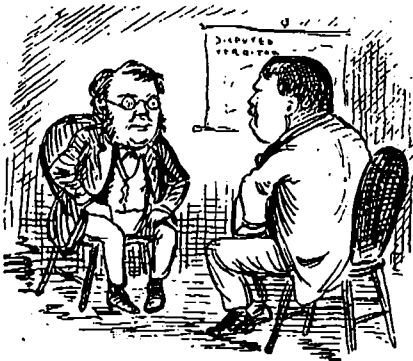


"That was a narrow squeak you had yesterday," observed Joe to Jim. "Narrow squeak? Bless my soul, how?" exclaimed Jim. "Why, didn't I see you coming out of Mine Uncle's with your ulster on? Wasn't that a narrow squeak—or, if you will have it in other words, a clothes call?" Happily a drug store was near by.

"Now," said the old granger as the train neared his station, "I'm agoin' to do for you city chaps, who's been ahavin' the laugh on me for a while back, suthin' what the devil 'll never do for you." "What's that, uncle?" one of his tormentors asked. "Leave you!" drily responded the old man. That was getting even and some to spare.



THE CONFAB OF THE ATTORNEYS-GENERAL.

AUTHENTIC REPORT OF WHAT TOOK PLACE.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MOWAT. — Att.-Gen. Miller, I believe.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MILLER.—The same. Good morning, sir.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Good morning. It's a fine day.

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Yes, but pretty cold.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—For Manitoba, yes. You come from there, don't you?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—I do, *via* St. Catharines. I called in to see you officially.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Ah?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Yes, I want to talk to you about Kat Portage.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Rat Portage. Let's see, that's in Ontario, isn't it?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Yes, according to the arbitrators' award it is, but—

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Well?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Well, I was going to say it would oblige us very much if you would let Manitoba have that section of country.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—I see. Well?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Well, you see, it will be doing us a favor.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—I scarcely think so. Your Province wouldn't gain anything, and would be put to the expense of governing the territory.

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Excuse me, you misapprehend my meaning. I am not here officially representing the province, but—

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Indeed?

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—The Ministry—the local Cabinet; quite a different concern, I assure you.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Ah, I see. Proceed.

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Well, we're in a peck of trouble, and we want to get out of it. You can help us.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—I shall take the matter into my serious—

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Pardon me, I haven't yet explained. You see, we've got to get money or get out of office. Now, John A. will help us if we get that territory from you. If

we can't get it, and nobody else gets it, you will probably keep it.

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—Probably. I will take the matter into my—

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Excuse me, I was going to add—if you keep it, John A. will get into trouble with the Bleus, and you see there'll be the deuce to pay all round, Now, will you give it up and make everything smooth for us?

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—I will give the matter my most serious consideration. Good morning, sir.

ATT.-GEN. MILLER.—Good morning. It's as cold as ever, isn't it?

ATT.-GEN. MOWAT.—It is—for Manitoba.

P. C.'s WICKED PARTNER;

OR, THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW BEANS.

Kind friend, if you've an extra tear
A-trickling down your nose,
Come, drop it as you listen to
The story of our woes.
You never heard so sad a tale
In all life's mournful scenes,
As that concerning Dodds and me,
And the Racket of the Beans.

'Twas in my little shop one day—
(My Christmas stock is large)—
I stood behind my counter,
(Terms cash—I never "charge").
My eye was roving wildly round,
A-lookin' out for biz.,
When in there walked a nobby gent,
With a sporting sort of phiz.

I thought he came to buy a *Grip*,
Or a pack of euchre, perhaps,
(I keep all sorts of literature,
Toys, games, and all such traps)—
But no; he slanted back his hat,
And, with polite regard,
Removed the fragrant weed he smoked,
And handed me his card.

I put my eyeglass on my nose,
And read it, "E. King Dodds."
Says I, "I never heard the name,"
Says he, "It makes no odds."
Says I, "Here's Christmas *Graphics* fresh,
They're selling very cheap."
Says he, "Oh, yes, they're very nice—
You've rather got a heap."

'Twas plain he wasn't on the buy—
I wondered what he meant;
But ere I put the question he
Surmised my mere intent.
Says he, "As I was passing by,
I saw your honest face,
And so came in to shake your hand;
Please let that act take place."

