



YE GALLANT LAURIER MEETETH YE SCHOOL QUESTION.
YE WORLD AWAITETH YE RESULT.

MCCARTHY AND THE PATRONS.

A Letter From Hosca Bowles, of Garcefraxa, to Ephraim Muggins, of Glenelg.

DEER MUGGINS,

RED in a paper tother day that this here man Dalton McCarthy has been talkin and sayin that nex elekshtun his party and the patrons is goin to sweep the country and he goes on a hitchin his mule onto our wagon. i guess we don't intend to stand no such nonsens, an ime goin to get our Council to pass a motion at the nex meetin that we don't no this feller McCarthy an ain't got nothin to do with his party, (on redin this over i see it is potery, but i didn't mean to do it); i think it woud be a good idee for you to get this same sort of a motion passed by your lodge. We don't want to get mixed up with McCarthy jist the same as he dont want to have no truck, so he says, with the P. P. A. He is a lawyer as you probly no, an a pretty slick lawyer, too, and the P. I. don't want no lawyers to run the machine for them. We've had too much of it all along and now we want to show em that we've got heads on our shoulders to run the business for ourselves. If McCarthy and his party like to chip in and vote with us at Ottawa to git the tariff taxes knocked off, and to wipe out a whole grist of dudes down there that is eatin us out of house and home with big salaries, and to clean up things generly, all right, but we want 'em to know that they got to foller our wagin and not to drive it. Now, Muggins, you kin reed this letter to your nabers and see what they think about it, but don't fale to git the council to pass the motion to head off this chap McCarthy. Yours and so forth,

HOSEA BOWLES.

SOMEBODY mentioned to Picaroon that the west coast of Ireland is an excellt place to live—one can in fact, live in good style there for next to nothing. "It is all very well to live for nothing," replied the wit, "but people can only live for nothing in places where there is nothing to live for."

THE NEW WELL.

THE summer was long and hot and dry,
And dry was the farmyard well:
So father decided a new one to dig
Ere the rains of autumn fell.

The digger came with divining-rod
Cut out from the old plum-tree,
He chose him a spot, near the garden plot,
Where he said the water must be.

The great round bucket went up and down
On the windlass day by day,
The men took me down to the bottom some-
times,
And sent me up on the clay.

One night I dreamed that I went down,
A little boy all alone,
When I came to the place where the bottom
should be
A bottom there was none.

And faster and faster down I flew,
Till the well's mouth, high and far
Above my head, seemed so very small.
That it twinkled like a star.

And faster and faster my senses reeled,
And nothing more I knew,
Till I, waking up, found I had gone
Nearly the great world through.

ust beneath me sounded the voices of men,
The bustle of life I heard,
The laughter of children came to me,
And the thrilling song of the bird.

And I shouted "Hallo! my friends,
What do you do down there?
What wonderful curious things do you see,
What sights of beauty rare?

Are you eating the bread fruit, banana and date,
Fanned by the tropical air?
Or mounted on elephant huge do you hunt
The tiger in his lair?

In sculptured temple with idol of gold,
Are you now bowed worshipping?
Or do you stand in a palace grand
Before a bejewelled king?

On some shady seat in a garden sweet,
Do you sit by the fountain's spray,
And feast your eyes on a new paradise?
O, what are you doing I pray?"

From the depths profound a solemn sound
Fell on my listening ear,
'Twas my daddy's voice—"I've called you
twice,
Get right up out of here!"

ITEM FOR BRADSTREETS. - Certain of our evening papers are "running down Hill."



HOLDING HIS OWN.