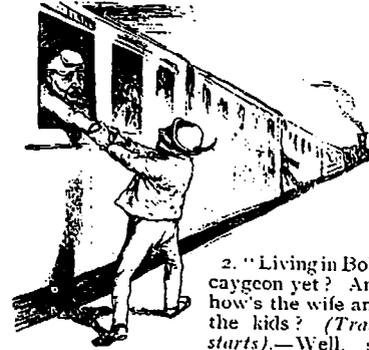


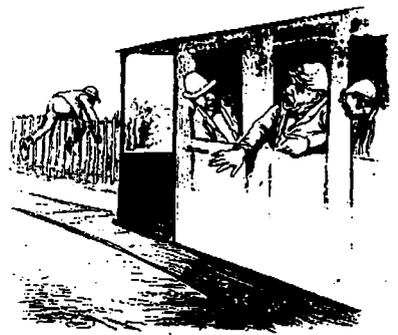
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.



1. "Hello, old man! haven't seen you in a dog's age. How are you?"



2. "Living in Bobcaygeon yet? And how's the wife and the kids? (Train starts).—Well, so long! Take care of yourself. I'll drop in on you first time I'm up your way. Good-bye again."



3. "Well, we're off! And, by thunder, so is my diamond ring!!"

career and labelled "Liberal" and "Conservative"—especially when it is remembered that those designations, as applied to Canadian politics, mean less than ever they did. Signs are not, however, wanting among the membership of a growing disposition to do their own thinking on political questions, untrammelled by the hereditary formulas of the organizations to which they have nominally attached themselves.

IN European countries the young men of the better educated classes are generally instinctively radical in their ideas—impatient of the tutelage of political moss-backs and self-seekers, and ardently desirous to forward sweeping and vital reforms. Hitherto the young men of Canada—with a few exceptions—have either been content to remain aloof from active politics altogether, or have taken their cue from the heelers and the ringsters of the corrupt old parties and joined in the struggle for office, in place of fighting time worn abuses and endeavoring to secure radical reforms.

ALD. E. A. MACDONALD'S scheme for running the City Departments by a popularly elected and paid Board of Commissioners, who will have the executive power entirely in their hands, leaving the aldermen merely their legislative functions, is, in the main, a good one. But why retain the ineffectual and unjust property qualification? Experience has shown that it is utterly unavailing as a means of preventing worthless and self-seeking aspirants from attaining civic positions. Why should not the citizens be free to elect a poor but trustworthy man to any position in their gift if they have confidence in him? The property qualification is undemocratic in intention, besides, owing to the ease with which it can be evaded, being virtually inoperative in practice. Strike it out!

THE BEST HE COULD DO.

SMALL BOY—"Say, dad, I wish you'd get me a bicycle."

OLD MAN—"Can't afford it, my son. Rent too high, coal too dear. Besides, I don't want you to break your neck."

SMALL BOY—"Well, then, a tricycle."

OLD MAN—"Can't do it. But I'll tell you what you can have. When winter comes I'll try and get you a nice long icicle." (*The youngster is pacified.*)

THE POET'S REVENGE.

I was a poet of gentle mood;
And he went as he had done many times
To the editor's office, and there he stood
And read off glibly his soulful rhymes.

But the editor pointed to the door.
"Now this is my busy day," quoth he;
I grieve to say that he also swore,
And cursed the poet right heartily.

The poet retreated down the stair,
And oh! but his spirit was sunk with woe.
And when he got to the open air
He stood awhile ere he turned to go.

He raised his hand in the pale moonlight,
And an oath of fearful vengeance swore,
As he solemnly vowed that from that night
He would never write poetry any more.

He hied him home and he built a pyre—
A heap of manuscript wide and high—
He struck a match and he lit the fire,
And watched them burning without a sigh.

For the milk of his soul had turned to gall
By the cruel wrongs he so long had borne;
He vowed that a vengeance deep should fall
Upon those who had crushed him 'neath their scorn.

So he wrote on the Tariff and such like themes,
And articles on the state of trade,
Crammed full of statistics, wherein no gleams
Of humor or poesy ever played.

He penned long screeds upon "Equal Rights,"
Replete with tedious historic facts;
He plunged head-first into party fights,
And quoted musty, forgotten acts.

His lucubrations made strong men weep,
They were dull as the thud when the trap is sprung.
The soul in sadness he knew to steep
And crush the spirit of old and young.

And the editor welcomed this human fiend,
Whom he erstwhile spurned with a heartless curse,
And his columns were full of the trash unscreened,
For the more they published he wrote the worse.

Like a terrible nightmare upon the land,
His soul-destroying effusions lay,
And he laughed as the reader's face he scanned,
And noted his look of wild dismay.

MORAL.

Scorn not the bard and his harmless verse,
But treat him kindly and print his rhymes;
They are bad, of course, but he could do worse
If he wrote in prose—yes, a thousand times.