



ON COMPUSSION.

DR. GRIMSHAW—"Don't you know, young man, that it's very injurious to blow cigarette smoke down your nose in that way?"

MR. DE ADDLE—"Is it? I know it's vewy disagweeable, and I hate to do it, but all the other fellows do it, doncher know!"

THAT ALTERED THE CASE.

TOM—"Have you a quarter about you?"

JACK (*decisively*)—"No."

TOM—"Well, I wanted to pay you back that seventy-five cents I borrowed from you some time ago, and a dollar bill is the smallest I have."

JACK (*eagerly*)—"Hold on a minute, and I will look through my pockets."

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

T WAS a bard by the seaside who told of a belle
To whom the wild waters were waving farewell,
But I know a rhymers whose punning far worse is,
For he talks about reining a sea of bay horses.

THE FAKIR ENTERS POLITICS.



THAT the Fakir had been taken possession of by a new idea was apparent to every one who observed his jaunty air and overflowing good spirits, as he whirled into the office last week and seated himself on a corner of the editor's table.

"Well, you seem to be mightily tickled about something," said the assistant editor, as he handed the last page of an article to the expectant foreman, who hastily cleared out before the Fakir could borrow any tobacco of him. "Struck something good?"

"You bet I have. Biggest scheme out. I told you I thought of going

into politics. Well, I've done it. I have become a member of the Equal Rights Association. Going to travel through the country and denounce the Jesuit Bill."

"Quite right," said the assistant editor. "But if you expect to make a living that way, I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. There are plenty of good and talented speakers in whom the public have confidence who are willing to give their services without expecting any reward."

The Fakir smiled cynically and shrugged his shoulders by way of indicating his utter disbelief in the possibility of anybody being so stupid as to regard public affairs otherwise than from the standpoint of personal advantage.

"Well," he remarked, "I'll allow that at first sight there don't seem to be much in it. Talk is cheap—blamed cheap—and probably there's more than enough into it now to fill all the offices and capture whatever's going in the way of contracts and pickings, even if we was to bust the Government. That's how it struck me at first. But I'm on a different footing, you see, from the others."

"How so?"

"Why, I stand in with Sir John and the Government. I went into the thing to spoil their little game on an understanding with Sir John. Saw the old man some weeks ago, and got the whole scheme cut and dried. Had it arranged that I was to join and come out strong as a leader in the movement, and make red-hot, blood-and-thunder speeches against the French and the Catholics. Some want to confine this movement to the Jesuits. Whenever any man gets up in the Association and talks about moderation, and treaty rights, and giving the French a fair show, my cue is to shout, 'No, no! This here is a British country. Frenchmen ain't got no rights! There ain't any difference between Jesuits and any other kind of Papists! Down with the whole crowd! Hurrah for Protestant ascendancy!' Well, that kind of talk, you see, disgusts quite a number of people that would otherwise join the Association, and keeps 'em out, and it gives the *Empire* and the other Tory papers a chance to pitch in. At the same time, too, it makes me solid as a rock with the fanatics and fire-eaters, so that if we ever do get into power, my chance of an office is pretty good, while if we don't—which is a blamed sight more likely—Sir John will give me something for helping to smash the movement by overdoing it. So I've a good thing either way. See?"

"And has Sir John promised you office in case you succeed in bringing the Equal Rights movement into contempt?" asked the cashier, incredulously.

"Well—n-o; he didn't exactly promise me. But he was just tickled to death at the idea, and poked me in the ribs as I laid the scheme before him and told him how I was going to rub it into the Frenchmen and Papists. 'That'll do it,' says he, 'and remember, the less you say about the Jesuit Bill and the more about Catholics and the French language in schools, the better. If you carry out your views you'll do a great service to the party, and I will remember it. We'll make it all right with you.' That is pretty nearly as good as a promise, isn't it?"

"Oh, quite as good, certainly," said the dramatic editor, sarcastically. "I really, for my part, don't see why Sir John need be sparing of his promises—he so seldom keeps them."

"I know that's his reputation, but I don't think he'll fool me," said the Fakir. "Oh, the old man was quite in earnest—treated me in the most cordial and friendly