With that he offered me his hand,
I took it with a bow.
We shook; says he, "We're friends for life,
You know me better now."
But in my palm when he let go—
(Whatever did it mean?)
I found a little roundish thing,
Which proved to be a bean.

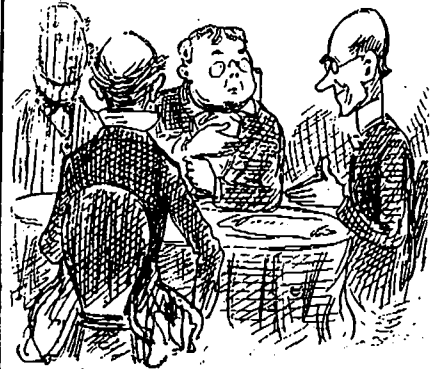
"Ah, yes!" says he, "I quite forgot—
A sample from my case;
I travel in the garden line—
See—here's its proper place."
With that he drew a small box forth
(Not *dice* by any means.)
And putting back the missing one,
Quoth he—"Do you know beans?"

"Suppose you try to guess for fun
How many beans are here,—
If you're correct I wouldn't mind
A setting up the beer!"
I took a good and steady look
And calculated deep—
Says I, "I couldn't say for sure
But maybe there's a heap!"

Just then by chance some folks came in,
Some regular business callers—
Says I, "If you can guess those beans,
I'll give you twenty dollars."
"But first," says Mr. Dodds, says he,
"To guard against mistake—
Suppose our friends put up some squid,
Or what you'd call a stake."

Well, then a party in the crowd
Guessed fourteen-million-ten,
And we were counting up the beans
When Fenton he came in!
With fiendish shriek he bounded in
And collared Dodds and me,
And yells, "Ha! ha! I've caught you both
A-running a Lotteree!"

Now, did you ever in your life
Know such a beastly shame—
To scandalize two harmless men
For playing a little game!



THE SPECULATORS' SYMPOSIUM.

THE LAWYER.—Gentlemen, we must make an effort. I might say the case is going against us, and we shall be in for costs. The fact is we've got hold of a good deal of land in the North-west, and—

THE DOCTOR.—I agree with my learned friend, although our professions are different, yet, in this case, his profession is mine. The symptoms are most menacing, and a fatal termination is momentarily to be expected. In fact, my firm have also secured lands in the North-west.

THE CHURCH MEMBER.—My brethren, I fear that our lives have been cast in evil places; I—that is to say, we—that is, certain members have obtained certain lands in the North-west. I trust it may not prove a Babylonish garment nor a wedge of silver. Yet, alas!—

THE MERCHANT.—The outlook is extremely shabby. The stock on hand must be sold at any price, and will not realize cost price. To put it in commercial language, our house have invested in North-west lands, and—

THE STOCK-JOBBER.—And we are in,—and the margin's gone, and we shall be short. North-west lands—

THE LAWYER.—But the North-west people are disputing the title, and there will be a motion in confiscation.

THE DOCTOR.—The patient denies the cure and is disputing the Bill.

THE CHURCH MEMBER.—Truly the sons of Zorniah are too many for us, and they will seize our possessions for a spoil.

THE MERCHANT.—We shall be sold out at a frightful sacrifice.

THE STOCK-JOBBER.—Fact is, we sailed in on the boom and the boom is bust—the North-west is going to rebel. seize our lands and dish our speculations. Now, there's only one way out—you have got to be bulls—shout everywhere that all's right—puff up John A. to the skies, declare that the Government, by a few slight concessions, will immediately tranquilize the country; and that the prospects of the North-west are glorious, the bargain with the Syndicate moderate, the colonization companies patriotic, the railway people not extortionate, and that the completion of the C. P. R. will ensure prosperity to the whole country—in fact, that everything will be lovely and the goose will hang very high.

ALL THE SPECULATORS.—And will it?

THE STOCK-JOBBER.—Yes, too high for the settlers to get any. Take advice and take a pointer. John A. and his friends have turned the North-west beehive into a nest of hornets. While they hatch, you puff, and—realize!

ALL.—We will.

[Scene closes.]