

DON'T QUIT THE FARM.

NEWSPAPER OUTFIT—SMALL—SECOND-HAND—wanted in exchange for farm; too acres; 12 cleared; large frame house; Northern road; McKellar—Globe.

Go to! Go to! child of ambition mighty,
Hast thou no sober thought of what thou aimest at?
Or has thy reason grown untamed and lighty?
Art thou more blind than wildy-winged bat?

Methinks, some time thou wast of village paper
A correspondent from whose poor, erratic pen
Dribbled labored contributions, writ while midnight taper
Burned dim in farm-house attic—dismal den!

Perchance thou wou'd the muse by flickering candle,
And she—the wanton—listed, oh! mischievous prank!
Whilst thou turned wearily poetic grind-stone handle,
She, too, was pretty busy, fooling with a crank.

Mayhap thou wrote—'twas prose—of many a common
matter;
"Not prose, but prosy," did some way-back voices say.
Good recipe for cranips—best scheme for buckwheat batter—
Revival—social—night-school—fun on holiday!

The district dominie thou art, oh! soul high soaring;
Or is't a township clerk I had thee, eking out
Subsistence scant by use of wits, and choring
With instruments of law and farm-yard, turn about?

There, in yon backwoods, got'st thou the *cas. scrib.* badly?
Thou feelest thyself a journalist *masculin non fit*;
And thy demesne thou'd'st barter, oh, so gladly!
For some old banged, bruised, battered printing kit!

Think'st thou as "we" thou could'st make more com-
munion
"Than if thou taught, conveyed, or did plow?
I tell thee here it is a false, a foolish notion—
By the wrong ear thou'st clutched the festive snow.

How wou'd'st, did'st thou survive thy first hard winter,
When subs, if any, came as turnips, bass-wood, straw—
Be mind, as well as body, broke up all asplinter,
And well for this if thou hast 'scaped the law.

One little craft, how'er so trim and saucy,
Is quickly lost amongst the thousand other sails
Dotting the Printers' Sea, whose shores are green and
mossy—
Like some who try to ride out its fierce gales.

One tiny voice amidst the babel of the pressmen
Is neither here nor there—and if 'twere stilled
How many, think, would feel the least distress then,
Or care or wonder who Cock Robin killed?

Art thou, oh vaulting owner of a bush farm big,
Prepared to have thy harmless self, weak after week,
The subject of some envious rival's evil "rig"?
Art saint with spirit, meekest of the meek?

Can'st stand the gulf of captious critics, surly?
Can'st pay thy clam'rous help from empty purse?
Can'st mental balance keep 'midst all the hurly-burly?
Can'st face a poor-house future, goal, or worse?

If not, then keep the farm and seed thee down the clearing;
Twelve acres tackle with bytine heart and brave—
As farmer live serene, no other mortal fearing,
And thank the fates thou'st not become a slave!
T. T.

LETTERS TO EMINENT PERSONS.
NO. III.

TO JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE, ETC., ETC.

SIR,—In venturing to include you among the eminent men to whom I am publicly addressing epistles, I feel that I do myself a great honor and the country at large an incalculable service.

You are, sir, a credit to the illustrious family whose proud name you bear, and to which you, both in public and private life, add a bright lustre—a sort of Imperial Stove-polish gloss, as it were. I wish I could do even a small measure—say wine-standard—of justice to a career that from commencement to end has exemplified every grace of christian character, in the highest style of the art; that has been one unbroken succession of grand efforts and grand triumphs, O. B. Sheppard not necessarily referred to; that has powerfully demonstrated how an individual can proceed along life's devious pathway from green and gosling youth up to bald-headed ballet-loying middle-age, enjoying the fullest esteem of his fellow-men, and the measles and cramps, revered by his washerwoman and worshipped by his tailor, and with never a stain on his proud escutcheon, or the brass door-plate on his front portal. My recollections of you extend back to the period when you played

