



SONS OF PROUD SIREs

CASEY—"Me old man is'er regular chump, Fritzzy."

FRITZY—"Wat's der matter now?"

CASEY—"Why, he's in de hands of de sheriff."

FRITZY—"Oh, dat's nothin'; me old man is in de hands of der perlice."

THE SQUIGGLECHUNK "INDICATOR'S" GREAT SCHEME.

"SAY, John," said the editor of the Squigglechunk *Indicator*, pausing in the work of editing a grocery bill-head to mop his heated brow and take a fresh chew of tobacco, "something ought to be done to boom the circulation of the *Indicator*. We printed half a quire less than usual last week, and there's more than a dozen left. Squire Meakins and old man Bulstrode have got mad about something and stopped their papers—they never paid for 'em anyway, so 'taint much loss, but it cuts down the circulation all the same, and I'm 'fraid our advertisers 'll be gittin' onto us. Some of 'em have a mean way of standing around when we're working off the paper, and I really believe they're tryin' to figure up whether we've got the circulation we claim. Darn such sneaks." And the old man made a desperate blow at a fly that had been hovering round his bald head, and missed it of course.

"Yes, boss, times are kind of dull," returned the factotum.

"I've been thinkin'," resumed the editor, "that it mightn't be a bad scheme to work the County Council, and get some of them to boom the *Indicator*, just like Sir Cartwright did the *Globe* on this reptile fund racket. Tell ye, John, that was the biggest send off a paper had in a dog's age. Them *Globe* fellers are a pretty smart lot, if they are durn Grits. Between you and me I guess Ned Farrer put up this whole reptile fund business just so's Cartwright and Laurier could get up in the House and put 'bout forty-seven questions to the Government, bringin' in the *Globe* every time."

"Yes, Ned Farrer's got a great head. I had a drink with him once," said John, kindling with a glow of manly pride at the reminiscence.

"No! did ye though?" asked the editor. "Well, well! But, as I was goin' to say, John, we'll work this here *Globe* scheme ourselves. I want you to write a regular rip-snorter about Deputy Reeve Mullins. Give

it him good and strong, and rake up that old affair about his bein' suspected of firin' his barn to git the insurance, and pullin' down the line fence so's the cattle could get into his neighbor's oats. You can mention too that his brother-in-law went to penitentiary fur hoss-stealin'. Have that in next week, and then when the Council meets week after, I'll git Dave Hendrick, of Bosky Township, to git up onto his hind-legs and ask the Reeve seventeen questions about it—whether he's read the *Indicator*, and if not, why not, and whether them facts is true or otherwise, and if so, what does the Council propose to do about it, and what his opinion is of Deputy Reeve Mullins, and whether the *Indicator* is a paper which ought or ought not to be in every household, and so on an' so forth. I know Dave'll do it, for we supported him last election, and, by the way, he owes me \$11.25 for job printing. That'll knock 'em, John. I wouldn't wonder if we get as many as a dozen new subscribers on the head of it. Now let's go over to Moriarity's and git somethin' to cool us off, and then you git right to work and rip Pete Mullins clean up the back. Confound his ugly picture, I'd have had a good show fur the County printin' but fur him."

UNCLE JEDEDIAH'S MORAL APHORISMS.

MY son, distrust the real estate man and the bulldog when they offer you a snap.

Better is a humble railway sandwich than strawberries and ice cream at a church festival, and an empty pocket-book.

Remember that punctuality is the thief of time, for the other man is certain to be late.

Beware of debt, more especially the debts which other people want to owe you.

Shun evil companions who want to play thee for a sucker—also keep a mighty sharp eye on those who occupy the chief seats in the synagogue when it comes to a horse trade, or a real estate deal.

Be zealous in all good works, but let others contribute thereto of their substance. Consider the deacon who assiduously passeth the collection plate, letting none escape—and lo! no man enquireth how much he himself putteth therein.

Beware of widows, until thou hast first ascertained the terms of the will, for verily widows are mightily uncertain, and the estate is often left to a third cousin or an asylum for orphans.

Eat not overmuch of hash, for who knoweth the component parts thereof? Better is the unostentatious fried liver with peace and satisfaction, than made up dishes bearing French names, eaten beneath the shadow of impenetrable mystery, and a waiter who expecteth a tip.

AFTER THE NEW CRIMINAL CODE PASSES.

EMPLOYER (to applicant for situation)—"Well, your business references are satisfactory, but I'd like to know something about your moral character."

APPLICANT—"Well, sir, I've lived in Canada for ten years and never even been accused of any crime."

EMPLOYER—"You'll do."

A GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

IF you don't like my knighthood, good Liberals all, You needn't address me, you know, as Sir Noll, I am not conceited, so if you When you speak to me, call me Mowat, sir."