



THE FINGER OF SCORN !

### AN ELUSIVE AIR.

WHAT'S this that all the papers say  
About "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay?"  
A song that seems  
To haunt men's dreams  
And linger with them night and day.  
Methinks "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay"  
Must be a merry blithesome lay,  
Those in the swim  
Should know this hymn  
And chant "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

But neither near nor far away  
I've heard "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,"  
Though hard I've tried,  
The boon's denied,  
To learn that cheerful roundelay.

The guttersnipes in careless play  
Sing "Annie Rooney" every day,  
And "Comrades," too,  
Songs not a few,  
But not "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

At theatres I've heard each play,  
Where songs are sung by minstrels gay,  
But all in vain  
I miss the strain  
Of famed "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

### ANIMATED MOLECULES.

AT the meeting of the Canadian Institute on the evening of the 2nd inst., Dr. Daniel Clarke read a paper on "The Animated Molecule—Its Nearest Relatives." The subject was well calculated to arouse scientific enthusiasm, and members no doubt enjoyed a treat fully equal to that of a few years ago, when they revelled in a brilliant and succulent dissertation on the nervous

system of the catfish. Not having been present, we do not know how Dr. Clarke treated the subject, but certainly no list of the near relatives of the animated molecule would be complete which did not include the small-souled Tories who gloat over the stealing by Hon. John Carling of Mr. Hyman's seat, the hayseeds in the Local Legislature who allow corporation lawyers to bulldoze them into giving monopolies whatever they ask, and the heresy-hunters who want to silence Rev. A. M. Phillips. The animated molecule has hosts of relatives in these parts.

### McNAB'S TWINS.



DEAR GRIP,—There wis an event o' mair nor by-ordinary up at oor hoose i' th' sma' 'oors o' th' mornin' a month gane Monday, an' losh! but I wis a proud mon tae read i' th' Blawearie *Express*:

At Copshawholm, on the 13th inst., the wife of Jno. McNab, of twins—son and daughter—all doing well.

Mischanters like twins never come singly, an' nae suner wis th' howdie oot o' th' hoose, an' Kirsty up an' about, than we, wha ne'er had a cast oot i' oor lives afore, were maist like tae get intae a plisky ower what we'd ca' the wee strangers.

Kirsty's faither an' mither wad hae liked tae hae them ca'd after themsels, but Charles John Edward an'