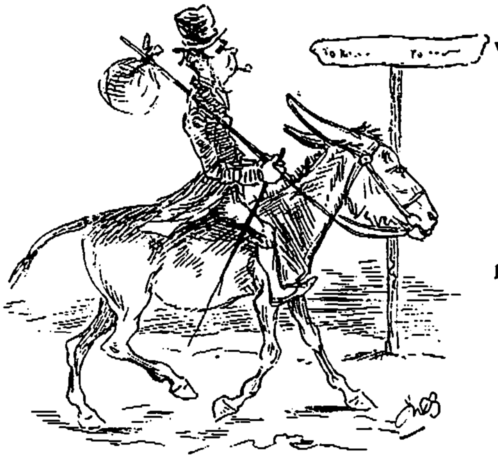
MY BEAUTIFUL SQUAW.



WAS ten years ago, mighty well I remember,
When praties got scarce in me own native isle;
I struck Manitoby the tenth av September,
A-ramblin' in search av more ginerous sile.

I followed the crowd an' wint westward land-grabbin',
Like a conquering hero astride av a mule;
I bought an estate an' I built me a cabin,
All furnished complate to a three-legged shtool.

I was lonely that winther, me cabin was coulder
Than the ice-crame they sarves to a charity school;
So sez I, I must find, ere one year I am older,
A fittin' companion for me an' me mule.

Then the winther got tired, an' the sun it got hotter,
An' the beautiful snow made an illigant flood;
Me eshtate looked like Vinnice, but Vinnice in wather
Is drownded, an' my eshtate's smothered in mud.

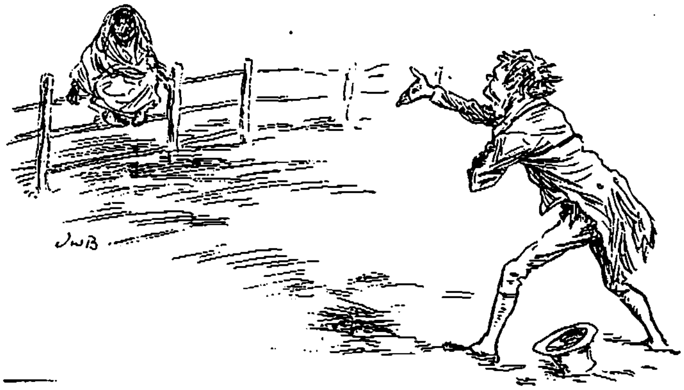
Well! one day through the mud to her ankles, came wadin'
Dressed in paint an' brass tacks, a most beautiful squaw;
She came to stale hins did that naughty brown maiden,
Yet the fire of her eye me cowld heart seemed to thaw.

As black as the heart of a haythen her tresses,
Tied wid shoe-strings, brass wire, an' shmall bits av tin,
Unblached is the blanket she proudly caresses,
An' her two purty feet turn most gracefully in.

As she sat on the fence, 'neath the cowld rain fast fallin',
An' her mud-spattered robes round her gracefully fell,
I gazed on her form in a rapture enthrallin'
An' yielded me sowl quite enthranced be the shpell.

Thin sez I, " Oh, you black-an'-tan nymph av the prairie,
Whether you're from Onthayrio, Batoche or Moosejaw,
Such beauty as thine ne'er blessed angel or fairie,
Me frescoed, me hand-painted, beautiful squaw.

" Me cabin, me heart, me mule conquered are lyin'
At thy feet, wilt thou deign but to rule them, me queen?"
Her swate, rosy lips showed the pearls in replyin',
In graceful acceptance, " Caween nishishin."*



Now you know love's a language av course irrepressible,
What the tongue can't translate in the eye you can see;
An' wid me an' Wascana 'twas sure inexpressible,
She couldn't talk Irish, I couldn't talk Cree.

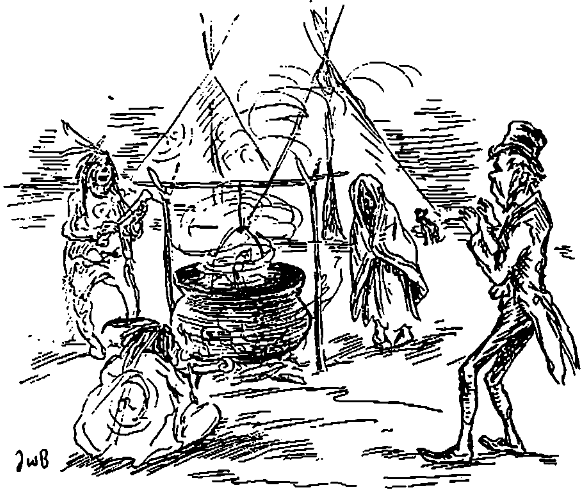
But in love spache is cowld as night's whisper to mornin',
Till the blush-light bursts forth 'neath the mist's lingerin' lid;
So her eye's soul-lit glances confessed to love's dawnin'
With an illoquence lip ne'er could breathe or forbid.

" Go," sez I, " you'll catch cowld standin' round in the wather,
Tell the chief to prepare us the faist an' the wine,
For to-morrow I'll come for to claim his swate daughter,
An' the priest that'll wed us is Father O'Brien.

" But I'm sure, for a lady such long walks is tirin',
I'll lend you me mule to go home wid, me jewel."
How graceful she rode! Och! the sight was inspirin',
Me beautiful squaw—an' me illigant mule.

Next mornin' you'd think 'twas on eggs I was treadin'
Whin I dressed up regardless an' wint for the priest;
I towld him, " sure this is the day av me weddin',
An' we'll go to me father-in-law's for the feast."

Cart an' harness I hauled to the camp all complate, sir,
For the mule to pull back wid Wascana in style.
A smile, as we passed, lit the face of aich craythur,
An' I've thought ever since 'twas but mockery's smile.



On that camp-crested hill 'mid thim nobles of Nature,
Me bosom expanded wid dignified pride:
But murther! Thim hoofs, an' those ears, ivery fayture
I knew at a glance: an' that mouse-colored hide.

The chief—Howly Moses!—was givin' a party.
Och! sure they was beauties! bad scran to his sowl!
He had all his relations around hale and hearty,
Pickin' four males a day aff the bones av me mule!

An' Wascana was washed—all the beauty departed
Wid the paint that wanst made her face youthfully glow;
I turned from the scene av me grief broken-hearted,
An' in pain-killer cocktails I drownded me woe.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA. I. ST. LEGER MCGINN.

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* " Caween nishishin " means emphatic " No " (literally, no good).

SUMMER SENSATIONS.

NOW the coalman at the weather
Doth emphatically curse,
And the jubilating iceman
Buys himself a larger purse.

THE new Electric Railway Co. should buy the hotel on the corner of King and Spadina Ave. Why? Because it is the Power House, of course.