

THE TORY HEELER'S DILEMMA.

WHAT'S all this talk that's going on
About the tactics of Sir John?
There's some folks saying now that he
Will take up Reciprocity.

I ain't so sure but if he did
'Twould be a mighty taking bid
To catch the honest farmer's vote,
And I can quickly turn my coat.

Lor' bless you, 'twouldn't bother me
With our old Chieftain to agree,
What he says goes with us you bet,
I never went agin him yet!

I tell you just what knocks me out
Is this uncertainty and doubt,
Because, until I get my cue,
I don't know what it's safe to do.

I've been a shouter on the stump,
And reckoned that I played a trump,
By charging with disloyalty
All who opposed the great N.P.

I called Sir Richard "traitorous knave,"
To Wiman special fits I gave,
Urged all who loved their native land
Against the Yankee scheme to stand.

But now I dare not say a word
Until from Ottawa I've heard;
The Grits can talk—my tongue is tied,
For fear of hurting our own side.

I'm in a most unpleasant box,
I've got to take the hardest knocks,
And hardly dare to argue back
Lest I might kind of jump the track.

I've hardly nerve enough to call
A fellow "traitor," "fool," and all,
When old Sir John, first thing I know,
For Reciprocity may go.

I'll have quite crow enough to eat
And do not hanker for such meat,
So, till Sir John relieves the doubt,
On politics please count me out.

'Tain't fair to keep up this suspense,
I hate to roost upon the fence,
And down again I'll gladly skip
If I can only get the tip.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAMJONES—No, Bro. Samjones, it is not at all probable that the hostile Indians are so designated because they steal "hosses." There is, however, some force in your suggestion that the starvation policy of the U. S. Government is cowardly, inasmuch as a cowardly suffices to keep a whole tribe for a week.

J. Y. X.—The quotation "distance *lens* enchantment to the view" has no reference to the telescope.

JUDKINS, JUNR.—As far as we can make out each of the large city dailies has a circulation equal to the other two combined. Of course these statements don't harmonize, but then there are lots of other things in this world equally incongruous.

ORLANDO Q. GUFFY—We are surprised that a person of your apparent intelligence and education should be guilty of the ungrammatical assertion that "if you want to commit a poem to memory, write it out and then you will learn it by rote." First thing you know "Cheshire and Yorkshire" will be utilizing you in the *Mail* as an awful example of Canadian ungrammaticism, or words to that effect.

AN INCIDENT OF SIR JOHN'S VISIT.

THE reception held by the Chieftain in the Red Parlor on the occasion of his recent visit to Toronto was characterized by the customary flow of badinage and witticism between Sir John and his visitors. The enquiries regarding the date of the election made by anxious partizans were deftly parried in the Old Man's jaunty fashion, and none of the visitors departed any wiser.

"There is a good deal of talk about the election coming on soon, Sir John," said Mr. John Herbert Beaty.

"Yes," replied the Chieftain, "you know people will talk."

"But I suppose the day hasn't been named yet?" said Mr. John Small.

"Well, no," replied the G.O.M. "Some of you fellows seem to be as anxious that I should 'name the day' as the expectant bridegroom of the old song:

"Oh, name the day, the happy day,
And I will buy the ring."

That's the most important matter, after all. Never mind the day—I'll buy the ring all right."

AT THE NATIONALIST ASSOCIATION.

VISITOR—"I like the way yez talk, but afore I jine yez I'd like to ax wan question, Mr. President. Are yez wid Parnell or agin him?"

PRESIDENT HOWELL—"We have nothing to do with that matter here."

VISITOR—"Arrah, listen to that, now! Bad cess to ye fur a pack av omadhauns as don't know nothin'! Purty Nationalists ye are, indade, if ye've nothin' to say about Parnell!"

MEMO. FROM BROCKVILLE.

"MR. JOHNSING," said the end-man of the Brockville Amateur Minstrels, "whar would you go supposin' a cyquake or an arthclone struck dis town?"

"Where would I go? I don't know, I am sure. Where would you go, Mr. Tambo?"

"I'd make a break fo' dis yar opery-house fust thing," replied Tambo, decisively.

"Why so?" queried the interlocutor.

"'Cos it's de *strongest* place in town," was the reply, which struck the audience as forcibly as the odor from the fire department horses stabled below had done all the evening. They say that opera house is a good paying concern. At all events, it's a stable institution.

WHICH IS THE CORPSE?

SAYS Chamberlain, "Home Rule is dead,
And never can be waked again!"
Says Home Rule from its bier, "Begob,
I'm not so dead as Chamberlain!"

NATIONAL SURGICAL OPERATION.

THE South American Republic of Chili has just had one of its i's removed. It is now called Chile. It is supposed that the name was changed for the express purpose of heading off the humorists who were in the habit of saying, "It's a cold day when Chili gets left," etc. The Chile is doing well, we understand, since the operation.