



What renders the Egyptian outlook more critical is the presence of two Medhis in the field. The situation is therefore more critical—for the Medhis.

Five thousand marks (money) released Darmstadt from Kalanime. I wonder how many marks (clubs and things) would be spent before he got released from a crowd of duly authorized sympathizers of poor Princess Alice!

When, at a recent dynamite trial, one of the detectives did not appear, his counsel explained that he was ill with softening of the brain. It would not be difficult to appreciate the excuse as to the softening of the brain of a dynamite detective, if, you could only first bring yourself to believe that a dynamite detective—but, no matter.

And so Toronto contains a regular "Stalwart," who has the courage of his convictions to such an extent that he will "stop that blank paper which gives Blaine a blank racket, blank the rag,"—or words to that effect. You see after all there is such a thing as a Toronto Republican organ which won't go the whole platform invariably. Now, the *News* is made out of different stuff!

The proposal to have dynamite shippers in America make a declaration of its destination and purpose will be frankly met by O'Dynamite Rossa with a shrug of his broad shoulders, a heavenly relaxation of his mobile features, and a quiet observation:—"Shure, it's quite unnecessary, darlints. Ain't I always riddy to give yez the fullist particulars about me purchases, me aims an' me intintions?"

"Would the world be better without lawyers?" is among the questions which the *Varsity* Literary Society will finally determine next session. It would be richer, at any rate,—that is to say that portion of it which doesn't include the lawyers. But I musn't be suggesting or anticipating in this style. Though of course it will be quite right for all of us to understand that the question refers to *this* world only.

I perceive by the "astronomical notes" in the *Globe* that the fiendish hand of Moses Oates is again at its congenial work. I must protest! The Presidential contest is waging. Ice cream is still dear. The Manitoba matter is under grave consideration. Bakers and glue manufacturers are hard at work making political picnic buns. And yet in the very midst of all this momentous matter along comes Oates with a few fresh comets and meteors which he wants us to notice!

The whole business is settled! The *Globe* solemnly and succinctly says:—

Canada needs a Government at Ottawa sternly determined to govern the North-West in the interests of the North-West.

Now, our Manitoba friends having thus loarned beyond a doubt what the real policy

of the Liberal party is, need hesitate no longer to ask. The *Globe* is to be congratulated on its enterprise as well as its candor!

What Hamilton people are not saying: That the Crystal Palace and Dundern parks are luxuries for every citizen, especially east-enders. That a park at the east end would be of no service. That the streets are well-watered, and kept in the best of trim. That the block pavement is rushing. That the city hall clock ought to have illuminated dials. That the drinking fountain in Market-square is a thing of beauty. That the tramcar rails are perfectly level and cause no inconvenience. That the Liberal-Conservatives are a happy lot, and the Reformers ditto.

That ably, independently, consistently, and grammat—but, no! I fancy I had not better get in so many adverbs—conducted journal, the *Globe*, objects to leaving Sir Chas. Tupper alone, notwithstanding his involuntary retirement from the Government and his pardonable absence abroad. But I may point out that the *Globe* very naturally does not want to lose a good, prompt-paying subscriber, who, if not regularly abused, would likely patronize some more enterprising paper. In this connection it is interesting to observe that in referring to Sir Charles and Mr. John Shields in one and the same paragraph the *Globe* calls one "Tupper" and the other "John Shields." Everybody knows what the *Globe* thinks of Mr. Shields, but after this, people will begin to comprehend more fully in what category it would like to place the retired Cumberland war-horse.



SCOTTY AIRLIE IN CANADA.

DEAR WILLIE,—Ye ken I promised tae write the moment we landed, but fegs! that's easier said than done. We got the length o' Toronto yesterday, an' heh! I man, but it's a winnerfu' place: omnibuses an' muckle yellow caravans flecin' here an' there in a' directions, like tae knock a body doon, an' croods of folk poorin' doon the street a' the time, just for a' the war! like a kirk skailin'. I haena' been sae dumfounded sin' the day we lost oorsels on the Broomielawbrig.

The folk here are terrible ignorant though. Ye see I lost my pocket neepyin, an' bein' in sair distress, I jist daunnert intill ane o' the shops on King-street, an' speert at the counter-happer gin he had ony pocket-neepyyin for about tippence ha'penny or so. The creatur' jist glowred at me an' says he "Beg yer pardon." I tellt him there was nae offence that I was awaur o', but I jist wantit a pocket-neepyin. Wad ye beleit,—the muckle cuif was that ignorant, that he didna ken what a neepyin wis! I tuk pity on the puir benichted moudiewart, an' explained that a neepyin' was a clot for blawin' a man's nose in. Weel then, aff he ran, an' back he cam again wi' a bit muslin about sax inches square. Losh! I was mad. "What the deevil d'ye ca' that?" "A handkerchief." "That's no the kind I

want," says I, "I want ane o' the great big red anes, wi' black an' yellow spats in't. Ye see" says I, "we're gaun up to Turtle Mountain to tak up lan', an' I need something tha'll no need washin' till we get there." He said that I wad be apt to tak considerable land up wi' me, if I didna wash afore we got there. "Weel noo," says I "gie me three bawbee's worth o' bools." "Bools!" says he, "what's that?" "Od jist bools," says I, "bools for the bairns to play at the booholes wi'." "Haven't any," says he, "D'ye ken whaur lecars gang tae when they dee," says I very solemnly, "did ye ever hear tell o' Annanias an' Sapherey? Hoo *daur* ye stand there an' tell me sic a lee to my face, an' that box fu' o' bools there richt afore ye." "Bools," says he, "these are marbles." "Weel! weel! then I forgie ye, but ye see I come frae a ceeveleazed kinty whaur they ca' them bools," an' sae I cam awa. I'll tall ye mair neist week,—aboot a' the ferlies we see here—yer brither.

HUGH AIRLIE.

ODE TO THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

I.  
Our good friend Ross, let GRIP extend the grip of salutation.  
To sound, strong will and common sense applied to education!  
For to support the Teacher's cause with GRIP has been the rule;  
And that sagacious bird has still upheld both church and school;  
And the Department oft by GRIP in vain have been incited  
To get the Teacher's poor wage raised, the Teacher's grievance righted;  
In gratitude for service past, in fee for future scholars,  
To give the teacher added zeal that comes from added dollars!

II.  
But somehow the Department of Ontario Education  
Had schemes that seemed far more sublime than other occupation!  
Maintaining Upper Canada Coll., where no "mere trash" intrude,  
But high-toned teachers only teach the high-toned college dude!  
Or grabbing native scholars, of all high-toned laws, transgressors,  
By importation of "quartettes" of foreign-bred professors!  
By multiplying text-books to poor parents most expensive  
To make some greedy publisher's fat pocket-book more extensive!

III.  
That's not *your* sort, friend Ross, 'tis plain; *you* grasp the situation;  
You first have found a new reward to foster education;  
Have forced to practical results that Normal Art School gallery,  
Whore teachers trained to teaching art may draw an added salary!  
Each school-murm holds her head more high, because, for teaching smarter,  
Because, for teaching Art she gets a sum increased each quarter!  
For you've been through the mill yourself, and know how great a feature  
It makes all round that thus you've found a way to HELP THE TEACHER.



MR. BLAINE AS HE APPEARED WHEN "FULL OF EMBARRASSMENT."