



IN THE (Mc) GRAVY!

BILLY McLEAN.

Air—"Widow McCree."

BILLY McLEAN, so you're going to run,
Och hone! Billy McLean!
Are you looking for plunder or glory or fun?
Och hone! Billy McLean!

On the stump you may spout
And cry, "Turn Mowat out!"
But I very much doubt if your object you'll gain,
His hour may be come and your time not begun,
Och hone! Billy McLean!

Billy McLean I admire your gall,
Och hone! Billy McLean!
You were quite "Independent" all winter and fall,
Och hone! Billy McLean!
The song you now sing
Is a different thing,
To the Tories you cling, when there comes a campaign.
There is no independence about you at all,
Och hone! Billy McLean!

Billy McLean you've no ghost of a show,
Och hone! Billy McLean!
As the Tories of Wentworth they very well know,
Och hone! Billy McLean!
As the county is Grit
And no chance of a split.
Local men had the wit to come out of the rain
And let you foot the bills and encounter the foe,
Och hone! Billy McLean!

UNSYMPATHETIC INTEREST.

THIS is a cold world. The intensity of the struggle for existence makes men thoughtless of the interests of their neighbors. How little sympathy there is for mortals in distress! And things are growing steadily worse in this respect. Here is Mr. George Iles, who, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, remarks that "while the rate of interest on Government bonds and city and railroad debentures has been steadily falling within the past two decades, the rates payable on real estate mortgages have declined in sympathy." Most people who have had any experience in the matter will be puzzled to imagine how such a thing can be possible. The rate payable on mortgages has always been about one of the most unsympathetic things in creation, and if it keeps on declining in sympathy what do they propose to do with an unfortunate debtor, anyhow? Is his life as well as his property to be at the mercy of his creditor, as under the old Roman law? Surely Mr. Iles is mistaken.

"Don't you know enough to go in when it rains?" called out a neighbor to Mr. Henpeck, as the latter gentleman was discovered standing outside in a severe thunder storm lately. "This ain't nothing," responded Mr. H. drearily, "you just ought to see my wife storm." L.B.