



SWOOPING FOR THE LAMB.

(And party exigencies will prevent both the shepherds from interfering very much.)

FIRST impressions are the most vivid, especially if the object which strikes you happens to be freshly painted.

THE WORKINGMAN'S VIEW OF IT.

SAYS Jack to Bill "I've been a-readin'
About that fuss in Montreal,
When with Prince George the swells was feedin';
I guess the people paid for all.
Of course the parsons was invited;
There was one feller wouldn't go
Because he reckoned he'd been slighted,
His name I think 'vas Taschereau.

"This here French Cardinal he reckoned
He'd ought to have the highest seat,
He warn't a-goin' to come in second,
He'd sooner miss the chance to eat.
No Protestant, he said, should flout him
And take his place beside Prince George;
I guess they got along without him
And had a good, square, solid gorge.

"But what's this fuss the press are raising
About the thing? I cannot see
The need of any more fine phrasing,
To stay or go the cuss was free,
And if he chose to lose a dinner,
All on account of beastly pride,
There's many a ragged, hungry sinner
Would gladly take his place inside."

"Just so," said Bill. "These high-toned preachers
Papist and Protestant alike,
Despise their humbler fellow-creatures,
'Tis for themselves alone they strike.
These followers of the 'meek and lowly'
Are struggling for reward and place,
While claiming to be pure and holy
And bring salvation to the race.

"On rank and precedence still harping,
And joining in the senseless brawl,
The press keeps quibbling and carping,
Nor touches the real point at all.
Who cares if this or that Church leads off
On state occasions, functions, feeds?
The people whom the whole gang feeds off
Gain nothing from their windy screeds.

"Prince, premier, knight, M.P. and bishop,
D.D., Q.C.—I can't begin
To give the whole lay-out they dish'up,
But where do you and I come in?
The cross and garter, crown and sabre,
Black bag and cheque book there you'll find,
But where's the place for honest labor,
That feeds and clothes and saves mankind?"

"While churchmen, loaded to the muzzle
With spite, their bigotry evince,
Fight for their 'rights' to gorge and guzzle
And toady round a fledgling prince.
Class, power and privilege may trample
The hapless toiler in the dirt,
By neither precept nor example
The clergy mitigate the hurt.

"So it is precious little matter
Just how the argument may end,
Who will may heed the senseless chatter;
Among the lot we have no friend.
Let priest and parson, knave and zealot,
In journals write, from pulpits roar,
How'er it goes the modern Helot
Toils on a wage-slave as before."

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

JACK—"Do come out on the beach for a stroll, won't you?"

ETHEL—"Well, if you press me ——"

JACK (*flinging his arms around her*)—"Why, of course, I'll press you, my darling."

ETHEL (*struggling blushing*)—"Oh, I didn't mean that. I was going to say if you press me I suppose I must."