

Tingle-tangle ! jingle-jangle !
How could I refrain
To caress the gentle maiden,
As she came with milk-pails laden ?
Tingle-tangle ! jingle-jangle !
Cow-bells in the lane.

THE KUAN.

THE RISE OF NATIVE GENIUS.

Rise, muses, rise ! Thy work's begun ;
Rise, muses, rise ! Our souls rejoice.
Rise, muses, rise ! Canadian patriot's voice,
No longer thrall'd, shall o'er the gamut run.
True merit conquers in our eyes,
Rise, muses, rise !
Thank God, an opening now appears
To stanch the flow of verse sublime
To mighty millions, tune the mystic rhyme
And light Canadian merit with thy lambent tears,
No more poetic patriots, in their own effusions dies,
Rise, muses, rise !
The gilded sycophants with epaulets
My soul do spurn, my teeth it sets ;
All honors go to English pets,
Canadian's chances dies.
We love our sovereign much as they,
His voice was loud, ours also may,
We'll sing as well for the same pay,
Rise, muses, rise !

W. A. SHERWOOD.

COLONIAL MERIT.

GREAT Scott ! but ain't we now turned loose
A glorious chance for us to sing,
Our songs Ontario's glory bring,
High hangeth the Canadian goose.
Him King of Poets ? Scarcely that ;
Though great, there's just as great alive,
While many to be laureate strive,
I know *one* man could wear his hat.
Where else the hand could find the rot
Or small potatoes in the bag,
And for light weight the owner drag
To court, or confiscate the lot.



A PRUDENT LOVER.

SHE—"I want you to send me, at least once every day, a dear, kind, affectionate letter, full of love ; won't you, darling ?"

HE (*a law student*)—"Well, yes I will, if you promise on the Bible faithfully to burn them."

He's gone ! the throbbing of my soul
Shall mourn a brother hard in tears.
My fame shall gather with the years,
Till market wagons cease to roll.
My work ? A ferreting of fraud,
At times a fine poetic burst,
A name by all vile hucksters curst,
Canada's poet, Robert Awde.

ROBERT AWDE.

SHE WOULD LIE.

MRS. WAGBUSTLE—"So, Mrs. Duffick, you have a new girl. How do you like her ?"

MRS. DUFFICK—"Oh, she'll do, I suppose. The only fault I have to find with her is that she's a consummate liar. But I'll have to put up with that. It seems impossible for the lower classes to tell the truth."

MARY JANE (*entering*)—"Av ye plaze, ma'am, there's a gint'eman at the dure as gev me his carrd an' wants to know av ye are in."

MRS. DUFFICK (*reading card*)—"Major Tolliver. Horrid old bore ! Tell him 'no,' Mary Jane. Remember that I'm never at home when the Major calls."



PITY SHE WASN'T.

HE—"Unfeeling girl ! You are a second Circe."

SHE—"O, no, I am not. Circe changed men to beasts. Now, I would, if I were able, change you to a man."

THE trouble with the under dog in the fight is that he does too much growling and whining and not enough biting.