

OTTAWA.

Wicked Reporters.

OUR REPORTER WRITING A PLAY.

A Nova Scotia Bore.

What the Members are Doing.

OTTAWA, April 30.

Long and uninteresting speakers are responsible for much of the mischief which is perpetrated in the galleries, as they afford the reporters leisure and make them wicked. It is at such times that rhymes are written on

MRS. MURPHY'S COW

and other members of the parliamentary menagerie, that flirtations are carried on with ladies in the gallery, and that hoaxes of various kinds are contrived. As I have no inclination for any of these things, and

DON'T WANT TO BE LED AWAY

by the evil example of the representatives of the *Montreal Witness*, the *St. John News*, the *Christian Visitor*, and other religious papers, I am writing a play. The opening, which you will readily see was suggested by recent events, is as follows, the scene being laid at a young ladies' seminary:

THE PLAY.

PRINCIPAL (peering through spectacles)—Who comes up the lane?

HOUSEKEEPER (excitedly)—A Brooklyn preacher and a temperance lecturer!

PRINCIPAL (in great alarm)—Then run in as quickly as possible and look up the virgins!

Don't you think this play will draw well?

ONE OF THE NOVA SCOTIA MEMBERS

is boring everybody with a railway conundrum, and this is how he does it:

BORE—Suppose a train leaves New York for San Francisco and San Francisco for New York each day, the through trip requiring seven days, how many trains do you meet in going from 'Frisco to 'York?

VICTIM—I'm not a passenger on one of those trains, and don't meet any.

BORE—Of course you're not; but if you were, how many would you meet?

VICTIM—I start from San Francisco for New York—seven days run—train leaves New York every day—well, I s'pose I meet seven.

BORE—How many trains are on the road when you start?

VICTIM—Seven.

BORE (smilingly)—And how many leave New York during the seven days of your trip?

VICTIM (hesitating)—Six—or seven—seven, I suppose.

BORE (triumphantly)—You have to meet all the trains on the road and all that start during the seven days. Therefore you meet fourteen trains.

VICTIM—So I do.

BORE (insinuatingly)—How many New York *Heralds* do you get on the way?

VICTIM (unthinkingly)—Seven.

BORE (inquiringly)—The first train has the first, the second the second, the seventh the seventh, and the other seven none?

VICTIM (angrily)—Get to shoe out of this with your conundrums. Any fool knows I'd meet a train every twelve hours, and get a daily from each twenty-four hours later than the previous one.

And then the Nova Scotia M. P. who has the copyright of this conundrum selects another victim and propounds his queries to him.

PETER MITCHELL

entered the House the other day more than usually combative, and pitched into Charles Burpee sharply on an amendment the uncle of his nephew had proposed to the election law, speaking of him as "member for the pocket borough of Sunbury."

UNCLE CHARLES

mildly replied that "the respectability of Sunbury was so well known as to need no defence." And then the pugnacious Peter laughed aloud in scorn—"Ha! ha! hum! Respectability and a Burpee! Too much! Ha! ha!"

You can imagine the hostility which Dymond has awakened by his boorishness by the character of a retort which he provoked from the poetic Mr. Plumb, a gentlemanly man by instinct. "The honorable member will oblige by keeping his insinuations in his own mouth, and

A DIRTY MOUTH IT IS TOO."

There was an outcry of "order," and the poet withdrew the epithet. "You can expect nothing from a hog but a grunt," said the Globular member of Mackenzie Bowell in the Public Accounts Committee, and the Orange Grand Master—

THE EDWARD WILLIS OF ONTARIO—

grasped a blue book to hurl at the hairless head of the offender.

"Wood is very scarce in Hamilton," said Mr. Wood, the member for that constituency, in the debate on the coal question.

"It will be scarcer here after the next election," remarked Mr. Plumb.

"You have set your protection traps to see how many rats you could catch," said Mr. Jones of Halifax.

