

SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CANADIAN BARDS.

The graduates of McGill University dined at the Windsor hotel last evening and spent a pleasant time on their departure at the end of their term. Seventy-seven manuscripts were sent in for the prize offered for the best poem on the Queen's Jubilee. It was decided, however, by the literary judges that there was not sufficient merit in any of the poems for anyone to gain the prize or be read at the banquet.—*Toronto Mail, May 2.*

NO 77 LOQUITUR.

SEVENTY-SIX, my comrades brave,
Wherefore did we rant and rave?—
Buried in one common grave—
Our poems on Jubilee!

Wherefore did we songs indite,
Drive our quills with all our might,
Drive them far into the night?
Diddle-diddle-dee.

O my gallant seventy-six,
Forsooth we're in a sorry fix,
Not worth a red were our best licks,
Diddle-diddle-dee.

Withered all our hopes and dead,
Flower and fruit together fled;
All our grave wisacres said
Was fiddle diddle-dee.

Canadian, and Canadian,
Perchance there'll come a moment when
They'll hear from some of us again,
In-ci-den-tal-lee.

A CAT-EGOOICAL QUESTION.

SUNFLOWER TERRACE.

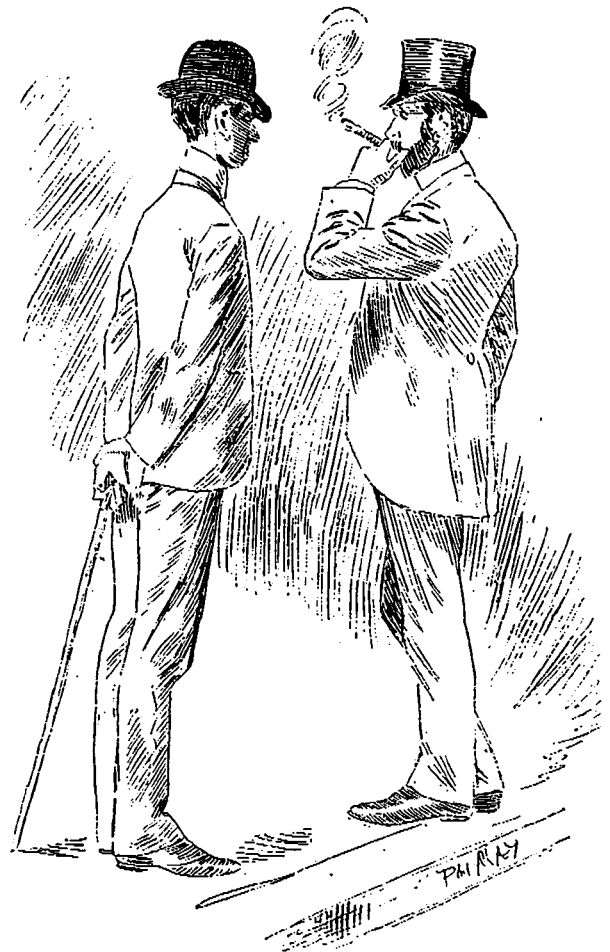
MISTAH GRIP,—Sah—I take de flo' on a question ob privilege. Amid all dis yer outcry about de 'stermination ob de dogs what am de prospects ob de cats? In de fust place, what am a cat? If you axes de man who lies down to sleep after a days whitewashin an' calcomin' he am bound to swar dat a cat am a demoniacal compound ob a dog, a hurdy-gurdy, an amatoor prima donna, a teethin' baby, an' a Scotch bagpipe. It am all dat. De voice ob de cat am capable ob great genuflexion an' it am got a wonderful register when it am a sittin cheek by jowl wid de chimney pot.

De fust indication ob a cat in yo' wicinity am a low moan—so sof' and low it sends de blood to yo' heart pit-a-pat, what am dat? Dis am followed by anoder groan dat trails off into a long wail dat makes yo' wool riz, case it might be a baby on yo' do-step, an' while yo' am a lyin' there tellin' de folks in yo' mind dat it am a mystery to yo' ho' dat ar chile come there, dere am a shreik like to raise de roof ob yo' head, a shreik dat takes yo' by de scruf ob de neck an' sets yo' right up in bed, stiff as a poker an' cold as ice. What am happened anyway? Am it murder in de air? Now comes de tuning ob de bag-pipe—whew! an' a screamin' an' a spittin' an' a clawin', an' dere am a dull muffled scrabblin' an' thuddin' an' rollin' over an' over in yo' inyan bed under de winder an' when yo' turn yo' frightened eyes to de scene ob action yo' ken see de tufts ob fur rise and float like thistle down between yo' an' de moonlight, an' at las' yo' know what's de racket an' yo' roll ober on yo' side an' swar softly at de cats. After all it am only cats yo' think, an' now yo' will go to sleep.

But yo' reckon widout yo' host—dat ar cat am a second Macbeth, he hab murdered sleep. Yo' am just a doverin' off when yo' hear de voices ob de night call, purriah! purriah! all along de roofs an' de fences an' de back yards, an' you wakens up and waxes purfane. Den

dere is "silence deep as deaf fur a time," "silence am music asleep," an' you try to go like de music, asleep. So you might, only dat de music wakens up again an' yo' waken up too—oo-oo-oooh! wau-aw-oah! Golly! de whole orkestry am in full swing now, an' so am you, fo' yo' spring out o' bed an' fire the whole pawtable furniture ob de room out into dat back yard—to make scatteration of dem dere howlers—an' not only dat, but yo' fire yo' boots out after 'em too, an' when you do waken late nex' mornin', it am rainin' like mad an' dere am yo' boots full ob water an ebery thing in dat back yard soakin'. An now, sah, I axes yo' what about de law in de matter ob cats?

J. K. WASHINGTON WHITE.



SELF ESTEEM.

Snigsby—What are you thinking of so seriously, Grigsby?

Grigsby—Nothing.

Snigsby—(absent mindedly)—You flatter me!

ON A HORSE-CAR.

"I WAS conductor on a car once where a funny thing happened," said the conductor to me, as we both stood on the back platform of a Church street car one evening. "The rays of the sinking sun fell athwart the city as my car wended its way up a well-built street, with residences on either hand. Silently I watched the golden glory deepen; and in the wonderful pale rose-light that fol-