

HALF HOURS WITH THE POETS.

L—d B—n.

WITH ALL APOLOGUES TO CHIDE HAROLD.

Roll on, thou drunk and dark blue peeler, roll,
Thy baton now thou whirlest quite in vain;
Thou art conquered by blue ruin—self-control
Hath ceased with thee: the whiskey-watery hane
Doth mar thy course; nor dost thou now retain
One sign of human reason, save alone
When for a moment with thy night and main
Thou clingest unto some lamp-post with a groan,
Without thy helmet hat thou't then: thou't drunk—
hegone!

The Peeler makes a break.

His steps shake on the path: the bat he wears
Is but a sport for him: he doth arise
And kick it from him; the vile gloss it bears
For contract prices he doth all despise.
Spurning it from the pavement toward the skies,
And sends it shivering in his playful way
Into the gutter, where perchance it lies
Till, stumbling over it as well he may,
He falls beside it—there together let them lay.

—SWIZ.

THE WILES OF THE OBSTRUCTIONIST.

MR. GRIP:—

Dear Bird of Freedom and Fun,—I write you in an excited and indignant state.

But pray do not be personally alarmed. I have no evil designs on you—for various reasons. Nor do I propose to order you to stop my paper—which, I believe, is half a year in arrears.

I write you in the interest of our common country and the integrity of our Government. I am a recently appointed office-holder, let me explain right here. I entirely disapprove of embarrassing the Government. Now, situated as I am, I can calmly and reasonably protest against a policy of worrying the administration. According to my view of public affairs, there is no sense in annoying the Ministry.

You will, I am sure, as the exponent of Right and Truth and Reason, cordially agree with me so far.

Well, what do we find? We find—I answer myself, being in a hurry and anticipating your able response—that Sir John and his Cabinet are being factiously worried; that they are being causelessly harassed; that they are being subjected to needless labor; that their loyal, patriotic and entirely disinterested efforts to steer the good ship of state clear of threatening breakers into the safe harbor of—of—of another term, so to speak, are being wilfully, flagrantly, shamelessly obstructed.

I will content myself with giving one notable and altogether convincing case in point.

Of course you know the Fergus *News-Record*. You doubtless watch eagerly for its coming each week. Then your keen eyes will have sighted the article in last week's issue from which I quote in frenzied haste the subjoined:—

"It is easy to understand why the dodging bungler would like to see the session brought to a close. It is easy to understand why the great incompetent shrinks from the lash when his culpable mismanagement of affairs in the North-West are brought under review. It is easy to understand the necessity that the arch-trickster feels for such political advantage as his party may derive from his monstrously partizan Franchise Bill. All this is transparent as glass, and can be seen through by any one. But what astonishes people is that the unscrupulous Premier, instead of attempting to muzzle the Opposition," etc., etc.

There! Listen to that! Can you conceive of anything more viciously factious? more designedly obstructive?

Right in the very middle of the most important period of a long session of Parliament—when Sir John, after almost super-human effort, has succeeded in prevailing on a domineering Opposition to let him introduce Government measures, when he is about to satisfactorily solve the North-West problem, do a small and tardy measure of justice to the poor but deserving Pacific Railway Co., and reconcile his attitude toward his long-suffering but patient Quebec followers with the views of the *Toronto News*—right in the middle of all this,

I say, a violent and headstrong journal jumps up and calls him three bran-new names, to wit: "Great Incompetent," "Arch-Trickster," "Unscrupulous Premier"—which are not put in capital letters for the simple reason that the big type in the office has run out owing to a press of job-work!

There is nothing left for Sir John, after his copy of the *News-Record* reaches him, but to rise wearily, retire slowly, and in the seclusion of his private office, bring out his scrap-book and paste-pot, duly enter and index under the heading of "Titles, Orders, etc.," this Fergus man's powerful editorial, and forthwith order new visiting cards with "G. I." "A.T." "U.P.," added to the other symbolical letters attached to the Right Honorable name.

Thus is the Patriot Heart lacerated! In this way is a progressive Premier's onward march rudely checked!

After this fashion do the foes of expeditious legislation work their demoniacal arts!

And yet there are some people who soberly wonder what keeps back the business of the House!

Oh, Liberal editors, give us fewer epithets and more local news!

Yours in equal parts of anger and anguish,
ANTI B. ILLINGS GATE.



