



### THE SYNDICATE GIANT.

SIR CHARLEY, THE GIANT-KILLER, IN HIS WONDERFUL ACT OF COLLECTING LOCAL TAXES FROM THE SYNDICATE GIANT AT EMERSON, MANITOBA. (N. B.—HE IS ON THE POINT OF FORCING THE GIANT TO DO THE SQUARE THING.)

Vouard, "and she had a good right to wear 'em, tho' why she had to be married in church when their own houses is good enough for every one else in N—, beats me."

"Oh, no other place was big enough for a grand person like Mary, she wanted to show off how pretty she was. It was gettin' time she settled; she must be twenty-nine or thirty," said Kato Moss, who was still in her teens.

"Indeed no," interrupted Nellie Dale, who had been sewing at the machine, and stopped in time to hear the last remark. "She's only twenty-four. She told the clergyman so, and he wrote it down with the groom's age. I ought to know, bein' the bridesmaid."

"Told her hage!—wrote hit down!—what lever did she do hit for?" gasped Miss Simkins, a gentle maid of thirty summers and over who had a difficulty with the letter h.

"Cause she'd got to; it's the law, Sallie, you'll have to tell your age when you get married yourself."

As a smile went round the room at this malicious explanation, Miss Simkins flushed a yellowish crimson, and she exclaimed vehemently, "Hit's a shameful law, then, to pry hinto private affairs that way. Hi leaves hit to every girl hif a young lady's hage hisn't a subject that should be between her Creator and herself."

"Don't get excited, Sal, perhaps you'll never have to tell yours," said handsome Mrs. Tompson. Miss Simkins, if I may use the expression, flushed flusher, and with a remembrance of bygone fancied wrongs looked unutterable things at her married friend as she said, "Hat hany rate, Selina Tompson, there's one thing hif hi was on my dyin' bed hi would put my 'and to my 'eart and say hi never interfered with a match, which his more than some could."

"No, I am sure you never did, Sallie," Mrs. Taylor, with a view of putting oil on troubled

waters, hastened to say, and was dismayed to hear every one laugh out right.

So much of Miss Simkins' brow as her "bangs" permitted a view of was puckered with ugly frowns, and angry flashes flashed from her pale blue eyes, which doubtless portended a burst of feminine rhetoric sufficient to check such merriment in her female co-workers, when "tea" was announced, and a general movement to obey the welcome summons gave her no chance to crush them with anything harder than a look, though she made up her mind to sever her connection with a society composed of such a hateful set of women.

### Ye Reporter.

Ye reporter is a sharp fellow—he derives his name from *re*—back, and *porte*—to carry, and the "er" is to help him when—er—er—er when—er—he can't very well say his say. He is a walking repertoire of news, and he meanders through this vale of tears collecting any stray murder items which may be floating about in the back alleyways of the city; and the way he waltzes off at the first clang of the fire bells is a thing to be remembered. He interviews the loafers at the corners of the streets for news of last night's fight, and makes his best bow at all the first-class hotels, before the newly arrived celebrities have had time to take off their overcoats. He is not at all blood-thirsty, but blood and murder is a thing to be thankful for sometimes, and a railway horror sets his blood and pen a-tingling. But when times are dull and the course of true love runs smooth then he parades the streets with drooping gait and lack-lustre eyes, until in desperation he pounces upon a microscopic news-boy, and bets him he can't lick that there other fellow. In a twinkling they are at it tooth and nail, a mob gathers, the street cars are blocked up, not a policeman to be found, elderly party with poodle in arms

gets run over, doctor appears opportunely, the boys are arrested, and the reporter is himself again. Then there's the Council meetings, as good as any circus, but it takes him three hours correcting the grammar and espousing the slang in order to make a report fit for the perusal of an intelligent public. A meeting of School Trustees is something appalling, and he seriously meditates requesting that only three speak at one time. But sometimes his lines fall in pleasant places. There is the common sewer of scandal into which he can dip at all times, and fish up sensational tit-bits for the gossips; the sensational sermon preacher of a Sunday, and the pleasant conversation of the friends he visits with an eye to business on that day. There is the 17th of March, the pious, glorious and immortal 12th. Whew! With concerts, balls, entertainments galore, with freeish and entry thereto at all times and seasons. And taking it all in all, he hasn't such a bad time either. "The world is all before him where to choose," from exploring the dark places of the earth, otherwise called the slums of the city, to careering across the illimitable prairies of the Great North-West, on a comical rig yecept a "buckboard."



### THE SONG OF CRAM.

With visage haggard and worn  
With eyes deep-sunken and red,  
A child sat cramming scholastic bosh  
Who ought to have been in his bed.

Cram, cram, cram,  
Algebra, Euclid and Roots,  
Cram, cram, cram,  
Cram it down into his boots!

No sleep for the urchin to-night—  
He fears the "bad mark" of the Ma'am—  
He'll toss on his bed till 'tis light  
And then to his books and his cram!

Cram! cram! cram!  
A school-full of galley slave mutes;  
Cram, cram, cram,  
Botany, Spelling and Roots!

No laughter of rollicking youth  
But an air of old age that's a shame—  
A trembling, cringing, prison-house air,  
The result of the system of cram!

O, when will they mix common sense  
With their boasted common school plan,  
And learn that a boy was not meant for a guy—  
But a wide-awake, every-day man?

O, when will the people arise  
And rescue the young from the Books,  
And effectually damn the system of cram  
And reform that "Reformer" A. Crooks!

We saw a young lady cuff her intended recently, without the slightest hesitation, though he loved her devotedly and had done nothing to arouse her anger. Indeed she cuffed him twice—one cuff being for the right and the other for his left hand.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*