

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

WHATEVER brawls disturb abroad,
There should be "peace at home,"
So let's agree that here, at least,
No Catholics shall come.

We Protestants do all agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
The way these Irish kick and rear,
And boycott and to fight.

It is a sin to boycott so—
It's very, very wrong.
These folks their landlords should obey,
And suffer and be strong.

But since across the Atlantic wave
Our voices cannot reach,
These Catholics in Canada
A lesson we will teach.

We'll teach them Christianity,
And raise the ancient cry:
"Wanted—a girl for kitchen work.
No Irish need apply."

To show them our religion is
Far in advance of theirs,
No work we'll give to one who goes
To mass to say his prayers.

We would not boycott, oh, dear, no!
We'll just refrain from buying
From stores by Roman Catholics kept,
And so we'll keep on trying.

To make them feel how bad they are,
For sympathizing so
With their relations o'er the sea,
Demanding rents made low.

Unto this end do we unite
With humble piety,
We "ladies" who do form the "Peace-
At-Home Society."

JAY KAYELLE.

HIS LAST DANCE.

THE TALE OF AN ANCIENT MARINER.

"No boys, I guess I won't go to the dance." These words were uttered with great solemnity and decision by a man with "long gray beard and glistening eye," like a veritable ancient mariner which, indeed, the speaker was. It was not to a wedding guest he spoke, but to a lot of lake sailors who were sitting smoking their clay pipes and doubtful cigars in an Esplanade hotel.

"How's that, Uncle Dan? You used to be a sailor man yourself, and this is a seamen's ball," remarked a stalwart young sailor, laughingly.

"Yes," said Uncle Dan, after refreshing, "Yes, I uster be a pretty good man with a marlin spike and pretty lively aloft. I'm gettin' old now, too old to dance anyway. Boys," he exclaimed, with some show of warmth, "I've not been to a dance in over thirty year; the last one I was at was a settler."

"Let's hear the yarn, Uncle Dan," was the unanimous request of the assemblage.

"Well, boys, I think it was in the summer of '55 I was tradin' on Lake Erie shore carryin' staves down to Garden Island, opposite Kingston. In them days they used to ship a mighty lot of staves from the shore west of Port Stanley, and, boys, you ought to see the kind of wood they made them snake fences of—curly maple and

black walnut, by thunder! Well, we won't mind that. One trip we loaded all right with pipe staves off the coast of Romney, in the County of Kent, and left with a nice breeze off the land, but the wind chopped around to the east'rd and looked dirty and was blowing fresh when we got off the Round O. You all know where that is. Its a sort of harbor of refuge, but a mighty poor one. Well, the old man, the captain, you know, allowed that he'd bear up and run in till the wind shifted or lulled down. So that evening we were tied up to the piers all serene. There was another schooner headed there that went ashore in a gale of wind. They tried to get her off, but they had to give her up for a bad job. Wall, that's not got nothin' much to do with the dance story. This here Round O, or Rondeau, is a mighty lonesome place, and the settlements in them times was five or six mile off. There was a lot of country fellers, reglar bushwhackers, layin' round the piers askin' us all sorts of questions and tellin' us all about the country. One feller said old Rayneck was goin' to have a ball that night out to his place; there'd be heaps of fun, and we'd better go.—One of our men, Mike O'Brien, an old man-o'-war's man and an awful cuss to drink, asked if there'd be any grog. 'O! slathers of whiskey,' said the country feller. 'Be japers, we'll attend to it then,' said O'Brien, and yet we didn't like to go away from the schooner in case the wind would shift. At last, without lettin' the captain or mate know, we thought we'd go get a drink or two and then come back.

"So away we started along a corduroy road, and a mighty long way it seemed before we got to old Rayneck's house. Wall, we went in and were served out with a pretty stiff hooker each, but we didn't seem to take with the country fellers, for we began sparkin' the girls and sorter cuttin' the boys out. There was a couple of fiddlers sitting on a sort of platform rigged up with an old table and blocks of pine and they sawed away for dear life, takin' a drink about every ten minutes. We all helped ourselves to the grog as often as we could, and O'Brien took awful big horns so that he got very unsteady on his pins. In an eight-hand-reel he tramped on the tail of one of the girls' dresses, and nigh tore the whole consarn off. Her spark, or beau, or whatever you call em, interfered, and O'Brien hit him in the eye, and that was the signal for all hands of them to fire us out. So they did, but it took them a long time for we fit like thunder, we smashed the fiddles over the fiddler's heads, capsized the whiskey keg, broke all the furniture, and near set fire to the hull cussed place, but at last we had to 'top our booms and sail large.' The cusses followed us and chased us off the corduroy road into an infernal cedar swamp, where the muskitters were as big as hummin' birds. Wall, we tramped around until we got tired out, and then we built a fire and tried to make ourselves snug for the night. It was a particular long night boys, I tell you.—Next morning we found the road and when we got to the harbor the vessel was gone! The wind had got around to the west'rd and the captain was awful mad at our being away, so he shipped the crew of the wreck in our place and bundled all our traps on the pier. Here was a nice fix; we had no money, and it might be a week or perhaps two before any easterly bound vessel would run in to the harbor, so with our bags on our backs we tramped the whole way to Port Stanley, the nearest place we could hope to get a ship. We lived on turnips, apples and such like, and slept in hay stacks on the road and we were a pretty hard looking gang when we struck Port Stanley, where we were lucky enough to get a