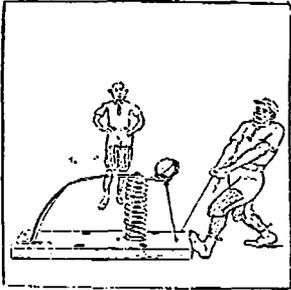
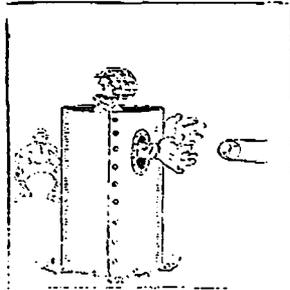


BASE BALL IMPROVEMENTS.



The double barrel curve pitching machine.



The catcher's cast iron stand pipe.



A hole for the short-stop.



And patent rollers for base sliding.

gallop their hobby-horses up and down. Those that ain't got any horses jist put in their time trying to lame other folkses. It's pretty mean work, but it's all some of 'em do to earn their salaries, an' I sometimes think it would be wrong to keep 'em from doing something, no matter what they're at.

They're dreadful extravagant, an' that's jist all there is about it. Men can't run a concern like that—they don't know money values well enough. They want a few good house-keeping women in there, to help 'em with their "estimates." The women would save enough to clear the tariff clean off, an' they'd have to stop talking about "revenue purposes," an' all that truck.

SUSANNAH.

THE NEW SLICK.

HAPPENING to stroll into the office of the Halifax Hotel a few evenings ago I came upon no less a personage than Mr. Reuben Slick, comfortably buried in one of the big easy chairs, with his heels resting on the window sill, and meditatively gazing out into the street. Upon my accosting him, he pulled himself together and invited me to take the chair beside him.

"I interrupted you, I fear, in the midst of a profound reflection," said I, apologetically.

"Waal, I was in sort of a brown study for a fact. I was thinkin' of these here Bluenoses and tryin' to git 'em through my wool," he replied.

"Do you find us a hard problem, then?" I asked.

"In some ways, yes," said he. "You're the all firedest slow lot of folks, I guess, on the top of earth. You ain't had a new idea for sev'ral generations—not sence the days of my great granddad, Sam Slick. One half of the folks is waitin' for the Government to do something for 'em, and t'other half air wonderin' why foreign capital don't come in an' git to work,—and the rest of 'em have gone to the States. It's bin a long time sence they've had anybody to stir 'em up. Their politicians are all too pesky orthodox. Joe Howe used to start 'em some, 'bout forty years ago, but he's pretty dead it seems, and hain't left any heirs. I'm waitin' to see some one arise who'll give 'em a boost."

"Your waiting for the Coming Man, are you? Do you see any signs of his approach?"

"Waal," he replied, "I *did* have some hopes of Longley, the Torney General. He seems a pretty spry chap; great talker, and well posted, I calc'late. But I guess he can't afford to kick over the traces even if he felt that way. I don't think of anybody else jist now."

"What about Sir John Thompson—he's a Bluenose, you know?"

"Yes, but he's out of it. He's browsin' in a richer pasture, and ain't to be counted on as a wheel horse down here any more. He ain't jist the sort of feller to do the trick, anyhow. He's built too solemn. And I don't calc'late he'll do very much at Ottawa. He's like Blake—his heart ain't in the business. No, I don't think the Comin' Man has turned the corner so's you can tell who he is yit. But the quicker he gits here the better it'll be, for these folks need stirrin' up, that's certain."

"My own opinion is," said I, "that what is needed is a change of trade policy. This Province requires Free Trade, but that can never be got through local agitation. Our Coming Man must appear at Ottawa."

"Not at all," returned Mr. Slick, "right here is the spot for him. Free Trade is what you need, sure enough. But the way to git it is to rouse the Bluenoses so's to demand it straight, and that's what this chap'll do when he comes. But as he don't seem to be comin' jist now I guess I'll go an' have my supper if you'll excuse me, Mr. Quiller. I'll see you later."

And shaking my hand cordially he departed for the dining-room.

"BLOWING."

THE Woodstock *Scintil Review* tells of a Conservative in Oxford County, a railway man, who has been "shouting all along the line" that Sir Oliver would be beaten in North Oxford. "But betting is a business matter" goes on the *S.-R.*—"and when \$500 on a thousand majority was shaken in his face he flunked. This bet is a pretty good indication of how the wind is blowing."

Yes—and the Grits.

OBLIGING CLERK—"To see some boots, certainly, Sir! What number of boots do you wear?"

"Why, two! How many feet do you suppose I have? Do you take me for a centiped?"



THE INNOCENTS ABROAD.

MR. CANDIDATE TAIT (accosting newly registered manhood voter)—"I trust you will give me your vote."

NEWLY REGISTERED—"Give it to you? Not much. I've jist got it myself!"