

A high tariff is the devil's masterpiece in politics, but it wouldn't do for the preachers to mention this, as so many good Christians are standing in with his majesty on this line.

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THE Parkdale Council passed away on the evening of the 20th, amid the lamentations of those office-holders for whom there is now no use. Hereafter the rising statesmen of the suburb will get their initial Parliamentary training in the chamber at the City Hall, under the immediate superintendence of Ald. Baxter. This advantage more than compensates for any loss or inconvenience that the extinction of the local council may have involved.

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MR. DAVIES had a fine reception in Toronto, and delivered his address on Reciprocity to a large and enthusiastic audience. He set himself the task of proving that a bird can fly better with its wings unclipped, and, in the opinion of a good many, he succeeded. There are some people with high foreheads in our midst, however, who are not open to conviction on this point. The *Empire* is their official organ.

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IT would be an advantage to all concerned if more frequent opportunities were afforded the people of Ontario of hearing distinguished speakers from other Provinces, and *vice versa*. At present there is but little of a national sentiment; our fellow-citizen of the Maritime Provinces are greater strangers to us than the people of New York State. The platform presents a pleasant medium of mutual exchange of ideas, and ought to be taken advantage of. Cannot the Young Conservatives now give us a chance to hear Hon. John Thompson?

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AN exchange says that "a West Virginia boy, aged seventeen, who was 'simple' from his birth, was sandbagged the other day, and it effected a complete cure in his mental derangement, starting him in, however, on even terms with new-born babes, as far as faculties go." Here is a new and easy method of reforming Parliament. *Vive le sandbag!*

AN INTERRUPTED SPEECH.

BROWN—"Your friend Skinner looks like a skeleton. What ails him?"

JONES—"He works too hard. He has been sick, too. Only yesterday he threw up a whole ton of hay—"

BROWN—"Phew! a whole ton of hay! No wonder the poor wretch looks thin!"

JONES (*sarcastically*)—"You're awfully smart! I was merely going to say he threw the hay into the loft." (*He walks off in high dudgeon.*)

WHICH END OF THE BROOM?

THOUGH always believing in woman's suffrage, we never do anything blindly. Therefore, before we irrevocably give it our support at the ballot-box, we demand, firmly but respectfully, that Dr. Emily Stowe explain this sentence in her speech of the 14th. She says, "Woman always carries her broom with her. . . . Let her enter the political arena, and she will use her broom well and effectually." What we want to know is, *which end?*

SUGAR WEATHER.

SAY, if I could leave this office for about a week or so, I'd go off some sunny morning to a sugar-bush I know, Where I'd help to clean out sap-troughs and to hunt for last year's spiles,

And to carry brush in armfuls from the dry and brittle piles, Where I'd help to hang the kettles from the crotch-supported pole, And the big and heavy back-logs into place I'd help to roll; For I know as well as any just how everything is done When the winter days grow sunny, and the sap begins to run.

How we youngsters used to hustle when the first warm airs of spring

Came a-wandering o'er the snow-drifts! How the old woods used to ring

With our laughter, as we struggled for the first sweet drops of sap, As they slowly swelled and glistened on the spile beneath the tap, How the back-ache used to gripe us, and how tired we used to feel, As we carried sap in pailfuls, and how sweet our mid-day meal Used to taste beside the camp-fire. Oh, there's lots of work and fun,

When the winter days grow sunny, and the sap begins to run.

What great sport we used to think it, and what yarns we used to spin,

When an extra run would keep us rather late "a-boilin' in." How the shadows used to gather while we sat around the fire, Waiting till the syrup thickened, list'ning to our slickest liar, But the "sugaring-off"—By thunder! I'd trade all the city's joys For one good old taffy-party, with the country girls and boys; For I still remember clearly just how everything is done When the winter days grow sunny, and the sap begins to run.

But, in a dingy office, up a narrow, creaking stair, I can but dream of freedom and the joyous country air. Though now, just as I once was, all the boys and girls are gay, For sugar weather's coming, with its hours of work and play; Though I'm longing to be with them, on the dear old maple farm, Where mem'ry finds but beauty, and reveals each simple charm; Yet I can but see in fancy all the things that will be done When the winter days grow sunny and the sap begins to run,

P. KUS.

How to treat Burns—Read him.

THE old apple-woman says that her business is at a standstill.



GRAMMATICAL.

FLOSSIE (*to her elder sister*)—"Say, Gerty, Mr. Smalltawk, who was here last night, doesn't know much grammar, does he?"

GERTY—"Why, Flossie! what do you mean?"

FLOSSIE—"Well, he said, 'Would you like to go and see 'She?''" He should say *her*, 'cause that's after the verb, you know."