

"Next Judy McQuade tackled Molly McGann,
An' fractured her bewtiful nose;
Ye'd have laughed yerself sick at the way that
she ran.
Wid the blood streaming down an her
clothes.

"And just as big Jerry, to thry an' make pace,
Was latherin' round wid a flail,
Sure who but the peelers walked into the
place,
An' tuk the whole gang aff to jail.

"When native Irish-Canadian poetry
such as this is ignored, it is evident that
the compiler is actuated by sectional
bigotry, if not by the equally base mo-
tive of personal malignity.

"DENIS O'HOULAHAN,
"The Irish-Canadian Poet.
'BIDDULPH TOWNSHIP, July 6th."

A COLORED POETESS' WAIL.

"MISTAH GRIP,—Am de cullud ladies
an' gen'men ob dis kentry de equals ob
de white pussons, or am dey not, an' if
so wharfore? Dat's de question. As
de cullud poetess ob Canada I feel in-
sulted, 'kase dat man Litehall dun lef all
my pieces outen dat book he printed in
London. Furdermo', I've been tole dat
dey ain't a single pome in dat ar work by
a cullud writer. Do you call dat liberty?
Dere's dat lubly piece wat I wrote fur
banjo accompaniment:

"Oh, de bull-frog croak in de ole canawl,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by,
An' de Thomas-cat squalling on de garden
wall,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by.
Punkin pie an' possum, mighty good ter eat,
Golly! Mistah Johnsing got mighty big feet!
Wish I had some ice-cream—who's gwine ter
treat?
Goin' ter git dar by'n by.

Grasshopper a-singin' in de poplar tree,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by,
Ef yer want a high old time cum along wid me,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by.
Yaller gal tryin' hard straighten out her wool,
Gits all de kinkyer de mo' she pull,
Doan' you go a-foolin' roun' de hind leg ob a
mule,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by.

"Dey am some mo' verses, but I guess desc heah will
be 'nuff to let you see de way we Canadians am bam-
foozled by dese people, wot talks all de time about
native Canadian poets, an' den wen dere am fust-class
pieces wrote, consigns dem to obscurascity. Yours,

"MELINDA SOPHONSIBA JACKSON.

"NORF ST., ST. CATHARINES, July 8th."

BLUE EYES AND BROWN—A MIXTURE.

AH! but those eyes—dreamy, pathetic and languid,
that seemed bent in tearful sympathy o'er me, plod-
ding cheerlessly over the ledger. No longer was I satis-
fied with the harmless beef-steak and seven-day nap-
kin, nor my pot of small beer. Now verily could I lunch
in æsthetic soul-lifting off the simple lily in a tumbler set
on the table. I would sit me down there my allotted
hour and twenty minutes, gazing at its simplicity, and
those eyes would seem to languish out of the petals and
gaze back into mine—into mine alone. All through the



BARNUM OUGHT TO SECURE THIS AMERICAN MAMMA.

FRENCH COUNT—"But surely, madam, you don't object to the match? Your daughter loves me. Besides, I have rank and fortune, being a member of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the French nobility!"

AMERICAN MAMMA—"That's it, exactly! This business of American girls marrying into the effete aristocracy of Yurrop is contrary to the sperrit of our institutions, and I won't hear of it on any terms!"

[Shows him out summarily.]

night those eyes would watch over my restless slumbers—a guardian angel. Ah! those eyes!—not of the flaunting mashette, not of the piquante, not of the fantastic soubrette; none of these, but of the contracted pedler who stood leaning against the walls of King street, blowing into a canary-whistle. H. A. L.

AN OLD PROVERB EXEMPLIFIED.

JONES, who was waylaid the other night, thinks he can speak from experience, that "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." He says that when a footpad feels for your temple with the cold muzzle of a revolver, it makes you hand over your "plunk" wondrous quick.

HIS FAME IS ASSURED.

POPULAR NOVELIST—"Do you think my writings will be immortal?"

FRIEND—"Certainly I do. Oblivion cannot swallow them. They would turn the old fellow's stomach."