"You are the biggest rat on that question," retorted Sir John Macdonald.

You should have seen the doleful look which the Prime Minister wore when he rose with the papers relating to the claim made on account of the killing of Mrs. Murphy's cow. It inspired a poet to write as follows:

Up rose Mackenzie in his place,
And sadly solemn was his face;
A frown was on his brow;
A manuscript was in his hand,
Which tearfully through specs he scanned—
Methinks I see him now!
His serious air revealed full well
That 'twas the mournful chronicle
Of Mrs. Murphy's cow!

JOHN SMITH.

An Editor's Mail.

The morning mail of the editor of a leading daily is not complete unless it contains, in addition to its substantial business, letters from the following well known correspondents:

1. The man who wants to empty his old scrap book into you.

2. The woman with a "piece" of poetry.

3. The respectable dead-beat lecturer who will furnish his old notes interlarded with vigorous puffs of himself, and want to be paid for it.

4. The man with a currency scheme six columns long.

5. The man with a national finance system do.

6. The man with an old sermon.

7. The man who importunately asks the insertion of a communication as a favor, and then writes a worrying letter daily inquiring to know why it is not in.

8. The man, woman, or child that would like a "roving commission," under the impression that henceforth they would have to pay no hotel bills or railway fare.

9. The lady who wants to be a watering place correspondent with similar views.

10. Ten or twelve men who want to slip in advertisements of lectures, religious meetings, land associations, colony schemes, private institutes, concerts, etc., under false pretences.

11. The regular batch of applications for employment: (a) as a matter of charity; (b) because the applicant has always been unsuccessful at everything else; (c) from influential friends who want you to pension some poor relation they are keeping afloat; (d) from the man who thinks he would be an excellent journalist because he has never had any training in the profession; (e) from the school-girl who would like to be Washington correspondent.

12. The innumerable host who want "a little notice."—[Philadelphia Press.

To make a monkey wrench, feed him on the first green apples.—[Syracuse Times.

PORTLAND.

The Town Councillors Analyzed.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

WHAT WAS SAID BY ITS BUILDER.

PORTLAND TOWN COUNCIL.—This is the house that Jack built.

FIFTH WARD.—This is the bait that lies in the house that Jack built.

FELLOWS.—This is the rat that nibbles the bait that lies in the house that Jack built.

O'MAHONEY.—This is the cat that's watching the rat that nibbles the bait that lies in the house that Jack built.

S. HOLLY, CHESLEY, LINGLEY, J. HOLLY, MAHER AND PURDY.—These are the bull dogs that are helping the cat to watch the rat that nibbles the bait that lies in the house that Jack built.

DUFE, COCHRAN AND MUNRO.—These are the cows with crooked horns that hook at the dogs that are helping the cat to watch the rat that nibbles the bait that lies in the house that Jack built.

MCLEAN.—This is the maiden all forlorn that milks the cows with the crooked horns that hook at the dogs that are helping the cat to watch the rat that nibbles the bait that lies in the house that Jack built.

FERGUSON.—This is the man all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milks the cows with the crooked horns that hook at the dogs that are helping the cat to watch the rat that nibbles the bait that lies in the house that Jack built.

WILSON.—This is the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milks the cows with the crooked horns that hook at the dogs that are helping the cat to watch the rat that nibbles the bait that lies in the house that Jack built.

DOHERTY.—This is the cock that crows in the morn to wake the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milks the cows with the crooked horns that hook at the dogs that are helping the cat to watch the rat that nibbles the bait that lies in the house that Jack built.

A CLOCK BEWITCHED.—A Vermont newspaper is responsible for the following story: "A circumstance which savors more of spiritualism than anything the Eddys ever did is vouched for in South Woodstock. About three years ago F. B. Fletcher moved to the place from Mystic, Conn., and several evenings after, when his friends gave him a house-warming, a small eight-day clock which stood on the parlor mantle, unwound and without a pendulum, struck a number of times and continued running for a couple of days. After a silence of two years, and while in its previous condition, the clock showed life again during another party. This performance has been repeated at a third party within a few days, and the clock ran exactly twenty-four hours, every effort to stop it proving as useless as the attempts to make it run since then."

