



A PETITION THE GOVERNMENT OUGHT TO HEED.

Rev. Mr. Newnham, missionary to the Moosonee Indians, is to wait on the Government in behalf of his people, who have a real grievance.

GEMS FOR RECITATION.

III.—OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

DAME HUBBARD, good old soul, at eventide
Is sitting at her cottage window, prim,
And neat and clean, with workbox on her lap;
Anon her busy needles ply their task,
And while the tumbling ball grows less and less
She sees the stocking in her deft old hands
Grow row by row into a shapely thing.
But hark! it is Dame Hubbard's faithful dog,
Now whining at the door with hungry voice,
And asking in a tongue she knows full well
For frugal evening meat.

Good soul! she rises up and lets him in,
With many kindly words, which he receives
With grateful wag of tail.
"And art thou famished, then, old canine friend?
Indeed thou art! Come, then, and follow me
To yonder cupboard, where, upon the shelf,
I have, if I mistake not, something good—
A beef bone, if I recollect aright,
Not all bereft of meat, but such as shall
A princely supper make for thee, my dog!"
So thus with cheerful converse goes the dame
With hobbling steps, before the wistful cur,
Whose hopeful, limpid eye marks every move,
While with his nose aloft he sniffs the air.

And now the cottage floor is safely crossed,
And Mother Hubbard stands before the door
Of that historic cupboard. 'Tis the work
Of but a moment more to turn the key,
And swing the doors apart. The anxious dog,
Now sitting on his tail, which thumps the floor,
Looks up and barks. The dame's eyes rove about
From shelf to shelf, but can no bone discern.
"My sight is bad," she mutters, as she draws
Her gold-rimmed spectacles from out their sheath,
And puts them on her nose. She looks again—
A long, particular and searching look,
But every shelf is bare! "My dog," she says,
In tones of one resigned to penury,
"We'll just excuse that bone."

THE Anarchists on trial for causing dynamite explosions at Liege could hardly be considered liege subjects.

BILL SNARR.

WHAT, Bill!
Bill Snarr, d'ye mean?
Why, I knowed him like a book,
'N a whiter man you never seen.
The spring that he was took
I'd chummed with him for fifteen years,
An' tho' I ain't a pile on tears,
When I think o' Bill my only eye
Feels sort o' crowded not to cry.

A very odd sort o' a chap was Bill,
With a mind o' his own—you bet your boots,
He didn't go in fur whiskey swill
Or poker chips, like the other galoots.

Was he married? No. The girls fur him
Wasn't good enough around them parts.
Forby, I wunst heerd Yaller Jim
Say Bill was a Bachelor o' Arts.

Oh, the books he read, and the stuff he knowed,
Altho' he would seldom speak.
The doctor one day said he was blowed
If he didn't think Bill knowed Greek.

Bashful! Why, he was shy as a "kid."
"Taffy," says he, "'s for a fool."
—So you knowed him, eh? an' ackshally did
Go along to the same log school!

In course I can tell all about it,
I was standin' not fur away,
An' I b'lieve, tho' some may doubt it,
No better's aloft to-day.

Above the big rapids we had a jam
That we tried to break fur more'n a day,
But it growed and growed till it made a dam
Up the Madawaska miles away.

But at last it broke. Oh, the awful sight!
Say, mister, it's something I couldn't tell,
Fur the logs looked livin' an' in a fight,
While the river ripped an' tore like hell!

Well, the only man that missed his jump
Was "Favor-ite Jo" from Montreal,
An' hanged if Bill, like a reg'lar chump,
Didn't plunge right in where he saw him fall.

Madness! Mister, 'twas ten times wuss.
Bill must 'a knowed 'twas a hopeless fight,
But he was so fond o' the Frenchy cuss;
We all called Jo the "Favor-ite."

Well, that was the last we seen o' Bill,
I guess he got chawed up pretty small,
Fur he might as well 'a gone through a mill,
—Excuse me, boss, for I hear a call.

FOOTBALL AS AN EXERCISE.

THE horrible fact dawned upon me at last—I was getting very adipose. For many years I had shut my eyes to my growing corpulence, but the truth had been rudely thrust upon me, and I determined to do something to decrease my superfluous bulk. So one fine morning I walked up to the office door of Dr. Squinch. He was a large man with a large voice and a correspondingly sized fist. He immediately commenced operations. After removing my coat he thumped

me half a dozen times about the ribs.

"What's that for?" I gasped.

"That's to get your wind," he calmly replied.

He must have got it, because I didn't have any after