

THE POLITICAL BROWNIES.



TWO Brownies named Foster and Bowell one day
Were talking of trade in a business-like way,
When a weary-worn Brownie in rustic array
Broke in on their speech with this pitiful lay:
"Kind sirs, will yer help a poor cove ter exist?
My earnins is used for Protectionist grist;
Sum Tariff Reform yer can give if yer list,
Ter pull me quite outen Monopoly's fist."
Then Bowell he wunk and sly Foster he smole,
A crocodile tear down his brazen cheeks stole;
"This favor," he said, "I most willingly dole."
"Hold on, then," cries Bowell, just climb down the pole.



If Free Trade is wanted, now
please step this way.
On questions like this I alone
have a say."
"Not much," returns Foster,
"you're too old and gray;
Let's just fight it out and see
who gains the day."
The scrappers went at it as
though for a prize,
And soon they were decked
with two lovely black eyes.
Then Bowell the Brownie upon
the grass lies,
And Foster gasps, "We've had
enough, I surmise."
"I'm sorry," says Bowell, "we
acted so rough,
My offer of Tariff Reform was
a bluff,
And just so much taffy for this
hayseed muff."

"I also," whined Foster, "was
giving him guff."
He turned to the yokel. "My
friend, go away!
We really can't spare what you
ask for to-day."
The yokel he grinned, and then
gently did say,
"I'll answer yer kindness on bal-
lotin' day."
And Foster the Brownie, and
Bowell his friend
Still hear public murmurs, un-
heeding their trend;
And if they don't soon to such
murmurs attend,
The public themselves will their
own fortunes mend.

WATERLOO DICRUSNAME.

VISITORS to the World's Fair who allude to the occa-
sion as "Chicago's fete" should be careful that they have
the correct French pronunciation.



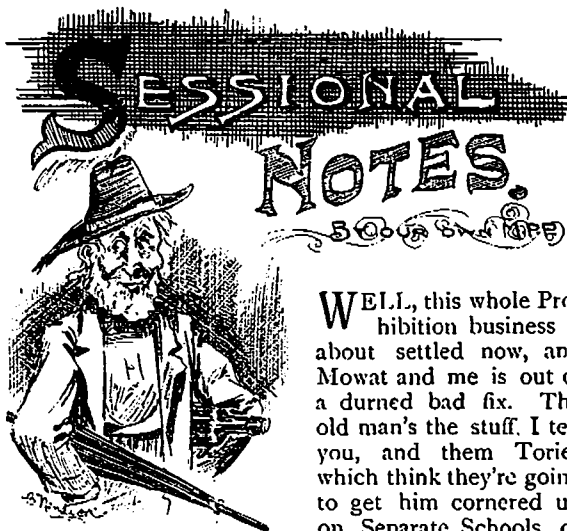
AN UNWELCOME GIFT.

PUSLINCH—"Who is that beautiful young lady?"
BLENKINSOP—"Why, that's Miss Birdie Tutwiler,
the belle of the season. Don't you know her?"
PUSLINCH—"No. Will you present me to her?"
BLENKINSOP—"With pleasure, dear boy, but I'm
afraid she'll hardly have you as a gift."

AT THE CABINET COUNCIL.

HON. G. E. FOSTER—"Well, I'm fully satisfied of
this, there's only one thing that can save the Gov-
ernment, and that is to adopt the policy of Dalton
McCarthy."

HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL—"I'm rather disposed to
agree with you. I wish that we could only find out
what it is."



WELL, this whole Pro-
hibition business is
about settled now, and
Mowat and me is out of
a durned bad fix. The
old man's the stuff, I tell
you, and them Tories
which think they're going
to get him cornered up
on Separate Schools, or

Prohibition, or any other fool question as has nothing to
do with straight politics, are going to have just about as
much fun as a fellow chasing a breachy colt over a twenty-
acre lot; and the best of it is that he never goes back
onto his principles neither, and always keeps solid with
the respectable church-going element which never enters
a saloon by the front door, and is mighty hard to get
ahead of trading horses. Them's the kind for a politi-
cian to stand in with, because they've got money and
influence as well as votes.

They are the sort of men which would look with scorn
and contempt onto the offer of a bribe, and, perhaps, be
moved by righteous indignation to hit you a swipe on
the jaw, but can always appreciate the blessings of good
government, such as the location of institutions into their
midst, railroad bonuses, contracts in which the lowest
tender is not necessarily accepted, and things of that
sort.

When we knocked out Marter's ridiculous Prohibition
bill with extreme regret and a strict party vote, because
we didn't have the power to pass it, I allow I began to
get scared that we was going to lose our holt onto the
Prohibition vote. I asked Joe Tait what he thought
about it.

"Don't you worry about that," says Tait, putting his
hand onto my shoulder. "Isna' G. W. Ross a life-long
Prohibitionist? Isna' Balfour another? Am I no a
Prohibitionist myself? D'ye think, noo, we don't know