

ment never arrives. The American Youth, from the summit above, drops a crag in front of the horses' heads. The animals recoil; the shock throws the elopers over the side of the steep; they cling for life to some fragile roots, BENNY, looking over, calmly contemplates their upturned faces, but will not reach his hand to aid.

"I am innocent," shrieks ADELINA, "Lemme up!"
"Young man," remarks the Duke. "I can explain the concatenation—the root is giving; I implore your aid."

Sheer miles beneath the river murmurs, the villages appear white spots amid the woods, blue in the distance of the vast depth. The grasp of the pair grows feebler; they look agonized looks at BENNY; he sits on the edge, smoking a cigar. Tableau.

(Continued next week).

Terry Tierney on a Visit.

SINCE writin me lasht few lines, I was down in Whitby beyant, fwhere I make a shmall visit wanst in a fwhile, to see me counthrymen that lives there. At the prisint toime as yez are aware, they do be havin some excitement among the political circles av that town, in connection wid the election that is to come aff betune Mistor GLEN and Mistor GIBBS, an I thought it wud be doin a sarvice to the gouvemint if I wint down an shpint a few days to recruit me health, an let the Publick Exchecker pay for that same, bein as yez know in the situation av Immygrant Agent at prisint. I found iverything luckin plisint an grane as usual, ispecially the grass, an the Town Council. The town is improvin in its parsonal appearance, so to shpake, an seems to grow larger wid ivery new house they put up. They build moshtly dwellin houses to live in, in Whitby, and not so many foine churches as the Tarrant people does. I blave it is agin the doctrines av the Christians there to build grand idifces to worship in, widout bein able to pay for thim, an jist because their neighbours does so. I think it wud be a gud thing to intherjuce some av thim doctrines in Taranty. But, consarnin the political matthers. Av coorse I wint to see me owld frind Mistor HIGGINS. He towld me in confidence that he had proivate assurance from reloiable qarthers to the affect that GIBBS wud be bate for sartin av he didn't get more votes nor GLEN. He also said political articles was at prisint crowded out av the *Chronicle* on account av pressure av selected matther, consarnin accidints in the United Shtates, an intelligence from the sate av war, but his own proivate opinion was that both the candidates wor equally foine min, only wan was better nor the other. He might have towld me more, only jist at that toime a town subscriber kem in to pay up for his paper, an the iditor was so bewildered at the circumstance, that he forgot iverything ilse. The next wan I spoke to was me respected counthryman Mistor JOHN BRYAN. I wint into his tin shtore to converse wid him. Yez have hard av JOHN, an how he keeps poshted an almost iverything, though he niver moinds anybody ilse's business but his own. I axed him fwhat he thought av the coming election. He sez, sez he, "Mistor GIBBS is a shmart man, but, sor, it will take strong sodger to howld him in his place this toime." "How is that?" sez I. "Whell, don't ye see," sez he "befoor this he cud get more votes than he cud now. Mistor GLEN is all solid for the sate." "Do ye tell me that, now?" sez I, wid an exprission av wonder. "He is," sez JOHN, "as solid as the hanel av this saucepan," an wid that he gev the saucepan a bit av a jerk an off flew the hanel. I lucked at him an sez I, "Yer remarks was irony, worn't they?" "They wor," sez he "as irony as this utensil, but a dale sounder. This is fwhat I call foine allegory, but it'll take me some toime to fix the hanel on agin," sez he, wid a sigh. "How is it an allegory?" sez I. "Av the Pick-erin vote, sur," sez JOHN, "It will lave GIBBS jist loike that, on account av the vote he gev agin their harbor." "Aha!" sez I, "they'll remimber that agin him, will they?" "That's wan av the things they harbor agin him," sez Mistor BRYAN, "an another is Protection." "Fwhat's your ideas about Protection to coal?" sez I. "I blave in it," sez he, "but I wuddn't go in for JOHN A's National Policy at all. Av the people wants protection to coal let thim buy some av thim new shtoves I have in me show room. Sure they'll save more coal nor anny tariff wud. Shpakin av stoves," sez he, "I study me politics mostly wid rirrence to the stove business, an I see many rirpistations av the politicians in ivery kind av stoves. Luck at that wan, now," sez he, pintin to a foine big coal stove. "That's loike the Tories." "In fwhat way?" I axed. "It's a base burner," sez he, "an so are they when they set foire to the parliament buildins. This wan is loike BLAKE—bein highly polished, an havin a foine range." "Have ye air a won loike Mr. MACDOUGALL," sez I. "Vis, that wan there; ye obsarve it's a self-feeder," sez he. "An this wan is loike TUPPER; it makes a loud roar when there's little in it; an that other wan is loike JOHN A.; it's an office stove, an seems to feel out av place annywhere but in an office." I haven't shpace to give yez anny more av our conversation, but I may jist say that JOHN is as sound as iver on the great question av politics.

