

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.



HERE was a German poet who in
English tried to rhyme,
And with the dictionary big he wrestled
all the time.
And though he chose with extra care
the words spelled all alike,
He spoiled his little poem, for a
rhyme he couldn't strike.

THE POEM.

The girl I'll wed should always knead
With her fair hands the dough,
Because the stuff called baker's bread
Is hard to eat and tough.

She should have learned in early youth
Home duties old and new,
And never pout her pretty mouth
When helping mother sew.

Her temper she must sweetly mould,
So nothing is a plague,
And not desert me if I should
Be stricken with the ague.

I could enjoy a cup of tea,
If sweetened with her laughter,
And never let a false idea
Our happy home-life slaughter.

At evening, when work is done,
Beside her I shall linger,
And hear the sweet piano's tone,
And her's—if she's a singer.

H. C. DODGE.

RETALIATION.

OUR Grover, he'd got an axe to grind,
And he says to himself, says he :
"I must hustle my brain some fad to find,
That will tickle the whole countree.
I must offset this anti-English biz," says he.

"I have it ! as sure as fate !
Them fish must be bonded in Canada free,
Or, by jing, we'll retaliate !

Retaliate ! Retaliate !
That's the racket ! I struck it !" says he,
"Retaliate ! Retaliate !
By gum ! what a bright idee !

"Anyway, them Canucks are too mighty fresh
With their three-mile fisherie,
And they've got to give in about them there fish,
Or we'll take them down a peg, you'll see.
I'll nail up a board 'cross them three railroads ;
'No thoroughfare.' I think I see
Old John Macdonald's face when he knows his loads
He can't tote no more to the sea.

Retaliate ! Retaliate !
Tip 'em upon the haunch," says he ;
"Retaliate ! Retaliate !
By gum ! what a rare idee !"

So he sot up a bill, and he gave a wink—
"With Canucks on their knees," says he,
"And the old lion growling, I kinder rather think
The Irish vote won't any hurt me."
But Sir John he sat in his easy chair
As blithe as any bumble-bee ;
"Close your thoroughfares, then, not a whit we care,
We've our own back door," says he.

Retaliate ! Retaliate !
'Tis a boomerang policee ;
Retaliate ! Retaliate !
By gum ! what a rum idee !

"War ? Pshaw !—tut ! tut !" says wise Sir John,
"Oh, cock-a-doodle-doo !" says he,
"What's about a little bill—they'll never try it on,
Not much, Mary Ann," says he.

"There—there—upon my word, I can sympathize with Grover,
Elections were a-loomng, don't you see,
And I've been there myself—tut ! the thing will soon blow over.
Ah ! he can't come Paddy over me.
Retaliate ! Retaliate !
Get there, Eli !" says he.
"Retaliate ! Retaliate !
By gum ! 'tis a great idee !"

JAY.

THE LAND MONOPOLIST'S SONG.

"Lord save the phools an' don't let 'em run out, fur ef it wan't
fur them wise men couldn't git a livin'."—*Josh Billings.*

All day my pleasure I pursue,
Or loll on couch of ease ;
No sort of work have I to do
Except my whims to please.
Let others strain and sweat to live,
I claim by right divine
That all which art and wealth can give
Shall be not theirs but mine.

CHORUS—For me the farmer ploughs the land,
The sailor ploughs the sea,
And all who toil by brain or hand—
Hurrah ! They toil for me.

Why should I work ? On every hand
The fertile soil I own ;
I tax the produce of the land
Like monarch on his throne.
My claim is first, my hand I lay
On corn, and wine, and oil,
The workers all must tribute pay
To him who owns the soil.

CHORUS—For me the farmer ploughs the land, etc.

While labor feeds on scanty fare
And walks in mean array,
For me are gold and jewels rare
And garments fine and gay.
For me choice fruit and costly wine—
The fruit of others' toil,—
Good times or bad—come rain or shine,
Because I own the soil.

CHORUS—For me the farmer ploughs the land, etc.

'Tis I who win the richest gains
Where stately cities rise ;
I profit by the laborer's pain,
The builder's enterprise.
There swarms of men in alleys pent,
I reckon as my slaves ;
They labor hard to pay me rent,
And sink to nameless graves.

CHORUS—For me the farmer ploughs the land, etc.

Hurrah for land monopoly !
Hurrah for the spoiler's right !
Hurrah for the unearned increment
Which grows by day and night !
Hurrah for the folly of all the fools,
The slaves who crouch and toil,
Content to be the servile tools
Of those who own the soil.

CHORUS—The bold highwayman robs by land,
The pirate robs by sea,
But pirate horde and robber band
Are paltry thieves to me !

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

THE BOOK-BORROWER.

Two young ladies meet. After first greetings :

1st YOUNG LADY—"Oh, Muriel, papa's got *Ecchyma* !"

2nd YOUNG LADY (*eagerly*)—"Oh, has he ! I'm so glad ;
please ask him to let me have it when he gets through
with it."