

### AN OUTRAGEOUS SUGGESTION.

SOME ridiculous person writes to the *World* as follows:—

*Editor World:* In no quarter of the world in old established nations with immense populations can we find three expensive governments within a few hours' ride of each other. In the name of all that's just and logical, why do we Canadians with our very small population put up with gross extravagance in keeping up three Governments close to each other here? Surely Ottawa, Quebec and Ontario should need less governing. What do your common sense business men and readers think? Are we richer than other countries?  
A PUZZLER.

We are pained and astonished that so loyal a journal as our one-cent morning contemporary should give place to such a seditious letter as this. It is a covert thrust at the glory of the Dominion, which consists in the multiplicity of Legislatures, Upper and Lower. This iconoclastic "Puzzler" would not hesitate, apparently, to wipe a lot of these august bodies out of existence. And what is his ground for such a traitorous suggestion?—the sordid, grovelling one of economy! He thinks we can't afford to keep up so many Governments. This shows how little comprehension he has of the genius of the Canadian people. He does not know that our national watchword is *Blow the Expense!* Nor does he seem to apprehend the real function of these many legislatures, which is not so much to make laws as to train statesmen. The Provincial Assemblies and Legislative Councils scattered singly or doubly from the Atlantic to the Pacific form a grand university of statecraft, from which graduate the shining lights of politics whose names have made our country illustrious to the uttermost ends of the earth. Where is the land so benighted that it has never heard of Mowat and Longley and Greenway and Robson and Blain and Mercier? All these, and many more of equal renown, are the product of this magnificent chain of political schools. If for a moment, under protest, we do descend to the low consideration of expense, it may be frankly admitted that we could get along very well with fewer Governments, but we would have to be content with fewer distinguished statesmen. Will any patriotic Canadian, however, give a moment's thought to such an idea? No! A noble indignation stirs at the very idea. Our bosoms swell with national pride as we exclaim unanimously, *Blow the Expense!*

### A BITTER MEMORY.

I SAW her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,  
That stately tread, that drooping head, that white, unyielding brow.

Alas! why must such sorrow be? Would that we ne'er had met,  
When meeting thus must ever be remembered with regret!

Oft I recall that anguish keen, that overwhelming blow  
That crushed me helpless to the earth in the days of long ago!

I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,  
With stately tread and drooping head, and white, unyielding brow.

Although we met in silence, what bitter pain I felt  
When that Nannie goat advanced and took me right below the belt.  
F. W. HARVEY.

### THE WAH CLOUD.

BIXBY—"Europe is apparently on the verge of an outbreak. The tramp of armed hosts is heard in every direction."

IZZARD—"Is that so? Why, that must be the walk loud that we hear so much of."



### "LOGIC IS LOGIC."

Here is a picture of the logical conclusion of the prevailing system, which regards land as a merchantable commodity, which may be owned and held out of use, and from which trespassers may justly be ejected. If an acre may be thus owned, why not a planet? And why would it not be as *just* for the landowning minority to eject the rest of the human race, as it is for an individual landlord to eject an individual tenant?

### AN 'ARMLESS JOKE.

MR. DAVIN made a speech at Ste. Anne's de Bellevue lately, in aid of the Fresh Air Fund. He opened by telling of a Cockney waiter at Ottawa who remarked to him, apropos of this engagement, "I see, sir, you are going in for fresh hair," which he at first mistook for an impudent insinuation that he had begun to use some hirsute restorer. His speech was, as usual, witty and eloquent, and was the talk of the city clubs next day. Smith happened to be dining at one of them, when Brown enquired interrogatively, "By the way, Davin has one arm, hasn't he?" To which Smith replied insufficiently but truthfully, "He has." Next day an excited person rushed into Smith's office exclaiming, "What's this about Davin? Brown tells me that you say he has only one arm." "No," replied Smith, "I did not say *only*; I meant to add that he has also another, but Brown was so intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity that he talked straight ahead, telling all he knew and a great deal that he didn't know about Davin." Just then the telephone rang up wildly and a voice demanded peremptorily, "What do you mean by saying that Davin has only one arm?" And again the whole explanation had to be given. This sort of thing has now been going on for some days, and Smith's business begins to suffer from the interruptions. But it only shows how most of the Davin stories originate. Smith has taken a solemn vow never again to give an evasive answer.

### SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

DINGBATS—"Radley is a thoroughly square fellow as ever I met."

PEEVICK—"Is he? You surprise me. I thought he was a rounder."