

Then "Parson" 'hind his paper hid, and "King" Costello sought the door :
 "Bobby" 'neath a table slid ; you'd think Dick Carey saw a Boer.

And Jimmy Gookin to the yard with Fabe O'Connell went to walk ;
 O'er Billy Battle kept "Joker" guard, while "Gobbo's" face grew white
 as chalk.

"'Tis Patrick Fribbs," said big Labelle ; "for him dat place pass by, you
 call

Dat sanctum ; him de man by —;" they on poor Fribbs with fury fall.

Though by the kids no danger's seen, the great lords of the reading-room,
 Meehan, Hanley, Martin, Breen, resolve to save poor Fribbs from doom.

With indignation do they fall on all the kids in their domain,
 And off Pat Fribbs they pull them all, and punish them with might and main.

In vain try stop that mighty rush, in vain resist Smith and Labelle ;
 Kick, smash, biff, bang, a final crush ; they're out the door, down stairs
 pell-mell.

The trouble's o'er, the thing is done, but Smith and French are angry still,
 And Bawlf, Labelle, Choquette and Sloan yet seek that editor to kill.

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LILLIPUT ON THE RAMPAGE.

MARCH 28TH, 7.20 p.m.

Scene—Hand-ball alley by moonlight.

Chairman—Joseph Smith.

MOB OF LILLIPUTIANS HOLDING AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

Resolutions,

As reported by the Assistant Junior Editor :

Resolved, that we, in the presence of this pale-faced goddess
 of the night *La-belle* lune, and her lovely stellar companions, who
 so kindly lend their light to aid our noble purpose, we—the
 maliciously so-called Lilliputians do unanimously, notwithstanding
 the howls of a good many nobodies, now place ourselves on the
 offensive ; not the fence, do you understand ? This unknown
 Junior Editor is encased behind iron-clad bars, which cannot be
 broken by any *Smith*. It makes us sore, and the sore is not
Healing, and we want you to Marqu-ette. If we catch him he will
Tremblay all o'er. They say he was in our midst on the 28th, but
 we could not see *La-pointe*. They tell us he was looking down
 upon us from a *Nich(e)* not so very far away ; if we can grab h'im
 —for he will have to stand the *Choc-quette*—his name will be *Dennis*.