

*Political Smart Alec.*—WHY, HELLO, FARMER, HOW DO? I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

—(Adapted from N. Y. Judge.)

THE girl of fashion ne'er goes out  
With Algernon alone.  
When'er they wish to stir about,  
She calls a chaperone.  
Yet where this obstacle to bliss  
Is utterly unknown.  
'Tis more than likely that the miss  
Will call a chap 'er own.

BY THE MAN ABOUT.

I AM the Man About, and during my perambulations I see many peculiar things, but at no time have I seen more peculiar performances than during election times. The Man About is, at least, an humble individual during quiet times, but, these exciting days he becomes exalted to the rank of a millionaire. Now, that the Provincial elections are fixed, our John Pottleby, M.P.P., positively boils over with goodness everytime he meets me. Now, I do not remember a single occasion, since the last election, when the M.P.P. showed such wonderful graciousness, but, I am not surprised. This morning the M.P.P. almost shook my hand off in an endeavor to impress me with his solid worth as *the* representative for our district in the Provincial Legislature. Peculiar! Very!! I remember once calling upon this same gentleman for his support in a charitable undertaking, and he glanced at me most superciliously through his gold rimed eyeglasses, all the while evidently making a violent effort to remember my name. I had to tell him, but I did not get the support. However, let that pass. To-day the M.P.P. knows my name, age, street address, and more, the name

of our latest baby, and how many teeth it has got. He is expected around daily to kiss the "darling" most vehemently. Peculiar! Very!! The Man About sees a further development in John Pottleby, M.P.P. That respected gentleman was not known to possess any great amount of business qualifications (unless drawing his salary may be considered one) or an extensive knowledge of the arts and sciences, but, these days, I find him encouraging every form of science and art. He takes the chair at tea-meetings, lectures and sundry scientific gatherings, delivering such erudite speeches, that I am really afraid his brain will succumb beneath the enormous strain. This is peculiar! Very!!

Other peculiarities the Man About sees in John Potleby, M.P.P., such as were never thought to be in or near the honorable gentleman. The sudden interest he takes in your affairs, his readiness to promise his support to any principle whatever, and the ease with which he can secure the necessary legislation are more particularly noticeable.

My dear John Pottleby, Esq., M.P.P., you are warned the Man About has his weather eye open and the other resting on you, and it will be well for you to regulate your conduct accordingly.

LIONIZER—You look weary, diva. I suppose it is on account of the many uninteresting callers you must have had to-day. PRIMA DONNA—Not at all. You are my first caller to-day.—*Exchange.*

HE (poetical)—Will you share my lot with me? SHE (not poetical)—With pleasure. But only after you have paid off the mortgage and affected a good sale. It ought to bring four dollars a square foot.—*Exchange.*