

THE MANITOBA FARMER.

OPPRESSED by laws iniquitous
By blindfold rulers made,
Not strange so many loyal hearts
And eyes have southward strayed.

And some have thought to give the hand—
Where heart might never be—
If Annexation with the States
Would bring true liberty.

They tax the farmer's food, his clothes,
His implements of trade;
Whilst manufactures bonused are,
And Party friends are paid.

If winter be both long and cold,
And sometimes drought and frost
Destroy the summer's harvest, still
Not everything is lost.

The country's good, and other years
These transient ills amend;
But 'gainst the stupid laws of man
'Tis harder to contend.

When will our statesmen at the helm
Steer right those in the bow—
The backbone of their country—those
Who walk behind the plough?

Will ne'er our statesmen close the ear
When false Protection 'guiles,
And in Free Trade's pure company
Forget the siren's wiles?

Our noble Mother Country points
The trail our steps should wend;
Not copy aliens' crooked paths,
Which but to ruin tend.

Up! wake, ye Farmers! Rouse, and cast
The burden from your backs;
The power, the votes, the number's yours
To wreck each wanton tax!

WALLACK SACUL.

NOTHING PLEASES HIM.

ETHEL—"Isn't that young man a terrible pessimist?"
MAUD—"Yes. He has just graduated, you know."



A USEFUL RECIPE.

HE—"I've been troubled with insomnia of late, but I've discovered a splendid plan for getting to sleep now. It works like a charm."

SHE—"What is it? I'm sometimes troubled that way, and I'd really like very much to know."

HE—"I just go to bed and think of the Summer Carnival, and it makes me so tired I'm in the land of Nod immediately."



HIS REASONING FACULTIES WERE STILL UNIMPAIRED.

FIRST CONVIVIAL—"Don' wan' ter 'urry y' off, Jack ole boy—but must lock up now."

SECOND CONVIVIAL—"All ri' ole chap, don't 'sturb yerself about me. I'm not goin' home to (hie) missis like thish. Tell y' what—I'll keep y' company."—*Pick-me-up.*

AN EXCEPTION.

BANKS—"It is said that nature gives gifts to all her creatures, is it not?"

WRAGG—"Yes."

BANKS—"Well, instead of her giving the crane gifts I fancy she has given it a legacy."

HE POSSESSED IT.

I AM told that you sometimes write poetry yourself, remarked the bard to the editor. "Now, are you sure that you possess the true poetic fire?"

"Quite sure," replied the editor, looking towards the office stove. "At present it is consuming the MSS. you sent in last week."

HE HAD CAUSE TO LOVE IT.

MISS GUSHLY—"Do you like poetry?"

MR. COMPS—"You bet I do! It's the fattest copy we get in the composing room."

THE WORST YET.

CUMSO—"Townly has a very treacherous memory."

BROWN—"What makes you say so?"

CUMSO—"I lent him ten dollars last spring and he not only forgot about it, but got the idea into his head that I had borrowed ten dollars from him, and yesterday he dunned me."