

IT FITTED LIKE A GLOVE



I
His first position



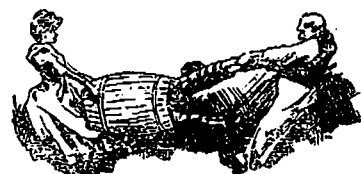
II Very ridiculous
but I can't
move



III
Come along Pa will get
you out of this



IV
He can
get on better
if she goes
first



V The old man tries



VI
Come forth!!!
(And he came)

A FRENCH CANADIAN ODE

ON THE EXPUISN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE FROM A
SCHOOL IN THE LOWER PROVINCE.

AH ! vive la belle langue de France !
Mon Dieu ! l'Anglais Canadian dance,
Vat you call reep—and tear and prance.

La langue de perfide Albion
Ve bounce ! be off ! Adieu ! begone !
Parley française, mon cher garçon.

A bas la langue Anglaise ! Crapeau !
Out of ze school ve keeck you—so,
Eh ! how you like le bon sabot ?

Zees vat you call "preliminaire"
Now ve say speak Anglais—you dare !
By-and-bye we more teach—savoir faire.

Marbleu ! vere all ze mighty brag ?
Ze tongue Anglaise all over wag !
Ze tongue Anglaise ze future vogue !

Zest ! bah ! les Anglais strut and say—
Ze sun Anglais he shine away !
Ze round world over all ze day !

Tout beau ! not in Quebec ! non ! non !
La langue de France pour mon garçon
Le soleil de la France here shine. Allons !

L'HABITAN.

TO INSPECTOR ARCHABOLD.

AGNESS STREET,

August the 21 first.

Mister Archabold

Aint you the feller what purtects the siesiety for croolty
to animiles ? kase if you ar jist you get up on that fence
at the Agnes street pleeces stashun and see the way they
hang them dogs—if you sit there and see what we seen
youd be the sickest man in all Toronto they dont hang them
dogs they strangel them they tie them up by the neck fur
half an our and when they take them down then they aint
dead yet a hound they hung up that way got up and ran
round the yard after that and had to be hanged all over