

NEWS FROM HOME.

BY A CANADIAN ABROAD.

FAIR morning breaks; the newsman's boy
Comes whistling down our empty street;
I leap the bed in trembling joy,
Fling to the floor the quilt and sheet,
Slide down the stair, spring to the door
And grab the panic-stricken youth;
Shriek: "Here, yer paper! Hand it o'er!
What news from Canada? The truth!
What news dost bring, thou whistling fiend,
O'er wide Atlantic's roar and foam?
Thou Mercury, snail-paced and jeaned;
Ha! here's a paragraph from home:

"CORRUPT CANADA.

Extensive Steals by Honorable Canadians.—Corruption—
Thievery—Treachery, and Bribery.—Startling
Revelations."

I realize, where'er I roam,
In truth there is no place like home.

Ten years ago—how fly the days—
I dropp'd a country Press's crank,
With little cash and fewer bays,
And headed for the land of Yank.
Fate since has played me off its bat—
Smote farther from my native land—
And now the gods they find me at
(In London, Eng., West Cent.) the Strand.
But fortune yet shall me befall,
And sure I feel the time will come
In life, or else—well—in my pall
I'll reach—hullo, here's news from home:

"O LORD! (STEPHEN).

Canada's Old Nobility.—Founding of a Noble Line (not the
C.P.R.)—Motto—'God and Government Gold.'"

Yea, so it is, where'er I roam,
I find there is no place like home.

How strange it is that thoughts will set
All to the West-land, dimmed and hazed,
To that wild spot of brush and wet,
That rough bush farm where we were raised,
Where, poor of purse and weak of frame,
Each morrow found us more bereft,
Until at length the harsh end came—
We'd nothing but protection left.
Now scattered o'er the world's broad face,
We search each paper, mag., and tome;
Skim through the leaves at lightning pace,
For ever seeking news from home:

"ENORMOUS PUBLIC DEBT.

Bankrupt but Buoyant.—Canada Rich in Owings.—
Borrow—To-Morrow—Sorrow.

I say to all, where'er I roam,
Bar none, there is no place like home.

And here I keep a cheery heart,
The penny press my guide and friend;
Grant poverty its half mile start,
I'll beat it bravely in the end.
The while I trudge life's rugged road,
Or scramble up the stubborn hill,
Glad news will lift my grinding load,
Set sure my feet, and steel my will,
As reading by my humble hearth,
Or stretched beneath the azure dome,
This from the glad land of my birth;
These noble tidings from my home:

"SETTLERS SCOOT.

Stagnation in Population.—Depressing Census Returns.—
Esquimaux to take the Place of Canadians.—A
Magnificent Future for the Country."

Yea, I'll maintain, where'er I roam,
Ye gods, there is no place like home!

LONDON, ENGLAND.

JAMES BARR.



'T WAS GREEK TO HIM.

PATRICK (reading)—"'The Age av Homer'? Who the devil
cares how ould he is!"

NATURALLY ACCOUNTED FOR.

MRS. HOTONG—"Oh, you should just see Mrs.
Dewsbury since she got rejuvenated by Madame
Fripionniere's process—all her wrinkles gone and her skin
as smooth as a child's."

MISS SNAPPY—"I don't wonder. She must be getting
into her second childhood by this time."

SHUT THAT DOOR.

MISCREANT! shut that door!!
From cold it shelters me,
And I will have it slammed.
Had you but closed it well,
I need not then have sworn.
Shut that door!

HIS IDEA OF MILKING.

A SMALL city boy who was undergoing his first ex-
perience of a farm last summer, amused his mother
considerably the second evening of their visit. "Oh
Mamma!" he cried running to her, "do you know that
foolish girl Mary has taken her pail and gone to milk the
brown cow—and I saw a man empty every drop of milk
out of it this morning. Won't she get left!"