



ADIEU, MERCIER !

HE MUST DEPART FOR THE LIMBO OF ROODLE-STATESMEN.

A TERRIBLE ACCUSATION.

TORY—"What a hypocritical lot you Grits are ! Talking about corruption and thievery all the time, and backing up Mercier, the biggest rascal there is in the country."

GRIT—"Mercier's all right. You can't prove anything against him. It's all Tory lies."

TORY—"Why, here's the *Mail* of last Friday, and that's no Tory paper, and what does it say ? It shows him up."

GRIT—"Well, what does it say ?"

TORY—"Aha ! It says, 'Mercier, in a word, is a *persona grata*.' You can't deny it. That's what he is, and your own friends say so."

GRIT—"I don't believe it. He's nothing of the kind. It's just one of those mean, contemptible campaign lies you Tories are always starting on good Reformers."

TORY—"It's the *Mail* that says it."

GRIT—"That don't prove it true, all the same. The man that circulates a lie of that kind is just as mean as the fellow that starts it. You're a per—personal grater yourself. All you Tories are."

TORY—"You're a liar !"

GRIT—"Take that back, now, or I'll—I'll —"

TORY—"Take nothing back !"

(*Exeunt fighting.*)

NOTHING LOW ABOUT THEM.

MRS. PLUGWINCH—"And how is Mr. Dodsworth this morning ?"

MRS. DODSWORTH—"Oh, a great deal better, thank you, since we got rid of that hateful Dr. Dosem. The brute was positively insulting."

MRS. PLUGWINCH—"Why, what did he do, Mrs. Dodsworth ?"

MRS. DODSWORTH—"Why, he was impertinent enough to say that poor Jack was suffering from a low fever ! Just think of it. I soon let him know that there was nothing low about our family."

COULD FILL THE BILL HIMSELF.

HUSBAND—"I think I'll send a carpenter up to-day; this door needs fixing very badly."

WIFE—"Why not do it yourself ? You could do it as badly as any one I know of. No use wasting money on getting a carpenter."

NOT WHOLLY ANGELIC.

BROWN (*enthusiastically*)—"She's a little angel."

JONES—"Yes, she's a little angel—(*aside*)—a very little—and a good deal of something else."