



THE BACHELOR'S WOOING!

NICHOLAS FLOOD—"Dearest one, entrust this little hand to me! I have long loved you unbeknownst, and on political issues our two souls have but a single thought, our two hearts beat as one!"

[** So far as we can see, their (Patrons') platform contains planks he (Davlin) has been advocating right along. As to Tariff Reform he has been one of the foremost protagonists for it in the House of Commons, and out of it too.—*Regina Leader.*]

Mrs. McM.—Well, if annybody tould me ye wor a frisky an' frolicsome bie like that, I wouldn't ha' belaved it. But I see you want to thry me spryness an' me spunk to come an' take it from you. So here's for you! (*She takes off her bonnet and jacket.*)

Mr. J.—For heaven's sake, Mrs. McMurphy—I assure you on my honor, I—

Mrs. McM.—Yis, but fwhat do ye kape yer hand hid for thin? That's fwhat I'm goin' to investigate me funny, larkin' laddy-buck!

[*She starts for him and he dodges round and round the room in a frenzy of fear, keeping the Doll concealed. They knock over chairs, etc., in the scrimmage. Jenkins continues to protest frantically that he hasn't seen her wool or box, and she insists on his showing his hands. At last she catches him, and after a clumsy wrestle he falls on his back, keeping the Doll concealed. Mrs. McMurphy plants a foot on his breast, and raises her arm in triumphant attitude.*]

Mrs. McM.—Now, thin, whin ye deliver up the goods I'll remove this fut, but not before, av I may be so bould, Mither Jenkins, sor.

Mr. J.—(*exhausted*)—Good heavens, woman—Mrs. McMurphy—this is most scandalous—this is a diabolical outrage!

Mrs. McM. Is it, thin? An' whose doin's is it but your own? Give me up fwhat yer concailin', an' I'll lave you get up. That's the fairest I can do.

[*A rap at the door.*]

Mr. J.—Good gracious, woman, there's someone at the door! Let me up instantly!

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.)

THE CHINAMAN'S IDEA

O'RELL has a high opinion of Sandy, to whom he attributes many noble traits besides thriftiness.

Apropos of this particular feature of the Scottish character, he related an incident. On his recent visit to New Zealand he was at Dunedin, a town as thoroughly Scotch as Edinburgh. There are in fact hardly any residents of any other nationality, excepting a few Chinese, who are not flourishing as they do in most places. To get along at all, in fact, these Chinamen, whose names are as usual Fing Wing or Jing Bang, are obliged to write on their sign boards, Mac Wing, Mac Bang, etc. One day, passing through the Public Garden O'Rell found a Chinaman sitting on a bench, and taking a place beside him the visitor said, "Well, John, and how are you getting along in Dunedin?" The Chinaman turned a sad and disappointed face to the questioner, and replied in expressive pantomime. Doubling up his right hand he endeavored in vain to open it with his left, and then he said laconically, "Too muchee Scotchee!"

THE Aldermen and ex-Aldermen implicated in the boodling investigation seem to regard the taking of an oath as being about the same as taking a nip at Headquarters.