widout compensatin! widout compensatin fur
all the money tuk in from me bar, an' the little back dure,
an' the lashins the boys ud lave me in the little back
parlor. An' why shouldn't I be after gettin' com-
pensatin, didn't meself say me prayers at me mother's
knee as well as Alderman Baxter or Hunter? Haven't
I been after given' the proceeds of manys the
good forenoons sale av whiskey for the church an'
the missionaries, to say nothing of the old clothes me
dahter sends to the orphans homes and all sich consarns?

But musha, what's the use of talking! its the wurralld
that's turnin' upside down intoirely; an' its what anybody
moight know would happen whin wimmin got the votin'
power in their hands. All wimmin think av is good
aitin' an' dhrinkin and good clothes an' no less than good
eddicatin too, if yez plazes. They've got to be as indi-
pindint as a pig on ice, an' if wan av the min goes into
a tavern an' spinds his wages, havin a trate all round in
the good ould shyle, it's too hot the house is made for
him, an' all because he don't bring home groceries or
dry-goods or boots fur the childer' inshted av a good
shkin full av whiskey. Don't talk to me about Home
Rule, it's Home Rule in the hands av wimmin that's
ruinin' the thrade, they're bound to have their homes up
to the handle wid ivery thing, divil a thing else they
think of, an' as fur compensatin fur the loss av custom,
sure they'd tare the eyes out av the head av whoever 'ud
minton it. But begorra compensatin we're goin' to
have or bust. If there's to be no more spindin' of money
in taverns, if a man is to be after carryin' home ayther
his pay or something be way av an' equivalent fur it, thin
in common justice an' 'annesty I demand compensatin
fur the portion av his wages I've been after receivin'
duly every ray day fur years. Do yez fur a moment sup-
pose we'll be after standin' by an' lettin' ourselves be
robbed an' plundered like that widout a word av protesht?
How dye think I'm after feelin' to see all the fellows
goin' home sober wid a pocket full av money, an' meself
daresnt open me door so they can come in an' lave a
share av it wid me, like gintlemen? Dye call legislation
like that in the true interests av timpirance? To the
divil wid sich timpirance, an' all the rest of thim new-
fangled wimmin notions, but begorra compensatin we'll
have or—but lashte said is aisiest mindid in thim wimmin
times, bad luck to thim. I am, sir, yours widout Com-
pensatin.

BARNEY O'HEA.

"YOUNG man," said the stern parent to the applicant
for his daughter's hand, "are you sure you can support a
family?" "I—wasn't m—making any calculations on
that," stammered the youth; "I only want the girl, you
know."—*The Child.*

MR. THOMAS O'HAGAN, of Paisley, a young Canadian
writer of marked talent, contemplates publishing shortly
a book of poems under the title "A Gate of Flowers." To
protect himself from financial loss (something a poet
must look for in Canada, we are sorry to say), Mr.
O'Hagan is receiving subscriptions for the work in ad-
vance. The price is placed at 75 cents.