

**I DON'T THINK HE'LL DO IT AT PRESENT.**

**M**R. LAURIER would like to come in as Premier,  
 I don't think he'll do it at present,  
 And Blake seems to wish to resume his career,  
 But I don't think he'll do it at present.  
 Old Abbott's a stayer, and steady if slow,  
 The country don't give the Grits much of a show,  
 No doubt some day or other the Tories must go,  
 But I don't think they'll do it at present.

Sol White wants this country annexed to the States,  
 I don't think he'll do it at present,  
 Though all things come round to the person who waits,  
 I don't think he'll do it at present;  
 The American market would make things revive  
 And give chances to those who can scarce keep alive —  
 Though Sir Richard and Farrer to get it may strive,  
 I don't think they'll do it at present.

Uncle Sam has been blustering and raving of war,  
 I don't think he'll do it at present,  
 Since the Chilians have weakened there's naught to fight for,  
 So I don't think he'll do it at present;  
 But if the old blowhard is spolling for fight  
 Col. Denison's ready by day or by night,  
 He would spring to the fray with a hero's delight,  
 But I don't think he'll do it at present.

There is talk about starting a new evening sheet,  
 I don't think they'll do it at present;  
 The sewage-ice butcher may try to sell meat,  
 I don't think he'll do it at present.  
 Mr. Mowat may cut down officials' big fees,  
 The thermometer run up to eighty degrees,  
 And Edison patent a trap to catch fleas —  
 But I don't think they'll do it at present.

**A "NIGHT WI' BURNS."**

*WINNIPEG, January 20th.*

**F**REEN' GRIP: A thoct cam intae ma heid the  
 ither day, that I wad like to drap ye a freenly line  
 about things in general.

I'm travellin' far an' neer thro' the Nor' Wast. I  
 whiles happen tae be awa frae hame on the vera days  
 when I wad maist like tae be there. For instance, I wad  
 be glad tae be in the bosom o' ma faimily every 23th o'  
 Janwar, but as luck wad hae it, I wis awa frae hame, buy-  
 in' cattle for some freens at hame in Glesca.

On the nicht o' the 25th, when every trueherted Scot,  
 whether frae the Gallowgate, like masel, or frae John o'  
 Groat's hoose, like ma freen Tam Lint—likes tae foregether  
 wi' his freends, and spend a nicht wi' Burns I wis  
 stoppin' wi' a Scotchman, a well-tae-dae fairmer. He  
 cam frae the Gorbals o' Glesca, an' mone a queer story  
 cud he tell o' the Gorbals in the auld days.

After supper he tell me that there wis gaun tae be a  
 "nicht wi' Burns" at the schule hoose, an' wud I come  
 along. I said I wud, an' I did. He yoked the horses in  
 the sled, an' aff we started. It was unco cauld, sae I  
 pooed ma Tam-o'-Shanter doon owre ma lugs, an'  
 cooered doon aneth the furs. The driver got his nose  
 frozen. Ye see, the win was richt in his face the hale  
 road, bit in spite o' win an' cauld we got there at last,  
 just in time tae hear the start o' the programme.

The minister wis in the chair. He was nae Scotch-  
 man, an' I think he got Burns an' the man I wis leevin'  
 wi' mixed up, for he said Burns wis born in the Gorbals.  
 Did ye ever hear the like? I wad a thoosan times owre  
 he had said the Gallowgate, if he cudna stan' by the  
 truth, an' he said that Burns served an apprenticeship  
 tae a kin o' villany in the Sautmarket, an' that he used  
 to gang owre to Argyle an' steal cattle. It made ma  
 blude bile!

There wis some guid Scotch sangs sung, bit as ma



**THE DRESSMAKER'S MOTTO.**

meenister in Glesca used tae say, "it wis a metaphaesical  
 study tae watch the chairman's face." It wis a perfect  
 blank. He looked like a coo chewin' her cud. Bit when  
 a chield got up an' sang a comic Irish sang he lauched  
 an' clapped his hans an' cried "more," "more". An'  
 when the body that wis singin' said that the Forty-second  
 wis made up o' Irishmen, I thoct the chairman had gane  
 gyte. I cud stand it nae langer, sae up I got an' says:  
 "Brither Scots," says I, "wid ye let auld mither Scot-  
 land an' her best son an' oor brither be insulted?" I  
 keepit on speakin in the same strain until they asked  
 the chairman tae stop thae Irish sangs. He said they  
 were the best things on the programme. Scotch flesh an'  
 blude cudna stan that, an' the row that got up wis some-  
 thing awfu'.

I got ma fairmer freen tae come awa. As we were  
 drivin' tae his hame I wis thinkin' o' the nights wi' Burns  
 in the auld countrie. I thoct it wis awfu' tae hansel  
 the memory o' Burns wi' Irish comic songs, an' I couldna  
 but pity a minister wha didna ken better than that Burns  
 wis born in the Gorbals o' Glesca!

Noo that I'm safe back wi' ma wife an' weans, I hae  
 resolved tae spend the anniversaries o' Burns at hame,  
 where I'll sing, "There wis a lad wis born in Kyle,"  
 masel, an' eat breed an' cheese in memory o' the occasion.

I wadna like ma wife tae ken anything about this I'm  
 telling ye, an' if ye dinna let on tae her I'll may be drap  
 ye anither line or twa, when there's a lull in the cattle  
 trade.

I am, yours wi' plessur,

SAWNIE.

**ABOUT BLOWERS.**

**T**HERE'S many a man of bluster,  
 As bluff as you can find,  
 Who blows in all directions,  
 Yet cannot raise the wind.

—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

And there's many a man who blusters not  
 And yet has lots of tin,  
 The reason is not far to seek—  
 He doesn't blow it in.