



THE BU-TI-UFFELL SNOW.

He ambled up the sanctum way with weary feet and sore,
He paused an instant ere he pounded on the panelled door.
"I have a little piece," spake he, "but woe is me, aye,
If you won't buy it—read, it's on the Bu-ti-uffell snow."
The editor sore vexed was he and reached out for his gun
To show the bothering bard that his wild race of life was run.
But suddenly he stayed his hand, he'd let the poet know
One chance to live was in his poem on Bu-ti-uffell snow.
"Hast mention made in all thy rhyme—thy metre—man-
gling mush—
Of certain words that seem to me the sloppiest kind of
slush?
"If 'Virgin White' do not occur I think I'll let you go,
And for a museum buy your swash on Bu-ti-uffell snow."
He straightway waded through the stuff, but vainly did he
For ought save "pure as bridal cake" or "pale as milk-
full pan."
Then shook he warm the poet's hand, and chirped all
sweet and low,
"You've 'scaped the tomb, here's fifteen cents for Bu-ti-
uffell snow."

TONALD McSNEESHIN ON TA NORSE-
WEST.

TEAR MISTER GRIP.—She'll pe sittin' toon
to'll wrote you ta trooth apoot ta Norse-
West. She'll pe 20 years of olt leevin' in On-
tario, ant she'll pe nefer once pefore alreaty a
complaint. But when she'll pe make an oxen
for sale ant selt her two white-faced waggins
ant harses ant one cooking stoves for twelve
months' currency to'll go till Manitopa, she'll
pe make a fool for Tonal. Ta Manitopa is ta
peast place in ta Tomension for ta lant, put
how for why tus ta Government make ta
speculashun of ta lant so mich pefore alreaty?
Ta lee of ta noosepapers is tolt tat ta farmers
is make all ta rich moneys. She'll pe ta owners
for two hundred acres on ta tense contenshuns
of ta Saskatchewan, ant she'll nefer since pe-
fore grow so mich wheat. But how for what
was ta use of ta grains if ter'll pe no ones till
puy it? She'll pe vera mat tat ta Pacesfic
Railwats is make, for took so mich lants.
Santle McTougal, frae Glengary, was her
neepor nearest ta souse, ant he'll pe twenty
miles jist away. All ta lant of ta rest between
was pelong to'll ta railroad. Tis make ta long
of ta roat too mich to'll porry Missus McTou-
gall's strainer, ant her wife was make for
strain ta mush troo her dochter Maggie's peti-
coat. She must spoke apoot ta proteckshun
of ta Norse-west. What for why tus ta tuty
of ta Government put on ta porritch ant hags,
ant who for what don't they protect her from
ta railroad monopolies ant ta utilization so-
cieties? She'll pe spoke for ta meetin' at
Branton apoot ta proteckshun. She'll pe tolt
ta farmers tat they must pe got indigent, ant
make for focht any man of ter own olt or ter

own heavy, ant make ta Government put ta
tuty of ta tariff on ta plizzarts ant ta Chinese
man.

Yours as nefer was since pefore,
TONALD McSNEESHIN.

HIRAM HOMESPUN'S IDEAS ON HARD
TIMES.

"Hard times, come again no more," is a
prayer that has often been prayed. It has been
prayed in church and outen church. Preachers
has prayed it, farmers has prayed it; lawyers
has prayed it; thieves has prayed it; politici-
ans has prayed it; rogues has prayed it;
everybody has prayed it. If ever a prayer
should have been answered on account of the
impertunity of those offerin' it, it was this one.
My wife Nance and me was talkin' over the
the matter 'tother day. She acems bent on
thinkin' we haunt got no hard times. This
idear has somehow gotten hold of a good many
people. But I can see into a millstone as far
as any one. Old hard times is loasin' round
at the edge of the clearin'. But what's the use
of prayin' "hard times come again no more,"
an' at the same time keep sendin' the old
tramp scented invitations to come outen the
bush. Maybe folks don't think they are
a-doin' of this. But they are. I was sayin' to
Naybor Skinner 'tother day that we as in-
dividools was in a measure responsible for
fetchin' the hard times. When times is good
an' money as plenty as ticks on Skinner's
sheep, we re apt ter be a lectle too extravagant
and hopeful, never once stoppin' to think that
perhaps next year there'll be a potato blight, a
short bean crop or a decline in stock. Prosper-
ous times is exceedingly favorable to the
growth of the tall, rank weeds of speculatin'.
These weeds, if we aint awful careful, is sure
to spread so fast as to choke out the crop of
legitimate business transactions. Even as com-
munities the speculatin' fever has considerably
redooced our resources. In our township last
summer the Council guv seven hundred dollars
for a boat race prize, and this winter the trus-
tees in three or four sections is goin' to reduce
the schoolmarm's wages. This isn't right.
It's jist the same as Naybor Skinner payin'
three hundred dollars last year for a new
patent self-actin' pig trough, and this year dis-
chargin' his wife's help. It aint fair. If a
farmer can afford ter have a steam manure
fork, his wife should persist in havin' an
electric cow-milker, and a hydraulic scrub-
bin' brush. Yes, hard times is a good deal of
our own bringin'. Not altogether, though.
Politicians is some to blame. I aint much of
a politician, an' don't allow the party noose-
papers to do my thinkin', but at the same time
I'm convinced that a government can so trim
the load of taxation that it will bear jist as
heavy on the off hoss as on the nigh one.

