



## THE MAIL'S BACK DOWN!

## The Song of the Shirt.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL CHINESE OF SAM CONFUCIUS SING.

What is a poor man's shirt  
That we hear of so much of late?  
Which in politics now they convert  
Into a grave matter of state?

Is it of hickory strong?  
Is it of composite stuff?  
Is it to short or too long?  
Has it a frill or a ruff?

Oh, tell me, Ned, why you seek to convert  
And turn to base uses the poor man's shirt?

What is the poor man's shirt  
That frets you so much, oh, Flake?  
Why is your tender heart hurt,  
Is it because of its make?

Is it of flannel or wool?  
Is it of cotton or flax?  
Or hair of a buffalo bull?  
Just tell us of something it lacks.

Don't try, if you please, our minds to pervert,  
And prejudice the case of the poor man's shirt.

Have you not subjects enough  
To wake up the people inert?  
That you strip a poor man to the buff,  
And wave in their faces his shirt?

Oh, Edward, do give us a rest,  
And talk about sugar or coal,  
Of something that's over-assessed,  
Or subject to too heavy toll;

While round the country you're taking a spurt,  
Don't try to make shift of the poor man's shirt!

## The "Mail" on Woman Suffrage.

The Montreal Herald wants to know if "The Mail" is going in for female suffrage," because we said the N. P. has proved itself to be a great boon to the female portion of the population of Canada.

Oh no, no, no, no, good Mr. Herald, oh dear, no, not at all! You quite mistake us. Female suffrage indeed! That is quite too, too, altogether so. Never entertained such an idea for a moment. Never had such an idea. No, no, this is what we meant. That "the female portion of the population have (sic) a right to be considered by the legislators of Canada, and that in the establishment of prosperity by

means of the N. P., they have been considered." Don't you see, they can go to work in factories, there's a boon for you! Actually they may work for their living, become factory girls, you know, when but for the N. P. and the considerate "legislators", they would have had to stay at home, or, Heaven preserve us! go to the States. There's a contingency for you! Hadn't they ought to be grateful to be saved from so heart-rendering a fate, this "female portion." oh?

And then they can get married. Only think of that. Married, you know, and have homes of their own. There's luck for you! There's happiness! What more can they want? Why if they only knew how much they were indebted to the N. P. for this 'boom' in weddings they'd vote red every time. Oh, dear me, no, they can't vote, to be sure not. Who wants their votes. Woman suffrage, indeed!

PAT.



## A FIERY TALE OF LOVE.

At the picnic Bob called Lucy aside, saying he had something to show her. When they reached the spot to which he led her, he pointed up, through an open space in the network of foliage above, to the sun, which, seen through the hazy atmosphere, resembled a great glowing globe. "Oh!" said Lucy, "it's just like a ball of fire."—Unwritten Romance.

The sun set red,  
And Lucy said  
To Bob, who stood just by 'er,  
In common speech  
Easy to teach,  
"It looks like a ball of fire."

Soon Jack came down  
To our small town,  
His head was of brilliant hue,  
And Bob remarked,  
As Jack disembarked,  
"Luce, here's a con. for you.

"Why's that pate of flaming red  
Like the glorious orb above your head?"  
"Now, Bob, I don't know,  
Don't tease me so,  
But tell to me,  
Immediately  
The answer yourself instead."

"Well, Lucy dear,  
Don't think me queer,  
Or threaten with vengeance dire,  
When I say to you,  
'Tis just like a ball of fire;

"And then likewise  
When Sol sails skies,  
Lesser lights do vanish from view,  
And when Jack comes here,  
Oh! trembling with fear  
All rivals fast bid adieu!

"I've sought for days  
For means and ways  
To tell you my heart's your own"—  
Here Luce took a fit,  
But had still enough wit  
To ask for her eau-de-cologne;

But Bob went on,  
(Chance might be gone!)  
'Twas but *yes* that to hear he'd desire,  
For to use the old phrase,  
(He now felt such amaze)  
His heart "burned like a ball of fire."

"Oh! Lucy dear,  
Look on me here,  
Oh! hark to my mighty request,  
And quickly say "no"  
To that red-headed beau,  
And tell him you love Rob the best."

Now Luce loved Bob,  
Who never did "slob,"  
So her answer is easy to guess;  
She drooped her sweet head  
On his shoulder, and said,  
"Oh! Bobby, dear, ducky, oh! yes!"

Young man, take heart,  
Play well your part,  
Just carefully bide your day:  
You sweetheart will give,  
As sure as you live,  
You a text to say your say.

Charlie Jay.

## Well Done, Tam!

The Scotch manufacturer alluded to, a leading man in his line, thought that if he saw the American authorities personally he might win them over to his way of thinking. He accordingly visited Washington, and after a good deal of palaver managed to demonstrate that the articles alluded to were all made up by knitting, and not by weaving. Hence, on this class of goods the tariff has been lowered, and as a consequence this branch of trade has been unusually developed, and is giving what promises to be permanent employment to a large number of hands in the south-west of Scotland.—Globe.

There's nothing like attending to business one's self. A brilliant idea that, of going to Washington to have "a crack" with Uncle Sam, and to enlighten and instruct him as to the difference between a woven and a knitted "Tam." "As iron sharpeneth iron," you know. Thirty per cent. is no joke in these N. P. times, when the goose hangs so high that there's no getting up to it, but now, thanks to this redoubtable Scotchman, next time Grip buys a new "Tam," he will get the price of a pound of third class butter back in change. Sam Slick! Why, he's nowhere, when Tam o' Shanter girds up his loins and departs to Washington to tackle Uncle Sam, and softens under him into throwing thirty per cent. off his favourite tile. Now if this canny missionary could only be induced to carry the war into Africa, by handing Sir John his sneeshin' mill, and requesting him in view of the coming winter, and suffering consequent thereon, to remit that odious coal tax, and thereby give us a chance to keep ourselves from freezin' into clear Grits for all time to come, he would certainly succeed, and we would as certainly make