marbles in front of your father's corner grocery, and would never take "dubs" though you might knock half-a-dozen nibs from the ring. That was evidence of the sterling principle and sense of right and justice which has marked your life up to the present time when, as the proprietor of a corner grocery yourself, you can take your well-earned *otium cum dignitate*, while the clerk and the errand boy do the charging in good shape, and are careful to see that the coal oil and molasses measures are not strained with giving too much to the quart. Yes, sir, you are a model man now as you were a model boy then. This is perhaps in some measure due to the fact that you attended the Model School, where you learned to speak in a modulated voice. Pardon this passing facetiousness, my dear sir, but I was once a paragrapher, and the old Adam will reassert itself on occasions. At school you distinguished yourself as a close student. Perhaps some old-time rival will sneeringly remark that you were close—close to the foot of the class most of the time. But you may well let such an observation pass with the calm scorn which its utter baseness justly merits. You were not necessarily a brilliant scholar—an intellectual meteor flashing across the educational sky. But you inherited the family trait of diligence which may, perhaps, be through some physiological mystery attributed to the fact of one of your ancestors on the paternal side being the respected driver of a well-patronized diligence. That diligence enabled you to successfully undergo a process of cramming under the tuition of a retired graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who filled in his spare moments writing powerful editorials for the daily papers on scriptural doctrine, metaphysics, and other subjects interesting to the toiling masses. You were among forty-two who matriculated at an examination at which the papers were unanimously pronounced by the students to have been the most difficult of the kind ever prepared. You did not enter the University, where you certainly would have made your mark. Fate and your father had another pathway through life's snow-drifts shovelled out for you, so to speak. They determined you should adopt the mercantile profession, and to this end sent you to a Business Academy, where you learned to write with a facility and finish that would have made your fortune as a sign-painter, had you but embraced that aesthetic calling in conjunction with kalsomining and paper-hanging. Before you had completed your course you could execute the picture of a carrier pigeon flying along under a great weight of impossible and elaborate tail. But this was the style of this particular college. Some colleges made a speciality of the pigeon; this one went in strongly on the tail. No sooner had you got through and been presented with a diploma, that was really worth framing, than your father retired from business and gave you full control of the grocery, including a special job lot of boneless codfish, and a delivery horse which the errand boy thoughtfully suggested should be fed oats occasionally to vary the chopped straw diet he had been subsisting on for so long. Your promptitude in discharging that errand boy was an augury of the grand success, as a merchant, which the future had in store for you. It proved you well worthy to discharge likewise the solemn trust reposed in you by your indulgent parent. You signalized your assumption of the wool-sack, metaphorically speaking—though as a matter of fact you took sacks of wool in exchange for store stuff—by engaging another junior clerk and having the delivery van painted blue and yellow, with the family coat-of-arms, a sugar hogs-head rampant, neatly emblazoned on the back-board. From that time forward your steps have been upward and onward—not in the sense of your living over the rear part of the store, but in the

higher and nobler significance of the words. I know I must fail to fittingly tell of your life and works during your business career. That memorable period when you reduced raisins and soap below cost rather than have a business competitor around the block grind you ruthlessly beneath his iron heel, ought to be recorded in better language than I can employ. The complete success of all the bean-counting rackets and Bible puzzle-guessing schemes which your fertile brain devised is the best tribute to your mercantile sagacity. The circumstance that you have on three occasions won the prize cane at the church picnic unquestionably establishes your high and never-dying popularity, even do we not count the contemplated requisition to you to be a candidate for school trustee. Let no one think me over-sanguine or too flattering to you when I prophesy that, before many years are gone into the limbo of the past, you will be an Alderman and Chairman of the Indigent Committee. In all sincerity I say there is no height too great for one of your supreme talents and irreproachable character to aspire to, if true merit is to be recognized and the pork market doesn't tumble every other season. Go on and prosper, say I. You have the heartiest good wishes of your friends and a fair-sized corner grocery to back you up. Trust me—that is, of course, to say, believe me—when the history of patriots and successful produce-dealers has been written, your name will have a prominent place and will likely be followed in the index by "see advt. on page—."

DANGER.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

A CONVERSATION OF THE TIMES.

SCENE.—A beer saloon on King St. Enter two laborers.

1ST LABORER, a cockney and a democrat.—Hi tell ye, Mike, workin' men don't git their fair share of what they hearn by their honest toil. They 'ave to stand by and see holl the profits what's hearned a swallered hup by the bosses, hits a bloomink shame.

2ND LABORER (an Irishman and a democrat, but not so far advanced).—I dunno but yer right, me bye, but what I'm down on is sub-contractors—sorra be the day that I ver cid a stroke of wurk for the murderin' thaves.

1ST LABORER.—But hi tell ye, Mike, the bosses is makin' too much hout of the workin' men. Now, suppose you and me hengaged to dig a cellar for a man, Well, heuch of us 'ill make maybe ten dollars, and e'll make, like enough, fifty. That ain't right. Wy should 'e get so much for doin' nothink but bossin' hus?

2ND LABORER.—Right y' are, Harry, give the byes a chance, I say, but av we niver wurked only fur the contractors thimselves and lit the sub-contractors alone, we'd be safe for shure. Whin a man gits min to do a job for him, an' thin laves with the money, what's goin' to be done?

1ST LABORER.—'Tain't no use talkin', Mike, things is never goin' to be as they hought, huntil we gets the governin' of this 'ere bloomink country hinto our own 'ands. There hain't no justice in one man 'avin' a 'undred thousand dollars and us honest 'ard workin' fellers not a bloomin' blarsted cent. Government of the people by the people and for the people is what we want, and we'll 'ave it to. Democracy is comin' ridin' ou, the wind and the hair is full of it.

2ND LABORER.—Yer right enough, yer right enough, Harry, but, be jabers! we can't do everything. Now kin yez tell me how cud we build the Pacific railroad beyant, widout the manes, the money; that's what I'm drivin' at.

1ST LABORER.—Wy, you must be a bloom-