A SURE SIGN.

The goose-bone may occasionally appear to
lose its cunning; but when you see a wood-
pile and a schoolboy in planetary conjunction
about 4.30 on a November evening, you may
safely conclude that the goose-bone still has its
grip.—(See *Mose His Oates*.)

Old Winter lingereth long!
He stands us off without a care
That Koal Kings tremble as they sniff the air,
And tailors sing sad song.

But he's upstairs, I ween,
His toilet troubles—at a shirt
He talks, 'twixt jabs—(anon they hurt)
"—button ever seen!"

And soon down town he'll tend
"To invoice items—"snow ex this."
And "wind ex that"—nor slush he'll miss
In carloads without end.

How know I this? you ask.
Look! see yon schoolboy slim!
He stands in backyard recess dim—
Oh! soul-corroding task.

Let dirgeful winds all sigh!
A hunted look is on his face—
See buck-saw, wood-house, pile in place!
Cans't doubt me now?

BECAUSE HE CARRIED THE BAG.

FIRST ELECTION AGENT—

"Now is the time when our cunning dexterity,
Waiters on Providence such as we be,
Brings a return with exceeding celerity—
Paying return both to you and to me."

SECOND ELECTION AGENT—

"Ah, how dull must it be in the stiff Mowat
legions,
Preaching of reason and talking of right!
All our arguments come from quite different
regions,
Arguments solid and arguments bright."

FIRST AGENT—

"What if we have no sound statement po-
litical,
Teaching what measures are good for the
land?

Those we appeal to are not quite so critical,
Not through the head we convince, but the
hand."

SECOND AGENT—

"Plans patriotic may be the Grit factors—
Means for securing the multitude's vote;
Ours we find in the bags of contractors,
Means, too, which save one much stretching
his throat."

BOTH—

"We must steer clear of all proved illegality,
That is the rock which dull fellows split on,
But you must not expect any over morality,
Out of the question—we follow Sir John."

TRUE COURAGE REWARDED.

A MORAL TALE FOR THE YOUNG.



O, I will not!"
It was a boy named
Algernon St. Albans Miff
who said this. He was
so-lil-o-qui-zing. This big
word, children dear, means
talking with one's mouth
to the person one most
likes.

Algernon St. Albans was
a bright lad who worked
in a nice stove store. He
often had a great smut on
his nose. But his good
employer would never
charge him with the stove
polish. He would jist
say to him, "You boy,
go and wash up! You
look like a half-grown
coal-heaver out of a job!"
And Algernon St. Albans,
like the obedient boy he
was, would fill the wash-
basin, and lose the soap down the sink-hole.

But one day he would not obey his good em-
ployer. He had been told in a gentle voice to
carry up town a beautiful Slop-pail. Now,
his good employer did not intend to be unkind.
He did not really think that it was mean and
wrong to ask Algernon St. Albans to do this.
No one had ever told him that his bright shop-
boy was called "tinker" for short by his little
play-fellows, and it never occurred to him that
they would likely after this change the name
to "chamber-maid."

However, my young friends, Algernon St.
Albans know a thing or two. He could tell
the Right from the Wrong. And, with tears
in his eyes, he resolv'd to do the Right. It
made no difference to this brave little man
when he had to mind the baby at his good em