

THE FAKIR ON THE SITUATION

"THE fight goes bravely on," said the Fakir, who, by the way, had a new suit of clothes on and looked as fresh as a daisy. "I've been traveling through the country whooping her up for the Equal Rights movement. Hurrah for Greenway! Ain't it a great scheme, though?"

"What?" asked the assistant editor.

"Why, this Manitoba business. The way the Grit Government has caught on and is going to abolish separate schools and the French language, out there. Biggest thing for us that could have happened. The Old Man and the heeblers are tickled to death over it, and no wonder."

"But I really don't see," said the cashier doubtfully, "why the Old Man, as you call him, and the Tories should be enthusiastic over it."

"You don't?—no, of course not, because you ain't in the inner circle and haven't got the insight to see anything less obvious than a hole through a ladder. But catch on to this idea: Greenway is going to get busted on it. That, of course, brings the Tories back to office. I tell you the very fellows that are now shouting for Greenway and pretending to back him up would like nothing better than to see his government go to smash. They're Tories first, you see. Then again, if we can get up a couple of side-show agitations in Manitoba and Ontario it distracts public attention from the main question of French influence at Ottawa. See? Oh, I tell you the Tories are mighty well satisfied with the way things are going. If we can bust Greenway for trying to suppress Separate schools and Mowat for encouraging them, won't it be great?"

"Greenway is taking a manly, independent course," said the assistant editor, "and I believe the people will support him."

"And if they do," returned the Fakir, "don't you see what a pull that gives us in Ontario? Then we demand in thunder tones that Mowat should follow suit. And if he don't, out he goes. Eh? But I guess you're wrong about Greenway. You don't know the Tories. They never go back on the party at election times. My only wonder is that Greenway should walk blindfold into such a trap, and expect to get Tory support sufficient to make up for the loss of the French vote. You couldn't fool Mowat that way. He's too fly. I tell you he's pretty near a match for the smartest of our crowd. But we'll



A DIAGNOSIS.

AUNT CINDY—"What do de docter t'ink de matte' am wif yo' ma?"

LITTLE PETE—"He say she am took de foreshortin' of de bref."—*Light.*

culated the stroke to a hair. Remember that your flukes, and they alone, reveal your "truc form."

The above are some of the simpler rules for irritating and disgusting your partner. You must not forget, however, that it is your duty to be still more offensive to your adversaries.

Treat them (your adversaries) as knaves, from the very beginning; accept their words with reservation, and, on your side, cheat freely.

Thus, when a hot serve is sent down to you, protest that you were not ready, and count it a "let." An honest man's righteous indignation should be enough to guarantee you a fault next ball.

Where there is the least uncertainty as to a ball being in or out, give self and partner the benefit; when in doubt, cry "Out!" or "Fault!" as the case may be, and be prepared to swear to it gratuitously.

On the other hand, should your adversaries serve you in similar fashion, though you know well enough they are speaking the truth, express your surprise in a few sharp words, and your incredulity in the tone of them.

In the end, take your beating with the most elaborate indifference of which you are capable, or treat it as a huge joke, to be enjoyed at your partner's expense.

NATURE is peculiar in its methods sometimes. For instance, you always see the night-fall before the stars begin to shoot.



CASUAL EXTRACT FROM A POPULAR NOVEL OF "INCIDENT."