

else's garden. Nor have I any hesitancy in declaring that my innermost soul would have been eventually reached by the sight of the tastefully arranged feather-beds. But, ere I had taken a note in my book; e'en ere I had allowed my thoughts to rest an instant on the most seductive object of my outside surroundings, I would have hurried off to the prison kitchen and jotted down how the "skilly" is made. Yes, I repeat it—that young *Globe* reporter's taste is susceptible of more cultivation.

It pains me to have to chronicle the intelligence that the Confederation must go. My authority for the news is the High Bluff Branch of the Manitoba Farmers' Union, which organization is so well and favorably known throughout the civilized world. The Branch, it appears, has passed a resolution seceding the North-West—although you would really think the object of these farmers would be seceding, rather than seceding, the territory. They are mad, I understand, at some failure or other of the Dominion Premier to do them Justice—with a large J. Another rumour current is that their anger has been excited by the failure of GRIP to do them justice, in the matter of Mr. Noquay's picture. The artist being, they allege, too riotous in imagination, especially in delineating the hon. subject's month. Of course there are some inhabitants of the Prairie Province who may feel inclined to object to the course of the High Branch Bluff, etc., etc. But eventually all opposition will be broken down and the Bluff High Branch triumph, gloriously. This will teach our legislators and eminent artists that it is not safe to trifle with the finer feelings of the Huff Brigh Blanches and things. There is no telling how desperate one of these Bluffers—or rather, Huffers—becomes when sorely tried.

I never attend a sale of unclaimed freight, because I am possessed with the idea that most persons who leave freight unclaimed do so for the reason that the freight is not worth claiming. There is another reason why I don't attend unclaimed freight sales, nor indeed any other kind of sales; but is of a private and pecuniary nature and I need not mention it. But I read in an account of one of these sales that took place a few days ago that an article knocked down to a purchaser at 70 cents was a tombstone. It could not have been much of a monument, I fancy; but when I tell you it was a printer who bought it and explain the object he has in view you will respect his shrewdness and forethought even though you do not go into raptures over his second-hand grave-yard slab. I know this man is a printer, for two reasons. The first—and a powerful one it is, too—is that he could only afford to pay seventy cents for his tombstone. The second is that he must intend the stone for use in his establishment to make up forms upon—or, using the technical term, to "impose" on,—until he dies, when the widow can plant it at the grave, and have a nice paragraph put in the paper about "the imposing stone" erected over the tomb of her late husband. Only a printer could be identified with such a scheme as this.

THE SCALPEL.

PARALLEL CASES.

"In the case against Daly at Birkenhead to-day, Col. Majendie, Chief Inspector of Explosives, testified that in an experiment with one of the bombs found in Daly's possession, it inflicted 160 wounds on twelve life-size wooden dummies."—*Cablegram*.

In the case against the Tories in the *Globe* the other day, the experiment as to a theory of how the bombs got into the parliament buildings has inflicted wounds on every soul in the party and Wilkinson.

HEAR! HEAR!

"Brutal as pedestrians may be to themselves in making such as this (six days' walking match) their business in life, still they are not more brutal to their natures than thousands of very respectable citizens are to theirs in very respectable ways. Just how many years of slavery to the desk it takes the average business man to scrape up the \$20,000 which Fitzgerald has just netted it is unpleasant to contemplate; and vitality, bodily and mental, may be warped and starved in years of abject devotion to business, as well as wrenched and tortured for a week at a time on tan bark."—*A Sporting Editor*.

This is a little bit of an idea which fastens the bung in many a cask of moralizing so tight that there is no right start to it, no matter how you hammer.

NO WONDER!

"Kentucky colored citizens in convention have protested against being made hewers of wood and drawers of water by the Republican party."—*Despatch*.

And who is surprised? Doesn't everybody know that when cutting wood is in the question, the colored man prefers a bucksaw? As to the water aspect of this matter, why introduce it—with the melon season so far away?

THE WRONG PROVERB.

"It's a poor dynamite cartridge that blows nobody any good. Mr. Mowat has engaged a few more officials."—*Mail's Funny Man*.

Or better: It's a poor dynamite cartridge that doesn't know its own father.

DIDN'T FOLLOW SUIT.

"The suit of M. A. Dauphin, manager of the Louisiana Lottery, against the Philadelphia Times for \$100,000 damages for libel, has been thrown out of Court."—*News item*.

It will be a disappointment to many persons to learn that it was only Mr. Dauphin's suit that was thrown out. They expected to find public indignation evince itself in a sort of tangible way, so to speak.

ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"As we look back over his career, there are certain white and shining points in the view which can never fail to attract notice in the most hasty consideration."—*Martin John on Sir Charles*.

Ah, yes! Many and many's the opponent that Sir Charles has snatched bald-headed. But perhaps Martin refers to the dabs of whitewash?

THAT'S ME.

"Londoners do not care for politics. One good bloody murder, from a newspaper point of view, is worth more than anything else that can happen."—*La-bouchere on Journalism*.

It's strange how great minds flow in the same channels. Just see how nicely Lab.'s views are mirrored in Shep.'s paper—with variations! Of course, we musn't forget the variations!

WANT 'EM BOTH.

"There is said to be less demand for seaside cottages than for years."—*Fashion Paragraph*.

Well, you think this seems singular! And yet after all it's only very natural. A chap could worry along nicely with years even if he did not have any seaside cottages. But it would be a mighty hard struggle to live in seaside cottages without years.

ACCOUNTS FOR IT.

"Nearly all Italian singers are enormous eaters. Campanini eats twice as much as an ordinary man, and is at it all the time when he is not singing or asleep."—*Musical Note*.

This may arise from the well-known anxiety of these artists to move in the highest circles. They want to rank with the *ton*—even if it be only the glut-*ton*.

GIVE US A CHANCE.

"But can we, the Tory party, give no good reasons, no good and convincing reasons, to the people for the faith that is in us!"—*Lord Ran. Churchill's speech*.

Lots of us can give the best, sir; lots of us can!—when you give us opportunities—and offices. In fact, sir, it is just possible we might be able to find the opportunities ourselves.

WHO SAYS NO?

"The Austrian Government has lately issued rigorous regulations respecting beautifiers, hair dyes, patent medicines, &c. Those containing poison must be sold by apothecaries only by medical prescription, and none are to be sold of which the authorities do not know the composition, or which they recognize as prejudicial to health."—*Foreign Jottings*.

The next best thing to having a new patent medicine in Canada would be to have our Government adopt these Austrian regulations.



HARRY.—NEVER MIND, CULLIES, I'M GOING TO GET YOU A RESIDENCE WORTHY OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.