

MOST LIKELY.

STUMPY TALCOT—"Say, Festy, I wonder what dey put Illafter Chicago on dat sign for?"

FESTIVITY SCHINEL—"Well, by gee, youse dead slow, dat's put dere ter let der people know how dey'r goin' ter feel after dey'r to dat Fair to dat Fair. See."

He says the following manœuvres were carried out by He says the following manœuvres were carried out by the men, in answer to the word of command: "Fall in!" "Ord't awms!" "Right, wheel in columns of companies!" "Present starboard!" "Left foot, advance, level with the shoulder!" "First gentleman forward and back!" "Right wheel to the left!" "Belay the bunting!" "Promenade all!" "Quick march, one abreast!" "Clew the lee scuppers!" "Right foot forward and back!" "As, y' were!" "Form, hollow, square, the men in the middle!" "Balance all!" "Dam it Charley, hurry up!" "Beer all round!" "Spring lamb, for the mess!" etc. Mr. Friday left them evoluting confident that foreigners who can pay their own passage will give such warlike tactics a wide berth.

O. G. WHITTAKER. .

A COMPARATIVE FREE TRADER.

REE trade is now the masses' strong demand, The manufacturers' dread, the Tories fear; But Laurier would have us understand 'Tis not enough for him-he wants it "freer."

G.C

THE SUPREME QUESTION.

WHAT are the crimes and sorrows caused by drink, What are the sufferings which it brings about Compared with those which Mowat seems to think Would be our lot if he should be turned out?

G.C.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

A STAFFORDSHIRE LAMENT.

T'S just tew months ter-day, mon, Since fust Oi landed 'ere!
For yo mun know that Oi 'ave come From daown in Stafford-sheer.

Oi felt a kinder dry-liake, A public 'ouse was near Oi wanted bad, yo knowin' it, A good old English beer.

A smarty chap steps in then, An' give a squint at me, An' says, wi' is mouth a-grinnin', "Oolt take a glass wi'me."

"Bist thee from Stafford-sheer, lod," Oi says, an' goes 'im one;
'E winks 'is bloomin' eye an' says, " No, Oi'im a Yark-sheer-mon.



"Oi 'ave tew meet a chap 'ere, A laryer-man," says 'e;
"Oi dunno wot th' tiame may be, Oost thee just tell it me?'

"Oi 'ool," says Oi, an' pulled it
From out me corderoy;
"It's nigh tew 'arf-past-three," says Oi,
Says 'e, "Thank yo, old boy."

"Oi'll see thee pretty shortly,
Oi mun goo now," says he.
"Hast thou a 'arf-a-crown tew spare, W'ich thou co'st lend tew me?

Oi gid 'im one an tuppence An' says, "Oi do gi'e moore;" 'E_smoiled an' sneaked my watch, an' then 'E got outsoide the door.

Thee cossn't chate a square mon 'Ithout thee'lt get thy fill; Oi bain't a bloody-moinded chap An' never worked no ill.

Oi do' bin foightin' lately An' bain't in foightin' trim, But if Oi cotch that Yark-sheer-mon Oi'll loose it intew 'im. WATERLOO DICRUSNAME.