

TUPPER, THE DIPLOMAT.

A GENTLEMAN knocked at Mr. John Bull's office door. The office-boy responded, and took in a card bearing the following name, to wit:

SIR CHAS. TUPPER, BART., K.C.M.G.,
Canadian High Commissioner, London.

"Tell the gentleman to step this way," said Mr. Bull. The office-boy returned and conducted the visitor to the presence of his Principal, who good-naturedly motioned him to a chair.

"Sir Chas. Tupper," said Mr. Bull, holding the card between his finger and thumb, and smilingly contemplating that distinguished person.

"At your service, Mr. Bull," replied Sir Charles, in a voice of mingled oil and honey.

"And what can I do for you, Sir Charles?" enquired Mr. Bull.

"Er—it's rather a foggy day, Mr. Bull, isn't it?" replied Sir Charles, diplomatically evading the question.

"It is a little dullish, as one might say," responded Mr. Bull.

"Yes; but I notice this sort of thing is prevalent in London. Not a bit like the weather we have in Canada, don't you know," said Sir C.

"Oh; you're from Canada, are you, Sir Charles?" enquired Mr. Bull.

Sir Charles looked hurt.

"Is it possible you do not know that I am the Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. Bull?" he asked, keeping down his feelings with an effort.

"Oh, to be sure," said Mr. Bull, consulting the card—"I see it so stated here. You *must* be from Canada then, mustn't you?"

"Yes, I *am* from that magnificent colony, though I've been in London so long that I feel quite like one of your own upper class people, don't you know. London is awfully swagger, too, and just suits me, though, as I was saying, the weather is not up to the Canadian sort."

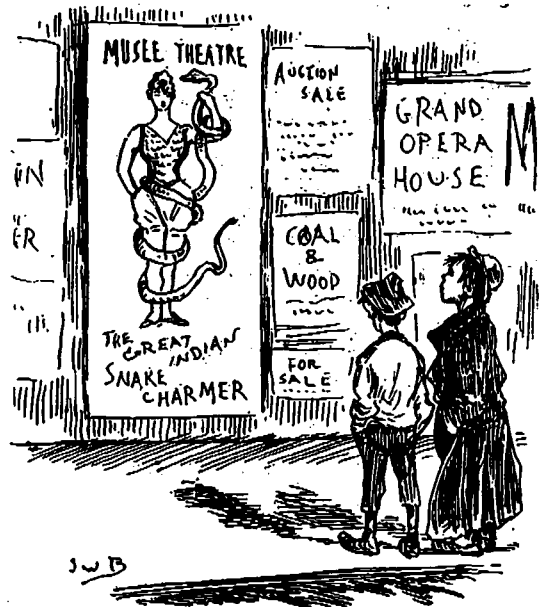
"Quite so," said Mr. Bull, who seemed to have business on his mind.

"Yes," resumed Sir Charles, "Canada is a very fine colony. This fog will turn into rain before to-morrow, I very much fear. Don't you think so, Mr. Bull?"

"Look here, sir," said Mr. Bull, suddenly seeming to lose patience, "did you come in here to talk about the weather, or have you any sort of business with me?"

"Er—well—that is—" began Sir Charles.

"Out with it!" said Mr. Bull, bluntly. "I recall you now, and if it's any Dead Meat Company scheme, you



"FAME."

FIRST GAMIN—"Who's that actress? Kin you read the bill?"

SECOND GAMIN—"No; but I guess its Sairy Barnart in that new snake play of her's, "Kleepatry," they call it."

have on hand, don't take any further trouble. I'm not open to any brilliant investment in your line."

"You do me a great injustice, indeed you do, Mr. Bull," said Sir Charles, in a wounded tone. "It is no Dead Meat scheme. I was going to lay before you another matter altogether—a statesmanlike plan for federating the Empire, sir!"

"Let us hear it—briefly," said Mr. Bull, in his severest business manner.

"I will, sir," responded Sir Charles, producing a bundle of papers from his inside breast pocket. "Briefly, it is this: That you shall discriminate by a tariff duty in favor of food imports from the colonies. This will give a new impulse to patriotism and make a boom for the old flag. That is all."

Mr. Bull appeared interested. "It isn't so very elaborate, certainly," said he. "The colonies meanwhile will of course discriminate in favor of our exports?"

"N-no, I didn't think of proposing that," replied Sir Charles.

"Quite so," replied Mr. Bull. "Now I suppose, of course, you speak for Canada. We sell to that colony (taking down a book and consulting it) something less than 3 per cent. of our total output, and we buy from her about 2½ per cent. of our imports. What you propose is that we shall raise the cost to our consumers of 97½ per cent. of our purchases, so as to give a benefit on the 2½ per cent. to people who are to continue to damage us with their tariff. Is that it?"

"Well, Mr. Bull, that's it—put rather bluntly and without regard for diplomatic phraseology," replied Sir Charles, with an anxious look.

"Diplomacy be blowed!" roared Mr. Bull. "I thought you said it was no Dead Meat scheme you had on hand? I tell you, sir, Protection is the deadliest meat in Britain you could possibly imagine. Good day, Sir Charles!"

And Sir Charles retired to the seclusion of his club to think it over.



"O, WAD SOME POWER," ETC.

MRS. STILE—"What a ridiculously ridiculous looking bird! Did you ever see anything like it?"