

A PULL ON HIS PARENT.

MONEYPENNY, JR.—“That cigar! Twenty-two dollars a hundred, sir.”

MONEYPENNY, SR.—“Humph! I can't afford such cigars as that.”

MONEYPENNY, JR.—“Certainly not, sir.”

MONEYPENNY, SR.—“Certainly not! And I know very well you smoke a better cigar than that oftener than you do a cheaper one.”

MONEYPENNY, JR.—“Yes, sir; but I have a rich father, you know, sir—and you haven't.”

NOT ALTOGETHER A DUDE.

PAPA—“Well, dear, I was perhaps a little too rough on Cholly Litepate last night. I saw him down town to-day and have changed my mind about him.”

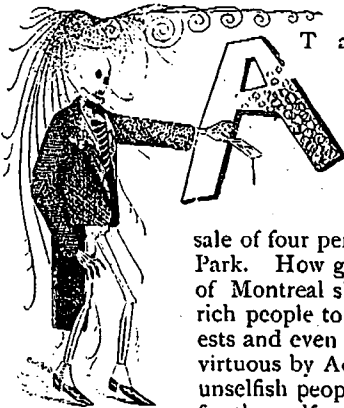
MAUD—“O, I am so g'ad.”

PAPA—“He was drunk. I never thought him capable of such a thing.”

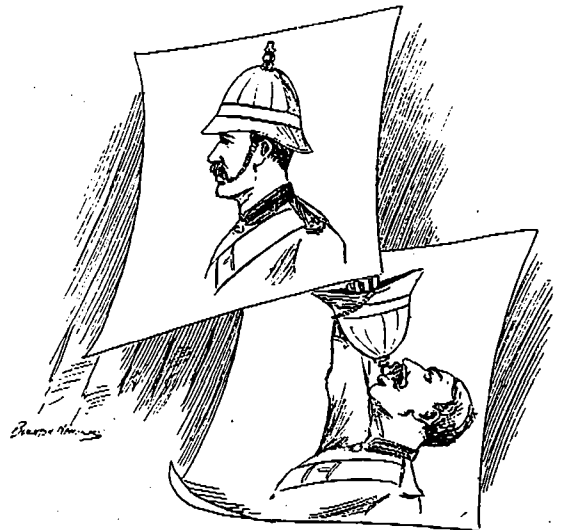
although the Cote is strictly teetotal, otherwise no liquor can be sold in it. But selling letters is a different thing, and getting drunk on letters is a polite and aristocratic thing, so “letter go, Gallagher,” as the St. George's boys would say. But these things seem strange to

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

DO NOT KNOW THE ABC'S OF THEIR TRADE.



At a late meeting of the Montreal City Council a large and influential deputation of citizens and citizenesses appeared before that august body to protest against the sale of four per cent. beer at Sohmer Park. How grateful the poor people of Montreal should be for having the rich people to look after their interests and even attempt to make them virtuous by Act of Parliament! These unselfish people evidently care more for the welfare of the poor than they do for that of their own husbands and sons. It would



A HANDICAP.

be interesting to know how many of that deputation belonged to the St. George's Snowshoe Club, or had husbands and sons belonging to it. The St. George's Club house is situated at the aristocratic west end. It is the swell club of Montreal. Everybody who is anybody belongs to the St. George's Snowshoe Club. Far different is the people's park, to which anyone can belong by paying a small entrance fee.

But why mention St. George's Club in the same breath with Sohmer Park? Surely they do not sell liquors of any description at their irreproachable St. George's. No, of course they don't. They don't sell liquor in any shape or form, but they do sell ABC's, or, more correctly speaking, A's and B's and C's. Having laid in a sufficient quantity of these innocent little letters, you can purchase with them anything from a five-cent glass of liquor to a bottle of champagne that will exhaust your whole alphabet. Now why can't Sohmer Park take a lesson in etiquette from its west-end rival, and do things in proper style? The St. George's boys, young and old, can and do get gloriously drunk on simple ABC's; and no man or woman would dare to bring a petition before the Cote St. Antoine Council,