



WILL DO BETTER.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A HINT FROM GRIP TO
CURB MY FIERY PEGASUS.

BY MCTUFF.

Ye rampin' randie, curb yer mettle,
An' tae a canny canter settle,
Or haith! yer flank I'll ablinks kittle
Wi' a wuddie,
Gin e'er at poesy ye sid ettle,
Whan in deep study.

Nae mair star-gazin' will ye gang
On Autumn nights the wuds amang,
Unless Dame Sense ye tak' along,
Tae keep ye sober,
I'll tak' nae notice o' yer sang—
June or October,

I'll hae nae dreamin' or romancin',
Nae wull o' wisp's game idly prancin'.
Nae dilly dallyin' or dancin'
I shaded groves;
The pleasures o' the scenes enhancin'
Wi' hopes and loves.

I'll droon ye! the deep Atlantic,
Ye deil, gin ye again gang frantic,
Or try tae strike a pace gigantic,
I' prose or rhyme;
Or cut again a silly antic
I' the sublime.

Whan ye struck on sic a gate I thoct
Ye tae yer senses wad be bioct
An' tho' against ye sair I loct
Wi' a' my micht,
Yet ye wad lend an ear tae noct
Wud keep ye richt.

An' noo GRIP's aifter ye, I ween,
An' his fell neb is shaup an' keen;
He spares nae foe, regards nae frien'
Whan they gang gite;
He disnae dae it tae be mean,
Or yet through spite.

A bird o' wisdom, it's his mission
Tae bring daft drivellers tae submission;
An' be it poet, or politician,
Or deil or dude,
He'll show them up their true condition,
An'ts richt he should.

He's gleg's a hawk to see a flaw;
He wunna fricht or flec awa,
Tho' some rash spot a bead micht draw
Tae bring him doon;
Yet he wha'd try sic shot I'd ca'
A reckless loon.

Some ca' him bird o' evil omen;
Tae ca' him that I'd be a slow man
Wha'd tak offence, or be its foeman,—
The bird maun chatter,
An' whan ye ken it's but a crow, man,
It mends the matter.

But haith, I doot I've said enuff,
Sae for the present I will luff,
And though sarcastic oft, and gruff,
I like its pranks;
And for its kind advice McTuff
Returns his thanks.

An' trusts that for a comin' time
He'll sense and brevity combine
And ne'er again his reason tine
Through wind or weather,
An' his daft Pegasus confine
Wi' hempen tether.

Bobcaygeon, Nov. 1, 1883.



SCENE AT OTTAWA.

SIR JOHN, SIR LEONARD, SIR HECTOR.

SIR JOHN.—I have culminated. I am only
a consulting physician after this. I am done
for. I shall vanose. I shall absquatulate.
THE GAME IS UP!

SIR LEONARD.—Sir John, as a Christian
politician, it would be inconsistent with my
past career were I not to remark that the ways
of Providence are inscrutable, and that out-
ward appearances are frequently extremely
deceptive. Even cigars, which were formerly
supposed to consist of tobacco, are now, as you
are aware, universally manufactured of laid,
and—

SIR JOHN.—What?

SIR HECTOR.—Oh, nossing. Ze cigar men
have stuff him. Sare John, I am discompose.
What you mean it is explode—it is bust up,
eh?

SIR JOHN.—Why, all these chaps in the
North-west are rebelling, that's all. The
prairie's on fire, and they'll smoke us out of
Ottawa.

SIR LEONARD.—I humbly trust in an over-
ruling—

SIR JOHN.—Bosh!

SIR HECTOR.—But, Sare John, we have ze
office for ze four year?—certaintment, indubi-
tablement, eh?

SIR JOHN.—Four years! Don't you wish
you may get it? Why that North-west ruction,
if it come to a head, will force a dissolution
before you can say Jack Robinson!

SIR HECTOR.—Sacre!

SIR LEONARD.—Bless me, even me, also—
that is, notwithstanding a'y obliquity in tem-
perance politics—

SIR JOHN.—Well, it was none of my fault.
I wish I could say it was going to be none of
my funeral; but you fellows got round me—
you know you did. We've given away the
North-west to the speculators. We can't get
it back, and there's going to be a regular rum-
pus there.

