



## TOUGH!

FLOSSIE—"Say, ma, when I grow up will I get a husband like pa, or be an old maid like Aunt Alvira?"

FLOSSIE'S MA—"Yes, my dear, I suppose so."

FLOSSIE (*with a sigh*)—"This is an awful hard world on us women, ain't it, ma?"

## THE PARTY PRESS.

HERE'S Grit and Tory,—small the odds,—  
Swearing by their respective gods,  
Each their own organs patronize,  
Suppressing truth or telling lies.  
Of all reforms beneath the sun,  
'Tis time reform was here begun,  
For what compares, in wild excess,  
With our Canadian party press?  
From party heads they take their cue  
And give a purely party view,  
And wise are they who clearly judge  
How much is fact, how much is fudge.  
The *Globe* will make it out quite plain  
That Tories mostly are insane,  
Hints that their leaders have "gone mad"—  
"Regrets to publish news so bad."  
What could our rotund organ do?  
It must have some sensation new.  
Else, as you know, 'twould be about  
Like Hamlet with the Prince left out.  
Paterfamilias would feel  
An aching void at morning meal,  
Were not the *Globe* there to supply  
Tid bits of "Tory scandal" pie.  
*Belles lettres*,—ugh! unsavory trash!  
Let Tories take it with their hash!  
We take our coffee and hot roll  
With *Globe* sensation rigmarole.  
It used to be "The Premier dead!"  
"Skeddaddled," "Sneaked to England," "fled,"  
"Vamoosed, in fear of wrathful Bleus,"  
Such choice and tasty bits of news!  
And now since he is really dead,  
Still oft it paints the Chieftain red;  
Tells how he did the country bleed,  
To satisfy "vile Tory greed."  
And so we get a full supply  
Of Clear Grit garbage—John A. pie.

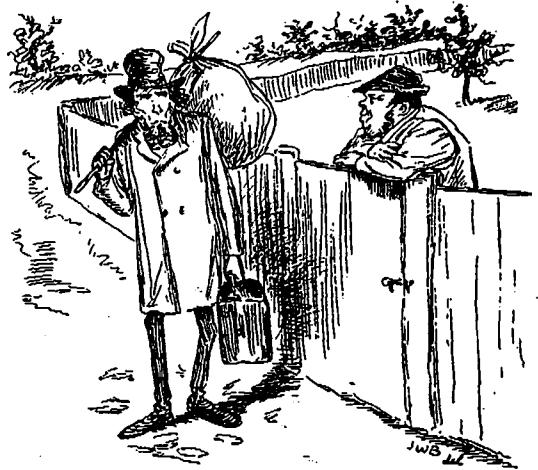
At this, the Tories in disgust,  
With upturned noses, kick the dust,—

They mud-bespattered Mr. Blake,  
And tried his moral force to shake;  
Still stir their literary scum  
And serve out Tory pabulum;  
They baneful innuendos throw  
At Mowat of Ontario.  
That "Christian politician" gibe  
Reflects no credit on the scribe;  
Such questionable buncombe chaff  
May make unthinking Tories laugh;  
But Tories even, with common sense,  
With "Christian" here would fain dispense.  
They, smear Sir Knight with "ruin blue,"  
Paint Laurier a deeper hue,  
All this, served hot with Tory spice,  
In language neither mild nor nice.

And thus our party organs brand  
The leading statesmen of the land;  
Their ancestry and offspring, too,  
They smirch, bespatter and tattoo;  
To poison at the very fount  
The stream of honor is their wont,  
With slander's slimy ooze to mix  
Till it becomes a seething Styx.  
By charge and party counter charge  
The whole community at large  
Would seem corrupted to the core,  
Sunk till it could descend no lower.  
Is there in Gilead no balm  
These sores to heal, this strife to calm?  
Can no physician's aid be found  
To soothe and heal this gaping wound?  
This land of Bibles, churches, schools,  
Is it a land of knaves and fools?  
When will this crying evil cease?  
When shall the things that make for peace  
Be viewed as inside politics,  
And men discard unmanly tricks?

That we may live like decent folk  
Let us the powers above invoke,  
Let's pray that our Canadian press  
May teach and practice gentleness.  
Censure and blame may have their place  
Enforced with mildness, urged with grace,  
But hopeless he, his state forlorn,  
Whose pen drops malice, hate and scorn.  
Let public men be what they may,  
The Briton always loves fair play,  
Be he of Saxon line or Celt,  
He never strikes below the belt.

T. W., B



## "FULL DIRECTIONS."

PEDLAR—"Can you tell me how far it is to Snagville down here."

FARMER—"Well, to tell you the truth, I can't; but you can find out when you git thar by asking my son Tom. He keeps the tavern in Snagville, an' he'll likely know."