

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



WHEN I sat down to table the other day, the boarders were occupied by a political discussion which had sprung up between the Heeler and the Scotchman.

"Mowat must go, I tell you," said the Heeler emphatically, with the air of one who utters a profoundly original and weighty remark.

"I wad e'en like to bet ye a hunner' dollars that he winna gang," responded the Caledonian.

"Win a gang?" I interrupted, seeing my chance. "What gang is he going to win this time? If he can win a gang, why, he will probably stay where he is."

The Scotchman said I was a "glakit gommeril," or words to that effect, and continued:

"Hech, mon, but it's a far cry tae Loch Awe, as ye an' yer pairty micht hae foun' oot afore the noo. Ye hae nae chance ava wi' Oliver Mowat, an' he will e'en bide as lang's he wants tae."

"If he does," replied the heeler, warmly, "it is simply because he has purchased the support of the Jesuits and other disloyal elements."

"Do not call the Jesuits disloyal," I remarked. "On the contrary, even their enemies must admit that there is no Loyola body of men to be found."

"Eh?" said the Scotchman.

"What's that?" asked the Heeler.

I had to explain, and even then I don't believe half of them saw the point.

"Talking about politics and religion," I continued, "let me read to you a choice little epigram which I lately penned. Gladstone, you know, often conducts the church service at Hawarden. It runs as follows:

"They say that Mr Gladstone fills the pulpit now and then
In the absence of the pastor at the church of Hawarden.
No doubt he fills the bill quite well, at least so you'd expect
From his style of elocution and his gifts of intellect;
But with what especial emphasis the G.O.M. must read
The damn-a-tory clauses of the Athanasian creed!"

No, I shall not explain! You fellows have got into the way of calling out 'Explain!' every time I spring a joke on you, and pretending you can't see it. It's pure affectation of stupidity which I shall not encourage. I think it altogether likely that the moulders will win their fight with Gurney."

"Why?" asked the law student.

"Because they are the most persistent of any class of workingmen. Even death itself does not put a stop to their activity."

"How so?—what do you mean?"

"Why, after they are dead they keep on mouldering in the tomb."

I made my escape amid a tempest of hollow groans and a shower of crusts and other missiles.

THE WAY OUT.

NOTHING easier than to settle the question of dual language. Why not try Volapuk? Nobody could object to that. Make it the official tongue, and you do away with Separate schools, McCarthy, Nicholas Flood Davin, Metis, Montagnards, Cavens, and much disturbing element beside. Let us all study Volapuk. The suggestion ought to commend itself to Sir John as being another wriggle out of a hole.

O PESCATOR DEL ONDA.

THERE was one giant figure missing in the conclave of plenipotentiaries lately fish-hatching at Washington. Need we say Capt. Sol. Jacobs? The defunct treaty of Washington was specially framed for his use, and under that inane document his was the one figure that filled the eye. He was the embodiment of the American Idea. No marine vista but the form of Capt. Sol., heroic size, loomed at the end of it. He was the Flying Dutchman, the Three Cutters, the Sea Skimmer, the Snarleyyow of his era in Canadian fishery waters. Always "high line," he was always the first "filled up" with the split mackerel of the North Bay. How many or how few miles off the Canadian shore he got them Neptune and himself know. Gloucester and the U.S. approved of Capt. Sol. He was the Treaty.

When our cruisers in the Laurentian Gulf became too inquisitive Sol. took his schooner round Cape Horn and turned up in Alaskan waters. There he did some seal-fishing and sold the skins to a darned Britisher, but delivered them to somebody else. The darned Britisher sued him, and Sol.—still as an embodiment of the American Idea—put in defence that Alaskan waters are a U.S. *mare clausum* where seal-fishing is forbidden, consequently the skins were stolen goods and as such not deliverable. The purblind British J.P. could not see the *mare clausum*, and has given decision against Captain Sol. Another instance of Canadian injustice. Really the United States stood in their own light in not having the Captain present as one of the plenipotes in the recent fateful negotiations at Washington. They wanted him there to give them a fair show against the masterly intellect of our young Canadian delegate.



HER REASONABLE REQUEST.

"PLEAS'M, might I harsk you somethin'?"

"Certainly, Jane, what is it?"

"Pleas'm—my young man's just dropped in, and as I'm a-scourin' o' the kitchen floor, p'r'aps you'd kindly hentertain 'im for ten minutes, while I finish hup."