



AMENTATIONS are going up in Quebec because Mr. Chapleau has not been made a knight, and it is said that the distinguished and picturesque gentleman himself feels bad about it. He shouldn't permit himself to reflect upon our gracious Queen in this way, as Her Majesty is only waiting for an excuse to confer the honor upon him. At present there is nothing that would answer the purpose at hand. If Mr. Chapleau is really grieving on the subject, however, it is a mistaken grief. He is anxious to have his name conspicuous in Canadian annals; then let him remain as he is. Before he is a very old man he will find it will only be the small and select minority of Canadians who are not knights.

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THE average citizen never hears the name of the coal combine without knitting his brows and clenching his teeth. By this he intimates that he knows he is the victim of a cruel injustice, but one from which there is no escape.

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AND yet, O average citizen, suppose—just suppose, that the law of the country enacted that every man should pay as his share of taxes, simply the annual rental value of the land he held, without any taxes on anything else whatever. Ordinary people would be paying as a rule less than they are now, but what about the coal barons? If the rental value of the coal fields had to go yearly into the public till, the one object of a coal mine owner would be to get out as much coal as possible, and he would have to sell it under active competition. His chief aim in life now is to get out as little as possible and to keep up the price, competition being killed off altogether.

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IT has sometimes happened that the yelping of a very insignificant poodle amongst the horses' feet has been the cause of extensive runaway accidents. That pigmy politician, Mr. J. C. Rykert, is at present running about and jubilating over the new customs order imposing a duty on the boxes, baskets, crates, etc., in which free American green fruit is imported into Canada—claiming that it was through *his* influence at Ottawa that this order was promulgated.

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THIS is not unlikely, for the new regulation is altogether offensive and unnecessary, and may lead to considerable trouble. It is evidently the work of a "statesman" just about the size of Rykert—a blood relation of the lobster-can fakir of Congress. It is no doubt highly important that the Welland pettifogger should be allowed to make some capital with his fruit-growing constituents, by posing as their protector, but just now, when our relations with our neighbors are strained, is a very bad time to indulge in a piece of narrow-minded meanness.

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THIS fruit-basket duty is more. It is a breach of faith with the Americans; and, moreover, it is plainly illegal, for it is in direct conflict with Section 8 of the Customs Act, from which it professes to get its author-

ity. It ought to be repealed without delay, even at the terrible cost of humiliating the dictator of the Government—the great and only Rykert.

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ILL-HEALTH has had a long bout with Dr. Schultz, of Manitoba, but we are glad to note that it has failed to knock him into a cocked-hat. When the distinguished gentleman came down to open the Provincial Parliament the other day, in his capacity of Lieut.-Governor, he came down, like the sensible man that he is, in "a plain black suit and silk hat," discarding the tomfoolery of gold lace, sword, etc. Greatly to the amazement of the mossbacks, nothing in the nature of an earthquake happened in consequence. The House was opened with complete success. The Lieut.-Governors of the other Provinces should make a note of this. There is no reason why any of them should continue to make laughing-stocks of themselves on similar occasions.



THE OUSTED PARK ORATOR.

"Give me the liberty to blow, to stutter, and to wrangle freely, above all other liberty."—*Milton*—(ahem!)

AFRAID IT WOULD BANKRUPT HIM.

MISS BENDON (*who has been rusticated in the country*)—"Now, Mr. Seedman, promise me, before I go, that you will let your daughters come to the city and visit us this winter. I am sure we will all be delighted to have them come, and you, too."

MR. SEEDMAN (*who sometimes speaks with unconscious irony*)—"Well, I dunno, miss, I'm sure. We've tried our best to make your three weeks' stay ez pleasant like ez we could, because ye all did the same fer Sary Ann when she spent two days with ye last winter; but ef I let all three of the gals go and stay a month with your folks, I'm afraid I'd never be able to repay ye all fer sech kindness."