

SHE WAS "NOT AT HOME" NEXT TIME.

MISS FROSTIQUE—"I hate the winter. It makes one feel old."

MR. PLUGWINCH—"Well, if it makes you feel much older you will be young again."

Dar's Brudder Washington Dorsey, fur instance, Deekin Dorsey's son, w'at got a position into de pos'-office last year. Fo' dat Brudder Dorsey uster say dat dis country wan't no account, an' he 'lowed he'd go to Chicago fur to git a job. Sence he got into de pos'-office dar ain't no mo' loyal man in de congregashun, an' 'tain't only free days sence I heard him wid my own lips say dat Purfessor Goldwin Smith had orter be tarred an' eathered. Kase ef dis country wuz annexed dey'd be bout forty-'leven Yankee politicians want to git Brudder Dorsey's job. De man w'at touches a ha'r ob de Ole Flag got Brudder Dorsey to settle wid, an' doan' you forgit it. Selah!

Brudderin, Britons nebber shall be slaves! De destiny ob de country am to stick by de Ole Flag, under w'ich our four fathers shed dar blood at Queenston Heights, an' de Denisons drewed dar swords, an' sence dat time dar salaries, wid a self-sacrificin' patriotism w'ich stirs de deepest emotions ob de breast. W'at hallowed memories cluster beneath its folds! De unfeelin' may deride an' de traitorous may scoff, but dar's somethin' holy about de Ole Flag, an' de older it grows de mo' holey it gits. As it waves dar ober de Legislatur', an' de Custom House, an' de Pos' Office, it am de emblem ob our hopes, de lode-star w'ich p'int de trabeller on life's weary journey to de goal whar dey is boodle for ebermo'.

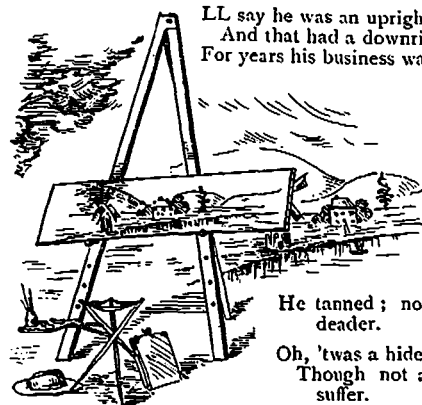
Yes, my brudderin, in spite ob de machinashuns ob

Goldwin Smith an' E. A. Macdonald, de country am safe, an' de only question in de minds ob de truly loyal is how dey am gwine to git into dat safe so's to sheer de reward ob loyalty. Fur now am de app'inted time an' now am de day ob election, an' dem w'at kain't git a registry office or a sit into de Custom House mout hab a show in de Bureau ob Industries or a job ob canvassin' in de ward. For verily I say unto you, widout loyalty to de dear Ole Flag dar am no hope ob de recompense ob reward, an de man w'ich am an annexationist, de same shall be cast forth like unto Myers an' Cosgrove, upon de cold world, whar de ghost walketh not an' de big hog crowdeth de little pig from de trough. Selah!

Deekin Peter Watkins will kindly permeate de congregashun wid de plate, beginnin' at de do', while wesing de beautiful hymn:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Burnin' wid loyalty,
Ob thee we sing.
May I with office blest,
Find me a place ob rest,
Close to de public chest,
God save de ring!

THE DEAD TANNER.



LL say he was an upright man,
And that had a downright manner;
For years his business was to tan—

For years he wa
a busy tanner.

But now, alas
th's man is
dead,
For in a vat he
took a header
While tanning
hides; his
own instead

He tanned; no man could well be
deader.

Oh, 'twas a hide-ous doom to meet,
Though not a lingering death to
suffer.

'Twas tough, but were the job com-
plete,

His cuticle would have been tougher.

His circle of dear friends do weep,
"We've lost our tan-gent," says each weeper,
"For him to die is sorrow deep—
His pit-eous fate must make it deeper."

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