

AFTER TENNYSON.

THE daylight falls on Caron's hauls,
For Edgar knows the entire story,
And Thompson tries with legal lies
To shield that rascal boodling Tory;
Shout, members, send the wild echoes flying,
And echo answers echo, lying lying, lying.

The darkness sleeps on Rideau's steeps—
The Crown's a name without a mission,
Our honor's lost, knaves rule the roast,
And stolid Stanley goes a-fishin'.
Shout, boodlers! send the wild echoes flying,
And echo answers echo, lying, lying, lying!

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANECDOTE

BRO. DAVID BOYLE, of the Canadian Institute Museum, while skirmishing in the township of Erasmosa for archæological remains on September 5th last—there's nothing like being precise in these matters when you are telling a true story—came to a farm-house on lot 29 in the 3rd concession, at about three p.m., and asked the farmer, John W. Winstead by name, for permission to explore Indian sepulchres on his lot. The agriculturist consented, and Bro. Boyle worked away all that afternoon, but without much success. He stayed over-night and resumed his labors on the following day. As he was leaving at half-past four in the afternoon without having obtained the relics he was in quest of, Mr. Winstead condoled with him on his failure.

"I reckon most everythin' in the shape of dead men's bones an' tommyhawks has been carted off this here farm long sence. Last thing they got wuz wen they dug out a old well which had caved in years ago, an' they found a skelerton into it. Said it wuz a white man, though—durned if I kin see how they could tell that. It's Injun bones you're after, an' I allow a white man's remains wouldn't be no kind of use to you."

"Well, that depends," replied Boyle. "You say these bones were found in a well that had caved in?"

"Yes."

"Why, that was a find of extraordinary archæological value. The deceased was certainly one of the ancient caved-wellers."

And he drove hastily away.

PREMIER ABBOTT TO THE WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS.

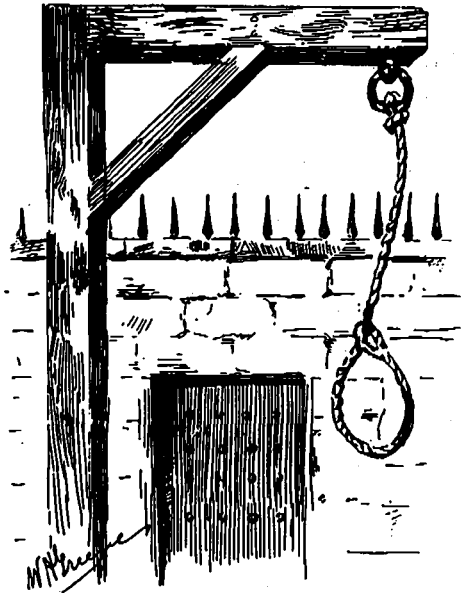


BELIEVE me, dear ladies, I'm quite of your mind, You have set forth your case with a deal of ability, our arguments fully convincing I find, And entitled, I'm sure, to the utmost civility.

It did not require such a charming display Of beauty and grace and tasteful spring dresses As you have brought into my presence to-day, To incline me to listen to all your distresses.

For years I have studied the question you raise,

And I go the whole hog on your Rights, my dear mesdames,
For who could on Woman's sweet countenance gaze
And contentedly leave all the power to the Adams?



LATEST IN NECKWEAR.

(Worn only by high-strung people.)

The men, as you say, are but half of the race,
And both sexes are needed to round out society;
And you urge the high mission of feminine grace
In our public affairs with the utmost propriety.

In short, there is not a word left to be said;
I'm with you throughout, with the greatest of pleasure,
But I really can't promise, my dears, I'm afraid,
That the Government's likely to bring down a measure.

The fact of the matter, between you and me,
Is that Thompson and Caron and Boswell and Foster,
And all of the others are scared as can be
To take such a step for fear of disaster.

They know mighty well that 'twould finish their reign,
And they'd quickly be robbed of their wooden majority,
For women would beat them in contest of brain,
And worse still, would insist on political purity.

So, m sdames, although I'm a friend of your scheme,
You can see, like yourselves, I am tied down most cruelly;
Many thanks for your call—'tis a lovely spring dream—
Good day, and believe me, yours ever most truly!

THE LIMIT REACHED.

SHE—"Oh, John, I must have one of those new seamless dresses which are becoming so fashionable."

HE—"Gracious! You don't mean it, Susan?"

SHE—"But I do, John. I haven't a thing to wear."

HE—"Oh, get a new dress if you want it, but for any sake don't let's have any seem-less business. The one you wore at the Jiggersnoots' ball seemed little enough, and there are limits, you know."

AN OBJECTIONABLE PERSON.

TORY—"By the honesty with which he has administered public affairs, Premier Abbott has removed odium from the Government."

GRIT—"Yes, I allow he was one of the worst of the lot, but there's others just as bad as him. Why didn't he remove Caron as well?"