



MALICIOUS.

HE (*highly imaginative poet*)—"Think of my horror, Madame, when I found yesterday that my three year old Frank had torn in pieces my recently written poem!"

LADY (*significantly*)—"Indeed! Can the little one read already?"

ALEX. F. PIRIE AS A PARTY HEELER.

WHEN Mr. Alex. F. Pirie, formerly of the *Toronto Telegram*, acquired the *Dundas True Banner*, he also became the possessor of a set of political principles ready-made, iron-clad, warranted to stand any climate, and not rip, tear or ravel. Previously he never had any use for political principles, but as he was assured that they were an essential part of the outfit of the *Banner*, and would be thrown in without extra charge, he accepted them with a very good grace, and became *ex officio* a bright and shining light of Gritism in the County of Wentworth. Considering his antecedents he has been remarkably successful as a political heeler, but is occasionally a trifle handicapped by his old habit of looking on all sides of a question, and trying to preserve his mental balance by the use of "however" and "nevertheless."

Brother Pirie was asked to make a speech the other day, on the occasion of the nomination of Dr. McMahon, by the North Wentworth Grit Convention. He got along very well at first, and worked off successfully a few gags that had oft times set the dinner-table in a roar during his Toronto days. As he wound up, however, he proceeded as follows:—"Yes, gentlemen, we stand here to-day assured of victory. Confident in the justice of our cause we proudly anticipate the triumphant return of Mr. Mowat. (Applause.) On the other hand, however, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Meredith is an able and honest leader, and that in many quarters he is developing unexpected strength. Nevertheless, he can hardly succeed in overcoming the overwhelming and repeatedly

manifested sentiment of the people—the intelligent people of Ontario in supporting the Liberal Government (applause)—unless indeed circumstances should show that a very considerable change of opinion has been brought about. But why, sir, should this be the case? Mr. Mowat has been true to his convictions, and given the country an honest and capable administration. (Applause.) And yet it cannot be denied that, in some respects, it may be, the policy of the Government is not in accord with those professed principles which should actuate upright and consistent men. There are those who assert that Mr. Mowat has betrayed the people of this Province. Now, if any considerable number of the electors hold to this opinion—and unless it can be shown that they are wrong, I am inclined to believe that it may be capable of proof, and yet, on the other hand—" (Hisses, groans and cries of "Order!" "Shame!" "Sit down!" etc.)

MR. PIRIE (*recalled to himself*)—"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I really beg your pardon. I thought, for the moment, I was back in Toronto again writing *Telegram* editorials. Of course Mr. Mowat has not betrayed his country. No man was ever more true to his trust. He will win. Victory will perch on our *Banner*. (Applause.)

Nevertheless, the Opposition, it is possible, might—but no, perish the thought! Our triumph is secure beyond a doubt. (Applause.)

MR. PIRIE (*aside*)—"Now I'm all right. Guess I'll sit right down, or I'll be switching off on a 'nevertheless' again."

BUSINESS MAN (*impatiently to tramp who has just asked for a dime*)—"Why don't you go to work? If I spent as much time in idleness as you do I'd be poor too."

TRAMP (*with his hands in his empty pockets*)—"You forget, sir, that I have nothing else to spend." L.B.



IN THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY.

(Scene in King Arthur's Court before the introduction of Soap by Mark Twain's Yankee.)—Pick-me-up.