

CLIPPINGS CRITICIZED.

Actors who expect to rant should use some good expectorant for their voice.—*Dunbury News.*

From where does she expect-her aunt?

Mrs. Gaines talks of starting a newspaper.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When she re-gains her senses she'll repent of having done so.

Mme. Nilsson was recently the recipient of a silver urn, worth \$5,000, from her St. Petersburg admirers.—*Ex.*

One good Turn deserves another. She probably sang "Turn-ant!" to repay them for their kindness. It was doubtless urn-ice voice which pleased them. Next!

There is more malice and revenge in a quiet unassuming barrel hoop which rests so quietly on the ground, than is apparent at first sight. For an illustration of this axiom, step on the hoop.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Hoop put that idea into your head?

Jonah was not obliged to pay rent.—*Yonk. Gazette.* No; he was aboard'er. But he didn't like to pay overboard before it was due.—*Graphic.* According to rumor he must have been considered a very objectionable roomer, for he was ejected before the month was up.—*Norristown Herald.*

The church warden bewailed the loss of his s'pew-rent. No more har-puns on this whale business.

Dom Pedro has given to Mr. James R. Partridge, lately minister to Brazil, the grand cross and order of the Rose.

Rose-t Partridge is a very good order to give.

What's the difference between a thirsty physician and a dry doc-k?—*N. Y. News.*

A hydropathic physician is evidently a wet-dock.

Timothy Howe was born in Maine. He may be forgiven, however. He says it shall never occur again.—*Buffalo Express.*

"Shoot" that Howe wit, sir.

There is a movement to restore ex-Sultan Murad to the Turkish throne (spelled thron now), and Murad is ex-sultant over it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The paragrapher who wrote that should be in-Murad in a Pun-itiary.

Smiler laid a handful of ticks on the lounge the other day, and forgetting to remove them, down on them. He will not be sofa getful in future.—*Idle Hours.*

That's so, he'll "tax his memory" in future and won't want a tax re-seat.

The tune for a military company—The platoon.—*Ex.* In crossing a bridge-less river the military find another tune more serviceable—the pontoon.—*Norr. Herald.* And when one regiment is sent up tobacco-nutter, they always have the spittoon.—*Philo. Belletta.*

When travelling by rail they prefer the cartoon.

A parse-imonious old lady—Grammar.

Is pig tail tobacco a "tail of man-chew, ah?"

On the Yosemite, California, you-see mite-y big trees.

A theatrical "dead-head"—The skull of Yorick.

What a patriot should say to an Irishman who indulges in pat-riots. "Fent, Pat, try it."

A man canna walk so weel when he's tired, but a wheel can go unco better when his tired.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 13.

Alexander Mackenzie would be singled out in a crowd anywhere as a strong man—a staunch, sturdy oak in the human forest. His figure is straight and spare, his face thin, and his aspect severe. His hair is a neutral silvery tint, gray yet not giving the impression of grayness. Friends and foes are more or less afraid of him, as he is a most decidedly troublesome opponent to close with. When badged—before a committee by two or three of the Opposition lieutenants he turns on his persecutors with replies that make his friends dance with delight. He fought his way to the leadership of his party by sheer force of character and persistence of purpose, although such a man as Blake was a competitor in the race for the position. Mackenzie lacked Blake's sonorous eloquence, classical attainments and legal training, but he possessed qualities of more use for the successful discharge of the duties of administration, and the party recognized his preeminence as a pilot through the stormy sea of politics. Blake has too much of the quality which Macaulay paints as so important a part of Lord Halifax's character—the faculty of seeing the other side of a question too clearly—for a successful leader. He also lacks repose under censure, and is too easily led into side issues by a wary opponent. Alexander Mackenzie is never visited with the thought that he may be wrong and others right, has the faculty of remaining profoundly silent when a matter is not to be mended by words, and cannot be turned from his purpose by any decoy tactics whatever. He is conscious of having done everything regularly, of having vouchers for all payments, engineers' recommendations for all public works, and defies assault. He is naturally autocratic, and his regime has been marked with some of the evils which are characteristic of absolutism. He has been deceived by those under him into doing many things which should not have been done. Underlings, in his name, have wielded his autocratic powers for their own purposes. When a job is to be put up, such as the undertaking of a public work that should not be undertaken, or the granting of more favorable terms to a contractor who subscribes liberally to the election fund, or the creation of an office where no such office is needed; the movers in the matter would as soon think of putting their heads between the stones of a grist-mill as going to Mackenzie to consider the job. They begin with the inferior officials, and cause a patter of recommendatory drops to fall on the Minister's devoted head. They form around the Engineer, or Chief of Department, make him feel that it is the will of the party in power, and the desire of those who have the ear of the Minister, that he should see the necessity of doing as they want him to do, and finally secure a formal recommendation in accordance with their wishes. If the Minister, still unconvinced, appoints a commission of inquiry into this alleged necessity for increasing the public expenditure, they bring their forces to bear on the investigation, capture them, and the job is done. Mr. Mackenzie has the faculty of discussing a railway route which has been chosen, or a public work which has been begun, as though he had conceived, or surveyed, or built it, and when the route is shown to be not the most favorable, or the work to have been badly planned, he produces the surveys, specifications, etc., of his engineers, and wants to know if he is to be held responsible for errors in the original material with which he worked, telling fault-finders that they might as well blame the geometrician whose calculations are erroneous in consequence of an error in the table of logarithms. In this way he gets the glory of every success, and is never obliged to confess to having made a mistake. He rarely confesses to having misunderstood "an honorable gentleman opposite," or to having been misinformed concerning him, and accepts disclaimers, which he cannot squarely reject according to Parliamentary rules, in a most ungracious manner. "If the honorable member for Lambton will allow me," says a member, interrupting an assault on

