



"AH! I HAVE SIGHED FOR REST!"

LITTLE BOREMAN—"But have you ever heard Peanutti sing the 'Tower Song' from *Il Trovatore*? He does it magnificently, don't you know. I heard him sing it at Jarvison's the other evening, and it positively carried me away!"

CAPT. DOWLER (to the Host)—"Then get him to sing it now, Smithkins, if you possibly can!"

enlist the literary element in support of the tottering fabric of Ottawa misrule. All the poets in the country will be seduced by thus dangling the glittering bait of office before them and will be led to prostitute their talents to the cause of Toryism. I am disgusted. I may add that I am always disgusted with anything that the Government does or thinks of doing.

THE KHAN.—Here is a little trifle on the subject which I have just dashed off. Very busy threshing just now, and the hired man laid up with a kick he received trying to take the burrs out of the tail of the brindle mule. See my poem on the subject in the Dundas *True Banner*.

Office for poets—good enough!
Glad we are going to have a show,
We are the people, we're the stuff,
We lead the country, don't you know.

Abbott's got sense don't you forget;
Campbell is well enough to begin,
When a portfolio's vacant, you bet,
Then you will see where the Khan comes in.

E. E. SHEPPARD.—It is all right so far as Campbell is concerned, but what I'm afraid of is the boom it will give to the poetry business. I have an assistant editor who does nothing else than receive poets and look over manuscripts, and if this thing starts several hundred more new poets we shall be perfectly inundated. It ought to be understood that it does not constitute a precedent.

H. K. COCKIN.—Of course I think it's a good thing, but still if it is intended to encourage literary merit it

does seem to me that some poet whose writings tend more directly to encourage national sentiment and arouse military ardor might have been chosen.

W. A. DOUGLAS.—Campbell may be all his admirers claim, but I think he has blindly ignored some great economic truths. He writes nicely about the lakes, but man is a land animal, and so long as the land owner is permitted to appropriate the unearned increment it makes no sort of difference who fills the offices.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

OH, where, and oh, where, has your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to take his trousers off and put the tartans on,
And it's oh, and it's oh, but the boys will have great fun!

And what, and oh, what, will your Highland laddie wear?
And won't the 'skeeters have a chance to bite his limbs so bare?
And it's oh, and it's oh, but I think I hear him swear!

And what, and oh, what, is your Highland laddie's height?
He measures only five feet six, his weight is rather light,
And it's oh, and it's oh, but he's spoiling for a fight.

And how, and oh, how, can your Highland lad enlist?
Recruits must stand full five feet nine the officers insist,
And it's oh, and it's oh, I'm afraid such don't exist!

AT 1. A.M.

HE—"I am a man of leisure."
SHE—"I know; but I think I'd like your leisure better if allowed to enjoy it in small consignments"