



HE COULDN'T "STAND" IT.

MR. DEUDE.—"I don't care to use your hack; you're too—aw—careless about your persona appearance. You need a new suit of clothes badly."

PAT—"Thru for you, sor, an' I'd loike to get that same, but there's na'r a tailor in town cud take me measure, sor, I'm that ticklish."

ferred. I blew in all my boodle betting on base-ball matches."

"Enough," she said, "let us mingle our tears."

And they did, while far away in the distant pine forests of the North the merry beaver toiled ceaselessly to build his dam, little recking that he symbolized a nations destiny. [*This may seem irrelevant, but I've got to work in the beaver somewhere, and he may as well come in here as anywhere else.*]

CHAPTER III.

"It is not birth, nor wealth, nor state,
But the git-up-and-git that makes men great."
—Anon.

A space of period elapsed since the events previously detailed. The scene shifts to the great North-West. A band of half-breed hunters are pursuing over the boundless prairie the last surviving herd of buffalo, regardless of the wire fences put up by the land speculators. A solitary traveller is seen approaching. The maddened animals dash furiously towards him. As they near him an enormous bull, the leader of the herd, lowers his head and rushes upon the traveller. By a sudden movement the man dodges the furious onset and leaps on to the buffalo's back!

The whole herd sweeps on in its frantic career. The man keeps his seat with the skill of a practiced horseman.

After running for fifty miles the buffalo crosses the American frontier and shortly afterwards drops dead with exhaustion.

"Saved!" says the traveller, leaping to the ground.

"Hold on there!" says a U.S. custom's officer, running to the spot. "I arrest you for smuggling."

"Me?" said Macdonald Brown Cartier Watson, for as the discerning reader will doubtless have guessed, it was our hero. "I've smuggled nothing."

"Yes, you have, you've just run in that buffalo. There's fifty per cent. tariff on buffalo. Do you suppose that

the great buffalo industry of these United States is going to be swamped in this fashion by the pauper buffaloes of a blamed British colony?"

So he was yanked off to jail.

[*I flatter myself there is considerable originality in that incident. Who says there's no material for first class native fiction?*]

(To be concluded next time.)

OUR OWN ÆSOP.

I.—THE CAPTAIN'S RE-ENLISTMENT.

A POLITICAL CAPTAIN who had won his first victory by Brave public espousals of Liberty and Progress, was accused of coquetting with leaders of Repression and Backwardness. So sedulous was his court, that nothing short of Union seemed his aim. When his quondam followers found fault he said, "Principle is all Right, but what good is it when it can't hold the Citadel?"

Moral:—This teaches us how Vows may be revised to suit Political exigency in Quebec or elsewhere.

II.—THE TWO DONKEYS.

A Donkey who had just tested his Powers, was urged by his Master to jump a narrow Chasm. "I cannot," said the truthful Donkey, who was accordingly sent to Auction, and ever after drew light loads of mirthful children in a pleasant Park. A younger Donkey, on being bidden to take the same Jump, bravely tried it, but fell into the Chasm, breaking his fore-legs and spoiling an \$8 rug of choice fur.

Moral:—It is well to know how far one can jump.

III.—MOTHER AND SON.

A Young Undergraduate being asked by a Professor to translate a page of Telemaque, said: "Sir, I am not able." And he wasn't.

His fond mother, hearing the circumstances, said: "How modest of Charlie to say that he couldn't translate so easy an Author as Telemaque, when he can read Zola's difficult works at sight."

Moral:—Modesty, and consciousness of being a Dunce, are two things.

IV.—THE TWO MICE.

A Young Mouse, who had a strong sense of Submission to Authority, was told by an evil-minded but senior mouse that Sponge was better to eat than Cheese. Although instinct repelled the dictum, the good young Mouse ate sponge until its career was Wound Up, leaving the other, elder, evil mouse, whom it had revered without warrant, to fatten by itself on much dainty Roquefort.

Moral:—Ignorance is never so dangerous as when Conscience is its partner. A.



BASKET DUTY RYKERT.

THE SMALLEST POLITICIAN IN THE WORLD.