



RACE AND RELIGION.

MR. SOLOMONS—"Well, Dinkelstein, and whom did you vote for?"
MR. DINKLESTEIN—"Me? Vy, Moscs, of course!"

MEREDITH'S LAMENT.

WE'RE left again! We're left again!
I fear it is no sort of use.
I've tried all sorts of schemes in vain,
I swear it beats the very deuce.
We can't get in, whate'er we do,
We don't seem to have any show;
Why then the struggle still pursue,
When Mowat will not, will not go?

We tried the straight-out Tory fight,
And kept it up till we grew sick.
Though old Sir John took much delight
In showing us full many a trick,
That was no good, so then we tried
To utilize the Irish vote,
Which also failed us, so I cried:
"No popery," and changed my coat.

I counted sure on "Equal Rights,"
That ought to be a taking cry.
The masses like sectarian fights,
Or used to—now they're growing shy.
We talked against the Separate schools,
We even said we'd wipe them out,
But still we failed to catch the fools,
For our good faith they seem to doubt.

Even epigrams had no effect,
We raised the cry: "His hour has come."
In advertising, I expect,
It's cost us quite a tidy sum.
We said: "The Grits are on the run,"
And so they were—they ran too well—
And now the victory they've won,
How loud their shouts of triumph swell!

Well, anyway, we've lost the game,
We can't shake Mowat, do our best;
Try what we will, it's all the same,
I guess it's time we took a rest.
The jig is up—he's there to stay,
Our goose is cooked, our cake is dough,
What use in fooling time away
Upon a man who will not go?

SKOOL.

A ESAY BY JIMMY LARKINS WICH THE BOYS CALLS
"SHORTY."

SKOOL is the place boys and girls go to get licked on the hands, wat is spanked at home. Our teacher says skool edjukates and prepares us for the world. If I get licked once more this week I will be a good subject for the next world. my littel brother is in the kinnergarden, he learns to sing and fold colored paper. I don't have much fun till I get out. My teacher says I must take grate panes with my spelling. I learn hijeen and histry and geografy and so forth, wich is very hard, hijeen is the art of preserving your health. my ma learns preserving out of a cookery book. hijeen says you must rise early and take a long walk of six or eight miles before breakfast, which will give you a appitite for your meels you must bath at least three times a day. but I have not come to this yet. Histry teaches you how menny kings was murdered sinse adam an eve, some was burned at the steak, & some was drowned in a but of wine. they was all acquainted with Mr. Shakespeer who rote all about these affairs. They talked funny in those days. We also learn to drill, wich is more fun, but if you go rong you get licked on the hands just the same. Every summer all the boys march threw the city and carry sticks. All the skool boys and girls is owned by Mr. Yoos our teacher says wen he comes into the room we shood rise and saloot him with every mark of respec. On drill days

Mr. Yoos rides a wite horse. every once in a wile we have examinations wich is great fun, but you must not copy. It is not honest to copy. I only copied some sums and histry and geografy. but I showed my hijeen to the next boy. If you rite good and put down the right answers, you get promotered, wich is not nice as they make you work harder than ever. Some boys and girls goes to the kaleejut and they have to study *awful* hard. I will not go to the kaleejut. I will go to work into a bank.



A SUBTLE SUGGESTION.

CABINET MINISTER—"Yes, I haven't had time to go into your scheme fully, but I take quite an interest in it."

PROMOTER—"I see; you take a blind interest in it; what would you say to taking a blind share?"