



"WHAT IT SPELLS."

"Well, I should smile. He's president of our Toronto Vigilance Committee, and bosses our necktie socials on Gallows Hill. You see we generally find it necessary to lynch somebody every week. I suppose you in England would be horrified at the idea, but society has to be preserved somehow."

"Yes, I suppose that in a wild and uncultured community it may be a necessary recourse in the absence of regular tribunals," replied Canon Duxter, dubiously.

"And he has been taking an active part in politics. You see the Indians have been troublesome lately, so last election it was agreed that instead of counting votes, the candidate whose friends brought in most Indian scalps should be declared elected to Parliament."

"Oh, really, what a peculiar proceeding!" said the Canon.

"Well, yes, it wasn't just according to Hoyle, you know, but we had to do something when a man couldn't hardly stroll outside the corporation limits without getting stuck full of arrows. So both parties agreed to the scheme, and instead of making campaign speeches, the whole town turned out against the Indians, and killed a few hundred of them. Your son brought in three scalps. The Tory candidate won by a small majority. The Grits, however, made a great outcry about having bogus scalps rung in on them."

"Are your American elections often conducted on this principle?" asked the Canon.

"Oh, yes, quite frequently. There's one great drawback, however. Party feeling runs high, and if it happens that they don't find any Indians to shoot, they often begin shooting each other. I have known cases in which both candidates have been killed in the course of the campaign. Those who are conversant with your son's admirable marksmanship predict a brilliant political future for him."

"The information you have given me," said the Canon, "is indeed interesting and curious. I am exceedingly glad you have called. To-morrow I give a dinner party to the leading gentry of the neighborhood, and I have much pleasure in extending an invitation to you. We

are getting up a course of lectures here, and if you could give us one at an early date on 'Real Life in America,' embodying such facts as you have imparted in our brief conversation, it would be much appreciated."

I took in the dinner party, of course, and gave 'em all the talk they wanted about Indians and buffaloes, cold weather and blizzards. Before we separated I struck the Canon for £20 on telling him that some funds I had written for were unaccountably delayed and had probably been scooped by train-robbers, as often happens in America. I am now thinking up some good sensational lies for my lecture. I've bought a slouched hat and a cheap revolver and bowie knife, so as to appear in character. Guess I've struck a good racket this time. Anyway it'll see me through till I can raise enough to get back.

As I said before, this is no country for a white man. It rains three days out of four, the streets are all cut on the bias, and run every which way, and the matches won't strike on the seat of your pants. So long in the interim.

THE FAKIR.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DEVICE.

HERE is an item, taken from the *Montreal Gazette*, as it appeared in the *Empire* :—

"At noon word was brought to Mr. Lepine's committee rooms that a well-known merchant on St. Andre street had fitted up a room in the rear of his establishment with wigs, false beards, costumes, paint, etc.; in short a full equipment of disguises to enable them to telegraph votes."

To what base uses! Instances are on record where wigs and things have been employed to personate voters. But the idea of associating such artifices with the noble art of telegraphy is new. What if there were an election appeal—you could compel the production of the telegrams, if the general manager had not burnt them. But how could you secure the presence of the wigs, false beards, costumes, etc., by which these telegrams were despatched! It is an infamous outrage—to say nothing at all about the peculiarity of "telegraphing votes" in this *in propria persona*, ballot-box age.

THE BURSTED BUSTLE.

IN the *News* last Saturday was a nice little poem, the latter part of which was printed in this way :—

And I can wait until this word is spoken,
That finishes for me my half-lived tail.

—Bessie Chandler, in *Christian Union*.

From this it would appear that the gentle poetess was quite patient in the hands of her dress-maker. "Seemingly she wore one of the patent air-inflated kind, and it went off prematurely; whereupon she hired a *modiste* to take the thing away, and the operation was somewhat slow. Certain physiologists assure us that at one time human beings had caudal appendages, but wore them off short sitting around so much on chairs. But of course the poetess has no reference to physiological data in her meek and plaintive ode on "the tail." Bustles are bothersome things, oh, Bessie! When they live only half their guaranteed life, there is precedent for suing the manufacturer for disappointment and damage arising therefrom.

MRS. GULLY supposes when a man can't leap over the track, one may call it a fatal frog. She used to play the game herself when a child.