

passion, I went further, "Can you doubt *my* love, Mrs. Floribel?

"Prove it," she said with an arch smile.

"Tell me how," I breathed in a fervor.

"By proving your knowledge of Shakespeare."

"Try me."

"What was it the sailor's wife had in her lap, and munched, and munched, and munched?"

"Chesnuts," I responded promptly.

The mockery of that silvery laughter haunts me yet—though that occurred two years ago, and I have not seen her since. But the presence of modern slang in Shakespeare's plays is sufficient to prove that no philosopher ever wrote them. Fancy Bacon using that vulgar word "chesnuts!" I hate the sound of it!

## SONG OF THE MONTREAL BOODLE COMMITTEE.

(AIR—"Climbing up the Golden Stairs.")

OH! Montreal's the city  
Where the jovial light committee  
Played the little boodle game;  
But a twinkling little *Star*  
Spied their actions from afar;  
Wasn't it a beastly shame!

*Chorus*—Then hear Sly Joseph singing,  
Oh, list to Forget laugh;  
Whilst Aldermen are ringing  
Hosannas to the "Golden Calf"!

Said Rainville to Jeannotte,  
"You might just as well as not  
Help the city gas *tres bon*;  
It won't cost you a cent,  
And to show my good intent  
Here's a hundred shares—go long."

*Chorus*—"Then hear Sly Joseph singing," etc.

And Beausoleille's another;  
The fair Moore's handsome brother,  
Helps the little game ahead,  
His brilliant light, alas!  
Will be soon eclipsed in gas,  
For the little boodle game is dead!

*Chorus*—"Then hear Sly Joseph singing," etc.

But sound the news afar!  
There's a member of our "Bar"  
Hopes to help the boodlers pass;  
And, without hope of reward  
Came, just of his own accord;  
Wonder if he's *long* on gas?

*Chorus*—"Then hear Sly Joseph singing," etc.

That's all now for to-day,  
But perhaps next week we may  
Have another stanza new;  
And no doubt before we're over  
Boodler's will not be in clover;  
It's *au revoir* and not *adieu*.

*Chorus*—Then Joseph won't be singing,  
And Forget he won't laugh;  
The "Fathers" won't be ringing  
Praises to the "Golden Calf."

FELIX O'HARA.



## HE REQUIRES COAXING, YOU KNOW.

(Sir John Macdonald has not yet indicated his acceptance of the Fishery Commissionership.—*Ottawa Telegram*.)

*The Premier*—Oh, come now, Sir John, do accept the position; I'm sure there's nobody I consider half so well qualified for the duties.

*Sir John*—Well, give time, old fellow; let me think it over!

## BROTHER JONATHAN'S DIMES.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE BY A HAGGARD WRITER,  
AUTHOR OF "HE-SHE-IT," "ALLAN DOLLARMAIN," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE UNKNOWN LAND.

AFTER travelling for a while we struck into the wilderness known as John Brown's Tract. It wasn't a religious tract, or even a political one, but just the vast howling wild, this side of the Adirondacks. Soon we felt hungry and came to the village called Buck-wheat-pan-cake. Here we had a good breakfast, and knew we must be pretty near Brother Jonathan's Dimes. Climbed the mountain and struck into a road running down the other side cut into the rock and walled by smooth and high rocks on one side. There were curious hieroglyphics on them, and Um-slope-the-glass, our Zulu guide, translated them into these strange words: "Warner's Safe Cure," "Burdock Blood Bitters." We felt more than ever convinced that this was Brother Jonathan's work, and that we could not be far off the Dimes.

As we walked down the road we saw approaching us a group of natives, lank and yellow. It turned out to be the President's son Scraggy and suite, picking blue-berries. They were about to spear us, when I took my Winchester rifle and shot the plume off Scraggy's head. "Put up your speaking tube, with voice of thunder, which kills from afar, O men from the stars," he said, "and we'll take you to the President's kraal." We reached the kraal, which had a population of about 50,000, and were taken to a big white house where the President lived. He gave us a reception in the blue room, with Scraggy on one side, and Mother Barnes, the Witch of Plum Hollow, on the other. "Wall, I'm jist right glad to see you folkes," said the President, "and I'll give you a bid to the Witch-hop to-morrow." Four o'clock next day

HA, ha, Commercial Union is done for now," said a jubilant Anti. "Have you seen those letters of the Hon. Jas. Young?" "Yes; I've read 'em carefully." "Well, what do you think of his arguments?" "I think it's evident he's very—er—well, very Young, so to speak."