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**Cheat, or Ye'll be Cheated.**

ALAS, alas !  
 'Tis come to pass—  
 That knowledge, meant for healing,  
 Has sorrow brought  
 For it has taught  
 The legal art of stealing—  
 Nor does he pass  
 For but an ass  
 Ordained to be defeated,  
 That can believe  
 He must deceive  
 And cheat or he'll be cheated.

We vainly wink  
 And try to blink  
 And dodge the moral laws,  
 Howe'er immense,  
 Our want of sense  
 Effect shall follow cause—  
 "But Love and Truth  
 In endless youth"  
 Upon earth's throne are seated ;  
 While fear and doubt  
 Come only out  
 Of cheat or ye'll be cheated.

Not in the night,  
 But in the light  
 Of Freedom's lovely ray !  
 How soon we guess  
 That righteousness  
 Will never, never pay :  
 But for the land  
 Howe'er so grand,  
 There's many a sorrow meted,  
 That builds its faith  
 On what self saith  
 In cheat or ye'll be cheated.

And let their crime  
 Be killing time,  
 Or pill'ring of the poor,  
 On it depend,  
 That in the end  
 Their punishment is sure—  
 Nor man nor state  
 Can e'er be great,  
 Already they're defeated !  
 That put their trust  
 In aught unjust —  
 In cheat or ye'll be cheated,

And if we would  
 Prefer the good,  
 And rather bless than ban,  
 Of all things strive  
 To keep alive  
 Your faith in God and Man.  
 Words never came  
 From souls aflame  
 That ev'ry heart has greeted,  
 No heroes bled,  
 No hearts' blood shed  
 For cheat or ye'll be cheated.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

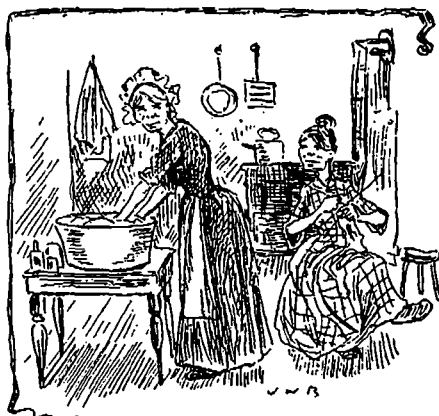
**LATEST FROM ROME.**

TRULY the ways of some newspaper men are past finding out ! A recent item, speaking of the Pope's probable disposition of his jubilee gifts, says that he has managed to get rid of all except some hundreds of pairs of slippers *which are likely to remain on His Holiness' hands*, as they are such as only a Pope can wear. His Holiness is evidently ingenious. How clever to call his hands into requisition when the work of wearing them out was too arduous for his feet !

"THE Pope on Human Liberty" is it ? enquired Mr. O' Rafferty, looking up from the *Empire* on Wednesday last. "Faix it's roight yes are ! The old varmint has been on human liberty from the noight he was borrun,—sittin roight a-top av it, d'ye moind !"

**THE O'FLANNIGAN FEUD.**

FOR many years there has been a bitter feud between the O'Flannigan and the McMahon families. When Mrs. O'F. was interrogated concerning it, she laughed, but Mrs. McMahon, when spoken to on the subject, waxed unusually profane. Mrs. O'Flannigan baked her own bread. She always did. She didn't believe in baker's bread. It was sour, fushionless stuff, with nary a bit o' taste or substance in it. The only thing in the world Mrs. O'Flannigan was always in trouble about was —yeast. She had tried brewers' 'aste, hop 'aste, and salt rising ; lately she had been using the Vienna pressed 'aste, but all were more or less faulty. So she told Mrs. McMahon one morning. Mrs. McMahon had dropped in just after the two husbands had gone to work, and found Mrs. O'Flannigan as usual up to the elbows in dough.



"Did yez iver thry the silf-raisin' flour, Misthress O'Flannigan," said her neighbor, folding her arms majestically across her ample chest, and looking wise.

"Silf-raisin' flour ? No, ma'am. D'yez mane flour that'll roise widout 'aste ?"

"Oi do thin, Sure oi read all about it in the papers. All yez have to do is to wet it wid wather, an' sure it'll rise up like to walk away out av the very house."

"D'ye moind now !" said Mrs. O'F., her eyes wide with admiration.

"Yis, ma'am, its meself nivir bakes me own bread, or its the silf-raisin' flour I'd use all the time."

"Bedad ! I belave thin o'll be afther thrying it."

With Mrs. O'Flannigan, resolve meant action, and that instant. That evening a bag of self-raising flour was deposited on the lid of the chest that stood below her kitchen window, and she retired to sleep and dream of creamy white loaves rising up puff on puff without ary a bit o' 'aste. But the night was one of the hottest, Mr. O'Flannigan snored, if anything louder than usual, and at day dawn Mrs. O'F. was feign to take a bed-quilt, and folding it under her, lie down in the sweet rest and silence of the cool kitchen floor. It was not yet dawn, but in the atmosphere there lingered the light which illumines the land of dreams, a light which soothed Mrs. O'Flannigan's