



An Easy Lesson About Coin.

MR. CHARLTON.—Now, my dear lit le WAL-LACE, I will try to ex-plain this mon-ey question so clearly that you will understand it. You see this bit of gold I hold in my hand? It is a coin. It is what we call Sol-id mon-ey. It is not flat mon-ey. The Gov-ern-ment did not call it into ex-is-tence just for fun, as they might do if it was only a use-less bit of pa-per. It be-came a coin be-cause men need-ed a me-dium of ex-change which pos-sess-ed steady val-ue, pur-chas-ing power, flu-ency, port-ability and divi-sibility. If pump-kins had pos-sess-ed all these vir-tues, they might be used for mon-ey. But they don't. Nei-ther does pa-per. So when we use pump-kins or pa-per as mon-ey, we only do so for con-veni-ence, and with the under-stand-ing that gold or silver coin is the ba-sis of it. So you see, my child, how sil-ly it would be for the Gov-ern-ment to declare pump-kins or pa-per a le-gal ten-der on its own re-spon-si-bility.

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FROM R TO S.

MR. RUNTING, M. P., *Bigditch*.—A literary member; strong supporter of the New Tariff, and of very refined ideas. Is anxious to refine everybody and everything, but the great object of his life is the refinement of sugar. It was not his desire to flatter the people of Canada, but he felt proud to say that when it came to refinement, especially as regards his favorite import—namely sugar, that the raw material was much better in his own countrymen's hands to gain that end than in those of the tricky and bass-wood-ham manufacturing Yankees, who, if they still would insist upon imposing on us impure sugar and molasses, would at least have to do so syraptically, or pay a heavy duty. Concluded with the facetous remark that although our climate would not permit of the growth of Cave, we at least would be Abel to compete with the Yankees.

Mem.—Think the Hon. gent is giving us "taffy."

MR. SOLACE M. P., *South Old Folke*.—His motto is *flat Justitia*. All money is flat, gold is flat, silver is flat, everything, in fact, is flat. Would issue money on the security of Public Works. In constructing canals, money as well as water was locked up.

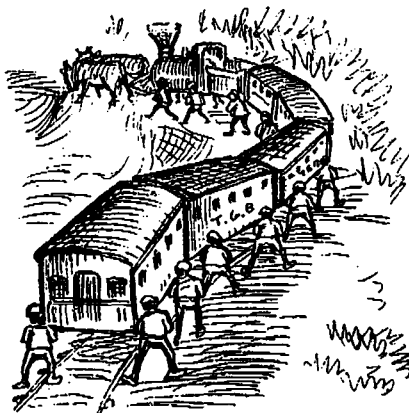
True it is that money would have to be raised to construct them, but after they were finished behold they represent a great deal of capital, and are in fact good security for paper issued representing their cost. Can't get exactly yet into understanding the Hon. gent's logic, though he may be correct. Know it costs money to build a house, can't imagine I can make anything by mortgaging it. However I can't afford to try the experiment.

Mem.—Must consult privately with this member as to how to "raise the wind."

The Prison Labor Problem Solved.

MR. MACKENZIE had Sir JOHN on the hip when the Penitentiaries item of the estimates was under consideration. He reminded the Leader of the Government that, last session and on various platforms during the canvass, he had pitched into the Government for employing the convicts in manufactures, thus bringing their labor into competition with that of the poor but honest people outside, and sarcastically asked what Sir JOHN intended to do about it now—did he mean to keep the convicts idle, or would he allow them to compete with honest labor. Sir JOHN, in his mildest tones, said that the Government would see that the convicts were employed in such a way as not to compete with honest labor. MR. COURSOLO pointed out the fact that even the breaking of stones competed with honest labor, as many people earn their bread by that industry in the winter, and then proceeded to solve the problem of prison labor in a way that his chief had not dreamt of. He proposed to employ them solely on manufactures, and that the products of their industry might not come into competition with private enterprise, and disturb the normal condition of the market by reducing prices, he would have all the articles made in the prison factories exported to the United States, and slaughtered there. MR. HOUNE, a brilliant young editor, who represents a Quebec constituency, saw no joke in the proposal, but MR. MACKENZIE truly said that its comic suggestiveness was delightful.

THE Rev. MR. POOLE says the British Nation is identical with the Lost Tribes of Israel, and Rev. MR. HUNTER says Brother POOLE is raelly mistaken about this. And so, Brother P. challenges Brother H.—not to a walking match, thank goodness,—but to a public discussion of the subject, which will probably take place next month.



PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT IN SPEED AND SAFETY OF THE T. G. & B. R.Y.



The Three Fishers

Three fishers rose up in the Tariff debate, ROBERTSON, SNOWBALL, and FLYNN by name; And each did strongly and pointedly state That to tax the fisherman 'twas a shame.

But fishers must work
And consumers must weep,
And there's little to do
And prices are steep
And the Opposition is groaning.

Brave ROBERTSON spoke 'gainst the corn meal tax;
Taxed blankets and fish books disgusted SNOWBALL,
FLYNN dwelt on the cruel and stubborn facts
Showing fishermen get no protection at all.
But &c.

A Toe-ry Distarber.

Business nearly came to a standstill in the House of Commons the other night. MR. MACKENZIE had the floor, and, for once, failed to secure attention. Members were nudging each other, whispering, snickering and looking towards the Speaker's gallery. MR. SNOWBALL, who usually pays the Leader of the Opposition the compliment of respectful attention, lay back in his chair, with his opera glass glued to his eyes, and the splendid diamond on his finger showing to the best advantage. MR. ROCHESTER, also, and the other baldheaded members, all of whom, by the way, have opera glasses, were gazing at the gallery. The Minister of Justice, after a prolonged look, yielded to the demands of MACKENZIE BOWELL and loaned him his binocular. MR. MACKENZIE stopped with indignation in every particular line of his wedge-shaped face, and asked why he could not have some attention, from one side of the house or the other. The baldheaded men did not lower their opera glasses, but some of the others looked at MR. MACKENZIE a moment, and then looked back at the gallery. MR. MACKENZIE looked also, saw that he had no chance to get attention just then, and sat down. The toe of a No. 2 slipper caused all the commotion.

THE nose is a head scenter.

A very small young lady indeed,—Miss LILY PUTIAN.

WHEN an Indian wants his daughter, he calls for his lass-o!

A good play for disappointed miners at Leadville to witness "Le(a)d Astray."

"EATING matches are the latest eccentricity. We have heard of children being poisoned by them." Well, we always thought that eating matches were made up of pies un things.