



THE FARMER BETWEEN THE TARIFFS.

(Toronto Globe.)

Between the high tariff men in the States who won't let him sell, and the high tariff men here who won't let him buy to the best advantage, the Canadian farmer occupies a position not unlike that of "Little Bill" in the mournful ballad of the "Three Sailors of Bristol City," who took a boat and went to sea:

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
 "I am confounded hungry,"
 Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
 "We have no wittles, so we must eat we."
 Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
 "Oh, gorging Jim, what a fool you be!"
 "There's little Bill, as is young and tender;
 We're old and tough, so let's eat he.
 O, Bill, we're going to kill and eat you;
 So undo the collar of your chemise."

GERMAN WITHOUT A MASTER.

A 'VARSITY DITTY.

VEN you vas vant to read der Deutch,
 Der fees you first down plunk;
 Undt den der books you must haf puy,
 Vich makes you in von funk.

Den Vandersmissen gomes to glass
 Von half-von-hour so late;
 Undt ven he don't shew up at all,
 Vy den, you needn't wait!

Der Cherman brose ven you up writes,
 He don't got time to spare,
 Shoost leave der exercises; vy!
 Der library vos dere!

Der Scientific Cherman tongue,
 Der c'riculum haf got,
 'Dersmissen—no, he don't! shan't! won't!
 You haf yourself teach dot.

Undt ven exams., Ach Himmel!—gomes
 Undt plucked mine hopes all dead,
 Dot Missen Vander grin undt say,
 "Oh; vat a dunderhead!"

DID NOT REGARD THE TRUTH.

LINER—"Penner is now lying in the lap of luxury."
 SPACER—"I don't doubt it. I fancy he would lie anywhere."

HIS FAVORITE BRAND.

DRYLEY—"What kind of wine does Fastly show a taste for?"
 SLYLEY—"The kind that someone else pays for."

AN OBJECTION.

PHILANTHROPIST—"Why don't you use a spirit stove to cook your food? You would find it cheaper than a coal stove."

MRS. MCGUFFY—"Perhaps so, if you could get my husband to sign the pledge."

IN THE DAYS OF SUNDAY STREET CARS.

"HURRAH for Sunday cars!" said Bill,
 "These long-faced saints all joy would kill,
 And shut us up to read and pray
 All through the pleasant summer day."

"But all that nonsense now is past,
 We've downed the Pharisees at last,
 And so to-day the cars will run,
 So let's go off and have some fun."

"I guess we'll travel to High Park,
 And not come back till after dark;
 I've got the growler full of rye—
 About enough for you and I."

"Why, what's up now, Bob? Why so glum
 I made quite sure that you would come,
 You ain't no saint, so don't begin
 To say you think 'twould be a sin."

"It ain't that, Bill," replied his chum,
 "Why, I'd be mighty glad to come,
 But, aint you heard? We'll have to stop;
 The boss requires us at the shop."

"The shop! Come off! Don't tell me that,
 I will not do it, now, that's flat!
 I never was brought up that way,
 I won't work on the Sabbath day."

"I guess this country's free as yet,
 No Sunday work for me, you bet!
 Slave if you like, but as for me,
 I'll stand up for my liberty!"

"All right, my friend," quick answered Bob,
 "Kick if you like, and lose your job,—
 There's lot's of men as good as you
 Will work all week and Sundays too."

"But, heavens and earth! I never saw
 Such tyranny! Is there no law
 To save us from the bosses' greed?
 If not our case is bad indeed."

"There was a law to meet the case
 Which long we labored to efface;
 We strove full hard for its repeal,
 So its no use for us to squeal."

"But who on earth would have supposed
 They wouldn't let the shops stay closed
 It's most outrageous thus to be
 Deprived of Sunday's liberty."

"I put it to the boss just so,
 But did he tumble?—oh, no, no!
 Says he, 'You'd have the car-men work,
 Why should you Sunday labor shirk?'"

"For your convenience you thought best
 To do away with Sunday rest,
 Regardless of your helpless neighbour,
 Now for my profit you must labor."

"HELP."

MRS. GUMSO—"Before I hire you I may as well say that my husband will not allow a girl about the house who has a sweetheart."

APPLICANT—"Sure, mum, yez may tell him that my heart is free at prisint, mum, at his servise."