



A CRUSHER.

Mr. Deudsome.—Aw, Miss Maud, you flatter me!

Miss Maud.—Impossible. I couldn't make you any flatter than you are.

FRAUDS ON FARMERS.

BEING SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE CANADIAN YEOMAN.

I, as a soulful philanthropist, whose only aim in life is to ameliorate suffering, at so much a mill, wish to place on record, for the benefit of succeeding ages, my hearty approbation of the way the Parliamentary Committee has gone about to discover who beats the farmers and how much they manage to make out of their miraculous work.

I am one of those persons who never yet got the better of a well-regulated farmer. Try as hard as I might, there was always something in my way—sometimes the farmer, occasionally the farmer's wife, and not infrequently the hired man, or a mistake, which latter singularly proved providentially to be in favor of the farmer.

I wonder how any man can be mean or successful enough to defraud the honest, simple yeoman.

How often does the good farmer come to town with his turkeys, at so much per pound, phenomenally stuffed with old gate hinges, cobble-stones and other weighty feed which the predatory birds have ruthlessly devoured in the quiet gloaming preceding the killing morn. In his unsuspecting mien you see patent proof that the farmer doesn't know of his loss of property, and you, the proud purchaser of a fowl, haven't the heart to come back to him and confront him with the evidences of it, feeling that the man has enough to bear as it is!

Where is the cheese factory whose able-bodied lactometer has not foully misrepresented the standard of the deacon's milk, when the real trouble was due to the cows feeding upon water-cresses?

Point me to a load of wood in which it was not the designing hired man who made the holes count for dimensions, and assured his kind employer that he laid the sticks simply so as to admit a healthful circulation of air!

Is there an agriculturist in this great seven-o'clock-closing land who ever fetched a load of wheat to the merchant mill that the boys out to home—not the honest father himself—hadn't mixed up a few bags of poor stuff with, which were dumped into the hopper when the miller was looking another way?

Will some indulgent friend please cite an authenticated case of a farmer who would not, in his simplicity and profound ignorance of the profitable rules of trade, willingly take cash on delivery for his wheat, and allow the miller to charge up a return load of chopped stuff, or accept a twelve-months' note for that old account?

Give me opportunity, will you, to learn of any isolated case of a Canadian farmer whom you could not easily inveigle into taking a young Englishman into the bosom of his family to learn agriculture at a premium of £100 a year and no wages?

Is it any wonder then that, when the hay-fork fiend, the seed-wheat seducer, the sewing-machine sorcerer, the piano parasite and the lightning-rod rascal, work their nefarious wiles on the noble, the artless, the generous, the self-sacrificing, the—the—the—good and true and worthy tillers of the soil, we all rise up and, metaphorically speaking, send for the ambulance?

The Frauds Investigating Committee have only got through one-half of their job, when you come to think of it.

Let us go on investigating the farmers' frauds—that is to say, the frauds on farmers. A great cry goes up for protection and revenge!

T. T.

ROME-ING

OAMING round one morning,
In the bright and balmy May,
Up to'rds the groves of Rosedale
I somehow found my way;
The air was just like ether,
I longed for wings to fly,
I felt an exaltation—
I felt extremely high.

Just then in solemn cadence
Out rang the silvery bells,
And past me slowly ambled
A lot of girls and swells;
The fellows all wore glasses
Made for a single eye,
And the girls wore patent bustles
That stood extremely high.

They're on their way to worship,
Thinks I, and no mistake,
For meek and lowly Christians
Wear clothes of just that make;
And I will join and follow—
St. Simon's church is nigh,
The service there, I understand,
Is always nice and high.

I went, and with all dudedom,
Mid dim and ghastly light,
I worshipped the intoning
And the choristers in white;
And now on sunny mornings
I leave my lowly home,
And go to high St. Simon's
When I want a little Rome.

