

**THE BUMMER'S WAIL.**

It was a seedy, sad-eyed tramp  
Who stood beside the gate—  
In quavering tones he spake to me:  
"Now is there in this town," said he,  
"A whiskey candidate?"

"I take the elections in each year,  
And always take mine straight;  
I go the party ticket blind,  
But vainly have I sought to find  
The whiskey candidate.

"The temperance folks are raving round  
About the drunkard's fate;  
Of traps to catch unwary feet,  
And fiends whose hideous howling greet  
The whiskey candidate.

"And so your city up and down  
I've walked from morn till late,  
To help him down the temperance crew  
(Perchance to down some liquor too),  
But still alas he shuns my view—  
The whiskey candidate.

"The poison-jerkers all refuse  
To put it on the slate,  
When I attempt a drink to get  
By swearing we'll elect, you bet,  
The whiskey candidate!

"Now isn't it a trifle rough  
The would-be heeler's fate?  
Whose former usefulness is gone,  
As nobody will henceforth own  
The whiskey candidate."

**A QUEBEC MAN'S GOOD IDEA.**

It is a mistake to suppose that the unmanly persecution of Mr. Sheppard meets with the approval of the people of Quebec outside of a narrow set in Montreal. The following from a resident of that province sufficiently attests this: "As a Quebecer I want to say that I am ashamed that he (Sheppard) should have suffered such persecution. Nor ought he to bear all the cost of the suit. Though a poor man myself, and needing more rather than having anything to spare, I will gladly give my mite—say \$1—towards a fund which will be at once an appreciation and a protest. It would be quite appropriate for *Quebec MEN* to make it up."

**THE LOST TEN TRIBES.**

REV. DR. WILD was summoned the other day by the ringing of the telephone as he was in the midst of the task of composing a brilliant sermon on the question, "Were the Ancestors of Cain's First Wife Cannibals?" Hastily proceeding to the instrument the following conversation ensued:

"Hello, doctor—hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is that Dr. Wild?"

"It is. Who is speaking?"

"S'me—David Boyle, Ph.B.—I have just thought of an important fact which confirms the theory that the inhabitants of the British Isles are the descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel—"

"Don't call it a theory; 'tis a demonstrated truth. But what is the point you have discovered?"

"It is this. Don't you know that the Highlanders call themselves the 'Sons of the Mist'?"

"Well?"

"The Lost Ten Tribes were missed, weren't they? and haven't they been missing ever since. Don't you see?—mist—missed. Now, if—"

At this point there was a sharp ring. The doctor had shut off communication. But the joke is no worse than a good many he works off in his able discourses.

**PECKS.**

"A BURDEN that one chooses is not felt." How about your hat?

"IN the deepest water is the best fishing." Not for brook trout.

"DELAYS are dangerous." Not when an express train is just at the crossing.

"WHO never climbed, never fell." Except the fellow that went down the well.

"A CLEAR conscience is a sure card." Not when a fool plays with a sharper.

"CUSTOM makes everything easy." Except smuggling goods across the frontier.

"THE nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat." Not on a chicken that has been cooked a week before.

**COMMON FOLK STORIES.****3. JACK'S OPINION, ON BEING ASKED CONCERNING A WAR.**

I AM only an old Jack Tar, my boys,  
And my yarn it is short to spin;  
But ye ask me about the war, my boys,  
And who as I think will win;  
And all as I know I'll tell, my boys,  
Though it ain't very much I know,  
For I served when Lord Nelson fell, my boys,  
Which is many, many years ago.

We used for to sail in wood, my boys,  
Not steam in your armor-plates;  
And I reckon they were just as good, my boys,  
For the likes of me and my mates;  
We didn't think as much of the snip, my boys,  
And fighting of the French was fun,  
And didn't we hip, hip, hip, my boys,  
When we made the foreigners run.

Let them talk of war as they like, my boys,  
And run out all their guns for fight;  
But if Britain ever has to strike, my boys,  
She must do it with all her might;  
She must do it with all her might, my boys,  
As she did on that day gone by,  
When we fought from morn till night, my boys,  
On board of the *Victory*.

I have one dead eye, and the other one, my boys,  
Is very near as blind as he;  
And I never know quite what is done, my boys,  
For no one ever talks to me;  
And I don't know who's going to fight, my boys,  
Or when they intend to begin;  
But I know God defends the right, my boys,  
And I think somehow we shall win.

For the same flag flies  
'Gainst the same blue skies,  
And the same British tar,  
With his mates will stand  
To protect his land  
If ever we should go to war.