



THE CAMERA ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

BUNSBY—"How do you suppose I can take you people when you're hopping around like that?"

eration an' sic like, sae says I, "I was unco weel pleast wi' the last number o' the *Bystander*," says I, "for it taks a grip o' things by the lug, an' I'm sure you hae muckle reason to be prood o' the influence you exert over the worl' through the columns o' your periodical."

"If I understand you aright," quo he, "I am deeply grateful to you for the kind nature of your remarks, and I perceive that, although you are a Scotsman, you are not 'a bigotted one,' as a countryman of your own said on one occasion when he accepted a half-crown for rowing a gentleman across the Tay on a Sunday, or I ought to say, on a Sabbath morning."

"Exactly sae," says I, "I'm nae bigot, for I was just as sune make claes for a common Englisher as onybody else gin he wad pay me weel." He laucht, an' said he perceived I had a sense of humor in my composition, which he would hardly expect to find in a Caledonian. I said naething to this, but jist cam roon' again to politics, and says I, "What think you o' the prospects o' a Provincial election next spring?" "Well," said he, "there can be little doubt that if the session passes over peacefully both here and at Ottawa, the Mowat party will be returned with *flying colors*." "I think you're richt," says I, "an' noo what think you o' this French schule business," says I. "Very important," says he, "exceedingly so, indeed; but I am of opinion that the Hon. G. W. Ross has executed a capital flank movement." "I'm glaid to hear that," says I, although I didna ken what flank movement was. "Yes, indeed," says he, "and if he will only maintain h.s position he will have the support of the *Bystander*, and what is more, he may claim my own support on the floor of the House if I accept an invitation to stand for a county that pledges itself to return me with an overwhelming majority."

"Ay, man," says I, "that'll be gran', an' whatna county may that be?" When I speered this question, he lookit kin o' queer, an' said he wasna jist at leeberty to say the noo, but that it would be announced in the *Empire* afore verra lang.

that'll gae common tailor bodies girn wi' green ee'd jealousy, or my name's no

JOHN CALDER,
Merchant Tailor.

A NON-SEQUITUR.

JOAQUER—"Happy thought! How to avoid having a mother-in-law. Marry orphan, eh?"

PLUGWINCH—"What you givin' us! The oftener a man married the more mothers-in-law he would have, surely."

THE CRUSHED LAND MONOPOLIST.



'TIS a scandalous shame! 'Tis a burning disgrace,
I don't see how that Fleming can dare show his face
Come list to my pitiful tale,
They've assessed me two hundred per foot on my lot,
Just twice what I paid when the title I got,
And remonstrance will nothing avail.

For five years or more has that lot been assessed
At a hundred per foot, though the site is the best
To be had in the neighborhood near.
I held on for a rise, but the prices rose slow;
Say, isn't it hard when a man has no show
To double his cash in a year?

Of a sudden they ran the thing up with a rush
To one hundred and fifty!
Oh! shame where's thy blush?
Like a fool I appealed to the court,