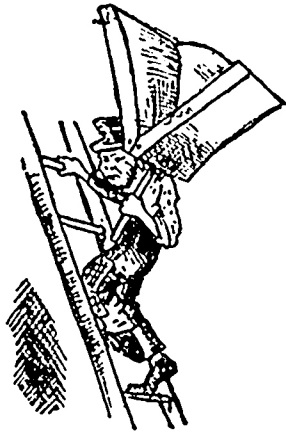


SHIFTING THE BLAME.



Howly Moses! luk at that!  
 All the morthar spilt  
 Over misther Dolan's hat,  
 Murther, I'll be kilt!

At the top they'll want to know  
 Where the morthar went;  
 O'Dolan's waitin' round below,  
 Foightin'e his intint.

Can't go thravlin' aither way,—  
 H—ll's on aither ind,—  
 I'll be docked on top av pay,  
 Licked if oi descind.

Drop that laddher, oi'll be down.  
 Whoop! you'll break me neck;  
 There's the hod upon his crown,—  
 Murther, what a wreck!

Look, ye careless divils—quick!  
 In the morthar bed;  
 Wan av you has droppher' a brick  
 On O'Dolan's head.

Written for JURY.

FREDERICTON BRIDGE

O Bridge, bonny bridge, thou art dusty and soiled,  
 Thou marvel of beauty. O'er thee men have toiled  
 To make thee so grand, as the river they spanned,  
 And the good \$100,000 stripped out of the land.

The islands above thee just saved thy proud head  
 Or the ice would have crushed thee, thy arches have fled,  
 And another few thousands from our coffers have bled.

The river was spanned, the shores were united;  
 No more would old ferry-boats here be invited;  
 We should never more wait, not e'en for a day,  
 On this side or that side, but go on our way.

But, alas! came the flood, and no ferry-boat near;  
 We've been sitting in mud, with but water to cheer,  
 And the shores that were wed were divorced the first year.

O bridge, bonny bridge, poor Fredericton's idol,  
 With mud you are smidged.—sad end to the bridal.  
 But now we must mend thee as well as we can,  
 I'd say that our pride has our wisdom outran.  
 And child of prosperity though thou hast been,  
 Thou art dwelling in poverty with the children of men.

Life is no idle, fair romance,  
 And surging waters o'er us glide.  
 Thou bridge, so fair at our first glance,  
 Now in the dust thy sorrows hide.

The surging tide, the waters flow,  
 An element all-powerful is;  
 To save ourselves we hurrying go,—  
 We have no choice in time like this.

But evil men more danger is  
 Than even raging, surging tide;  
 Their hidden sins: a dark abyss,  
 And falsehood's rage on every side.

Our hearts are breaking with our banks;  
 Our timber 's floating out to sea,

Our merchants ruined by their pranks,  
 And all the world seems gone alee.

So, dusty bridge, with arches fine,  
 No more like rainbows wilt thou shine;  
 And we in poverty may wait,  
 Like beggars at some castle gate.

And Time will roll her tides along,  
 And men in story and in song  
 Shall tell how we in Spring may stay,—  
 Thou hast made for us no less delay.  
 Now I'll no more thy sorrows tell,  
 But say we loved thee, all too well.

May 18th, 1887

RECKLESS.

They were visiting Boston for the first time, although they had lived all their lives within fifty miles of its limits. He had, in an unguarded moment, given full reign to a streak of generosity bordering on reckless extravagance. In his calmer moments it made his blood run cold to recall how he and his "maw" had "made the money fly down to Boston."

Hardly had they left the train when he said:

"Now, maw, let's enjoy ourselves. Now, yew jess buy anything yer a mind ter. See anything yew'd like to eat?"

"Yes, paw; I've allus thought I'd like to taste one o' them bananers."

"All right, maw; a bananer it is. Here's some. Jest hand over a bananer, will ye, mister? One o' them specked ones will do, I reckon. How much? Two cents? Purty steep, but maw wanted it, an' she hed to hev it. See anything else you'd like, maw?"

"I do no but I would like a little mite o' peppermint candy, bein's as I ain't had any for 'bout nineteen years—not since we was married, paw."

"No? All right. Here's a three-cent shiner, an' we'll lay it all out in pepp'mints. Blamed if I ain't a mind to buy an orange, too. Whacher, say, maw?"

"I would like it, paw. I do no as I'member how oranges do taste."

"An orange it is; an' we'll take the peelin' home to the children. We said we'd bring 'em something. Anything else you want, maw? Don't be afeared to speak right out. Blamed if I care if I do spend a little money a-pleasurin'."

"You s'pose we can afford a ride on the horse keers, paw? I've allus lotted on doin' it if I got a chance."

"I reckon we ken. They say you can ride five miles for five cents, and we'll jest go 'em a dime's worth. We kin walk back, an' see more. Say, maw, whacher say to an ocean ride?"

"Oh, paw!"

"I'm in dead earnest."

"Oh, paw; kin we afford it?"

"That's what we kin. I've brung seventy-five cents to spend, and blamed if I keer if it all goes, though I did cal'late a leetle on gettin' a box o' matches an' some terbacker an' a few other little things with what was left of it. But you say the word, and off we go, o'yer the salty deep."

"I'd like it, paw."

"That settles it. Come right along. Two tickets for Chelsea ferry'll cost only four cents, an' blamed if I don't buy 'em and make the trip. It'll be something to brag on back home. Hooray! who cares for ispiuses? Off we go fer a ocean tower crost Chelsea ferry. Blamed if I ain't a notion to buy some crackers an' cheese to eat on the trip."

"Oh, paw!"

"Blamed if I don't! I don't do things by halves. All you've got to do is to sing out, an' if I don't have three cents' worth o' bolony sassingers, too, my name ain't Zed Simpson."

Send \$1 to box 237 and got the JURY for one year.