



### 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 quicker'n dad's blessin' at meal time, 'n there's enuff grease in them togs o' yourn 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. ”