

yers for the boodlers for three or four hours, but five minutes' honest talk in the interests of the public is too much for you."

THE CHAIRMAN—"All in favor of the bill! Carried! Committee's adjourned."

DAHOMY'S N.P.

INFORMATION from the colored realm of Dahomey, *via* Paris, states that "the Dahomians have always been noted for their man-hunting expeditions, and this is the season of the year in which these explorations start from Abomey and other places in Dahomey. The object of these expeditions is to procure victims for the slaughter, termed 'Customs' by the natives, at which hundreds of natives are sacrificed to propitiate the fetish gods."

This is merely a reproduction, in a somewhat crude and barbarous fashion, of the Canadian N.P., with its "man-hunting expeditions" in Britain and elsewhere by the kidnappers of the Immigration Department, to procure fresh victims for the "Customs" and sacrifices for the fetish gods of monopoly and partyism. The Dahomians are looked upon as a savage people, but they are evidently imitating our peculiar brand of civilization as closely as their conditions will permit, even as regards the trifling details of nomenclature.

SAUVE QUI PEUT.

PERCY, what woeful announcement is made to me?
(Ah, that it might a mere rumor be termed);
Yesterday morning the news was conveyed to me,
Yesterday evening the news was confirmed.

Ah! for the empty assurances numerous;
Ah! for the confidence sadly misplaced;
False, the denials indignant or humorous;
False, the old proofs of misogynist taste.

How, in the face of such shameless secessionists,
Can the thin ranks of the bachelors stand?
If to the side of the "tender impression"-ists
Drift such as you, why, the corps must disband.

You, who so long with example illustrious
Strengthened our hands the high cause to maintain,
When the "winged boy," in his efforts industrious,
Many a celibate comrade has slain.

How could you leave us when most we had need of you?
Have not too many deserted and gone?
This is distressingly wanton, indeed, of you,
Scarcely may we, the survivors, fight on.

One and another at each opportunity
Slips from his fealty, false to his vow,
Of the original hardy community,
What a mere handful are lingering now!

LATER.

Yet all things considered, I pardon the ruse,
And (spite of my principles) grant there's excuse.
My thoughts wander back to a spot, far away,
Where the coaches come in and go out once a day,
And the smoke of the city is pleasingly distant,
And railways and placarded streets non-existent;
Where manners are simple, and Nature is green,
And Government Blue-books but seldom are seen;
And there, hid away on the slope of a hill,
Where the drip of the waterfall never is still,
I seem to remember a charming retreat
Which detained for a night our itinerant feet;
And I also remember a word lightly spoken,
Which then of mere frivolous thought seemed a token;
But now as a prophecy, conscious or not,
Connected will be with this beautiful spot.

H.G.G.

THE WOOD-PILE TEST.

NO; I don't like being swindled, and dead-beats *do* abound;
And lots of lazy lubbers are always hangin' round;
The stories they tell sound truthful, an' their tears seem gennewine.
But I know they're frauds an' humbugs, 'bout seven times out o' nine.

Well? What'll you do about it? Give 'em a straight out No!
When day by day they come crawlin', tellin' their tale of woe—
Askin' for food or money, or beggin' a job of work?
Goin' to ignore their cases 'cause some of 'em might shirk?

I can't do that no longer—p'raps I'm not wise as you,
But I'll never deny 'em a job, if I've got any chores to do;
I keep a wood-pile a-purpose, an' a bucksaw sharp an' bright,
An' I've always kept 'em handy since a certain winter night.

'Twas a cold an' stormy evenin', when a chap came to my place—
A pitiful lookin' creetur, with a pale an' hungry face;
An' he asked for a job of some sort to earn a dime or two,
An' I thought for once I'd test him, an' see what he would do.

"Come 'round to-morrow," I says to him, "an' saw a cord of wood"
The fellow kind o' started; says he, "You're very good,
But if you don't object, sir, I'd like to start in now,
Although it's kind of latish." I says to myself, "I swow!"

"All right," says I, "go at it!" an' I took him to the shed;
He tightened up his waist-strap, an' nothin' more was said;
I went in to my supper, an' while I sat an' et,
I heard the saw a-goin' in a way that made me sweat.

"Poor cuss, he must be hungry, he needs some food an' drink;"
"Dear Samuel," says my better-half, "that's 'actly what I think."
So she fixed up some good sandwich, and a red hot cup of tea,
An' took it to the feller, an' "Thank you, ma'am," says he.

"Would you believe it, Samuel," says she, when she returned,
"He's half way through that cord o' wood; his money's nearly earned;"
An' when a little later I took a saunter out,
I'm blowed if he wan't through the job an' puttin' on his coat!

"But what's the matter with the lunch?" says I, "for here it lays."
"Well, sir, I hope it's no offence—it's just like this," he says,
"If you ain't no objection, I'll take it home," says he,
"My missus an' the young 'uns, they needs it more'n me."

I couldn't hardly speak at first, an' then I says, "Come in!"
An' I made him sit right down an' eat, an' filled him to the chin.
"An' now," says I, "we'll settle up; just mention what's your charge."
"Well, sir," says he, "would fifty cents—er—?—if that ain't too large."

"Get out!" says I. He trembled some. "Then, say a quarter, sir."
"Git out ag'in!" I fairly roared; "what do you take me fur?
I won't do no such measly thing! See, here's a dollar bill,
But don't you git so flustered; go on an' eat yer fill!"

An' if you ever see a man that looked surprised and glad,
You'd seen one then as off he went as spry as any lad,
Right through the black and stormy night, straight for his little home.
An' maybe wife and babies wan't glad to see him come!

That's why I've took the notion—p'raps I'm not over wise;
An' maybe I'll be played on by frauds who tell me lies.
But I'm a-goin' to trust 'em until I see the fraud,
For there's here an' there a hero 'mongst poor ones of our God!

J. W. B.

OVERHEARD IN THE CROWD.

FIRST GIRL—"Aren't you awfully tired, May?"

SECOND GIRL (*gushingly*)—"Oh, no; it does amuse me so to watch the 'vox populi.'"

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.