I wint fishin wid Mistor HIGGINS. He is an owld haa at fishin, an gimnerly has gud luck, but that day we didn't catch many on account av the wind bein in the wrong quarter. We gev it up for a bad job, but Mr. I. thinks it will be better some day fwhin the wind is in the East, an blows from the direction av Oshawa.

TERRY TIERNEY.

Scene at Quebec

Enter MEMBER. To him AGENT.

MEMBER.—Good-morning, Sare. *Bon jour*.
AGENT.—Good morning! But can we depend on you for the evening?

MEMBER.—You speak in ze riddle, Sare. *Expliquez donc*.
AGENT.—Will you vote with us? Come, that's plain.
MEMBER.—Plain, Sare? It is not so plain. It is ze dam—vat you call him—rough. Am I not *supremement* opposed to Monsieur JOLY?
AGENT.—But could we not persuade you? They do nothing for you—the most capable man they have? Your lack of spirit in submitting to it—

MEMBER.—Vat is dat? Monsieur, I beg dat you vill *comprenez* dat I have de spirit *parfaite diablement*—ze spirit vat you call above proof, Sare!

AGENT.—But if we offered you something worthy of your merits—a Commissionership.

MEMBER.—*Commissionnaire*? I reject him vid scorn, Sare! How much is he pay a year—merely by-ze-road—ze way—vat you call, eh?

AGENT.—Five hundred dollars.
MEMBER.—Sare, *vous avez certainement un tresor dans votre maison!*—one box of de gold in ze house of yourself, vat you call—*vous est so tres bien leeberal. Commissionnaire!* Pah! Poof! Poof! I say, Sare, vot you call Chaw! Chaw, Sare!

AGENT.—But you ought to be an Education Commissioner.
MEMBER.—*Vous n'y pensez pas, mon ami, Je—zat is—* I will not accept anything of de sort. *Sacre, vy you non understand?* I reject him! I despise him! Oh, by ze way, how much is *he*?

AGENT.—\$1,500.
MEMBER.—Sare, I am immovable fix—*solidairement*—on zis question! I accept notings, notings. But, Monsieur, if I should consider it my duty to ze country to support M. JOLY; if my opinion should sustain de reverse—de change—I should not object *violentement* to de *Commissionnaire* de Educashong, for ze country need me *specialment* to see to de post.

AGENT.—All right, sir. If you think it your duty, not otherwise. *Aside.* Bugged, by jingo! [*Exit.*]



ROSS is found—not CHARLEY, but G. W. of Middlesex.

THE Quebec working men "don't learn to labour and to wait."

THE CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.—The cheese factories of the Dominion.

A BASE ball game—where two healthy youngsters are having a crying match.

IT Connaught be possible that the Duke of Connaught will be our next Governor-General.

A LONDON man was sorry to hear of BRYAN's death, because he always liked his ministrals.

WHEN Archery comes in vogue, "shoot the hat," and everything else for that matter will be a sad reality.

FOUR toll-gates robbed near London in one week! The gait these robbers should go is the one where a knell tolls.

A YOUNG man in Montreal ate too many dried apples and the result was as fatal as if he had lived till the 12th. His last words were "'Tis swell."

THE greatest object of interest to be seen in Paris, is that editor who lately went over to the Conservative party because he couldn't stomach the corruption of MACKENZIE's government.

THE Detroit *Free Press* man wants a few portraits of celebrated Canadians to hang up in his sanctum. Parties forwarding their photos. will please pack securely and prepay the postage.

"The barge Robin, loading steel rails at the Penitentiary, sank last night.—*Press Dispatch.*

Robin! Steel Rails!! The Penitentiary!!! Sank!!!! Heavens; can it be? No 'tis but a base invention of the enemy. The Tories have done this. Perhaps they didn't know it was loaded.

THEY tried a small labour demonstration at Ottawa but when the men learned that the mayor possessed the warlike name of BANGS they quickly dispersed before he had a chance to suit the action to the word.