"They're a coming down on us like Cedron in flood,
And they'll dye all their balloons in Toryite blood."

Can't help it. You fellows, or your clans—
a me thing—got rich. I got none—a poor
man.

SIR LEONARD.—True. Far more than others
he deserves, yet they have given him only
\$20,000 a year, isn't it?

SIR JOHN.—It is a calummy. You lackdai-
sacal budget-cooker, you pharisaical non-in-
bibber. I never got \$10,000.

SIR HECTOR.—Sare John, I demand ze sat-
isfaction and ze explanation. Vat is zat you
say my clan get rich. Ze French gentilhomme
he have no clan. Ze clan is one word of ze
contemptible Scottish country where zey live
on ze oatmeal and ze herring rouge. I say

zere cannot be too many Langevin'in ze de-
partments.

SIR JOHN.—No matter if there was one in
each pigeon-hole, and I believe there nearly is.

SIR HECTOR.—Sare John, I demand in ze
one word, are you prepare to pacify ze Nord
Owest?

SIR JOHN.—Blest if I'am. I tell you you
have used all the eggs; can't make the omel-
ette again. No, the Dominion will go, and all
the Locals. The game's up.

SIR HECTOR.—Sare John, it shall all be made
correct. Have you seen zat ze candidates at-
tacking ze elections of ze sclerats Mowat are
supply wiz ze fund?

SIR JOHN.—Yes, but the sclerats shows no
signs of leaving the ship.

SIR HECTOR.—He must leave—he shall leave
instantement. As for ze Nord Owest, I shall
pacify him. I have von great plan. Listen to
him.

SIR LEONARD.—By all means. If there be
on y one straw vouchsafed to us, we shall grasp
it.

SIR HECTOR.—It is not von straw. You are
von impertinent. It is my grand scheme for
ze repatriation of ze Province of Quebec. I re-
quire ze immediate grant of five millions of dol-
lares from ze treasury of ze dominion. I will
transfer ze French element, stolen by ze New
England mills, back to its prepare residence.
I will take zat million of Frenchmen to ze
Nord Owest. I shall require five millions of
dollaies more from ze treasury to arm zem. I
shall lead zem in batt'lie to ze Nord Owest. I
shall pacify zem by ze force of ze arm. I shall
erect zem into one French principality, and
Sare John he shall have von Parti Bleu in ze
East and von Parti Bleu in ze Owest. Ze Mowat
infame shall be crush between two fires, and
sha'l dissipate in von smoke.

SIR JOHN.—Wish he was dissipated, but I'm
afraid I'm more in that line myself. It's a wild
cat scheme, but there's no other. Bring in
your bill, we'll back you. *Scene closes.*

WHAT SHALL A MAN PROPHET?

"Hello! revered fossil,"—shouted Sam
Jinks, bursting into the sanctum of his white-
bearded granddad. "What's the difference be-
tween you and the weather prophet?"

"Get along, you young scamp. How should
I know? Don't believe in weather prophets
anyway. I'm too old to be caught by all
these modern Mother Shiptons. Out with it,
boy, (with an indulgent dig in Sam's ribs) out
with it—it's just bubbling over, I know."

"Oh! come now, granddad—Well, if you
must have it,—then—You're a venerable man
and he's an able Vennor man! See it—eh?"

Granddad chokes—Sam knows he sees it
then—and rushes off to make another clever
one!

HUM DRUM.

POETRY FOR THE PORTE.

(DUFFERIN'S VERSION.)

Europe had an old Islam,
Uncivilized and slow,
And everywhere that Europe went,
Islam refused to go.

"Know anything about life in the west?"
said Mr. Stone. "I should say I do! I was
tared and feathered twice in Missouri, and
rode on a rail in Kansas."

HE LAUGHED.

He was a tall, lanky, cadaverous, dyspeptic-
who had used almost every decoction and pres-
paration that was ever made. His friend,
said his case was hopeless, but he laughed,
for he had just procured a Notman's Stomach
and Liver Pad which had already commenced
to cure him. He is now cured as everyone
else is that wears a Notman Pad.