



NO HELP FOR FACTION FIGHTERS.

PROSPEROUS CITIZEN OF IRISH BIRTH — "G'wan home, an' don't think to ask us for another cint 'till ye have settled the dirty quarrels wid which ye are ruining poor Oireland!"—*America.*

JOHN IMRIE'S POEMS.

WHILE our Canadian bosoms are swelling with pride over the poetic success of William Wilfrid Campbell, whose recent contribution to *Harper's Magazine*, "The Mother," is declared by foreign critics to be one of the great poems of the century, it is timely to call attention to a humbler singer who is, however, perhaps more widely known in this section of the Dominion than Mr. Campbell. We refer to Honest John Imrie, whose new volume of "Songs and Miscellaneous Poems" has just made its appearance from the press. The reader who dotes on Browning will not find much use for this volume, because it requires no mental effort to understand Imrie's muse. She is an innocent, plain spoken little fairy, with a heart brimming over with love and charity for all mankind. She indulges in no high flights, but, on the other hand, she never even suggests a thought which could bring a blush to the cheek of purity itself. Whether these songs and poems entitle their author to a place among Canada's recognized poets or not, they will certainly secure for him a warm place in the affections of all right-minded readers.

TALK OF THE STREET.

"AND they say Baldwin won't take it anyway, even if he should head the list."—"Dyes his hair does he? Thought he was looking unusually youthful."—"And then Sam Jones said he wasn't surprised to hear of the failure of the Kaweah colony, because it was a Kaweah (queer) scheme. Not bad, eh?"—"And so she went off to Chicago, and they say she's applying for a divorce."—"There goes Jaffray. Are you looking at him?"—"See here, Bill. If you say my dad's an alderman again I'll lick yer. He ain't no such a thing."—"Mashed on his mother-in-law! Who ever heard of such a thing?"—"Chickens got into the garden fore I was up, and scratched up every blamed seed."—"Big newspaper fake—don't give it away—get up a vote for leather medal to most unpopular alderman."—"Guess there's big boodle

in this mining business for some of the legislators."—"Blake, who is Blake?" "Used to be leader of the Grits, you know." "Oh, yes, I think I do remember now."—"Ah, Mr. Watts, I see Sexton hasn't buried you yet."—"Came back from Europe last year with several trunks full of dry goods and jewellery and things, and never paid a cent of duty."—"They do say Jumbo Campbell will run for Parliament the first chance."—"Has \$20,000 invested in real estate, but can't raise money enough to buy a spring suit."—"Scheme for a new daily paper don't seem to pan out."—"An', says he, 'the mon that wud support Parnell he's no thrue Irishman.' 'Ye're a liar,' says Duffy, an' wid that—"—"Yes, I happened to be there when the census man called, and she gave her age as thirty-two. Just fancy!" "Yes, I should say it was just fancy."

THE TERRIBLE WORLD.

SCENE—*Sanctum of Editor-in-Chief, Globe Office.*

MR FARRER—"Good morning, Willison. Here's something I've knocked off on the Red Parlor, and the present price of eggs."

MR. WILLISON (*examining manuscript with a varying expression of countenance*)—"Er—this is good; very good—capital. But,—I am very sorry, Farrer,—but I can't let it go in."

MR. FARRER—"Why so; what's wrong with it?"

MR. WILLISON—"Nothing with the article itself. In my opinion it's perfectly sound and well timed. That's why I regret that it will have to be killed."

MR. FARRER—"But I don't understand why—"

MR. WILLISON—"You forget that this is the sort of thing the *Globe* was publishing before the *World* compelled us to alter our course."

MR. FARRER—"So it is! By Jiminy, I forgot about that. And I wasted a lot of time and labor on the blamed thing. By all means, suppress it!"

[*Scene closes.*]