



BRUTAL CANDOR.

SPLASH—"Well, sonny, would you like to be an artist and paint pictures like that?"

RUSKIC YOUTH—"Like *that*! I should hope not; it's the worst daub I ever see."

Province, Mr. Slick?" I asked, not unwilling to change the subject.

"I liked it. Prohibition will help to make business boom," he said very positively.

"Some think it will have quite the opposite effect," I said.

"Yes. There's jest three sorts of folk that talk that way—liquor dealers, who are goin' to have their profits knocked out; drinkers, who are goin' to be deprived of their bar-room conveniences; and folks who don't know what they're talkin' about. Its jest like this. Supposin' a poor man with a big family has a certain quantity of meat—no more'n they need themselves. Now, would you say it added to that man's prosperity to keep a lot of useless dogs that he had to feed? That's the liquor business in a nutshell, without saying anything 'bout the damage the dogs might do. I tell you, sir—"

And Mr. Slick I could see was just about to launch forth eloquently, but, alas, at this minute the bus man opened the hall door and shouted, "all aboard goin' south!" And as I had to get to Pictou that evening I was obliged to shake hands hastily with my entertainer and depart.

AFROPOS of MacWherrell's poem in the *World*, wherein he asserts his innocence of the Williams murders, it is to be hoped there is more truth than poetry about it.

THE FIREMAN'S TOAST.—The ladies, — the only incendiaries who kindle a flame which water will not extinguish."

WHO ARE THEY?

WHO is it on N. P. does dwell
And says it is an awful sell,
And that the country can't get well?
Dick Cartwright.

Who is it, though he's free from vice,
Resembles much a lump of ice,
And can no longer men entice?
John Thompson.

Who is it makes the Patrons bold,
To whom the people are not cold,
Who takes all sheep into his fold?
McCarthy.

Who is it, is so very cute
That he will not let people loot,
And so to Mercier gave the boot?
Gus Angers.

Who is it who's as eloquent,
As if he were by heaven sent,
But never says just what is meant?
Laurier.

Who is it keeps the money bags,
Who's ne'er excelled in artful gags,
Though him to tease love naughty wags?
George Foster.

Who's versed in constitutional lore,
Sends his opponents to the floor,
And says they're rotten to the core?
Mills Bothwell.
—Shadow.

NOT LOVE.

When your girl considers you a bore,
And intimates as much—or more;
When her *pater* shoots you through the door
Upon the toe of his number four,
Or with your person wipes the floor,
Then, in a far from gentle roar,
Swears if you ever come there more,
He'll literally have your gore;
You may conclude, from the above,
That this, to say the least, ain't love.
W. F. Clemesna.



THE SPIRIT WILLING, BUT THE FLESH WEAK.

STRANGER—(who has accidentally cannoned against Robinson in the street): "I beg your pardon, Sir."
ROBINSON—(glaring savagely all the while): "It's granted!!"