

WHY THE "BOYS' PROTECTIVE UNION" WAS FORMED.

"Look here, Tim," said Bob Pencherman, as he leant against a fence after watching an exciting dog fight, "Go you ever read the papers?"

Tim cast a withering glance on his companion. "Read the papers? you'd better believe it. I've just finished an A No. 1 piece about Sullivan's last fight; he's a stunner he is, and an all fired account of a bank robbery where the clerk got off with chinks to the tune of ten thousand, and he only twenty-two. Pretty smart chap, wasn't he, Bob?"

"Jerusalem! Better 'n a pirate. I wonder how I missed readin' of it; but that ain't what I meant, its them pieces about the Rod in the Boudoir."

"The gad in the boud war; where in creation is that?"

"It means the place where your mother keeps her castor oil and liniment, and slippers and sticking-plasters, and the scissors she hacks your hair with, and it's French for advisin' her to lick you when you are just droppin' off to sleep and can't protect yourself. It's pretty mean kind of advice to give women folks, ain't it, Tim?"

"Mean! it's worse than mean. Do you mean to say any Canadian papers has got so low down as to support Women's Rights like that? I'd like to know what's to become of the boys if this sort of thing's goin' to be allowed."

"Don't know," said Bob, gloomily, as he regarded a rent in his Sunday trousers, which he had foolishly worn sleigh-riding. "I've been expectin' to have a good time, now dad's gone down to parleyment in Ottawa; can't say I want my mother to take up such notions. She's got a powerful will of her own, and more muscle than you and me together."

"You're better off than me, my father never goes away. Hang them editors, one would suppose they'd never been boys."

"Likely enough they weren't; they let women do lots of things. The men now-a-days are gettin' so soft they allow females to do most anything. When I'm grown up I'll vote that they keep them at home minding babies and not boys. Fancy any boy, after being licked in the woodshed by his governor, being hauled up to his mother's boudoir. It's sickening to think of."

"I should just think so," agreed master Tim; "and my parents is awful good," he murmured to himself. "I say, Bob, if you'll never breathe it to any of the folks, I'll tell you something; they've made up their minds to make a minister of me."

"What! a minister! a dried up old fellow like Parson Jones, and you can never play cards, or dance or toboggan or nothing!" In his astonishment Bob kicked out the toe of his boot.

"Yes," said Tim, desperately; "not even cards for fun. They say they're the playthings of the devil, and if I was to give my word of honor never to gamble they wouldn't trust me or believe I had spunk enough to keep it, if I learned to know the ace of spades from the ten of hearts. I'm goin' to run away to sea when I get a little bigger."

"Tim," said Bob, very solemnly, "if they was to know that you lost fifteen cents at poker last night to Jim Hardcase you'd be the greatest coon I know of."

"Tain't my fault," said Tim, "it's duller than dull at our house, never a bit of fun there." And a gloom deep and bitter filled the heart of the embryo minister as his many misdeeds flitted before his eyes.

"There's only one thing for it, Tim; we'll have to form a Boys' Protective Union. If all the fellows join in Rural Dell, we can manage to frighten the women into being reasonable and make them promise never to tell the governors about our cuttin' ups when they're away, and get any notions out of their own heads. All we've got to do is to unite."

Tim's eyes twinkled with delight at his chum's suggestion; he offered to be vice-president on the spot. "We'll have to keep mighty quiet, Bob, though, or it will be all spoiled."

"Quiet! I should think so. It will be a 'Secret Society,' of course."

They talked it over, and charmed with this solution of all their difficulties set off in different directions to enlist members for their league, having decided that henceforth it should be known as the B.P.U. J. M. LOES.



THE CLUB TO SMASH SELFISHNESS.

Ah! now that the good cause has a solid organization to go upon, we will make progress!

WELL DONE, HAMILTON!

THE AMBITIOUS CITY TO E. B. CHARLTON, IN ANSWER TO HIS APPLICATION FOR EXEMPTION FROM TAXES FOR SOME YEARS ON HIS PROPOSED DISTILLERY.

No, Charlton, I confess I don't see it;
This exemption business is running to seed,
And some blunt mannered ratepayers will call it greed,
This seeking from taxes to flee it.

Then again, I can't say I like it,
And I hope you'll excuse my indignant emotion,
But Charlton, now, this distillery notion,
I thought you the last man to strike it.

Did you see any green in my vision
That led you to make such a woeful mistake,
As in sizing me up, for one moment to take
Me for one to be held in derision?

Did you think I was blind to the truth
Day by day thrust upon me, that most of the crime,
The poverty, misery, vice of the time,
Are the products of such "industries"?—forsooth!

Exempt you, when even the church,
Of our morals the guardian and teacher,
Must pay; aye, and even the preacher
Left in the political lurch.

Go to, they've a claim to be heard,
Since their aim is restriction of evil:
But you—with the cheek of the devil,
Claim exemption all good to retard!