



"So the world wags."

### THE PREVAILING QUESTION.

BY STANLEY HUNTLEY.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding up one of her husband's scarfs, with her head very much on one side, and wondering whether she had better turn it for future wear, or cut it into patches for her crazy quilt. "My dear, I see that the democrats are opposed to having the republicans build more ships to protect the tariff. Do you know anything about it?"

"Wher'd you see it?" demanded Mr Spoopendyke, shutting his book with a bang and scrutinizing his wife carefully. "What report of a walking match did you get that political intelligence from?"

"It's in all the papers," protested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "As near as I could make out from what they said, the republican navy had run down so much that the democrats were afraid we couldn't defend the tariff in case of a war, and the English would come over here and run away with it. Though I don't see what the English would do with it, for they have all they can do in getting along with Ireland."

"Did that paper advertise the advantages of any especial lunatic asylum that you noticed?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, with much apparent interest in the reply. "Did it set forth the superiority of any particular style of the wooden head over the genuine article? What's the navy got to do with the tariff, anyway? Do you know the difference between the tariff and a tom-cat?"

"It's something democratic, isn't it?" mumbled Mrs. Spoopendyke, who had made up her mind to put the scarf into the crazy quilt. "When the republicans had it, it got pretty high, and I saw by one of the papers that the democrats were standing on it now, I suppose to keep it down. Really, I don't see why they don't let the English have it, if it is such a bother, because—"

"Look here!" interrupted Mr. Spoopendyke, with a groan of despair. "Have you got an idea that the tariff is some kind of an animal? Think it works on springs? Will you convey to my mind some kind of a notion of what you think the measly thing is?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, after deep reflection. "From all they have said about it, I got the impression that it was made of iron and stuffed with wool, though, of course I—"

"That's it!" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, solemnly. "You know more about it than I thought you did. And I suppose you think they stand it up on one end between the two political parties, and the one which succeeds in pushing it over on the other wins the election!"

"Yes," chirped Mrs. Spoopendyke, delighted to find that she had made herself understood. "I know all that, but what puzzles me is, how the democrats can be standing on it when the republicans got their president after all. I know—"

"You know!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, unable to stand it any longer. "That's the trouble with you; you know it all! Take what you know with what you believe, and you only want a few illustrations and a lively agent to be a three-ply directory! Did it ever occur to you that the tariff might be the duty imposed on the importation of foreign goods? Did any of the papers you have been making up into bustles convey that idea to your mind?"

"Then I understand it perfectly," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, preparing to impart her views. "And that's the reason the democrats want it, so England won't get the Irish."

"Who said anything about the Irish and English?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "I said the importation of goods, not people! Think they send Irishmen over here in bales marked 'This end up'? Does it run in your rattling soul that our revenue is derived from canned Irishmen, or Irishmen in the original wood? I tell ye, we put a tariff on foreign manufactures, and the question now is, whether the tariff shall be reduced or not. Now, you settle down on that, and see if you can make anything of it."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, all at sea again. "We have got to make sure of foreign goods, and I suppose that is really the only way to protect them. If we didn't do that, we wouldn't have anything but—but those things that—that we seemed to be able to—to—"

"To what?" asked Mr Spoopendyke, seeing that his wife was beginning to wander, and pouncing down on her. "Don't hesitate to explain yourself. There's no monopoly of the idocy let loose on this question."

"Well," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke, thus encouraged. "If it wasn't for the tariff we'd only have American things, and in that case the republicans would win every election."

"Did that big intellect of yours extract that position from my explanation?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, who prided himself on the lucidity with which he generally put things. "Can't you understand that the democrats want to put down the tariff so that goods will come in free, while the republicans want a tariff so as to make 'em pay? Will I have to build an annex to your head for that idea to slop over into?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "that was the part I wanted to know. But, say, dear, suppose the republicans should put the tariff on the poor democrats. They haven't got anything to pay with. Why don't they let them go free so they can catch up?"

Mr. Spoopendyke looked around the room for a moment as though he expected the walls to help him out. Then he slowly drew off his clothes, jammed them solemnly into the boot bag, and with a heavy sigh dropped into bed.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"It isn't often I get the best of him in an argument, but when I do he never says a word. Some men would talk all night rather than give up. To-morrow I'll put on my hunter's green cloak with beaver fur and go over and tell Mrs. Specklewottle about the tariff, and between that and the cloak I'll make her wish she hadn't said I was too old to sew for the heathen!" And revolving this scheme for the pulverization of her friend in her head, Mrs. Spoopendyke put her front hair up in little tin pans, and sunk into a gentle and refreshing sleep.—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.



The concert of the Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday night, was as usual a great success musically. "Elijah" was given.

The attraction at the Grand just now is a variety company known as the Meteors. A very amusing olio is followed by a still funnier extravaganza entitled the "Book Agent."

On Friday evening, 25th inst., the Caledonian Society will give their annual grand concert at the Pavilion. A specially attractive programme has been prepared, and amongst the stars on the occasion will be Miss Jeannie Thorburn, of New York, Miss Maggie Barr, Mr. Chas. Kelley, of Brantford, and Mr. Thos. Hurst, our popular local comique. A rare treat may be anticipated by the Sons of Scotia and their friends.

### CONSIDER THE SOURCE.

"Father," said a young man, "I am surprised at you. Why didn't you knock the fellow down when he called you a liar? Had it been me, I should have spat him in the mouth."

"Yes, but you see, my son, I am several days older than you are."

"What did you do?"

"I told him that I considered the source, and right here let me say that considering the source has saved many a nose. To wisely consider the source is the acme of human intelligence. Without this disposition, our courts would be the seats of violent brawls and our medical profession would be a failure. When a lawyer, who has a well established reputation as a bruiser, arises and calls a modest and physically inferior contemporary a liar, the contemporary, knowing that forcible resentment would cause pain and the disgrace of a thrashing, but still, not relishing the idea of being called a coward, arises, and with a gravity befitting the deportment of a statesman, replies, 'I consider the source.' You bet he considers the source, and judicious consideration it is, too. The other lawyers, instead of calling him a coward, look on him as a man of discretion and quiet nerve. The doctors are pretty much the same way, and in fact I do not think that the pulpit is entirely free from it. I am a man of much experience, son, and weigh well what I say. When a man who is your physical superior calls you a liar, tell him that you consider the source. If he be of an irritable disposition, and you think that he might place a violent construction on your remark and knock you down, don't tell him that you consider the source, but go away to some quiet place where you can consider it without interruption."

A collection of stamps—Applause in the gallery.—*New Orleans Times.*

Our golden youth, and all others who get their Sunday clothes made by Cheeseworth, "the tailor," will please notice the change of address given in his advertisement on our eighth page.

A Kansas man, upon being roused from his bed at 6 a. m. to split some kindlings, indulged in heathen language, and wished something would come along and convert everything combustible into kindling-wood. Next day a cyclone came along and knocked his house into kindlings, and yet he was not satisfied. It is impossible to please some men.—*Norristown Herald.*