



HANSARD CONDENSED.

DAVIN—"Would you mind doing me a favor, McCarthy?"

MCCARTHY—"Delighted, I'm sure, Davin, if it's in my power."

DAVIN—"It is. Be so good as to mind your own affairs, and leave North-West grievances that don't exist to North-West representatives."

the march of intellect, are now houldin' high revelry. 'The latter is confined to the Parliment Builidin's, for the present. There, the windy orathers require a sthrong force o' wind. It is a grate help to them intirely — for as yez know, orathors, like kites, are obliged to rise agin the wind, not widh it. In the head winds raised by the Opposishun at Ottawa, at the presint ritin', yez have an instance av how the winds sometimes blow conthary. An' in the little breeze raised be Clark Wallace, who appears niver to be so much in his elimint as whin he is gettin' himself an' the Governmint into a scrape, yez have an exemplificashun av some o' the unsartin moods o' blustherin' windbags.

Havin' t'Ireshmin, though, through wale an woc, thrashed the foe, to raise the wind for John Bull? That's a fair qeshthun, I shud think, to put to sum o' the young Bulls, an' sum of their half-brother relashuns, who are now opposin' Home Rule, an' if put in the right way, I don't think they'd prove onraysonably obstinate to convansion. They know they'll want Pat to bear a hand fer 'em agin. An' it isn't a hand, or two hands aither, that Pat can give, but three hands. For there's his right and left hands, and he's ginerally a little beforehand in a scrimmage. Vis, John Bull is comin' to fairly see his own intherest in doin' justis' to Ould Ireland. An from what Lord Rosebery promises so bravely, Irishmin can surely say :

'Tis coming now that glorious time,  
Foretold and sung by prophets hoary,  
For which, when thinking was a crime,  
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory !

Ye can read this to Clark an' Bowell, not, "ironically," as the joker said, when passin' by the new iron railin' for there's neither railin' nor ironry mint. But from a sense of principle. But sad to say : Min of principle are not always the principal min. Principles perish in party sthrife, an' with politicians, policy is not the science of principles, but of exigencies, or there wud be no sich happy family around yerself an' Curran, an' Sir John in the Cabinet at Ottawa.

Put up something for a rainy day—if it's only an umbrella an'

Believe me yer throe frind,  
TIM O'DAY.

## THE NEW SLICK.

### CHAPTER I.

PUGWASH, NOVA SCOTIA—MY FIRST MEETING WITH MR. RUBE SLICK—A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK—A NOBLE ANCESTRY—COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY—ADVICE TO THE BLUENOSES—A HUSTLER.

I WAS sitting in the simply furnished but home-like "office" of the little hotel at Pugwash, N.S., discussing Provincial politics with an intelligent native of the place, when a tall, slim man of about thirty-five entered, having just alighted from the hotel bus. He carried a couple of gripsacks and an umbrella, and might have passed for a commercial traveller only that he lacked the up-to-date aspect of the drummer fraternity. He looked decidedly "old fashioned." His hair, which was of a washed-out sandy tint, was long and "scraggly," and his hat was highly suggestive of the head piece with which the caricaturists adorn "Uncle Sam." Indeed, the whole style and figure of the man recalled this familiar personage, though of course he didn't wear straps to his trowsers, nor sport the high collar and claw-hammer coat. It was not so much his clothes that gave him the old fashioned look as his face and general bearing. These observations were made during the few moments occupied by the new comer in walking across the room to the office counter and signing his name in the register; and my companion had evidently been too much engrossed in what he was saying about Fielding's policy to notice the arrival at all, for as the latter turned from the desk and came toward us, my friend recognized him with a hearty exclamation, jumped up and grasped his extended hand. "Why, how are you, Mr. Slick, glad to see you. Got 'round this way again, hey? Well, nobody's more welcome. Let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Quiller,



SOLITUDE.

Miss GIDDY (coming upon Mr. Callow unexpectedly)—"Quite alone, Mr. Callow?"

MR. C.—"Yaas; alone with my thoughts."

Miss G.—"That's what I said. Quite alone."