



THE EDITOR IN DOUBT.

"JOHN," said the venerable editor of the Squigglechunk Indicator, "is there anything do you think in that story the Mail published Monday about the elections for the Local House coming off right away?"

"Darned if I know, boss. They was talkin' about it over to Dusenbury's. Drummer from Toronto said there warn't nothin' to it—but when Old Man Pemberton that's got a son-in-law that has a sit into the Government buildings, said he'd bet \$10 that elections would be over afore Christmas, the feller kinder weakened."

"Wish I knew," said the editor. "Look-a-here, John, I got to run over to Scraggsville to-morrow for sure and you'll have to get outthe paper. Here's what I wrote about the business:

"'Mowat is badly scared and realizes that an enlight-

ened public opinion will not tolerate the scandals and corruptions of his Government any longer. In his desperation he has resolved to dissolve the House at once and bring on an election at once, hoping to take the country by surprise. It is his last and only chance. But even this cowardly piece of strategy will be in vain. His defcat by an overwhelming majority is certain.'

"You'll get the Toronto papers to-morrow, John, and if it seems as though the 'lection was coming off right away, run it in just so. But if it looks as though the *Mail* was 'way off in the business, and there ain't going to be no 'lection, set up this :

"' The report that Mowat was about to dissolve the Ontario House and appeal to the country is absurd on the face of it. He has not the pluck to do anything of the kind. Knowing that defeat is certain on the very first opportunity which the people have of calling his imbecile cabinettoaccount for their misdeeds, he will naturally postpone the day of reckoning as long as possible. Oh, no ! Mowat's too cowardly to face the music hefore he is absolutely driven to it.'

"D'ye catch on, John? That's to go if there ain't to be an election. Now be sure you don't get 'em mixed up and print the wrong one. I've marked 'em on the back 'Elec-

tion' and 'No Election,' so yer can't make no mistake. And, John, when you're mailing the papers be sure and send marked copies to the Public Works Department. We can't get a single solitary ad. out of this measly Government and we must let them see that the press is a power in this country, by thunder !'

AMONG THE FOUR THOUSAND.

SORETOE (as De Gould is passing)—"I say, pard, don't you wish you wuz him?"

STOHNBROOS—" Well, I wouldn't mind bein' him in de winter, but I'd hate to be him in de summer." SORETOE—" Why?"

STOHNBROOS (surprised)—" Have you forgotten dat de bathin' season is in de summer?"