



TIMOTHY ANGLIN.

OR, THE "PROCESS" OF GETTING A GOOD BILLET.

OH! say have you noticed old Timothy Anglin,  
His hook in the waters of politics dangle,  
And hoping by aid of his Grace the Archbishop,  
Some prize that is well worth his trouble to fish up?  
For years he has fished with no bait on his hook,  
Though to Catholic voters the Government look,  
Yet Tim's boasted "influence" to shucks don't amount—  
The votes he controls on five fingers you'd count—  
But Anglin, still Anglin', at length hooks a prize.  
The right from the public to draw his supplies,  
A sinecure yielding two thousand a year,  
And now to that haven of rest he can steer.  
There are men who for party work early and late,  
Spending time and cash freely, who officeless wait.  
On the low party ground of providing for friends  
And making your patronage serve party ends,  
There are veteran workers with far higher claims  
To two thousand a year for just signing their names  
Than the pompous old chump who has captured the sit,  
And has neither brains, honesty, talent nor wit,  
Whose record as speaker brought Gritism shame  
And whose sole stock in trade is the "Catholic" claim.  
To some purpose he angled did Anglin, for look  
The Government bodily gorge the bare hook,  
Had ever a fisherman similar luck, or  
Was Mowat more palpably played for a sucker?

wife Cynthia Ann, and his daughters Susan Jane and Palmyra, and the eldest boy Joe and another young fellow. They carried a number of battered black valises and parcels roughly done up in old newspapers.

"Why, how are ye, Sal," exclaimed Silas, rushing up to Mrs. Hogaboom and saluting her affectionately. "Haint seen ye for a dog's age, begosh. Ben in town onct or twice sence you was out our way, but didn't hev no time to look ye up. How's things with you, 'Rastus? Why you look kinder surprised—sorter took aback like. Didn't expect us, I reckon."

"Well hardly, Silas," replied Mrs. Hogaboom. "We—thought you wouldn't be here till Exhibition time."

"You see we've took in that Exhibition so often its gittin' to be a old story. They don't hev nothin' much new there so we allowed that this year we'd see the Carnival instid. So here we are, the whole caboodle of us. We thought we wouldn't bother you by writin' an' havin' you take extry trouble on our account, but jest drop in an' take ye as ye were, an' give ye a pleasant surprise."

"I'm—sure—I'm really very glad to see you all," said

Mrs. Hogaboom, making a feeble attempt to appear pleased.

"Well, but you have a real elegant house," said Palmyra looking around upon the gorgeous furnishings of the mansion.

"Yes," said Silas, "you city folks do make lots of money—make it all out of us farmers. Say 'Rastus this is rather different from the four rooms over the grocery store on Queen Street, where yer began business twenty-five years ago, eh? Ye wasn't able to keep no girl then, Sal; got one now, I notice."

"We have four domestics," replied Mrs. Hogaboom, coldly.

"Four!!" replied Silas, "What on earth do they do? Yer don't keep no cows, I reckon, nor nothin' of that kind. By the way, that reminds me that I brung ye in some butter an' honey—you city folks don't git 'em very good. The storekeepers adulterate everything, you know all about that 'Rastus, eh? So I sez to Cynthia Ann, we'll jest put up a few pounds of butter and some of the best honey an' take along—it's into the package over thar on the lounge. Bein' it's a leetle warm I'm afraid its melted."

And sure enough the drippings from that parcel were meandering over the handsomely upholstered lounge down on the carpet.

"Well, you have everythin' mighty nice and stylish, I must say,"—said Cynthia Ann. "I've been thinking all along what an advantage it would be to Susan Jane an' Palmyra, to git an introduction to fashionable society. I've saved twenty dollars outen the butter money to get 'em some new dresses an' hats. You see they've been readin' *Saturday Night*, an' they was jist wild to come to Toronto, an' have you an' Letitia take 'em round to garden parties, an' five o'clock teas, an' receptions. They see your names in the paper sometimes, among the toney people."

"Yes, aunt," said Palmyra, "I should like you to take us to Government House, I do so want to be introduced to Miss Marjorie Campbell that we read so much about. You an' she's great friends I suppose."

"I am not sufficiently intimate at Government House to venture on such a liberty," replied Mrs. Hogaboom.

"I was tellin' Palmyra," said Cynthia Ann, "that the folks at Government House was kinder big feelin'. But you might ask some of the others here, Sal. It would be a great disappointment to the girls if they didn't see something of society. Joe here is quite a fiddler, and Hank plays beautifully on the mouth organ, so they might help to entertain your friends. Why, that reminds me—I'd clean forgot to introduce Hank. This is Hank Slathers."

"Yes, old man Slathers's son," added Silas, by way of explanation, "ye mind old man Slathers, Sal. One of the fust settlers. Used to be the greatest horse-trader in the township. Hank is neighbor Hendershot's hired man, an' being he helped us a few days in hayin' time, I thought we'd bring him along."

"Ah, happy to meet you, Mr.—Slathers," said Hogaboom, with an effort. Mrs. H. said nothing, she was too much overcome.

"You are all heartily welcome I'm sure," said Col. Hogaboom. "We will do our best to make you comfortable. But I regret that for the next few days I shall be engaged in very important—most urgent business, indeed—which will prevent my showing you about the city as otherwise I should have been glad to do: I am overdue now at the office, so I shall have to bid you all good morning."