

higher mathematics and in philosophy than we have to start them in life with \$1,000 capital." It certainly does seem too much of a good thing to tax people for the support of Universities in which they have no interests, directly or indirectly. It is the "Protective" swindle applied in the domain of education—taxing the many for the benefit of the few.

WHO says the *Globe* is losing its tremendous mental grasp of old? It cannot be denied, at all events, that its guessing-power remains in full vigor. On the day before the opening of the Local House, and with nothing to assist him but an advance proof-sheet of the Speech from the Throne, the editor of the *Globe* succeeded in predicting exactly the subjects that would "probably" be referred to in His Honor's address, and, what is still more wonderful, foretold them in the exact order in which they afterwards proved to be arranged!

OUR Special Poet has kindly rendered the address in question into verse, as follows:

Mr Speaker and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

It is with pleasure, gentlemen,
I meet you in the House again;
Our boundary's settled, north and west,
The question now can take a rest,
And old Sir John at Ottawa
Can now retire and chew his paw;
Th' Imperial House has passed an Act
Declaring this to be a fact.
It gives me sorrow, though, to say
We've other trouble with John A.,
We've got a lot of old accounts
Involving very large amounts,
Which we would like to put an end to,
But cannot get him to attend to.
It's just his shilly-shally style
To keep postponing all the while.
Our farmers, I regret to see,
Are much depressed. (What, ho! N.P.!)
Although 'twill put you at your ease
To know they're making splendid cheese.
We're going to fix those Francais schools
According to good English rules.
But, then, you know, of course we can't
Unless you let us have a grant.
We've made more from our timber dues
Than we had hoped; that's pleasant news.
We're settling up in business shape
(With no blue mould and no red-tape—
Mem. for Sir John) the legal rights
Of Rainy River country wights.
We're going to pass some mining laws
Which we'll talk over clause by clause.
We're doing something all the time
To banish poverty and crime,
And this reminds me that a bill
To deal with tax exemptions, will,
With several other timely measures,
Be laid before you for your pleasures.
You'll find the balance, when you look,
Upon the right side of the book;
It's generally mostly always so
With proper Governments, you know.

THE Parisian public, it is said, are fired with enthusiasm over the acting of Sara Bernhardt as "The Maid of Orleans." Frenchmen of a former date fired the Maid of Orleans herself, but it was not with enthusiasm.

This brilliant historical *jeu d'esprit* is, of course, from the *World*, the journal that talks so learnedly about Premier Von Traffee, when it means Von Taafe. Perhaps it is the dazzling brightness of the above paragraph that prevents us from seeing through it, but it appears to imply that the Maid of Orleans was burned at the stake by her countrymen. If so, the paragraph should have appeared in the news columns.

A JOURNAL of this city is greatly agitated lest, by disposing of our timber limits and other assets, the Ontario Government should bring the Province to direct taxation. Now, why should any sane man object to direct taxation? In other words, why should he prefer not to *know* how much he is paying? The only answer to this that we can conceive of is in Barnum's aphorism, "People like to be humbugged." Nothing is more clearly demonstrable than this, that indirect taxation is everywhere and always a delusion and a robbery. The people are beginning to find it out, too.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

FAIR ANNA RESUMES HER REPORTORIAL MISSION—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE OPENING CEREMONIES—INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—THE PRESS GALLERY GALLANTS—PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

OTTAWA, Jan.



LOST my calendar, and don't know the day of the month; and I'm sure I'm not going to let my frigid-acting boarding-house lady know of my dilemma by inquiring of her! This person is just too cold, and unsympathetic, and unlovable for anything. Would you believe it, when I called to see about accommodation, she at

first looked at me as though I were a suspicious character—some young girl who had run away with her father's coachman, or who was canvassing for a book-publisher, or who wanted to start a Woman's Rights Society, or who was going to study for a doctor!

And, do you know, she actually read our minister's nice letter of recommendation over twice, and then looked from it to me and me to it, oh, quite a number of times. It was very embarrassing and provoking—me (perhaps I should say "I") standing there just tired to death with travelling, my hair all mussed, my ulster covered with snow, my feet real cold, and my hand-satchel lost on board that horrid train, with my dear little gold lead-pencil, my tatting, my blank note-books, my circular comb, my return ticket, my letter of introduction to Sir John, my smelling salts, another letter I wouldn't have lost for the world (thank goodness the signature was only initials!) and some more things I couldn't count up—there I stood, I say, while the icy landlady acted in the way I have just been telling you.

But, indeed, I am quite comfortable now; truly and really I am. You need not be at all uneasy on that score. I just showed a little of my spunk and my GRIP card, and madam came right down off her high horse, in