



HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

SEEDY TRAVELLER (to boy sitting on fence)—“Say, sonny, can you tell me where Mr. Jellup lives?”

Boy—“Yes, I kin.”

S. T.—“Ah, thanks, my good little man! And where did you say the house was?”

Boy—“I didn’t say, Mister.”

S. T.—“Well, will you do so?”

Boy—“Not much. I live there myself ‘n my dog’s there, ‘n I’m a trainin’ ‘im down to de fightin’ pint, cause he’s got ter fight Jim Bragg’s dog termorrer. He’s ez hungry ez er duck at daylight, ‘n I want ‘im to make his nex’ meal of ‘n dog. Ef you go there he’ll see yer ‘n ef he sees yer he’ll sail inter yer quickern dad’s blessin’ at meal time, ‘n there’s enuff grease in them togs o’ yours to feed ‘im fer a week. Nop, I don’t think I kin tell yer. Ef I did, Jim’s dog would scrub de earth with Tige when de mill comes off.”

A CONSISTENT PROTECTIONIST.

A TRUE Protectionist am I,
And do not know the reason why
Those who for increased tariffs shout
Should fear their views to carry out.

Home markets are the things we need
To save ourselves from foreign greed,
And native capital and labor
Thrive best by keeping out our neighbor.

This being so—as all agree
Except Free Traders—don’t you see
’Twould benefit Ontario
To give Quebec no sort of show.

So we should raise a tariff wall,
Nor dicker with Quebec at all;
The blue-nose provinces, likewise,
Should pay a tax on all supplies.

So far so good, but why stop there?
For I can hardly think it fair
That places rich by nature’s bounty
Should flood with goods a poorer county.

To strictly carry out my view
We’d need a township tariff, too;
If each itself could isolate
All must ere long grow rich and great.

Or, if they did not, it would be
Because in each community
One portion still might make a raid
And carry off their neighbor’s trade.

To fully carry out protection,
We must empower each school section
Its market to preserve intact
And rigid tariff laws enact.

And then, to make the scheme complete,
Draw lines across each village street;
Or else some greedy merchants may
Sell goods to folks across the way.

But still there will be people there
Who will not get of trade their share
Until, to get the thing down fine,
Round each man’s lot you draw the line.

No need abroad for trade to roam,
Each finds his market right at home,
And if the theory’s correct,
Prosperity all might expect.

And yet, and yet, I have my doubt;
The thing I’ve clearly reasoned out,
My chain of logic shows no break,
But surely there is some mistake.

I cannot tell, I only go
According to the facts I know,
For surely men could hardly live
Without the aid their neighbors give.

But if protective schemes are right,
The facts must be remodelled quite;
It’s clear to me they do not fit—
Some wiser brain must settle it.

THE SHORT-HANDER.

IN a moment of distraction,
And an hour of fancy’s flight,
With a thirst for higher knowledge
And aspiring for more light—
I determined to learn Shorthand,
And dash it off with ease,
When golden guineas would be sure
To grow as thick as pease.

So I started this dumb language
With a “System” most complete;
With a temper quite angelic,
And a pencil stock replete,
All sharpened to a nicety,
And my paper all a-rule.
Now, my temper’s sharp, and pencils dull,
And I’ve nearly grown a fool.

My spelling, which had ever
Been a source of grave delight,
Here indulged in fancy capers
As ri-t “rit” for “right;”
And betimes the curves and accents
Rose and smote me on the brain;
While the ever changing angles
Caused me long and bitter pain.

Such curves and sprawling figures I
Circles twisted! angles bent!
Why, a thing that stood for “duty”
Was the stay-pole of a tent
While “love” and “kisses,” charming
In their native element,
Look’d quite crooked and alarming,
Symbols dire of discontent.

The awful hieroglyphics
That stood for “charming man,”
Was a skeleton umbrella
And a battered oyster can.
While a “Wesleyan Society,”
That orthodox old clan,
Looked just like a *ballet dancer*
In a sort of mild “can-can.”

Thus I floundered through the stages
Of this “System,” till my bones
Came poking through the tissue,
And asleep I uttered groans.
Thus they plagued me, and perplexed me
And unbalanced my poor brain—
Oh! I wish I never started!
But alas, that now is vain.

For like thunder comes the tidings,
Turning triumph into moan:
“Shorthand has been superseded
By Van-Bubble’s Chat-a-phone.”