



OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

II.

The Student before the Umpire.

to pull themselves together and see how to get out of the hole. Between ourselves, old man, it was Hardy who give me the tip to bring this thing on to-day."

"I thought the Government seemed sort of tickled about something," said I.

"Tickled. I should smile,"

"Then do," says I.

"Thanks, awfully," says he.

And I called a page and sent him to get the growler filled up again.

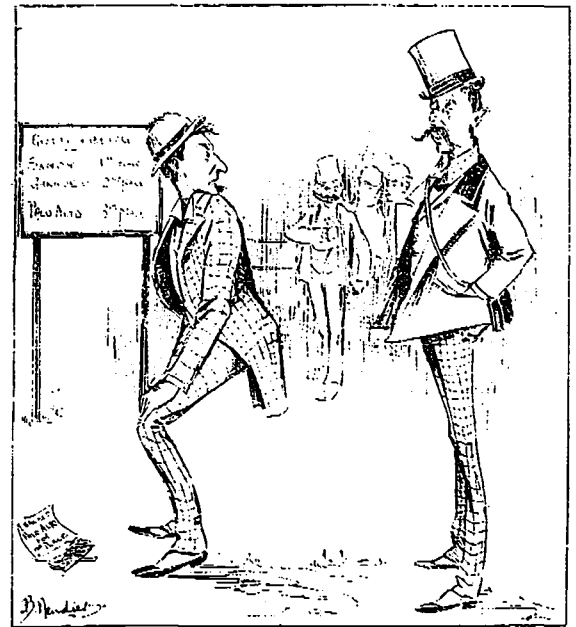
"But," says I, "don't you think that by making these here professions of economy you might be cutting a rod for your own backs. If ever Meredith should come in

some time in the twentieth century he'll be committed to a cheese-paring policy."

Clancy laughed. "Well, you are a innocent," says he. "The idea of a government in power caring two straws for what pledges they give in order to get there. That's too durned funny! How did the Grits turn out Sandfield? By professions of honesty and economy. How did Mercier get office in Quebec? Same way. Was they any better than them they put out?"

"But it's a practical mistake all the same," says I. "You have given us a first-rate cry for next election. We can go to the farmers and point with pride to the quantities of eggs and other victuals consumed in public institutions and claim their support on the ground that we supply 'em with such good markets for their produce."

"Guffy," says Clancy, looking solemn, "you've a great head."



HE DIDN'T BACK THE WINNER.

"Strike me, honored sir!

Give me a gash! I'll put me to present pain!"

—Pericks.



HOROLOGICAL.

"I wonder why they put clocks on stockings?"

"So we can tell if the colors are fast."

"I had this morning," said I, "but I don't feel it now."

"Pon my soul I never saw the matter in that light before. Why, these revelations of extravagance will actually help the Government with the rural constituencies. I guess I'd better left it alone."

I give the same idea to Mowat and he caught on at once. He's been worrying some over the iron men wanting bonuses and he asked me what I thought about it.

"Is there most iron men or farmers in the Province," says I.

"Why, farmers, of course," says he, "by a thousand to one."

"Just so," says I. "Then if you keep your holt upon the farmers you can tell the iron bonus sellers to go to, in the words of Scripture. Encourage the farming industry by building more asylums."

"I don't understand," says he. "What sort of asylums?"

"Any kind," says I, "so as the superintendent and boss officials have healthy appetites like Dr. Clarke, and