



THE FARMERS' VIEW OF IT

LIKE of Sunday afternoons to read the papers through,
The only time us farmers has with nothin' else ter do,
And the more I read the more I think how much them fellers know,
Wich talks at public gatherins, of things wich isn't so.

Ez long's a public character has got way up in G,
Ef he's a Gov'nor-General, a Premier or M.P.,
He doesn't need ter have a mite of ordinary sense
Ter git a reputation fur his brilliant ellerquence.

Ef he kin worry through a speech some other man has writ,
An' work in two or three stale jokes, an' so show off his wit,
Sling in some rows of figgers of a pooty big amount,
An' look ez though he owned 'em all in his own bank account.

That ketches on—This figger talk I ginerally find
Is kinder hypnotizin' to the ordinary mind.
A man don't never stop ter think of whar them millions are,
But pounds the floor an' slings his hat an' hollers out "hurrah!"

Down ter Toronto Thursday last I see the big-bugs met,
Invited by the Board of Trade an' thar they dranked an' eat,
An' wen they'd filled up to the neck with turkey an' champagne
The politicians undertook thar doins to explain.

I needn't state that audience wuz in a happy mood,
Thar's nothin' like rich feed an' booze ter git folks feelin' good,
So 'twasn't sech a hefty job to make 'em understand
That plenty an' prosperity prevailed throughout the land.

Wen thar's hundred million dollar talk slung at you by a lord,
An' no sign of destitution to be seen around the board,
An' the ruddy wine is mantlin' till yer head begins ter swell,
No wonder that some fellers thinks that all is goin' well.

Now I ain't no statisticke—all that's beyond me quite.
An' so, fur all that I kin tel, them figgers may be right.
It may be that our exports an' our imports show a gain,
An' savin's bank deposits are enough the vaults to strain.

It may be that with some champagne or other bracin' stuff
Mixed in with cheers an' music, I could swaller Stanley's guff,
But we wich git things second-hand, an' miss the fun an' booze,
Are nat'rally inclined ter take more realistic views.

The country may be prosperous—but of one thing I'm sure,
That me an' all the neighbors round is gittin' doggoned poor.
An' ez consarns them figgers this is all I've got ter say,
That ef they show prosperity it hasn't come our way.

Thar ain't a farm fur miles around the farmer really owns,
They're mortgaged till ye have to work the flesh most off yer bones.
We have ter toil an' scrimp an' save ter pay the usurer's fee,
An' after all the chances are we die in poverty.

Oh, yes! the country's prosperous! Jest look at old Van Horne.
He kin afford to strut an' blow as sure as you are born;
An' Sir John Thompson—they's no need fur him a-lookin' blue;
If I'd the treasury at my back I'd feel quite wealthy, too.

I guess old Stanley's prosperous! You bet he gits his share;
The salary he draws would make him cheerful anywhere.
An' I reckon Mowat's loyal, to the good Old Flag he's true,
For a yearly seven thousand that's the least that he kin do.

An' take the gol-durned crowd clear through—the Grits an' Tories
both—

Thar wasn't one of all the gang, I'll take my solemn oath,
Thar hadn't durned good reason ter be satisfied that he
Had grabbed, or would, a good fat slice of this prosperity.

The millions that they blowed about at that there Board of Trade
Is whar the toil of farmers an' of workin' men has made;
An' ef so be ez Stanley says, the wealth is really there,
W'y then that drove of guzzlin' hogs has robbed us of our share.

Fact is, the more I think on it, the more it seems quite clear,
Wen speakin' of the country's wealth—there are two countries here
With one it's all prosperity—the slick, pot-bellied knaves,
The others live in poverty—us poor hard-workin' slaves.

An' them big sums wich figger in the Government returns
Goes ter enrich the man that schemes, and not the man that earns;
An' it don't need no 'rithmetic ter let us farmers know
That we keep gittin' poorer wile the big-bugs richer grow.



A NEW BREED.

BROWN—"What kind of a dog is that you have there?"
YOUNG EPH—"Dat's a strange dawg, sah."