himself for something he has said, "I wish to say that my remarks have been understood. What I did say was this," etc. The Prime Minister pauses, looks straight at the gentleman, and accepts the disclaimer thus: "Well, Mr. Speaker, if the honorable gentleman said so and so, and I distinctly understood him to say it (or was informed by several honorable gentlemen that he did say it), he has given evidence of a bad heart, an example of bearing false witness against his neighbor." Fancy the effect of such an acceptance of an apologetic explanation as that. It is no imaginary scene. You will find it in Hansard if that voluminous record of the session is ever completed. "The honorable gentleman thinks a million and a half for the Canada Central an enormous sum," he remarked coolly in reply to some strictures of Beverley Robinson on the subsidy to that line, "but if I remember right the Northern Railway had something like two millions of public money." Then, while the members laughed, the Minister looked straight at Robinson, with the half-amused look around his mouth which is his nearest approach to a smile, and twirled a pencil between his fingers. It is thus that he carries the war into the enemy's camp on all occasions, and forces those who assail him to look to their own strongholds. When his position is apparently indefensible, and the lines of circumvallation are strong and well manned, when constitutional engineers have mined his castle and are prepared to blow it up unless he surrenders, he quietly spikes his own big guns with a wave of his hand, makes a plain common sense balloon movement, and he and his host are safely planted in another position, or face to face with the foe in the open field. The castle, on the keeping of which his safety was supposed to depend, is seen to be of no great importance after all, at that stage of the campaign at least, and all the work of the enemy goes for naught. He is not loved by his followers. Many of them dislike him so much that they hold no communication with him except by letter. And yet they all swear by him, look up to him, vote against any of his schemes with great hesitation, and rarely presume to prolong a debate which he wishes closed. A sturdy Scotchman is Alexander Mackenzie,—clear headed, quick-witted, thick-skinned, strong willed, far-seeing, rough in speech, direct and forcible in argument, intensely secretive, armed at all points, communications always open with the base of supplies, with an iron constitution, and, as David Main once said at the close of an appreciative sketch of S. L. Tilley, "as honest as politicians usually are."

ART EXHIBITION.

The Studio of Mr. John C. Miles, has been a favorite resort of the more refined and cultivated of our citizens, since the opening of the Art Exhibition.

The pictures are all from Mr. Miles's own pencil, and present a great variety of subjects—but consisting chiefly of sea and landscapes and fruit pieces. There are also a couple of sketches of animals, and one of the most popular pieces in the collection, is a *fine simile* of a fine large trout just fresh from the water.

A pleasing feature of the collection, is the careful study of picturesque New Brunswick—evinced in many of the pictures. Such familiar scenes as Drury's Bridge, the Kennebecasis near Millidgeville, the Coast view at Quaco; on the Meadows, Norton; the sketch at Lily Lake; the Squall, off Partridge Island; the Old Elm, at Harding's Point, on the St. John River, and several other New Brunswick scenes, are faithfully done, and have elicited very favorable criticism.

Excepting a couple of water colors, representing views on the Saint John River, the pictures are oil paintings. They are all studies from nature. Several of the pictures have been sold since the opening of the Exhibition. Those remaining unsold on Tuesday next, are on that day to be offered at public auction, at the Art Gallery in the Bayard Building—the sale to commence at half-past 2 p. m.

Is Mer-cury the dog star or skye-terrier?