

SIR NOLL.

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

There's a pleasant little man,
Which is Noll.
Wears the tallest hat he can—
Our Noll.
He has ruled us twenty years,
Spite o' Tory jibes and sneers,
He's the best of all premiers—
Ain't you, Noll?

Then here's to Noll, the lawyer,
Little Noll, Noll, Noll!
He's a regular top-sawyer—
Fighting Noll, Noll, Noll!
He's the Duke of No Surrender;
He's our boundary defender,
And our Statutes' wisest mender—
Ain't you, Noll?

If a follower kicks the trace,
Look at Noll.
If a member wants a place,
Watch for Noll.
He has eyes all round his coat,
He can spot a shaky vote,
He knows how to steer the boat—
Don't you, Noll?

He's a little down on gin,
Prudent Noll:
What he wants is sober men—
Ain't it Noll?
But he'll pause on action's brink,
He'll take ample time to think,
Ere he takes away our drink—
Won't you, Noll?

What he does'nt know o' law,
Cunning Noll.
You can ask the Tories for—
Can't they, Noll?
O, he's little, but he's smart,
He knows all the statesman's art,
And he does not shirk his part—
Do you, Noll?

Now they've made a bloomin' knight
Out er Noll.
Which was nothing more than right—
Was it, Noll?
And a handle to his name
He wears, he's not to blame,
For he treats us just the same—
Don't you, Noll?

Then a health to Noll we'll quaff,
Little Noll, Noll, Noll!
Pocket Blackstone an' a half,
Fighting Noll, Noll, Noll!
We shall shortly have some sport,
For he means to hold the fort,
And we'll give him our support—
Won't we, Noll?

This is not an ode—not it!
But you've helped us all a bit,
Though you are a bloomin' Grit,
Bless you, Noll!

G. C.

A GOOD PROTECTIONIST.

ALD. LAMB is determined to get a by-law through to compel the saloons to close up at nine o'clock every evening, if he has to fight all summer. Like the good, prudent parent that he is, the worthy alderman has the safety of his own boys in view. He rightly believes that Lambs and Kids should be protected from the prowling traffic after nightfall.

MRS. MALAPROP says she can't understand why the P.P.A. should wish to be so secretitious, since it is to all intentions and purposes a sacreligious Association.

DEXTRINE, DEXTRAN, DEXTROSE.

DOWN in St. John they are having a sweet row over a molasses question. There is a dispute whether an article, hundreds of casks of which have been sold, is genuine molasses or a mixture of glucose and other stuff. Samples have been analyzed and the matter reported to the Dominion government for a decision. The papers have been full of expert opinions and analyses, and the words dextrose, dextran, and dextrine have been dextrously hurled this way and that. According to the latest advices the case, as viewed by the enemies of the molasses in question, stands about this way:

The sugar cane said to the beet,
As they stood by the side of the pan,
Do you think you can ever compete
With me as a source of dextran?

Well, now, said the beet to the cane,
Perhaps that remains to be seen;
But then it is perfectly plain
I can do you up quick in dextrine.

The "spud" to the pair of them quoth,
Don't you fellows be so verbose;
For I can give odds to you both
When it comes to the line of dextrose.

But a merchant laid hold of the lot,
And called them a trio of asses;
He stewed them all up in a pot,
And labelled the product molasses.

A. M. B.

SEE SIR?

Mr. Jackson: "Kin you splanify foh me, Mistah Williams, why de dot ovah de i, in de word 'spisyun, puts you in min' ob de graminificent Roving giner'al's wife what conquahed China?"

Mr. Williams: "It don't do nuffin ob de so't."

Mr. Jackson: "What don't?"

Mr. Williams: "What you tryin' to say?"

Mr. Jackson: "I axes you, Mistah Williams, in de mos' plainest language, why de dot ovah de i, in de word 'spisyun, puts you in min' ob de Roving giner'al's wife what tuk China?"

Mr. Williams: "Let me info'm you, Mistah Jacksing, in de fust place dat it don't do nuffin ob de so't; in de second place, I don't hab had no truck wid de lady, and don't want to, if she goes aroun' takin' folkses china."

Mr. Jackson: "Neber heah tell ob Caesar, Mistah Williams?"

Mr. Williams: "Why, co's I has. Knowed him foh yeahs, but I neber heerd nobody say his wife did no sech thing."

Mr. Jackson: "See heah, you infunnal, thick-headed Williams niggah, dat you am, what part ob Scotland did you git borned in, eh, tell me dat? Heah I'se bin a-discomposin' dis aboriginal conundrum foh fo' days, and dis am de perception you gib me. Whar's your sense ob de ridikliss? Jes fo' dat I'll splanify de joke, 'cose I don' wanter hab all my brain work for nuffin. Dedot ober the i in dat word am like Caesar's wife 'cause it am bove 'spisyun. See? Catch on now, ole thick head?"

LAMB CHOPS AND SALARY SAUCE are the two items most discussed in the bill of fare at the board of Aldermen.

MEN OF MOMENT.



MR. ALD. CLENDINNENG.
OF MONTREAL.