

our business? If we that are leaders and bell-wethers in the Prohibition ranks can swallow it, do you imagine that the rank-and-file won't fall into line as soon as we get a chance to define our position?"

"But I tell you, my temperance constituents keep threatening——"

"Man alive, ye must get used to that. Tell them that we have no got the poerer to pass the bill. Tell them that if the pit us oot they'll jist let in the Tories, that's the party o' intemperance, and vice, and crime, and ignorance; and smooth them doon wi' the plebiscite—the voice of the people havin' a chance for the first time to pronounce directly upon the question."

I guess Tait is right. They're feeling pretty sore now, but they've got to come round. About nine-tenths of the Prohibitionists is dyed-in-the-wool Grits anyway, and you couldn't drive 'em away with a club when an election is on.

For instance I met old Deacon Ridley from Wayback, which had come to town to look for a hired man and pay some interest onto his mortgage. He meant to go back Friday, but he found out there was going to be a leg show at the Academy of Music Saturday evening, and he allowed he might as well stay in town over Sunday and hear Dr. Wild preach. He stops at the same tavern as I do, and when I come in after my day's labors I run across him as he was arguing with the boss trying to get a reduction in the board bill, seeing he was going to stay for three days longer.

"So," says he, kind of offish like, "you fellers have throwed out the Prohibition bill. Look here, Guffy, I'll never give you another vote as long's I live. You ain't the kind of man I thought you was."

"Durn it all," says I, "do you want the blamed Tories to get office?"

"Don't care if they do or not," says he; "they all voted for Prohibition anyway."

"Yes," says I, "but don't that just show what a set of hypocrites they are? Don't ye see they only done it to catch Prohibitionist votes? The Tory party has always been the party of intemperance. Why half of 'em would die if you was to abolish whiskey."

"Durn a Tory anyhow," says he. "Of course they don't want no Prohibition, but all the same Mowat ain't done the square thing."

"Now have some sense," says I. "In the first place



COULD NOT SEE IT.

CHOLLY—"Y' know, Miss Mabel, that during my speech at our conversazione I felt just like an inspired idiot."

MABEL—"Why, you didn't look a bit inspired."

we ain't got no power to pass such a bill. Meredith knows that, and that's why he voted for it."

"I see—just a regular Tory trick," said the Deacon.

"Yes, nothing else. And, in the second place, Mowat has given us the plebiscite."

"Pleb—whicity?"

"Plebiscity—that's as near as I can get the hang of the durned word—which means that the electors is to vote on Prohibition, and, if they go for it, why then he'll pass a Prohibitory bill whether or no. Now what more do you want nor that?"

"There's one thing I want I can't get," says the Deacon. "I'd like a good drink—of water, of course. But I'm told the water in this city is so bad ye darsn't drink it."

"That's a fact," says I.

"I'm very thirsty," says the Deacon, after a solemn