

THE Single Tax movement has advanced with rapid strides, as is evidenced by the support received by the proposal to change the law so as to allow municipalities the power to re-adjust local taxation and shift the burden upon the land. Aldermen who refuse the people the right to pronounce upon the question ought to be retired to private life at the earliest opportunity.

THAT "IMPROMPTU" LATIN SPEECH.

GOV. STANLEY—"The deuce you say! One of the Upper Canada College boys going to address me in Latin, and I'm expected to reply to it! By Jove! that's too much. Addresses in Canadian English are bad enough, but Latin—"

AIDE-DE-CAMP—"Well, your Excellency, I suppose I can get a translation of it in advance, so that you can catch on—beg pardon, m' lord, I mean you will be able to follow the address."

GOV. STANLEY—"Ah, but my dear fellah, the worst of it is they'll expect me to reply in Latin. Never do, don't you know, to be beaten by a schoolboy, especially as the flunkey press of this country have made me out a sort of Admirable Crichton."

AIDE-DE-CAMP—"Then what do you mean to do, me lord? Shall I say you'd rather dispense with the Latin address and let the youth frame his remarks in his native Canadian dialect?"

GOV. STANLEY—"No, that won't do. Could be managed nicely in England, but in this country the newspapers get hold of everything. Why, if we did that, we should have the boy running to an editor and telling how he stumped the Governor."



EASILY PREVENTED.

ISAACS—"Let me sell you dat flannel shirt. It will lasht you forever."

HAYSEED—"But it will shrink when it is washed."

ISAACS—"Vell, don't you vash it, den."

AIDE-DE-CAMP—"Then you mean to reply in Latin, me lord?"

GOV. STANLEY—"Practically I see no other course. If I can manage it successfully it'll please the Canadians and give the loyalists an answer to the malcontents who are always complaining about my salary. Think of it! A paltry ten thousand pounds a year seems a fortune to some people in this beggarly country! However, some of them have got the idea that I'm a man of vast scholarship and erudition."

AIDE-DE-CAMP—"And you want to live up to it."

GOV. STANLEY—"Just so. But 'pon my soul, I don't believe I've opened a Latin book for thirty years. However, just get me the English of this confounded address, will you? I suppose I can put together a sentence or two, and then work in a few quotations from Horace and Virgil. Deuced bore to have to remember the thing."

AIDE-DE-CAMP—"Perhaps I'd better get one of the professors to give you a little assistance."

GOV. STANLEY—"Ah, do like a good fellah. I'll pull through an impromptu Latin speech with a little help."

AIDE-DE-CAMP—"In other words, you'll let him prompt you!"

GOV. STANLEY—"Eh?"

AIDE-DE-CAMP—"Beg pardon—nothing, my lord. I'll attend to the matter at once."



MAL APROPOS.

MORELLA—"What is Miss Frostique looking so mad about?"

BEEWAX—"Old Sillipate tried to compliment her by remarking that her age rests very lightly on her."