

Prize Poem.

From the Wasp.

Take that banner down 'tis British,
We don't want it, 'tis not Grittish.
Drag it, haul it through the gutter,
Take it down, I, Jones don't like it,
Furl it, tear it, fold it, strike it,
Fling it in the nearest dyke, it
Never more shall flaunt or flutter.

Furl that flag, it hurts my vision
Kick it, treat it with derision,
Blue nosed friends, 'tis my decision;
Why, oh why, does it still wave?
Who will climb the pole and tear it?
He will be my friend, I swear it;
My last dollar I will share it
With him, be he fool or knave.

Haul that flag down, 'tis not wanted
By this colony undaunted,
Take it somewhere else and flaunt it
Shoot the rag, we hate it here.
I am Jones, the Nova Scotian;
I am bounded by an Ocean,
And I have a mighty notion
To inhale a pot of beer!!

(He is now supposed to have liquored.)

Powers of evil; is it thar yet?
Bring me down that piece of scarlet
Would I were a climbing varlet
"I would not beard me, mock me, long.
Hack the pole, hew down the flagstaff,
Let each little boy in rags laugh,
Care I not for wit or wag's chaff;
Quashy, quishy, wassy wong.

(A decade has rolled over and our hero is now Minister of Militia.)

I am loyal, I am grittish,
I am everything that's British;
See my tears, and hear my groans,
For my naughty protestation,
For the speech 'gainst annexation
Of the honourable Jones,

Let it wave, the flag is splendid;
If one time I tried to rend it,
Why I only did pretend it,
Hard conditions to extort.
For the subject truly loyal
(See the *Globe*) should loudly cry all
Cries, republican and royal,
Parties are prepared to buy all
Patriots who of cash are short.

The Milk in the Coconut.

To the Editor of the LANCE,

As I notice in a bookseller's window your fine partait of our dear Minister of Militia, I write to thank you for the effort to bring Halifax a little into notice by furnishing so cheap, and yet so admirable a likeness of Alfred G. as that of which I speak—price five cents. You know the kind of opposition he met down here and yet came off conqueror, as you'll see he always will when he gets his resruits properly drill'd at the shed where he and Doctor Tupper had the tall talk the night before election. But that's all moonshine now, as the spurs on your picture of "Alfred the Malicious," which the Lib-Cons. saucily name him, show that he rode right out of sight of the Doctor on that Saturday as well as the Sunday railway ride. This last is only a "Sabbath day's journey" of six hundred miles, which I consider to be a great feat, though the *pairty* don't brag of it like anything. However, we've won another election to-day (Feb. 27th) and that's just as great a victory as the other (though it's its local) and there's some difference of opinion as to the class of victory to which it belongs. What's the fact? Why, one White and Tommy Robberson, son of Honest Robby, ran for the local seat, and the former who supported the Government (that's our side) got a majority in five places in the county of Shelbourne, while White had to put up with a majority in only three! Now as five is more than three our side claims a victory, and yet the White men say they have a *nate* majority because the three polling places show two eights in counting the votes, viz, 88, over Robby's five ballot boxes. But decide it anyway you please, our organ says the result has no political significance and the professions of White were a "blind" and blinded the voters of three districts, leaving the five to see clearly the way to give Robby a majority. This, you see, accounts for the milk in the coconut—that is Robby's head, and he supports Minister Jones, whose picture we all admire, and we hang him in our drill sheds.

A RECRUIT.

A London paper wishes "that somebody would kill half the dogs in that city and tan their hides with the bark of the other half." As an undertaker for the killed half we would suggest dog-berry.

Songs of Mowat No. 1.

Mr. Christopher Frazer,
He's sharp as a razor,
He's a regular blazer,
When debating runs high.
To win the folk's hearts,
He distributes his *cartes*,
And he plays well his parts—
When he's under my eye.

More than once he outshined me,
But that could'nt blind me,
To the force that's behind me,
When he's taking a shy.
Though they say he'll rule me,
And with His Grace school me,
Be sure he wont fool me—
My orb is too spry.

Frazer: "Thats all in my eye."

Songs of Mowat No. 2.

When Archie blundered,
And the Tories thundered,
And the world wondered,
I often sought
For our salvation,
With dubitation,
And commiseration,
And stultification,
And emigration,
And Brown-laudation,
All without consolation,
And then I thought,—
That if we could
Bring K. C. Wood,
Into a guilty mood,
He might well be bought;
So one night late
I arranged my bait,
And I didn't wait,
But threw my line—
And Wood was caught.

Songs of Mowat No. 3.

Your first it rhymeth to a star,
Your second rhymeth to the lea,
And you yourself are different far,
From twinkling star or glimmering sea. Pardee.

Your first thought is not to shine.
Your second *certes* not poesie,
Far better throw financial line,
And make a haul in humbug's sea. Pardee.

Conundrums.

In what way does Peter differ from Timothy? One toiled all night and caught nothing, the other was Anglin all the time—made great hauls, and got a lot of loose fish around him.

What is the difference between an Earl of Huntingdon of the 13th century, and Lucius Seth of the present one? One was Robin Hood—the other performed its equivalent on some Speculators in Copper.

THE IRISHMAN IN CANADA. By NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, author of the "Fair Grit," "The Earl of Beaconsfield," "British vs. American Civilization," etc. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

OPINIONS.—Letter from Sir John A. Macdonald to the publishers:—"TORONTO, November 30th, 1877.

"It is a valuable addition to the scanty store of Canadian books, and does much credit to Mr. Davin's industry, impartiality and literary skill. Yours truly, JOHN A. MACDONALD."

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