

F. (rising wildly).—Come off, now. One thing at a time is all I can stand—just leave the Rome racket to the Orange coach, will you? The “Boyne’s” his business, and the “water’s” yours. Ha! ha! I can still joke! (*Sits down and samples bottle.*)

A. (tremulously).—Ha! ha! excellent joke! I meant that one can’t expect too much from a learner, you know. But please, brother, avoid such strong language. My nerves—

F. (more calmly).—Oh, stow the “brother”—my nerves have been tried lately, too. As for strong language, my head’s so full of that temperance slang you’ve been drumming into me—

A.—Slang, broth—mean, eh, Mr. F.?

F.—Well, technical phrases, if you like—“Accursed Thing”—“Hellish Traffic”—“Damnable Stuff”—all that, you know—forget myself sometimes, and come out with it before folks.

B. (musingly).—“Damnable stuff,” eh? Well, so it is—some of it. Do you remember that stuff we got for Sh—ds when he went up to Muskoka? Wasn’t a drunk in a barrel of it—froze solid in the sleigh!

A.—Oh, brother B., what a cause for thankfulness! Think what harm that whiskey might have done if it had been really intoxicating!

B. (still dreamily).—H’m, yes, that’s a fact—never struck me that way before, though. (*With reviving interest*)—What’s that you’ve got, Ned?

F. (with enthusiasm).—Sure that’s something that won’t freeze on Greenland’s icy mountains, or India’s coral strand! Walker’s seven-year-old—bottled in bond—have a snifter?

B.—Gad, yes—been out with Spence all afternoon. (*They pour out sniffers. B. continues while sipping.*) Grand idea, bottling in bond—that and the bounty for extracting fusel oil. Give us something to-morrow, Ned, about the facilities the Government provides for getting pure old wholesome liquor. Eh? what are you “hemming” about? Oh—to be sure—yes—h’m. (*Blows his nose and looks somewhat foolish.*) Well, well, how long did we say the fight might last—five years, or even twenty-five—and we’re to stick right to it? We can stand it even for the twenty-five—eh?—as long as we can get this.

F.—Yes, if we “stick to it” in moderation.

B.—Well, I’m off—that elastic abstinence meeting to-night, you know—remember Saffron to-morrow to coach you on papal aggressiveness—ta! ta! (*Exit.*)

F.—I wish your Saffron and his Protestant horse were in Skibbereen—heigho, “Me party, what I suffer for ye!” Come along, now, old Aquarium, where were we? Oh, yes: “The traffic is surely doomed since even *We* have turned against it. The *Globe* has been hammering away at the Accursed Thing for years, without effect. *We* will show the *Globe* how to put it down! (*Pauses and puts some of it down.*) That’s the stuff! I tell you, old Aque-duct, this article will be a daisy—there won’t be any lager or cronk in it—nothing but the pure quill! Have a snifter yourself, old boy, and sling us some more “technical phrases” Hooray for the three P.’s—Protestantism, Prohibition, and Plunder! (*Curtain.*)

Wull—Man, Geordie, I didna think it took sae muckle siller tae keep thae statues in the Square a’ richt. *Geordie*—Whaur did you see what it took tae sort them. *Wull*—in the Police papers, of course, there’s a 1¼d in the pound for statute labor.

A LEGEND OF ADANAC.

In the days of good Queen Alberta the land over which she reigned owned many outlying lands, some of them thousands of miles away from the motherland. One of the largest of these possessions was called Adanac; why, nobody knew. It was an immense territory, with beautiful lakes and mountains, and fertile plains, and large rivers and great cities. All the people in this land belonged to one of two great parties—one called the Trig party, the other the Yrot party. Every man by birth belonged to one or the other of these parties without knowing or caring very much why. Each party pretended to hate the other, though it is a question whether they did hate each other, for their actions were pretty much alike. But when good Queen Alberta had been reigning for nearly fifty years, a great large animal in Adanac sprang into being, or rather became fully matured, for this strange animal (called Seepeear) had been born some ten or twelve years before my story opens, but had not attained full growth until now. The Yrots thought a great deal of this animal, and petted it continually, giving it food and cakes and dainties, prepared by the chief cook of the public treasury. Some of the Trigs even rather liked the Seepeear, which was undoubtedly a very handsome animal, well built, and strong, but unhappily with a monstrous appetite. It could travel from one end of Adanac to the other without the least fatigue, carrying many and many a passenger on its broad back (for a consideration) and its managers (for this strange animal had managers) became wealthy and corpulent.

But as years went on the Seepeear waxed cannibalistic. There were other animals in Adanac, not so strong nor large as the Seepeear that were nevertheless very useful for various purposes. But gradually the Seepeear gobbled them up, one by one, without making any bones about it. Nobody, however, thought much of it till a struggle arose between Seepeear and the only other animal in all Adanac that had the slightest claims to rivalry, an animal called Grantrunc. Grantrunc held his own very well till one sad day he fell asleep in the woods (Grantrunc was rather fond of falling asleep) and Seepeear fell upon him and demolished him bodily. But, strangely enough, all his eating did not seem to make Seepeear stronger, though it certainly did make his temper worse. The fact is he was suffering from indigestion.

At last his temper grew so bad that the people of Adanac, Trigs and Yrots, combined together, for their own safety. They were positively afraid that their once-loved Seepeear would rule Adanac. They fell upon Seepeear and cut him in three or four pieces. Astounding to relate, each of these pieces turned into a miniature Seepeear, as Seepeear had been in his youth, affectionate in manner, docile and easily fed, and so convenient and useful did these animals become that the people of Can—I mean Adanac—resolved never to allow them to grow beyond a certain size. This, of course, is only a legend. Nothing like this ever happens in Canada.

TREBELLI’S “BALLETS.”

THE *Mail* critic says that “a couple of ballets at the end of the programme completed her (Trebelli’s) selection.” We were there, greatly to our pleasure, but this dancing must have taken place after we left. It certainly wasn’t down on the bill.

WHEN is a girl like brown sugar? When she is very sweet, but unrefined.—*Ex.*