OH! OH!

(Scene—West-end drawing-room. Swell, who has been paying court to eldest daughter, has just called, and little sister has been sent in to amuse him until the other is ready).

Little Sister—(looking intently at swell's "masher" collar).—What is debt, Mr. Woodhead?

Swell.—Er—debt is—well, er—if you owed me a kiss, that would be a debt.

Little Sister.—Oh, how funny! And do you call your tall collar a kiss?

Swell.—A kiss? Er—no. But why do you ask?

Little Sister.—Because I heard mamma tell sister that she mustn't encourage you, 'cause you are up to the ears in debt. I thought it was your collar.—*Glasgow Bailie*.

WAR.

BY ONE OF THE RESERVE.

How glorious is war, grim-visaged war,
The rolling drum, the brazen trumpet's blare,
The burnished bayonet glistening in the sun,
The deadly rifle and the keen-edged sword;
The rumbling, thundering field-piece, and the steed
Pawing the grassy turf; impatient he
To dash impetuous in the furious charge.
Forward, ye brave ones, forward to the fray!
What though the trail be long, the weather cold;
What though your haversacks do not contain
But frozen pork and hard-tack, for your chuck;
The blazing bivouac fire will cheer you up

(Providing always you've a chance to halt).
And then you'll get your whack of good hot tea.
If not, then forward, forward still my braves,
And keep it up, until the next bright morn
The bugles sound the halt. Oh, glorious war!
Camp-kettles steaming in the frosty air;
Thaw out your pork and crack your hard-tack up,
And make a breakfast fitting for a king.
Oh, glorious war! Forward, then, my braves!
The Indians and the half-breeds are in front—
The fight commences, some of you may drop.
Ah, there goes one! And now another! well,
Your country looks upon you (from afar);
'Tis yours to do or die, 'tis mine to stay
And read the papers and get all the facts
Of all the deeds of valor you've performed.
Beshrew me! but I do admire your pluck!
But no camp-out for me! not much, oh no!
No bayonets and no buckshot; no salt pork
For me—because indeed I like mine ease;
But yet I do like to hear of glorious war.
Forward, then, soldiers! nobly do or die!
While I remain at home and praises sing
To our brave troops, and thee, oh glorious war!

—J.

A PARONOMASTIC MORCEAU.

They sat in lover-like proximity at the starboard end of the sofa, twittering sweet nothings that were carried up to the throne of love on platters of priceless pearl, by cupids with iridescent wings that gleamed in the golden smile of Venus with drops of ambrosial dew.

"That's a beautiful morceau, isn't it?" she murmured, with boarding-school ecstacy, as he quoted some gem of poetry.

"Ah, yes," he answered; "more so than anything I've seen for some time."

Then a great horse-blanket of infinite silence fell upon them.—*The Hatchet*.

"I hear young Crimsonbeak has been acting at your theatre," said Yeast to a theatrical man. "Yes, he has," replied the man addressed, with a world of meaning in his looks. "How did he act?" "About as bad as a man could act!" "You don't say!" came from the white-haired philosopher. "What part did he take?" "Well, you see, he was acting as treasurer for the company, and when he left suddenly he took the largest part of a week's receipts!"—*Yonker's Statesman*.

OLLA PODRIDA.

ROUGH AND TOUGH ENOUGH.

The authenticity of the following is vouched for, and certainly the bookseller's answer is just about as rough on the "Ambitious City" as they make 'em. *Voila* the anecdote. A gentleman dropped into a certain book and news dealer's store and enquired of the proprietor whether he had the *London Free Press*.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"H'm; well, have you the *Hamilton Spectator* then?"

"No, sir," replied the dealer, "we don't keep any village papers."

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THE DENTIST A PARADOX.

Externally the dentist is
A modest man; from inside cheek
His living's made; again his "biz"
Stops people's jaws that they may speak.

The dentist, too, makes teeth of bone
For those whom fate has left without,
And finds provision for his own
By pulling other people's out.

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FINE OPENINGS FOR EDITORIALS JUST NOW.

We are on the brink of a precipice, etc.

When we survey the state of the North-West, etc.

Affairs have at length arrived at a crisis, etc.
The latest telegrams from Winnipeg indicate, etc.

Sir John A. Macdonald reminds us of the man in the fable who, etc.

That our volunteers are not wanting in courage is amply evinced, etc.