

Group 18. Class 180. THE DAIRY. An unrivalled specimen of Toronto milk will attract all eyes, rivalling the sapphire in its cerulean hue and pellucid clearness, and the vendor rivalling Sapphira in his asseverations of its purity.

In Class 182 we find there is nothing like leather except some kind of beef. Here we observe parchment enough for all the commissions a countryman has to execute when he goes into town, and some to spare for those of the Ministry. Also for its even less legitimate use as drumheads for perambulating bands.

The Department ends in the nineteenth group with preserved meats, vegetables and fruits, among which several venerable sardines appear without any tin. Some corned beef from a rural hotel was placed by a pardonable mistake in the leather class, and some pork of a rich yellow tinge gave rise to doubts as to whether it was intended for railway grease or animal perfumes. Cannington carried off the palm from most Canadian competitors, though Canfield pressed it closely, it being at length decided that there was no necessity to can a whole field, when the produce was all that was wanted.

Modern Devotion.

(A number of Pic-nics, in aid of church-building, were held on Dominion Day.)

Beg, beg, beg,
From morn till dewy eve;
Beg, beg, beg,
No house unvisited leave,
Eggs and butter and flour,
Flour and butter and eggs;
In these is latent a holy power,
For these each sister begs.

Bake, bake, bake,
For oh! 'tis for the Church:
Bake, bake, bake
Our Committee out of the lurch.
Bake, bake, bake;
We'll give bread for stones;
So sisters, bake, e'en if you ache
Through all your tender bones.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.

Batter and knead and bake
The jumbled full of your bag,
And show your skill in various cake
Till not an arm can wag.
Pies and puddings and paste
Pile up in ample store
For stomachs good,—none go to waste,
Though we had even more.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.

Slops and sweets and sweat
May mingle at their will;
Our zeal and heat may make us wet,
Yet we our guests must fill.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

Shout, shout, shout,
And young Ontario Crown;
Spout, spout, spout,
On the dingy past look down.
Gold, gold, gold,
In the ages long ago,
Paid the saints of old,
Or their lands they sold,
To make their temples grow.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

Saints, saints, saints—
Their feelings would be shocked,
And every grave professor faints
And thinks himself just mocked.
Bill or cheque to give
For love of God or man:
"Oh no! he just can live;
But he knows a better plan."
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

"On cakes and tea and pies
A sound foundation lay,
And thence you'll see a structure rise
Shall mark the present day.
Faith and alms and prayer—
Such things are out of date;
In the ways of old we wish no share,
Nor of them hear men prate."
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

Smug and cheap and bright,
M. E. or St. Bridget's walls
Will rise to becoming height
With few and little calls
On any good man's purse;
The tea-shine does it all;
To it we'll have recourse
Oft as the funds may fall.
Eggs and butter and flour, &c.,

Day, day, day,
"Day better the better day";
Now God is pleased,
No saint is squeezed,
And we have had our play.
Shroud, shroud, shroud!
In sight of it (I say)
We'll give God thanks aloud
For this work of Dominion Day.
Eggs and butter and flour,
Flour and butter and eggs;
In these is latent a holy power,
For these each sister begs.

"Sub togmine fagi."

BY RICHARD DE DICKE.

Beneath my favourite spreading oak,
With boughs broad-stretching, as I sit,
And take my peaceful morning smoke
While Fancy's visions o'er me flit.
The town and lake beneath me lie,
And, on the dim horizon far,
Looms indistinct before my eye
Thy distant shore, Niagara!

Amid the leaves soft zephyrs play,
The meadows, fresh with genial showers,
Shine forth in verdure's brightest ray,
And richer tints adorn the flowers.
In various shapes and hues the clouds,
O'er heaven's expanded azure stream;
Now veil the sun in shadowy shrouds.
Now melt before his strengthening beam!

I sit and smoke, and think 'tis true
(As saith the bard) that "blest is he
Who wealth, nor power doth ne'er pursue,"—
Nor "Boss" of any kind would be.
Avaunt! ye "Politicians" all!
Who still our peace of mind assail—
(Like angry cats which fiercely wail—
With curving back and swelling tail.)

Here, in my calm retreat, I snap
My fingers at your snarling din;
Nor care in sooth a single rap
For who is "out", or who is "in".
Nor ask—but lo! who comes us here?
Who standeth at my garden gate?
What loon is this brings letter here,
And saith, "for answer he will wait?"

I know him by his scent of ink,—
I know him by his demon smile,—
I know him by his fiendish wink,—
Exulting in his errand vile.
And *me* he knoweth too; and knows
He's going to have me on the hip,
For thus his fearful missive flows,
"Please send some 'copy' up. Yours, GRIP!"

My pipe is out. My joys fled far,
All nature's clothed with sudden gloom;
P. D's, fell destinies they are
Which dog man's footsteps to the tomb!
Oh! for a lodge in land remote
From printers' ruthless whirl and whirr!
A land where no one wants to "vote"
On anything, from year to year.

When tar and feathers prompt await
On all who newspapers peruse,
And his is deemed the happiest state
Who never knows of any "news"
Where Vigilance Committees deal
With "Editors," wherever found,
And ne'er one solitary squeal
For "copy," breaks life's blissful round!