



THE OWNERLESS BOW-WOW.

HAYCOCK—"Poor critter, an' so Meredith has deserted you, has he? Well; what's the matter with you follerin' *me* now? Come along!"

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

SEE, along the western sky
The smoke cloud rolling dark,
The heather is ablaze—some hand
Has thrown a kindling spark.

Yes! Laurier's hand has done the work,
Or rather, Laurier's tongue—
For he's been on a "sparking" tour,
And Free Trade he has sung.

The West, parched dry by many a year
Of blighting tariff drouth,
Has blazed responsive to the touch
Of economic truth.

And now from far Pacific Coast
To Manitoba's bound,
The cry goes up for tax reform
And policy more sound.

The flames, extending league on league,
Sweep on with gathering might,
Protection and its votaries
Will soon be put to flight.

"What can we do," cries Thompson brave,
"To stop this holocaust,
If we don't overcome this fire
Our cause for sure is lost!"

"I'm much afraid 'twill hardly do
To work our usual game,
And make a blanket of the flag
To smother out the flame."

"And I," cries Foster, "greatly fear
It's little use to try,
Two pails of water do not seem
An adequate supply!"

"There's just one way to save our skins
In such a case, you know—
To start a similar fire ourselves,
And let Protection go!"

"No!" thunders Thompson, "use your pails,
Work them with all your might,
While I display the grand old flag,
And we'll come out all right!"