



## TIT FOR TAT!

[The Czar, in censuring Schobaloff, said, "Thanks to you Russia feels herself derided, hooted at and utterly isolated amongst the Nations.—Daily Paper.]

"WHICH," AS THE GENERAL MIGHT HAVE REPLIED, "IS VERY MUCH LIKE WHAT THE JEWS FEEL AMONGST THE RUSSIANS."

## Family before State.

BY J. LOES.

When first I went into politics,  
(Take a lesson, take a lesson)—  
On the good of my country my heart was fixed,  
(I was rich, my friends, I was rich);  
I left my business to itself,  
My soul it soared beyond mere self,  
And I worked away for the nation's wealth.  
What a fool I was, what a fool!  
For though votes are lost, to your party's cost,  
And angry chums may sneer,  
There's not time to roam till all's snug at home,  
For the first claim's there, 'tis clear.

When in the "House" I took my seat  
I was proud, my friends, I was proud.  
The first few days I couldn't eat,  
I was shy, my friends, I was shy.  
I had my "speeches" neath my vest,  
(I kept the secret in my breast);  
Politeness said, "Give a chance to the rest;"  
How green I was, how green!  
For the old ones 'll blow, no matter how slow,  
And fresh M. P.'s must wait;  
They needn't take note till called for their vote,  
Their help's not needed in debate.

Thus obliged to wait for many a week—  
(A relief, my friends, a relief)  
There came a chance when I could speak.  
What a fright I got, what a fright!  
I got so mixed about my "Bill,"  
Once on my legs I stood stock still,  
While my tongue was dumb against my will—  
I felt mean, my friends, I felt mean.  
For he who would speak must have lots of cheek—  
Words at his finger's end,  
Or the chances are, he'll be distanced far  
By his quick foe or his friend.

When forced to sit me down again,  
I felt small, my friends, I felt small;  
I found my thoughts were all "extraneous."  
'Too late, my friends, too late!  
I left off hoping then for fame,  
A silent member I became;  
To follow my leader was my aim—  
Useful work, my friends, useful work.  
For though one can lead, another must heed,  
And wheels must carry the cart;  
While the whip must act with excellent tact,  
To make all run from the start.

The expenses of election—  
(Pretty big, my friends, pretty big),  
I did not think so high would run—  
(A usual thing, my friends, a usual thing.)  
My wife and daughters from that day,  
With style and fashion got *au fait*,  
As their milliners' bills show to this day,  
Such a lot for style, such a lot;  
For Jane came out, at our Ottawa rout,

And Pet did the same next year;  
Though it wasn't right, I found it useless quite,  
To stop their rash career.

For five whole years with zealous care  
(Home things looked blue, looked blue)  
I studied politics with care,  
Lost cash, my friends, lost cash;  
I let my private business go  
Like several others that I know,  
Nor questioning ask why did I do,  
For I am poor, I am poor!  
For the boss away, business doesn't pay,  
And living grows quite dear,  
And the boys feel big when "Ma" runs the rig,  
And there's no one home to fear.

When at last the term was over—  
Quite worn out, my friends, worn out—  
After living in such clover—  
Quite a come-down, quite a come-down!  
I found our income grown so small,  
We'd hardly any left at all,  
We failed completely towards the fall.  
Friends laughed at us, friends laughed,  
For if high your aim, and you gain no fame,  
And come off short in cash,  
Though all for the State, they call you "addepate,"  
When you come down with a crash.

Thus forced to give up politics—  
Take a warning, take a warning—  
The sad reflection in me sticks,  
What a pity, what a pity!  
My heart is breaking with regret,  
While my poor eyes with tears are wet,  
That I didn't first a competency get  
For my family, for my family.  
For the "State" must go if your funds are low,  
Or drawn from a business source;  
Unless, like poor me, you'd be "up in a tree,"  
And a ruined man "sans force."

The young man who writes notices of St. Jacobs Oil has a room to himself privately at the hotel. The public would rejoice if he would confine the notices to the room also.

Scientists say that the human skull is gradually becoming thinner by the action of "natural selection." As there is now not so much need of thickheads as when primitive races of man were exposed to dangers in forests, etc. Ireland is supposed to be happily, for various reasons, excepted from this new dispensation of nature as there is still some danger there from accidental blows from blackthorn, etc.

There was a Jew tailor named Roddy,  
Who dealt in the vilest of shoddy,  
He tried to take in,  
The stout and the thin,  
And send them home not looking nobby.

## Observations by Col. Knowal.

THE POLYTISHUN.

The polytishun, unlik most uther noisy things ov this genurashun, iz not an outcum ov the sivilizashun ov the nintenth century. He iz a long standing jok, altho he never seems to realize the redickulusnes ov hiz positshun in natshure. He ma be defind az a man who noes az much about runing the affairs ov a kuntry aza wasp noes about the internul ekonomy ov a bee-hiv. To here him tawk you wood imajin their wasnt a molekule ov selfshines in hiz hole anatomikal get up. An unsophistikated puran mite run awa with the idea that hiz hart waz bleding at the rat ov an impyeral galun a da, phor the woes ov his kuntry, and that hiz hole sole was biling over with indignashun at the bludthurstyues ov her enemies, who aro well nown to be ploting her ruin from the fakt that they are on the oposit side ov polytix to that to which he is fastened. The unsophistikated puran wood, however, be sold, phor the noshun that the polytishun is a hole soled patriot iz a phalacy which was eksploded in the yero won. A polytishun kares just about az much phor hiz kuntry az he noes about itz biznes, and the mor polytishuns you rais, the fuer statesmen you wil sea in a thousand yere sojurn in the land. Metaphiguratively speaking, stateemen aro rar floues, wheraz, polytishuns aro weeds which gro up to chok them, or parysites which suround them and suk the protoplasm out ov them. This iz the grate difikulty in the livly yung comunity to the south ov us, wher they hav more polytishuns to the squar akker, and less statesmen to the squar mil, than in any uther kuntry that waz ever wurth a kontinental. The weede shows an alarming tendency to sprout in Kanada likewise, and its bogus claims to eksistense shud be sat on efektuany and remorsicly.



## "WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

(The gentleman has been "sampling," and has succumbed to the inevitable effects.)

Cassily—Oi say, Maguire, are yez not goin' to finish your fwiskey? Come, drink it up, me bloy.

Maguire (with an effort)—Oi don't want any more. Begorra, it's full oi am, intirely; but don't be after wastin' the good drink—throw it over me.

Eve was the first to set a Fall fashion.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

"A few left," read our Funny Contributor as he looked at the notice of a sale of some choice lots in Manitoba. "Yes," mused our Contributor, "and there will be a good many more left if this thing goes on much longer."