

# DIEU ET MON DROIT !

THE lion is not mated  
With the subtle, wily snake,  
The one fights in the open,  
And the other hid in brake.  
The one is proud and kingly,  
And magnanimous to foe,  
The other, lurking, strikes unseen  
The unexpected blow.

The serpent, whipped from covert  
By the rage of other lands,  
From the lion now seeks shelter  
And his clemency demands,  
In this quarry if it faileth  
Then the fateful die is cast,  
And a yawning, deep oblivion  
May receive its form at last,  
It knows the point of vantage,  
And the lion's easy mood,  
Though the lioness and whelps may cry  
As in pain through lack of food;  
But the lion's cares are many,  
And his heart is like a host,  
And he brooks not to be troubled  
About—trifles—at the most.

And the crafty, cunning creature  
'Mong the whelps would sport and play,  
And would taint their blood with poison  
Till their strength should ebb away;  
Till shorn of lofty courage,  
And the brow of fearless might,  
They too should crawl accursed  
Through the mire, and through the night.

Then must we face the issue,  
And the question of the hour,  
Or leave it for a score of years  
Till the fangs have got their power?  
Leave it to our little ones,  
Who stand about our knees,  
And let them fight the hydra  
And its infamous decrees?

Shame, shame, if e'er such baleful thought  
Has glanced your bosoms through,  
The old-time blood needs cleansing fires  
If flows such blood in you.—  
No shame be ours, the guns are manned,  
The old flag flutters still,  
AND TRUCKLERS TO AN ALIEN POWER,  
SHALL LEARN THE PEOPLE'S WILL.

## THE BEST-PAYING CROP.

SOME time ago a Canadian gentleman was visiting South California, and thought he would invest in a little land. A Yankee land-speculator showed him a lot of hungry, barren, worthless soil, and asked him an enormous price for the same. The Canadian looked at the land in astonishment, and at last exclaimed, with a good deal of emphasis, "What on earth could a man ever raise here?" "Raise!" replied the Yankee; "raise! Why, you can raise the price."

THERE are few subjects which lie closer to the heart than the human shirt.

POPULAR newspaper heading: "The Glass of Fashion"—a champagne glass.

RECENT events go to show that the Toronto baseball team can occasionally hit some sphere besides the atmosphere. This is official.

A WINNIPEG Iclander blew out his brains one day last week because a girl refused to marry him. The young lady is to be congratulated on her good sense.

OH, the Nun of Kenmare  
Knows what Jesuits are,  
For she has be'n there.



## PHIPPS TO THE RESCUE.

FORESTER PHIPPS (to the intelligent Being who is "clearing up" the High Park grove)—"Here, idiot, take this Report of mine and read it, and learn something of the principles of Forestry."

## A STONE'S THROW.

THE very smallest things possess  
Hid meanings of their own,  
I sing the trivial circumstance  
Of meeting with a stone,  
While ploughing in a clayey field,  
As countrymen are prone.  
It means a strong and straining team  
In their full vigor stopped,  
The plough becomes a thing of life,  
Out of the ground has hopped,  
While on the earth as he were dead  
The ploughman has been flopped.  
It means a list of horrid oaths  
Let loose upon the air,  
Which it would never do to quote  
Or openly declare,  
For sorrowful it is to hear  
Such shaken sinners swear.  
Among the general repairs  
The plough will get its share,  
A new one, for the ancient one  
Is hurt beyond repair;  
The clown to sell it for old junk  
Doth gather it with care.  
All this results from one small stone  
The size of a door knob,  
Scarce bigger than the bump it raised,  
(Which long with pain will throb)  
Upon the ploughman's sides, when first  
It made the handles bob.

## MY NEIGHBOR'S CURTAIN.

(AFTER ALFRED DE MUSSET.)

THE curtain of my neighbor fair  
Is raised a little, slowly;  
"Perhaps she comes to take the air  
Awhile," I murmur, lowly.  
The window is half opening,  
My heart is palpitating;  
Perhaps she now is wondering  
If I for her am waiting.  
Alack-a-day! The dream is o'er,  
She loves a lout, that's certain;  
And 'tis the wind that lifts—(no more)—  
The corner of her curtain.