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

MR. 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 spoiling 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 "NICHT WI' BURNS."

WINNIPEG, January 20th.

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

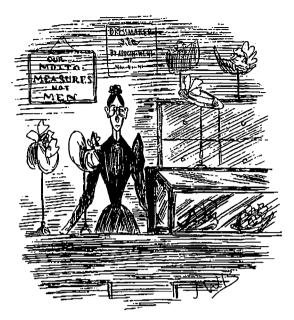
I'm travellin' far an' neer thro' the Nor' Wast. I whiles happen tae be awa frae hame on the vera days when I wad maist like tae be there. For instance, I wad be glad tae be in the bosom o' ma faimily every 23th o' Janwar, but as luck wad hae it, I wis awa frae hame, buy-in' cattle for some freens at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

After supper he telt me that there wis gaun tae be a "nicht wi' Burns" at the schule hoose, an' wud I come along. I said I wid, 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 Scotchman, 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 metapheesical 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 thocht 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 Scotland 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 something awfu'.

I got ma fairmer freen tae come awa. As we were drivin' tae his hame I wis thinkin' o' the nichts wi' Burns in the auld countrie. I thocht 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.

THERE'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.