

A SIREN STRAIN.

SWEET ISABEL was fair and young
And most bewitchingly she sung,
While Charley, her accepted lover,
Stood by and turned the music over
As gracefully she swept the keys
To such mellifluous words as these:

"Nita! Wa-haw-nee-ta!
Let me linger by thy side;
Nita! Wa-haw-nee-ta!
As me own fair bride."

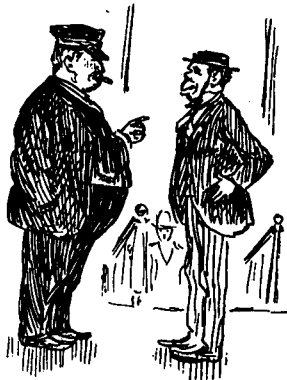
And Charley thought "Ah, she is sweeter
Than ever this much praised Wanita.
Now I could just about provide
To take Wanita (one-eater) for my bride
But as the fleeting years roll on
There'll be more eaters far than one,
So we can hardly tie the knot
Until more salary I've got."

THAT THIRP CONTINEUED.

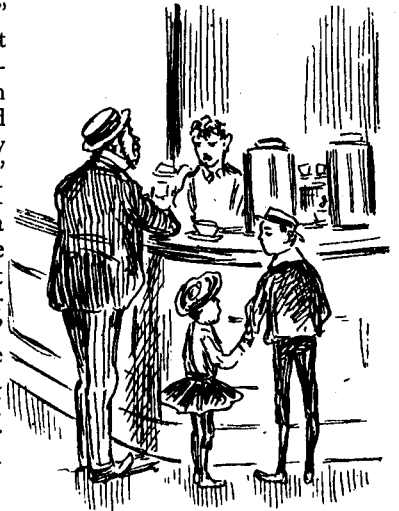


ISTHER GRIP, SOR,—I
towld yez lasht wake that
mebby, if I got toime, I moight
go on an' finish me tale about
the thrip I tuck to Niagary on
boord av the stamer *Cibola*.
Well, as luck wud have it (I
mane the bad soort), the job I
wus workin' on gev out yester-
day, be raison av the con-
thtractor bein' tuck up be the
city Engineer for doin' his work
too much accordin' till the
spechifications, so I had to
take a holiday whether or no.
Av coorse, a day or two aff
work wance a wake doesn't
hurt the loikes av me, bekase
the N.P., as yez are aware,
purtects the workin' man, an'

gives him such big wages, that he can afford holi-
days whiniver he feels loike it. Besoides I'm expect-
in' yez to send me somethin dacent in the way av
pay for these letthers, so the misfortunate occurrents
won't hurt me much. Well, to reshume the thred av me
discoorse, as the parish praste, heaven bless him, wud
say, the stameboat wint out
be what they call the eastern
gap. I axed the captain what
was the raison av this, an' he
poloitley towld me (sure, sor,
this captain is a foine gentle-
man, an' not a bit av proide
or consait about him, an'
he'll tell yez anythin' yez ax
him, so he will). He towld
me the raison was, that the
eastern gap is nearer, an'
bein' a smaller distance be
raison av that it med the
coorse to Niagary shorter be
the length av the space av
the difference betune it an'
the western gap. I thanked him for the information,
an' felt aisier in me moind. We wint along purty fast,
an' the braze was that cool an' pleasant, sure I belave it
wud droive the discontint out av the heart av Johnny
Loudon hissself, av he wud come up on deck out av his
disolated ginger beer bar-room. The dudes an' the purty
blonds, an' the fat gentlemen an' their woives, an' the



boys an' girls an' the ould maids—sure yez cud tell *thim*
ivery toime be their kitteny ways an' the giggles av *thim*
—they were all promenadin' round, some av *thim* sittin'
in the same shpot an' niver movin', but only shpoonin'
there the whole toime. Some min were talkin' politicks,
an' some wor smokin', but winiver they got forinnst the
wheel-box they med *thim* put out their poipes or swally
the shmoke, be raison av the ladies not loikin' it. In
about an hour the distant shore of Niagary hove in soight.
(This is sailer talk I picked up from the saymen down in
the frate shed av the boat.) Ivery minute it kem closer
an' closer to the boat, an' be this toime I begun to fale a
thrifle hungry. Whin I'm at home I doine ivery noight
at tay toime, but the braze aff the wather I suppose med
me hungry before me appetoite was quoitte ready, ye see.
I belave they have a doinin'-room down in the celler,
but as nobody invoited me down, I med up me moind
jest to have a bit av a lunch on the roof insted av me
usual coorse dinner. (Av yez don't belave I have a
coorse dinner, Misther GRIP, come up to me shanty some
avenin' an' see. Ye'll consint it's coorse enough, I'm
thinkin'.) Wid that I wint up to the refreshment counter,
an' sez I to the young man who was stannin' there
furninst the big red poipe, wid his bangs all wet an' out
av curl, sez I, "Give me a bit av a broiled bafesteak, av
ye plaze." "We don't cook here," sez he. "Nothin'
but cold vittles, bar-
rin' tay an' coffee,"
sez he. "G'long out
av that," sez I. "Be-
dad," sez he, "I wish
I could, for its melted
I am wid the heat av
thispoipe." "Poipe?"
sez I. "Sure I
thought that was a
baker's oven yez have
there, or I wouldn't
have axed ye for
cook'd mate." "No,"
sez he, "its just the
poipe, but if it had a
shelf or two on it I
cud cook mate or
anythin' else to or-
ther," sez he. So I
orthered some san-
wiches, an' as they
had been stannin' a yard or so from the poipe, sure the
mate was froyed to a turn. But I didn't let on to the
gossoon about this, or he wud want to charge me fifty
cents for a cooked dinner. "They tell me this boat
makes a terimunduuous run ivery day," sez I, while I was
stannin' there aitin' me sandwich. "Not so termendous
as I do," sez he wid imphises. "What d'ye mane?"
sez I. "Well," sez he, "you just shtan' in here by this
poipe for a day, an' yez'll understand. Sure I run loike
grase!" an' be the looks av him I belave it. So be this
toime we wor at Niagary, an' thin we wint up the river to
Lewiston, an' thin we kem back, an' it was as purty a thrip
an' as chape for the money as I iver took in the coorse
av me long an' eventsome loife. PHELM McGINTY.



A DEFINITION.

TEACHER—"Can any of you children tell me what
darkness is?—(*Tommy snaps his fingers.*)—Well,
Tommy?"

TOMMY—"Please, ma'am, its *black daylight.*"