

'Twould give ye the kowld shivers in the month of August to peruse the debates the members had in the House before they all went through the wringer. Why they fairly ate one other alive without any salt. 'Tis bad enuff that that should have occurred, but to be dishing it up those nights in the subsidized papers, to be grinding it out in the well paid organs is he height of ridiculousness. One good esson it teaches us common beings and that is we have as much sense as a two year old donkey. There is an ancient and threadbare saying that politics make strange bedfellows, but our politicians have knocked that into a cocked hat. But after all there are no real strangers among them. for every mother's son of them have been on all sides of the House just as it suited them. What a glorious panorama is passing before the gaze of Sir Robert Bond as he sits in his chair out in quiet Whitbourne. How he must enjoy the spectacle of those loving brothers hugging one another. What a sound of revelry must re-echo through the halls of Sir Edward's ansion as he chats with his carrier bigeon on how they worked the game and sings that well known melody, "We'll get you when we want you." Gentle reader, when you are all fagged out from war talk, when your brain is tired from perusing those heavy deliberations of the Food Commissioners, when you ponder on the heavy men who are now adorned with the title of Honourable, go fetch the News and read those stormy debates of the House and they will bring a smile to your face that will iron out those wrinkles of care. Once more the public have been made mere jackasses. Once more the whole jolly lot of us are fooled. But we will not learn anything from it for we seem to like to be made fools of. Go on, free and independents, work and drag to pay the piper, for that is all you are needed for-to pay the piper. The slippery politicians will make you dance to the piper's tune too when they want to. You will listen to their clap-trap when again they appear on the stage to save the country. You will unharness the horse and haul them home and bawl yourselves hoarse cheering them. They know it, know they can get you when they want you, and for the present you can amuse yourselves reading the stormy debates and fitting yourselves to be fooled again when the opportunity presents itself. 'Tis a great game, a game in which ye free and independents always and ever come Yours, STRAIGHT TICKET MAN.



BLUE SERGE CAPS. COTTON WORK SHIRTS.