

the North-West it is "the rebellion was justifiable;" in British Columbia, "annexation," and in Ontario nine-tenths of the Grit party are looking for either annexation or independence. Their whole policy is one of disintegration and dismemberment, not only for the Dominion, but for the empire at large. The Liberals are simply a milder mannered gang of Anarchists, who are determined to pull down all that the Conservatives have built up by years of careful patriotic endeavour.

At no period of the history of Canada has the country been more in need of a strong, loyal, patriotic and Conservative Government than it is to-day. Anarchy must be nipped in the bud if the break up of confederation is to be avoided. Fancy what the Dominion would be if governed by Mr. Facing both-ways Blake, Mr. Laurier, the avowed rebel, Mr. Hermann Cook, who "doesn't care a — if it costs \$10,000," Mr. M. C. Cameron, the Annanias of the party, Mr. John O'Donohue, the Judas Iscariot, Mr. D. Mills, of the elastic conscience, Mr. J. D. Edgar, the party procurer, and Sir Dickie, the knight of the direful countenance!

Do you think yourself that the country would stand it? Do you, as a Protestant, agree to being dominated by the Catholic minority? Have you cast aside the glorious principle of civil equality? Do you not think that the French have enough special privileges by their treaty rights without giving them any more? If so, come out from among the men who, for the purpose of gaining office, advocate all these things, and are prepared at a moment's notice to introduce others still more distasteful to the loyal and patriotic majority.

"Oh yes," but you will say; "these are only election cries, got up during popular excitement for a certain purpose." Suppose it is so, are you going to entrust the Government to a lot of men who, for the basest purposes endanger the stability of the country, ruin its credit, and by a course of deliberate falsehood attempt to spring into places where their anti-election cries may be forgotten? If they get up these excitements and party yells merely to gain power, how lost are they in moral obliquity, and how deep they are in political degradation! In the forcible language of the late Hon. George Brown, truly they can only be described as "abandoned men."

The Reform Party of to day is a very different party to that left by the Hon. George Brown. Mr. Brown at least had some scruples, some principles, some patriotism, and some consistency.

Mr. Blake's molluscous constitution has neutralized any force he ever may have possessed, and rendered him destitute of any and all of the above attributes.

THE GALLEY BOY.

A WONDERFUL TELESCOPE.

A Leipsic paper contained the following advertisement: "The telescope of my make will even bring a fly at a distance of two miles so near that you can distinctly hear it buzz."

Would looking through the wrong end send flies you can hear buzz off two miles away?



The theatres are arrayed in their holland summer undress, the "flies," strange transition, are full of cobwebs, and the members of the "profesh" are away wrestling with summer boarding-house keepers. *Le Drama est Mort, Vive le Drama!*

The great and only Sparrow represents here in himself, Comedy, High Tragedy and Screamy Burlesque. He (or rather his brass band) also upholds "Music."

He will continue to astonish people all this week at ten cents an astonishment. Thi. Sparrow is worth seeing; he is an amusing bird.

Madame Christine Neillson is attracting European attention by her various whims and vagaries. It is said that her bedroom is papered throughout with hotel bills. It is not said whether they are received.

I go a fishing.

THE MAN AT THE PLAY.

WISDOM'S ARROWS FROM FOLLY'S BOW.

An individual rites 2 me and sa's: "There is kno room 4 fooler hear; wat r u going to do about it?" Mi friend, i am very sorry for u, but we can do nothing 2 ade u; u wil b much happier in heven, and the wether there is kool; b resined—then the rest of the world will b.

I here the deacon wants to cell his steme engins; he sais donkey power is sufficient to run the *Globe* now-a-dais. Rite u r deacon; try old Dicky, he can run a *cart rite*. Yes, deacon, i opine that dicky will du u al. N.B.—The larst figure represents the circulation of the *Globe*; its puls is very feeble, poor old crechure!

Ware's pica; is he "ded matter," or ony got stale? tu tu stale i mene. The citizens r anxious to attend his obseques; will he please rise *a gale* and tell us some mor no'onparelled *facts*?

Our religus editor is here; i am the blited man; no kards after 12 p.m.

Our fir'n' editor is also loose; *his* name is "Git;" at leste he sais so. Visiteres are always welcumed at the free hospital. He is a "shakur" by crede.

O tate, tate, tate, is the hat story true? Surely you were bred up differently; u should rise *lite-ly* before a *batch* of dignity, this is *dough-lorus*. There is no *barm* for your soul, go tate and *loaf* and think of your *heavy sins*.

G. H. C.

An old lady said she never could understand where all the Smiths came from until she saw a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."—*Tit Bits*, (England).