



SUCCESSFUL.

HUSBAND (*to extravagant wife*)—"You have succeeded at last in making something of me."

WIFE—"I knew I should. What is it dearest?"

HUSBAND—"A pauper!"—*Pick-me-up.*

of Commons they ought to be indicted before the regular criminal court and there be tried on the straight charge of larceny.

* * *

THE Baseball Association rules do not seem to hold good in politics. Chapleau has made more than three strikes, but he is by no means "out."

* * *

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT essayed to pay some compliments to the new Premier in the recent debate on Laurier's motion. He said he had known the gentleman for thirty-five years, and recognized him as a man of very great ability. But he could not refrain from dragging in that unfortunate Annexation Manifesto business before he sat down. It was force of Abbott with him, you know.

* * *

THE duty on raw sugar has been abolished, while that on refined sugars—eight-tenths of a cent per pound—is retained. Thus, one half dozen sugar refiners get their raw material cheaper while their finished product may command the old price. We consume about 224,000,000 pounds annually, which makes the aggregate duty nearly two millions. This nice little sum we will pay, not to the public treasurer through the custom houses, but to the sugar lords over the grocery counters. Our only consolation in such a case as this is that furnished by the Gospel according to Carnegie, that millionaires know how to use money better than the people at large, and therefore fulfil a useful function. Let us make the most of this beautiful thought.

WE are glad to notice that Sir Richard Cartwright was daring enough in his speech on the Budget to quote from a former utterance of his own to the effect that in the case of direct taxation the burden would fall fairly on the rich as well as on the poor. The feeling against direct taxation in the public mind is nothing better than a stupid superstition, of which the nineteenth century ought to be ashamed. Public men who understand this have too long respected it. We hope Sir Richard will soon find courage to plainly declare that direct taxation is the only honest sort of taxation, and that it is one of the planks in the platform of the party he helps to lead.

THE HUMAN NATURE OF THE CROW.

FARMER CROWDER had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull it up as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I can tell you how to get away with the crows," said neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"You get a gallon of whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beates pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's the crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's completely ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' yours, and it's humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and next morn' I went to the new groun' to see how it worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a big fuss down nigh the branch and went to see what it was; there was a bloated old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, givin' em' one grain of that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn, and dinged if they hadn't clawed up that field in sections."



HOW WE CARRY OUR CANES NOW.