



RIGHT AND LEFT.

HE—"I think you love me. Am I right?"
SHE—"No; you are left."

he filled completely, and upon which rested an enormous double gold chain, which gracefully curved from the centre button to the pockets on each side. The gentleman from Chicago had come in response to a startling message from his agent in Toronto, to the effect that he was being robbed in the most outrageous and high-handed manner. "We'll straighten this thing out, you bet, if there's any law in Canada!" he puffed, in an apopleptic passion, as he retired that night to the choicest bed in the house.

CHAPTER V.

Next morning found the gentleman from Chicago closeted with his lawyer. The results of that consultation may be stated in one sentence. Bob was ejected from the land upon which he had contumaciously "squatted," and the results of his toil were ruthlessly confiscated. It appears that the gentleman from Chicago owned that vacant land. "He wasn't using it," said Bob, "and I thought perhaps God meant it to be used. But it seems, whatever He meant, that the law considers that I have no right to use it without agreeing to pay to this fat foreigner about all that I can earn by working it. I'll have to move out further." The same thing happened in all the other cases, but most of these ejected ones returned to the city to stamp about the *Telegram* pavement again.

CHAPTER VI.

Still clinging to his "notion," poor Bob pulled up stakes and moved further out. Here, of course, he was again pounced upon by an "owner"—another absentee—and once more he "moved on." Again he squatted, and once more he found himself in the clutches of the law. The end of it was that by the time Bob got far enough away to be legally free to squat, he found himself so distant from the centres of civilization that life was not worth the living—could not be lived, in fact, except upon a miserable hermit scale that Bob's nature revolted against. He did the only thing that was left for him to do—he died.

CONCLUSION.

These things came to the knowledge of the Canadian Government and a change was made in this cruel law. It was decreed that whereas land was made for use and not for speculation, all land not already in use should be at the disposal of those who wished to till it or build upon it, on one single condition, that they should pay, in common with all landholders, a fair annual rent for the bare ground, into the public treasury. Further, that in view of this annual payment, all taxes, direct and indirect, now levied upon the people of Canada, should be absolutely abolished. Whereat the fat gentleman from Chicago kicked as vigorously as his anatomical development would permit.

THE END.

ONE ROAD TO FAME.

RATSLEY—"There goes Waddikins, the celebrated Canadian archæologist."

YAWPER—"Never heard of him before. What has he done?"

RATSLEY—"Done? Why he's discovered an entirely new origin of the name Toronto."

HEARD IN THE LOBBY.

ROUGE—"Savez vous pourquoi on appellait le feu Sir John Macdonald par le soubriquet 'Old To-Morrow.'"

BLEU—"Non."

ROUGE—"Eh bien, c'est parceque il gaguait ses victoires par un coup *de-main*."

GOING OTTAWA ONE BETTER.

HE—"We have some beautiful scenery in Ottawa. The 'Lovers' Walk,' behind the Parliament Buildings, is too sweet for anything."

SHE—"Yes, but in Toronto we shall do better than that. We're going to have a bridal path in the Queen's Park."

PRONOUNCEDLY SO!

TORONTO has its Rotten Row,
We're getting stylish now,
But Ottawa a week ago
Wound up its Rotten Row.

A TEDIOUS TASK.

MR. SICOVIT—"How much longer are you two going to stay in the parlor?"

Miss SICOVIT—"I really don't know, pa. He hasn't started to say good-bye yet."