

cares anything about the fellow, anyway, with his black eagles and white bantams, and all the rest of it. If he didn't happen, by accident, to be an Emperor, nobody would give him a moment's consideration, and it is about time that sensible people in a free country like this had got over worshipping "rank."

* * *

ONCE get a reputation for political shrewdness—you can do this by seeming shrewd—and you can then keep your reputation by doing and saying things sufficiently stupid to paralyze the public mind. This is the result of our study of the career of James G. Blaine, and some big people nearer home.

* * *

MR. COX is discharged from custody and returns to grace the ranks of select society. Isn't it too bad that the courts will not take the word of even a good broker? Mr. Cox told them plainly that he was not guilty, but they wouldn't accept his statement. Now, after a great deal of trouble and expense, they find he was correct.

* * *

IT is given out that Sir Hector Langevin is to succeed Sir John Macdonald in the leadership of the Conservative party, and M. Mercier is to take charge of the Opposition. This announcement is regarded with more or less consternation by some of the believers in French aggressiveness, and it will be gratifying to all such to learn that a new language system, by which French can be learned "at a glance," has just been published.

* * *

HON. EDWARD BLAKE has so far recovered his health as to be able to resume the practice of his profession. The *Mail* says this announcement will be gratifying to everybody. But what about the opposing counsel in the Chancery Court?

* * *



PERHAPS, after all, the authorities of Trinity Medical School acted harshly in dismissing the drunken hoodlums who broke up the inaugural lecture the other day. A little investigation would no doubt have shown that the unfortunate greenhorns thought they were doing their bounden duty in filling themselves with whisky before going to the lecture room, it having been reported in the rural districts that "meds." always did that sort of thing. In their anxiety to obey what they conceived to be the rule of the college, they took a little too much, that was all. It is a pity that an end cannot be put to the notion that the fact of his being a "student" absolves a young man from all obligation to the ordinary rules of decency and good manners.

* * *

THE all-fired smart folks across the border are guying the London police for their failure thus far to detect the Whitechapel murderer. We are assured that it would be impossible for such a criminal to go uncaught in New York so long. Well, it may be that the London sleuths are a little slow, but it would look better for our American cousins to withhold their caustic criticisms until they have captured the murderer of Mr. Snell, of Chicago,

who has been at large for nearly a year. It happens, too, that they have the name and full description of the fugitive in this case.



AN AVENUE EPISODE.

AFTER LONGFELLOW—A LONG WAY.

HE stood on the street at midnight,
The cop as he counted the hour;
And the moon rose o'er the city,
But still he would glower, and glower.
For along the long black lintel
Of a store in the avenue,
A bunch of ripe bananas
Hung temptingly to view.

How often, oh, how often!
As that cop on his beat passed by,
He yearned for those bananas,
While he paused to gaze and sigh.
How often, oh, how often!
Did he wish he could play the snide,
Like the fox with the grapes in the story,
As he paced till the morningtide.

But with the first hint of the dawning
Came the *World* route-boy, "Billee,"
And he saw the bananas and whistled
Low and sweetly for inward glee.
But the eye of the cop was on him,
And his voice was in his ear:
"They've forgot to take in them bananas,
I'll give you a boost—come here."

And so on the tall cop's shoulders,
Stood Billy with knife in hand;
He cut down that bunch of bananas,
And brought them safe to land.
And the cop he gave Billy seven,
But himself took the lion's share,
For he stripped off twelve fine bananas,
And the stalk left lying bare!

MORAL.

For so long as people are careless,
And leave things o'er night at the door;
And so long as bananas are toothsome,
And mankind as heretofore;
The cop with his big white buttons,
And his helmet, shall appear
As the symbol of police protection,
And its wavering practice here!

JAY.