



NOT TO BE COAXED; HE SEES THE CLUB.

THE HOUSE ADJOURNS.

THE session is over at long last, to the vast relief of the members and the country—although it is true the country was being relieved pretty freely before adjournment. His Excellency has given the royal assent to a long list of bills, of which it may be said in general that they are either useless or harmful. We ought, no doubt, to be thankful to our representatives for enduring so long a siege of wearisome duty, and so we are. But the solemn fact remains—and the members know it as well as any of us—that the session has been a waste of valuable time and not easily earned money, so far as the interests of the country are concerned. Both positively and negatively has this loss been inflicted—positively by such humbug measures as the subsidy voted to the “fast steamship line,” and negatively by the inadequate manner in which certain plain hoodling revelations were dealt with. As to the great question of Tariff Reform, which was to have crowned the session with honor, whatever else might have been done or left undone, it was a veritable fake. It was as if the protected interests allowed Mr. Foster to imagine for a few minutes that he was free to act for the people, and then, when he had made some necessary changes in the Tariff under this impression, quickly restored him to the knowledge that he is a mere automaton and made him undo nearly all that he had done.

BISLEY.

FROM the amount of space the proceedings at Bisley occupy in the daily papers we take it that it is a matter of very considerable importance to the Dominion of Canada that her citizens should be able to shoot a rifle straighter than other people. There seems to be a species of glory connected with the matter in some way, though we cannot quite make it out. The utility of straight shooting among soldiers fifty or one hundred years ago was quite

apparent, and rifle matches, as a means of developing skill in the art, were understandable. But now that the soldier business has been resolved into a mere question of machinery; when a pale cheeked scientist with the new fashioned gun can sit at his ease and mow down whole armies of athletes a mile away, it will be little to the purpose that each of those athletes won prizes at Bisley. As a peculiarly military institution there is no excuse for Bisley and the newspaper space it occupies.

“Out on strike!” cried the Umpire, as they led Debs to jail.



ONE.

“Where are you off to, Wheeler?”
“Oh, just going for a—