



### THE BREATH OF SUSPICION.

MRS. LUSHE—(to her hubby, who has just returned from a little trip between the acts)—“Er—did you see the man?”

MR. L.—“Y-yes, I saw him.”

MRS. L.—“Was he a nice person?”

MR. L.—“Course he was. Why do you ask?”

MRS. L.—“Well (sniffing quaintly) I had an idea that you must have been talking to a heavy drinker.”

### OUR OTTAWA CORRESPONDENT.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE SCENE OF THE ATROCITIES.

DEAREST GRIP,—Since my last letter I have been hard at work on the interviewing mission upon which I have centered my extreme nervous energies, and which is the real *raison d'être* of my presence here. I do not satisfy myself with the mere results of the Parliamentary debates. I go below and beneath that, in so far as is consistent with maidenly reserve and (2), with the idea that members of Parliament are, as a rule, about as near human as respectable and reputable members of the community at large.

I made it a special point to see D'Alton McCarthy. He said:—“My dar——, or rather, my dear young lady, please spell my front name with an apostrophe, because it sounds more French like, and so serves to allay the feelings of race prejudice which naturally exist as between a thorough-going Irishman of Protestant tendencies and our best party friends of the other brand, so to speak. I could have taken office long ago—in fact, by reason of my close relationship with Sir John, I could have taken anything I wanted to, in connection with the public service, always excepting the High Commissionership, which Tupper appears to have got out a patent on,—darn his gall!”—added the great statesman, as he tried to pull his moustache. “But I preferred the boundless freedom of action and law briefs, notwithstanding I knew my country was suffering because I would not grab a portfolio and cab-hire emoluments. It was not my fault. It was the I-run-away of Fate, if you will kindly note the expression and see that the printers do not make a mull of it. Please attend to the success of this off-hand joke, not so much for its intrinsic value but as a slight token of the esteem in which, my dear girl, or, rather I should say, my dear madam, I hold you. I know I am The Coming Man. The Barrie *Advance* has said so! But, at the same time, I wish to be regarded like Punch's grandmother, ‘coming to come.’ I will eventually get there with both my feet,

if you will pardon the freedom of my language. At present I am willing to be regarded as such by my editorial friend in Barrie, and to go on making a precarious living as a lawyer. I feel conscious the country needs my services in an exalted sphere; but yet there are several Division Court cases up north that demand my immediate attention. Therefore, in the words of the poet, ‘*unum go pluribus, Erin go bragh*. Please keep off the grass!’ But there is one slight thing I would like you to mention in connection with my distinguished career and that is that I and Rosebery are going to finish up the Imperial Federation job, just as the printers say,—‘while you wait.’ It is the easiest thing imaginable for myself and the noble lord to do this. We are the people. We know what the people want. Meantime, dearest gir——, that is to say, my own, precious, sweetest one—or rather, if you will kindly allow me—madam, I am busy just now with the Fence-viewers' case of Jimson *vs.* Jackson, and will have to ask you, gently but firmly, to withdraw.”

My notes of an interview with Sir Richard Cartwright are held for another letter. Yours ever,

ANNA NYAS.

### HEAR! HEAR!

“FRECHETTE and Haliburton should have their societies and worshippers like Browning in England and Emerson in the States.”—*Montreal Herald*.

FRECHETTE! all hail! and Haliburton too!  
And Wilfrid Chateaucclair, perhaps, is three!  
Behold! we Canucks low on bended knee  
Worship and try to read your works all through.  
Away with Shakespeare, Milton and the crew  
Of ancient England's lights of poesy—  
Replace them with a modern lamp, *mais, oui!*  
And show the world what Canada can do.  
Browning in bronze on many a mantle stands  
Across the water, while across the line  
The marble bust of Emerson doth shine,  
And before each a nation claps its hands.  
Then up, ye sons of Canada, prepare the crown;  
Catch your great poet and fall prostrate down.

MRS. GUPPY says there must be speech in the lower animals. She has heard of deer-stalking.



### ON THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH.

MR. COHN—“Hurry up, Rebecca. Put der emeralds and der green umbrellas in der vindow. Ve must peen loyal to der day, you know!”