



LATEST FROM OTTAWA.
SCENE I.

BL-KE—I have been thinking, R-m-l, that if I could acquire a facility for interjecting *bon mots* during a debate, as Sir John does, it would immensely improve my leadership. Could you put me up to the dodge?

R-m-l—Simplest thing in the world, my dear sir. For example, learn to make puns. Suppose you meet a friend and he happens to remark that it looks like snow, you reply "snow matter." See?

BL-KE—Capital! I'll try it!



SCENE II.

Bl-ke meets Angl-n and "tries it."



SCENE III.

BL-KE—I say, R-m-l, I don't understand this wit business. I tried that joke on with Angl-n, but it didn't seem to take worth a Government measure.

R-m-l—Did he happen to remark that it looked like snow?

BL-KE—Yes, and I instantly uttered the witty impromptu you gave me.

R-m-l—What did you say?

BL-KE—I said "it's immaterial." But he didn't laugh. I don't think Angl-n has much sense of humor, anyway.

Under Consideration.

A POLITICAL NOVEL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL."

CHAP. III.

Nor shall the aims which erst we sought,
With ratiocination fraught,
Be deemed irrelevant of thought.

—Oscar Wilde.

As the street-car which bore Elvira Tavistock on her patriotic mission neared the more populous portions of the city her ears were completely deafened by the hum consequent upon the N. P., and her vision obscured by forests of tall chimneys belching forth clouds of smoke. Elvira wondered how, with such evidences of prosperity on every hand, any one could remain sufficiently benighted to shut their eyes to the beneficent effects of Conservative rule. (The following seven pages are in the waste-basket. We have no space for second-hand *Mail* editorials.—Ed. GRIP.)

"Does Mr. Creighton live in this vicinity?" she asked the conductor in an agitated voice.

He noted her dishevelled aspect and flurried manner. "I don't know the gent," he replied.

"Lauder? Wigle? Meredith? Morris?" she successively queried, to which he responded similarly.

"Then drive me to the Local Legislature."

"This car don't go that way ma'am," and he passed out on to the platform.

It was a terrible position for our heroine. As the car stopped the sound of pistol-shots broke upon her ear, and she beheld a party of Agnostics practising with their revolvers upon a hideous effigy, conspicuously labelled, "Sir John Macdonald." The green flag fluttered in the breeze from the Gubernatorial mansion. The merry notes of the fife-and-drum band, and he shouts of hilarious revelry, indicated that recruiting for Brigadier-General Hay's army of occupation was going on briskly.

Elvira took a desperate resolution.

"I'll get out and walk," she said.

CHAP. IV.

How sweet 'mid evening shades to rove,
And hear the bullfrog tell his love.

—J. L. F.

"News from the North-West," said Hardy, rushing into the Council Chamber waving a telegram.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mowat, setting down his glass, "have our brave soldiers triumphed? Promulgate."

The Provincial Secretary then read the following telegram from D. D. Hay:—

"Have penetrated to the boundary. Thermometer 65½ below zero. The enemy studiously avoid an engagement. Have laid out fourteen county towns, named after leading supporters of the Government. Land scoopers leave to-day to put town lots on the market, at \$1,000 per foot. Millions in it. Send me some more corkscrews and apollonaris water. we are governed too much. The N. P. is a glaring fraud."

"The battle is ours. Victory!" shouted Fraser.

"May it please your honours," remarked a servitor, "a deputation awaits without."

"Railway or market fees?" said Wood.

"Neither, I guess," replied the messenger.

"Well, send 'em in."

Half-a-dozen individuals, clad in the wholly uninteresting and prosaic costume of the nineteenth century, whose coarse and repulsive features betokened an utter absence of the more ennobling features of humanity, here entered the department. It is unnecessary to add that they were Agnostics.

"Ah, welcome!" said Fraser, "you came, I presume, to receive final instructions for your mission."

"We do," said the leader of the gang. "But first," said Mowat, "it is necessary that you should take the oath. You jointly and severally swear that you will, to the best of your knowledge and ability, murder and assassinate Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper—"

"Excuse me," said the spokesman, "it might have occurred to you that being Agnostics an oath is not binding on our consciences. We prefer to affirm."

"But you can't be allowed to affirm. An oath is strictly necessary in these enterprises."

"But you have an Act substituting affirmations in the case of Agnostics."

"It has not received the sanction of His Excellency, and moreover it only applies to judicial oaths. You can't affirm."

"We ain't going to swear, you bet," said the boss Agnostic, "we'll do the business for you, and isn't that enough?"

"No," said Mowat, "this is a Christian community. Who ever heard of an undertaking of this kind without an oath being taken. If you won't swear the matter is at an end."

The deputation then withdrew.

CHAP. V.

The scenes which late our fancy viewed,
Are but a glimmering solitude.

—Anon.

"I rise," said Creighton, "to ask the Attorney-General whether the Government contemplate the assassination of Sir John Macdonald, and if so, what arrangements have been entered into for that purpose."

"Ah! we are betrayed," hissed Fraser between his clenched teeth, while Pardee buried his pale features beneath the lid of his desk.

"In reply to the honourable gent, I would say," replied the Attorney-General, "that although no arrangements have as yet been perfected, the Government are bestowing on the question their serious consideration."

"After the avowal just made," said Creighton.—He got no further. With a demonic smile lighting up his features, Fraser touched a secret spring, a trap door yawned in the floor under Creighton's feet, and uttering a terrible shriek he disappeared into the regions below. He was never heard of again.

"That's rather an improvement on Gladstone's *Cloture*," said Pardee smilingly. "But won't the Opposition criticize the expense incurred in fixing that neat little piece of mechanism?"

"I'd like to see them find it," said Wood. "Its all got in under 'contingencies.'"

"Next order of business," called out the clerk.

"Will it be believed? The Speaker did not even call the house to order."

But little remains to be told. The assassination scheme being "under consideration," of course, remains unexecuted, and nothing is likely to be done in the matter until after the election.

Swinkerton, who was suspected of divulging the secret, had his salary reduced \$200, but is likely to be consoled by his speedy union with Elvira. The brave girl, whose romantic expedition has been detailed, arrived safely home, and will reward the trustfulness of her lover by consenting to share his lot, which is located in one of the 317 business centres of Manitoba, and is allowed to be worth \$400 per foot. As her respected father realized a handsome fortune by defrauding the public in his capacity as manager of a public company the wedding will be an extra fashionable one.

THE END.

It is said that love is blind. And yet two lovers can see a great deal more in each other than anybody else can in both.—Springfield (O.) News.