

BONE YARD

By T-bone Slim

"Aye, are you there?"—as the bark into the telephone in glorious merrie England, (glorious because of Capt. Beach) "are you there?"

Well, if you're there, Stay in Your Industrial Union—and don't let no man, or no women, or no act, consideration or institution influence you.

If there's influencing to be done do it thyself—make it felt, rather than abrasive. But, if you are there—please step up to the front.

"He who humbles himself shall be elevated," is the principle under which the hi-jacks operate.

It is also the theory under which the Christian hypocrites expect to save the human race. But why continue?

Many at Sheriff's Funeral

The largest number of people that ever gathered at a funeral in Cavalier County, paid their last respects to Fred A. Thompson, incumbent sheriff, last Saturday.

Nothing like making sure that everything goes off according to program—for it would be inconvenient indeed to "live" under the impression that "The Law is dead" and then have the sheriff walk in unannounced. . . . Just as you were running off another batch . . . of germ-killer or something. . . .

What gets me, is "the large number" that was deeply interested—and yet, excuse me, it might have been just an ordinary "Saturday crowd."

If that be true, then sheriffs should time their demise so's to draw a full house at their weekend party. All I have to say farther, I believe a sheriff's funeral could charge admission and draw neck and neck with baseball.

Perth, N. D.—Wages \$ \$ \$ \$, Whew!—Stooking. Perth has two water wells.—Of course, the Home Cafe has water. But, he spoiled it by putting a little coffee into it. It is claimed by idiotic farmers in this district that women and children make the best stokers—and men make the best threshers. (13 days "call again next year.")

True the men make the best threshers, true; but they also make the best stokers—the prettiest—if given time, and if they themselves aren't homely.

It is said, "the farmers of Rolla are hardpressed."—Not at all. It's their children and wives and visitors that hard pressed—yes indeed, the farmers' wife, and niece, and child are now classed with the "dirty" hobo, so called.

I wish to most respectfully apologize to the M. St. P. & Ste. M., an estimable railroad, for using a part of the "Soo Line" for a shoe last—You see, the belt-splice that I had for a "sole" began to curl up at the corners. In my distress I turned to the Soo Line and found one of "its most important parts"—a claw-bar—which I gently tucked into my shoe and corrected the error of its way.

I'm sure the Soo is glad to have served me.

INFORMATION: The many "different stories" told about "getting into Canada" are all true. The getting in varies in accordance with the need for men—and varies in accordance with the desire for rake-off in case of heavy crop. Don't believe stories.

Met the "Tiny" Moran in Egeland—he doesn't seem to be taking capitalism's best licks seriously—he's completing his final Chiropractic studies on the Soo Line—low joints and curvature of the rail and stuff like that—or lining up the drive-belt.

In this country, owing to the vigorous specific gravity of the bundles the age has arrived when the women and children no longer can be used as substitutes for Labor—with the result that men will now be given a few days' work at trifle larger wages so that they can get out of the country and not be disturbing the slumbers of the roosters as they retire for the night—blessed night!

—T-b S.