

THE TARIFF ENQUIRY.

THREE Ministers are on a tour to gather information,
And ascertain if the N.P. still satisfies the nation.
They surely needn't travel far, for they can learn without
That the belief in that old fraud has long since petered out.

"We are not yet convinced," they say; "just wait a little longer,
Until we can accumulate some evidence that's stronger."
Yet they begin enquiries with a bias so decided
That any judgment based thereon can only be one-sided.

The question as it seems to them does not concern the masses.
They only ask opinions from the rich and favored classes;
To ascertain if there be men who go without their dinners.
They seek those who on luxuries dine and ask the well-fed sinners.

Ignore the patient's agony, what need to ask of him?
Ask if the surgeon suffers much who amputates the limb.
To ascertain what toes are pinched no need to ask galoots
Who wear them, but enquire of those who make and sell the boots.

Oh! Angers, Foster, Howell, pray be honest, we implore,
Nor longer let protection steal the earnings of the poor.
Go ask on what they dine to-day, on what to-night they sup,
I mean the men who taxes pay, not those who eat them up
But no, 'tis useless, we will not for justice make appeal,
We know by what you speak and act just how you think and feel.



WHERE THE WORK COMES IN.

I.

Topflat, the Artist, thinking out an idea.

pause; "and I must have a glass of water whatever happens. Ain't there nothin' that folks here put into the water to take away the bad effects?"

"There is," says I. "I happen to have some of that preparation in my pocket, and if you'll step up to my room we will refresh ourselves. We could get it at the bar, of course, but then folks might think we was indulging in intoxicating liquors, and 'tis well to avoid the appearance of evil."

There didn't happen to be any water in my room, but we got along very well with the anti-microbe preparation. I guess the Deacon's vote is all right.

ORLANDO Q. GUFFY, M.P.P.



WHERE THE WORK COMES IN.

I.

Topflat, the Artist, working it out.

Go on the way you have begun, nor let it mar your joy
To think the gods do first make mad the men they would destroy.

Go on! pile up the taxes high to satisfy the yearnings
Of men who live not on their own, but eat up others' earnings.
The toilers' voices might condemn, you'll be sustained by theirs
Who, by unjust taxation fed, have grown to millionaires.

G. C.

A LITERARY REPUTATION SPOILED.

IT isn't often that you meet a more ready or fluent conversationalist than Fred Tewksbury. Probably the fact that at one period of his chequered career he used to canvass for a life insurance company, partly accounts for it. A man who can talk life insurance effectively ought to be able to hold his own anywhere. Tewksbury's easy flow of language was only equalled by his argumentative pertinacity and the cool audacity with which he would lay down the law on subjects of which he was entirely ignorant. He was quite capable of ex-



ALARM IN LONDON.

QUIDNUNC—"This 'ere World's Fair is a great institution, isn't it?"

CABBY—"Wat's all that? None of yer world's fares for me. Charge 'cordin' to looks—that's my motter."