



NECK OR NOTHING!

SIR OLIVER.—“I tell you I'm going to wait for a legal decision as to whether I have the right to cut the animal's head off, and I've given you my word that if I *have* the right, off comes the head!”

BUCHANAN.—“That's all very good; but as the legal decision may not come for two years yet, what's the matter with your *cur-tailing* the dog a little in the meantime, up to the limit of your known powers?”

THE SLEIGH FROM CANADA.

THE farmer's views on Canada's present to a certain May, believed to be a princess, and said to reside in the foreign land of England.

Cheer up, Mariar! Get a grin
Across your wrinkled phiz, and smiles.
O' course the times has rather bin
A bit agin;

But laws! although the mortgage riles
Us when the interest it comes due;
And interest on a mortgages biles
Hotter than iles—

We shouldn't feel so drefful blue—
'Cause see the gracious Princess May
Has bin and gone and got a sleigh
From Canada!

I know that what you say is true.
Craps bad, and prices bad; and wuss
Then all, things dear. And each kid's shoe
Toes stickin' through.

And that there lawyer he has us,
His claws clutched tight around our throat;
If we can't pay he'll raise a fuss
And cuss.

We'll have to mosey, sink or float
And leave our farm. But think to-day
The furreign princess got a sleigh
From Canada!

I wonder what has made 'em go
And buy a sleigh and hosses too?
It must be 'cause her cash is low
Like ours, you know.
She must be pore, and times is blue;

With kids like ourn whose clothes is rags.
Don't cry, Mariar. Things may slew
Around a few,
And save us from the lawyer's snags.
One pore princess has got to-day
A handsome team o' naggs and sleigh
From Canada.

I tell you folks is good and kind—
In Canaday there ain't no snobs,
But all's unselfish.—Sets their mind
On temperin' wind
To folks that moneylenders robs.
I reckon they jist heerd a-tell
That May, like us, was full o' sobs
A lackin' cobs.
And thinkin' it might help a spell
To keep the hungry wolves at bay
They ups and buys and ships a sleigh
From Canaday.

I hear the man who holds our note,
When he heard o' the fix May's in,
Without a squeal he up and wrote
A big cheque. So't
Peers like to me he'll hardly pin
Us to the day if we can't scrape
The hull amount. He'll think it sin
To peel our skin.
He'll do as much for us who gape
Like fish a-land. 'Cause we're to-day
In most as bad a fix as May
In Canaday.

London, Eng.

James Barr.

WHAT is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.