



MOWAT'S WEE BIT NOTE.

OUR GRAND OLD MAN—"Weel, Meister Mowat, I've perused your wee bit note, an' I would just like tae speer at you one question."

HON. OLIVER—"And what might that be, my honored friend?"

OUR G.O.M.—"You've proved our Pairty is loyal. Micht I enquire, Wha said it wisna?"