

Tom Black.—Well, Mrs. Butterbun, how are you to-day? I think I'll take a bottle of ginger pop, with the old rye flavor. How much is it?

Butt.—Fifteen cents!

Tom Black.—Fifteen cents? Why, it used to be only ten.

Butt.—Ah! but Mr. Black, you forget the N. P.—everything has gone up.

Tom Black.—Now, Mrs. Butterbun, allow me to inform you that the additional duties imposed by the N. P. on the imported articles which enter into the composition of your ginger beer, amount exactly to one and one-thirty-second of a mill on each bottle, and, consequently, you are not justified in increasing your price fifty per cent. I showed this clearly in my last leading article.

Butt.—Can't help that, Mr. Black. I've got a monopoly like some of the big manufacturers, so, if you don't like to pay fifteen cents, you'll have to go without.

Tom Black (aside).—Oh! confound the N.P. if this is going to be the game—its all very well in theory, but I don't see the fun of paying fifteen cents instead of ten for my ginger beer—they'll have to increase our sessional allowance at this rate.

Ben Burr.—What about apples, to-day, Mrs. Butterbun?

An apple sweet,
I think 'tis meet
That I should eat.

That's poetry, Mrs. B. You ought to give me one for nothing for such an exquisite stanza.

Butt.—Certainly, Mr. Burr; here is one.

Burr.—But this is rotten, Mrs. Butterbun.

Butt.—So is your poetry, Mr. Burr, so that's all right.

Burr.—Are you aware, profane woman, that I am the Poet of Canada? that the roar of the mighty cataract, beside which I have been nurtured, finds an echo in my verses? Do you not know that I am to be appointed the Poet Laureate of the Dominion?

Butt.—Very likely, Mr. Burr; they've been making a many queer appointments lately, but if you want the apples you had better take them; they are two for ten cents.

Burr.—Two? Why, they used to be three.

Butt.—Dear me, gentlemen, I'm surprised at you. You seem to forget all about the N.P. Why, what was it for if not to put up the price of everything?

Burr.—Oh! this is too much. (Aside.) I begin to think the N.P. is a sell, only I don't like to say so.

(Enter Alexander MacDeadeye.)

MacDeadeye.—I have thought it often—the N.P. is a sell.—(All recoil from him, with expressions of horror.)