



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

FARMER—"Here, you young cub, what'r yew adoin' in my apples?"

BOY—"I ain't in your apples."

FARMER—"Yes you be, too."

BOY—"Yer wrong, Pop, 'cause, judging by my feelin's, I think some of your apples must be in me."

WHERE DOES THE CANUCK COME IN?

THE racial question long had been
An issue in our town,
And Binks reporting hied him forth
To jot opinions down.

A Canadien Francais gai

By chance came in his way:
"Rapporteur? Tres bien! Ver goot!
By gar! I 'ave some say."

"Ce pays—zis vot you call countree
It all belong to we;
Vous comprenez, we mean to 'ave
La Gloire et Liberté.
Ze Irish zey vill 'ave to go,
Also ze Allemand
In notre Premier Mercier donc
Tiens le President!"

A sturdy Deutscher next was met,
Who thus his thoughts express'd;
"Dot subject vos a stirring von
Vot vont did got no rest.
Ach Himmel! all der loafer French
They gleaned right oud vill pe;
Ve'll go und trink zwei lagers mit
Der health of Shermanny."

An Irishman not on the bill
Was prompt in speaking thus:
"Begorra, oi'm an Irishman
An' divil a cint the wuss.
The furriners 'll have to go,
Yez want to shove it down;
An' then we'll make a Donnybrook
Uv this throe Irish town."

A Scotsman then of unco brawn
And smelling of the heather,
Says "Paddy, dang thy supple snoot,
We will na pull thegither.
By a' the bluid o' a the Macs
We soon'll hae the day
When a' the land frae glen to hill
Will sing oot Scots wha hae."

The native of far Europe's south
With active pantomime
Gave Binks some pointers, he was from
Italia's sunny clime.
"Cospetto! I an keepa stall,
Sell pea-nut and banana;
Italiano he called John,
He like-a Canada."

"This blarsted country is too cold"
The Cockaigne vote thus spoke
"The bloomin' bloke as stays out 'ere
Ain't fit to be a smoke.
I'm Hinglish and I says, old min,
The chap as hangs out 'ere
'll never know the pleasure of
A glawss of Hinglish beer."

The "shentleman" of nasal note
Semitical by birth,
Said, "Now mine friendt, I dink it vos
Der vinest landt on earth.
I sell mine gloathes at bottom cosht,
Mit helluf off of it;
Yust shtep inside, I sell a shuit
Dot vos a puffect fit."

The heathen Chineee, last of all,
In answering was quick;
"No likee me Amelika
Me go back belly slick.
Washee, washee, allee day long
Sam I'on-kee that my name
De dollar tly to slip away
Me gettee allee same."

In the sanctum Binks was seated
With clouded, weary brain;
But the sight of ink and paper
Only seemed to give him pain.
What a chaos of the nations
To unravel—O, hard lot;
Guess I'll take a brimming pony
Before I write a jot.

WATERLOO DICRUSNAME.



PERHAPS HE WAS INDISPOSED.

BRIDGET—"The gentleman for the back rent wants to know if your husband is in."

MRS. HARDUP—"Well, Bridget, suppose you go up-stairs and ask him."