



SIR ADOLPH'S HIGH HORSE.

WHEN Riel made his row
And our boys went to the front,
The York and Simcoe volunteers
Bore some of battle's brunt;
They marched through snow and slush,
And gloriously they fit,
But the scurvy, scurvy Government
Never paid them for their kit.

At last the war was o'er
And home the heroes came,
Mid public demonstrations
That signalized their fame;
Their uniforms were ragged,
And not for parlors fit—
And each man carried with him
His still-unpaid-for kit.

Then to Sir Adolph Caron
The Minister of War,
The York and Simcoe fellows
Did send a fervent prayer;
And o'er and o'er they sent it,
While years did come and flit—

"Sir Adolph, do the decent thing,
And pay us for our kit!"

With asking, praying, pleading,
At length their throats were hoarse,
While Caron, never heeding,
Bestrode his "lofty horse";
At last, through Mr. Mulock,
(A pestilential Grit.)
Sir Adolph took a tumble,

And, seeing that his small-minded discrimination against this battalion was going to get him into hot water, came hastily down from his official high horse and tremblingly promised to pay them for the kit!

IN THE READING-ROOM.

CLOGGS—"Magazines are mighty poor reading, aren't they?"

STOGGS—"Well, you see it's only second-class matter can go through the mails that way." Mc.

THEY HAD THE TATERS.

OLD BIBLE CLASS TEACHER (*who has a great desire to impress on the class his extended knowledge*)—"It is a much disputed point as to what this passage means, for commentators differ. You who are fortunate enough to have a good commentator at home might turn it up and read for yourselves."

LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE GREENGROCER—"Please, sir, we have lots of taters at home, but I don't know whether they are common taters or not."

JESUITICAL.

IT is now alleged that Mr. Foster's design in granting a drawback to the brewers and distillers is a part of his prohibition policy. If he can only get all the liquor in the country exported, the great curse will be removed. Deep man, Foster!

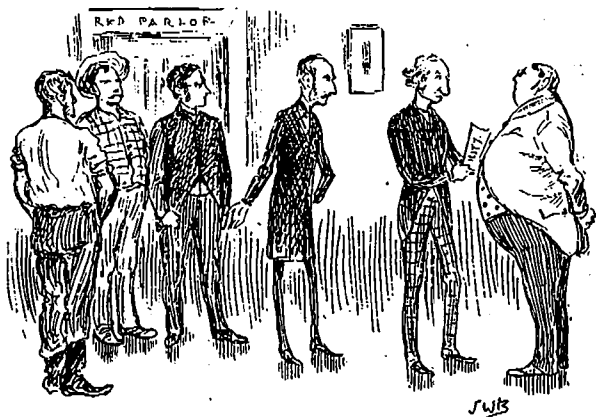
COOL.

(*Mr. Konseet has been tooting his own horn all evening.*)

MISS WEERY—"Ah! it must be nice to be clever."
MR. KONSEET—"Yes, you have no idea."

THE DECAY OF LETTERS.

"ALAS!" sighed the poet, as he gazed in chastened sorrow on his returned MSS. "How the literary taste of the age has declined!" (*for the fifth time, with thanks.*) Mc.



TOO BIG A QUESTION FOR PARTYISM.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH INTRODUCES SOME GENTLEMEN LIKELY TO BE OVERLOOKED IN THE "RED PARLOR."

"There can be little doubt that the incoming Congress will ratify what the outgoing Congress has done (in passing a resolution in favor of Commercial Union) and that the question is about to present itself in a practical form to the Canadian people. By the people it ought to be settled, and not by the 'Red Parlor.' Let the manufacturers be heard, but let the farmer, the lumberman, the miner and the shipowner be heard also. What we now ask is not that the American overture shall be accepted, but that it shall be fairly considered in the interest of our whole people. Let the Government reflect on the responsibility which it is incurring before it commands its retainers by a blind party vote to shut against all the great natural industries and interests of this country the door of better markets and double wealth which begins to be opened to them by the adoption of Mr. Hitt's resolution."—*Goldwin Smith in the Mail, 4th inst.*