



THERE'S DANGER IN THE FASHION.

"Say, Bill, I believe that's one of them female smugglers the inspector was tellin' us to keep our eyes open for."

"Well, I tink yer must be dumb not to know the difference between a smuggler and one of them thare new crinnerlines."

WAIL CANADA.

WAIL, Canadians, for your land,
Jail the boodlers, sleek and bland.
Who say, "We've bled our country's till,
Of public funds had our sweet will,
And now the bogus trial's 'cooked,'
Enjoy the swag from poor men hooked.
Let no chance to grab be lost,
Never mind the blooming cost.
Are not farmers taxes high,
That our pile may reach the sky?"

CHORUS—Hang together, boodlers all,
Rally now at Mammon's call.
If we now our interests pool,
We the people still: shall fool.

Shade of Walpole, rise again!
Defend the record 'gainst these men!
Let no mere 'prentice colonist
Take larger toll from public trust
Than thou, who long hast borne the palm
For bribery and shameless sham.
Combines of old! with envy see
More infamous monopoly
Is crushing Labor to the ground,
While heelers stand rejoicing round.

CHORUS—Hang together, etc.

"'Rah for the Chief who now commands!"
So sing the well-fed boodling bands.
"You'll scarcely find a single 'beat'
Who found the feet of 'justice' fleet.
When threats of prosecution rise,
Commissions blind the people's eyes.
Hurrah! we no more feel dismay,
You bet you're boots we're here to stay.
The public mind from change seems free:
Then whoop'er up for the great N.P."

CHORUS—Hang together, boodlers all,
Rally now at Mammon's call.
On high enthroned sit crafty knaves,
The people are but: fools and slaves.

A FIN DE SIECLE PHILOSOPHER.

HE had the air of a philosopher in reduced circumstances, as in fact nearly all the philosophers with whom we ever came in contact were, and as he ambled hesitatingly into the office and seated himself on the edge of the table drawing a few soiled and tattered papers from his pocket we braced up for a dissertation on national currency, the flatness of the earth, the faith cure, or some kindred topic.

"Have you any interest," he enquired, "in the Lost Ten Tribes?"

"Not having lost any tribes to my knowledge, I can't say that I have."

"I'm sorry. It's a most important question. You know, I suppose, that them ten tribes have never been found. Nobody knows where they went to or what became of them. They have completely disappeared. Strange, ain't it?"

"Yes, rather singular. But I wouldn't worry about it if I were you. Don't you think there are Jews enough left for all practical purposes?"

"Well, p'raps. But what became of the Ten Tribes that was yanked off to Assyria and them parts? They ain't there now, and the funny part of it seems to be they ain't nowhere else. That's what sort of gits over me. Where are they? That's what I want to get at."

"Well, if you ask me I really don't know, and as I've no particular use for them if they were found, you must excuse me if I don't share your anxiety on the subject."

"Look-a-here, mister, I've jest been puzzlin' over this here business fur nigh onto twelve year. I been readin' up all the eminent researchists an' commentators, but while they all allow that them Ten Tribes is lost they don't seem to have much idea of how they's goin' to be found agin. Doc. Wild here says they're the English people, but that's where he's way off. It don't need a great sight of education to tell the difference between a Jew and an Englishman. Well, now those tribes are somewhere, ain't they?"

"I suppose so."

"And if there was any enterprise and money put into the business they could be found. That's just the



THE PROSPECT BEFORE HIM.

"To sleep, perchance to dream.
Ay, there's the rub."

—Hamlet