

the jolly good fellow he has always been in their estimation. But all the same it is the noblest and wisest act of the old Premier's life, and becomes him better than all the stars and crosses the Queen could pin upon him.

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IS it only a coincidence that, in the speech from the Throne, Sir John promises a revision of the Franchise Act? We trust not. But the complete repeal of all its unfair features will alone be fruits meet for repentance.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

(A BRUCE COUNTY BALLAD OF FACT).



OLD Tonal'd wiss a Hielanman,
From Ileach in Argyll ;
She'll wiss a Presbyterian man
Of goot old Hielan style.
She'll gone out to ta bush one tay,
Ta ponnet on ta head,
Ta old plack bottle in ta pouch,—
Ta goot cheese and ta pread.

Ta old dog, Sawny, she'll go too—
Ta Saxons calls him Alick—
Ta dog, she'll only haf one fault,
She'll no could spoke ta Gaelic.
Ta tail wiss just tree inches long,
Ta hair wiss long an' tawny—
There'll pe no dog in all Powmore
Who'll not pe bet by Sawny.



Now Donald, she'll chop all ta
day ;
Ta dog, she'll no pe still ;
She'll chase ta squirrell up ta
tree,
Ta hedgehog up ta hill.
She'll scrape ta ground around ta
stumps,
An' tuzzle with ta bee ;
But when ta tinner-hour came
round
She'll let ta peasties pe.

Tonal'd, she'll pe a godly man ;
She'll no pegin ta fare,
Pefore she'll pless ta vittals with
A goot big Gaelic prayer.
She'll pless ta pread, she'll pless ta
cheese,
She'll pless ta heather-dew ;
She'll pless ta godly in ta world,
An' pless ta heathen too.



She'll tell ta Lord of her nainsel,
An' all ta latest newss ;
An' how ta godly folk'll pe
In all ta County Pruce ;
How Tougall Sinclair's lost a coo,
How Sandy's horse is tead ;
She'll pray for grace for all ta poor,
For all ta hungry pread.

She'll told ta Lord how Angus lied,
How pig John Douglass swore ;
She'll pless ta bread, she'll pless ta cheese,
A hundert times or more.
She'll pray for plessing on all men,
For grace for saint an' sinner ;
An' when she'll open up ta eyes—
Ta dog, she'll have ta dinner.



Tonal'd, she'll wiss a godly man,
An elder in ta kirk ;
But in ta pest of godly hearts
Ta godless passions work.
She'll swore a goot long Gaelic
sweat ;
Ta dog wiss far away—
She'll only hav ta heather-dew
For dinner all tat day.

She'll take ta axe up in ta hand,
To chop ta trees again,
She'll think of all ta ills tat come
Upon ta godly men,
She'll know tat when temptations
come,
Tey'll work ta good alway ;
But next time when she'll say ta
grace
She'll watch ass well ass pray.



CARET.

A QUESTION OF RANK.

The Legislative Committee appointed to enquire into the needs of the cheese and butter interests will find plenty to do in considering the butter question. We are large exporters of cheese, and in England particularly that product holds high rank. But in butter we are astonishingly behind.—*Mail*.

THIS is truly a remarkable statement. If the writer would take his meals at some boarding-houses we know he would speedily come to a different conclusion. We don't send any Limburger to England, and that is about the only product that could possibly have anything more rank about it than the average compound of the hashery which goes by the name of butter.

A CURE FOR ENNUI.

AT last a cure has been found for the hitherto incurable disease of *ennui*. Consumption, cancer, and all the other deadly disorders having been successfully grappled with—if we may believe the statements of the patent medicine men—they now undertake to “minister to a mind diseased,” substitute cheerfulness for melancholy and drive dull care away. Here is a remarkable announcement which we cull from the advertising columns of the *Globe*:

Agents triumph selling the triumph self-wringing mop ; by it moping is made agreeable ; circulars free. Triumph Mop Co., Toronto.

To make “moping” agreeable would be indeed a triumph. It is altogether a very plausible idea, for there can be no doubt that if there were more “mopping” done by young ladies afflicted with *ennui* there would be much less “moping.”

THE Irish do not like Balfour's rule. He is always Dublin on them.