A BARBAROUS ITEM.—A peculiar looking individual stepped into a hardware store in Washington the other day and said: "I've been here six months and, so help me gracious, I haven't found a decent barber yet. The best of them haul and scrape against the grain, and scarify a fellow till you can't rest. I'll have no more of it in mine. Hand down the best kit of shavin' tools you have in the shop." It was Dr. Mary Walker.—[Oil City Derrick.

NEWCASTLE.

Another Sensation!!

THE POETIC WOOD-CUTTER HEARD FROM.

KICHIBOUQUASIS, 30th April, 1878.

DEAR EDITORS,—As I have been in the woods all winter cutting spruce logs, excuse my ignorance when I say that till yesterday I never saw the sensation in Newcastle as published in your valuable paper. Wending my way along the dirty street of the little hamlet called Newcastle, I overheard a conversation in which was related what may well be called Sensation No. 2.

A bank clerk of tri-colored notoriety, brought up to the strict ritual of the Established Church, has forsaken the religion of his forefathers and connected himself with the Church of Scotland, "and all for?" Echo answers, for the sake of a young lady fair as a lily. Friends and acquaintances, parents, brothers and sisters hasten to the rescue, but alas for the frailty of friendly relations when a young lady stands at the entrance and beckons onward.

The other evening this self same banker, when the rain poured and the wind howled, but no lightning flashed or thunder moaned, wended his way over the rocks and through mud to the happy home of his adorable:

"And in her home he saw the light
Of household fire gleamed warm and bright;
Above his head the bright moon shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Confound the rain."

At last his patience and perseverance met their reward, and words fail us when we attempt to describe the scene. But all things must end, and so did this pleasant evening; and at last the time arrived when children must be put to bed. Our banker arose to depart, but would fain have staid like the prodigal son and the corn husks, when he was startled from his reverie by a sweet voice saying:

"Oh, stay! the maiden said, and rest
Thy empty head on yonder chest;
A tear stood in his cat-gray eye,
But still he answered with a sigh—
Mintero Mum."

At this point the young banker frantically seized his hat and cane, groaned (it could not be called a whistle) for his *dorg*, and rushed like a raving maniac out into the storm and darkness, and since that time the rock no more beheld the brightness of his countenance.

SPRUCE GUM.

"Oh, how this spring of life resembleth
The uncertain glories of an April day!"
Is longer and less terse than what he saith
Who, his umbrella having put away,
Is for some hours beneath a leaky awning compelled
to stay.—[Puck.

UNACCOMMODATING.—Tommy came home from school and handed to his father the teacher's report on his progress during the month. "This is very unsatisfactory, Tom; you have a very small number of good marks. I'm not at all pleased with it." "I told the teacher you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't alter it."—[Hudson Gazette.

It is very difficult to look at the picture in Harper's Weekly of Stanley and five negroes in a skiff, fighting 346, 959,823,544,817,922,354,000,000 savage negroes, all armed with repeating and breech-loading rifles, at ten paces, without yielding to the impression that either Mr. Stanley is given to prevarication, or the artist has misunderstood his figures.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

LINES TO THE CUCUMBER.

The cucumber graceth the festal board
Enshrouded in condiments rare,
And the epicure gleefully rubbeth his paunch,
At the sight of the treasure there,
The doctor smileth a sad-like smile
And giveth a crocodile groan,
And the marble man goeth out the while
And polisheth up a stone,
The undertaker mournfully asks
"What will his measure be?"
And the sexton marketh a spot "reserved"
All under the willow tree,
'Tis hard the times and 'tis scarce the cash—
And so with a zestful joy
We welcome waft to the fitful fruit
That giveth the folk employ.

—[St. Louis Journal.