

LOCALS.

WE were glad this week to be able to attend a Home Rule meeting. The Irish question is such a pleasant and cheerful one. The absence of Col. Wild was conspicuous. Can it be that he is a recalcitrant from the party?

WE perceive that a noble yeoman from North Gwillimbury has been placed in durance vile for assaulting his mother-in-law. He must be a brave man indeed, if a bad one.

WE learn that bars will require to be closed at 11 p.m. Are we in Russia, that a man can't get a night-cap?

It was with equal pleasure we heard the loud timbrels of the S. A. on Monday. The different bands run somewhat to drums, but the tambourine reminds us so much of bright Seville, that we almost believe we are in sunny Spain.

SPRING.

BY A LUNATIC.

The minaret bells o'er the Bosphorus toll,
The swiper goes out for to hoist in a bowl,
The duckist goes out with his big gun to shoot,
The knocker goes out to hit somebody's snoot,
The Grits' eyes are filled with the saltiest of tears,
The Dutchmen sit down to their several beers,
The minaret bells o'er the Bosphorus ring;
Which all goes to show the bright coming of spring.

F. J.

IN competition for a prize an English lad offered the following essay on Columbus: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus: 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America might be found. The sailors quarrelled, and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Columbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Columbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Columbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. Then he said, 'I suppose you are the niggers?' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men, and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'

EVANGELINE.

Fair thou art, no doubt,
Evangeline.
Fair thou art without
The famed pearline.
Thy lovely locks hang down
O'er thy fair brow.
I'll see thy papa
When he comes to town,
And then propose,
But not just now,
My own Evangeline.
Tho' I adore,
I've been there before,
Evangeline.

Q.

OUR PET.

He came to our home in the sunny June,
Dear little chubby-cheeks, white as the snow;
Eyes like--yes, shaped like--the three-quarter moon,
And a language that only the fairies know.

We watched o'er him prayerfully,
Tended him carefully,
Taught him to answer and come at our call;
Dressed him most gracefully,
Trimmed him up tastefully,
Toasted him, roasted him brown in the fall—
Oh! but we loved him so, one and all—
Our Pig. —C. E. Banks.

THE blushes that bloom on her cheek, tra-la,
Are painted the men to deceive;
If you doubt, just notice this week, tra-la,
When her curls on your arm a rest seek, tra-la,
How the blushes will soil your coat-sleeve.
And that's what we mean when we angrily speak;
A blush for the blushes that bloom on her cheek!
A blush for—tra-la—a blush for—tra-la—
The blushes that bloom on her cheek!

AN exchange says there is a mission in this world for dudes. We hope it is a foreign mission.

THERE is one consolation in being bald. When a policeman strikes you on the head with his club, the doctor doesn't have to waste any time in cutting the hair from the wound.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Avtagadlivtit *Nalinginnarmik Tysaruminasasumik Unickat* is the euphonious title of a journal started in Greenland. News-boys refuse to cry it on the streets for less than ten dollars a day and a pair of steel-plated jaws.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I'll take a hot Scotch—plenty of sugar," said a man with a torchlight nose, sticking his head into Dr. Plantem's office the other morning.

"Do you take this for a saloon?" growled the specialist. "I'm not a barkeeper."

"Then what do you mean by that sign outside, 'The public treated from nine to eleven?' Just like you dern impostors," and he banged out.

A TILT ON THE TARIFF QUESTION.—"Julia, I don't see why you are going to marry Harry Bascomb. He hasn't any money, and it's not likely that he'll ever have any."

"Fanny, I'd scorn to marry for money. Harry is handsome and a fine athlete. He would bring to me a sense of protection"

"O, that's all right, Julia. Every one to their mind. You may marry for protection; I intend to marry for revenue."

MISS BETTY was a remarkably young and handsome-looking woman for her years, and she never told any one how old she was.

"Gracious me, Miss Betty," said an old acquaintance, admiringly, one day, "how well you keep your age."

"Thanks," she replied, with a smile.

"How do you ever manage to do it?"

"Oh, easy enough; I never give it away."

"EDITH, what makes you dodge in that absurd way whenever nurse kisses you good night?"

"'Cause I'm afraid she'll slap me afterwards. She does sometimes. Ask papa if she doesn't."

(A competent nurse desires a situation. No objection to going into the country.)