



WHY, what's this? Oh, nothing at all. It's only Mr. Nuwed on whom a loaf of Mrs. Nuwed's own baking has fallen, while he was attempting to remove it from the shelf.

inevitable. There really are not enough offices, pensions and bonuses to go round. With the majority of the people who are active in party politics, it is purely a matter of personal advantage, and when men who have spent time and money in the cause see others who, as they naturally think, have no better claims carry off all the pickings, no wonder they feel disgusted. If the system of government by corruption is ever to end, it will be because the number insisting on personal advantages as a reward for taking sides in the party fight increases beyond all possibility of satisfying them.



HOOP! but wasn't that a noble victory of Jimmy McShane in Montreal! "If he dares to run for a fourth term, I'll come out and wipe the floor with him, so I will!" Thus spake the people's James some weeks ago, but Mr. Mayor Grenier took it for an empty boast. He *did* come out, and the floor is now as thoroughly wiped as anybody could wish. Jimmy piled up more than 5,000 of a majority, and everybody is satisfied that Montreal has secured the best Mayor she has had for many years. However this may be, in the wife of the hon. gentleman she certainly has a lady mayoress who, for beauty and social tact, is not to be surpassed anywhere.

AT the grand Conservative rally in this city on Friday, at which five ministers of the Crown sang the praises of high taxation, Hon. George E. Foster dwelt on the fact that Unrestricted Reciprocity would mean a considerable loss of customs revenue to the Government. He asserted that the annual expenditure could not be reduced below \$35,000,000, and that under Cartwright's plan there would only be \$20,000,000 to meet it. "The res- must come from where?" asked Minister Foster emphantly. "Out of the pockets of the people by

direct taxation." And then he drew a picture of the tax-gatherer going to every man's door demanding \$3 or \$4 per head to make up this deficiency. Is it possible that the audience who cheered Mr. Foster's statement, thrown in to clinch the argument, that the country would never stand this sort of thing, really believe that the revenue now raised comes from some other source than "the pockets of the people?" Or, if they know better themselves, do they think that the people generally are so stupid that they don't know and can't be made to realize that indirect taxation costs them not merely the amount required for revenue but the expense of a particularly wasteful and extravagant system of collection? Or were they simply cheering on general principles and because their fathers and grandfathers were Tories?

IN THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE.

THE Garden of Proserpine is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Styx. Here Father Time, the caretaker of the place, loves to rest himself after a hard day's work, under the cool shadow of date palms.

This champion mower is of so industrious a nature that it is impossible to catch him napping here in the present, which is his working time. But in the past or in the future you may sometimes steal upon him, and then he is friendly and communicative, displaying none of that hasty, flighty temper which disfigures his business character. Thus, by taking a glimpse into the future I found him one day, seated upon a mound marked by a plain slab bearing the legend "N.P."

"Pray who was N.P.?" I asked the old gentleman, for I was struck with these initials, which somehow seemed familiar.

"N.P.," he replied, "was a famous highwayman who infested these parts and was the terror of the whole country for many years. He was captain of a large band of robbers, to whom he was very liberal with the spoils, which made them in their turn strongly attached to him. By their aid he made himself master of the principal roads, and levied toll on all who came along."

"How did he escape justice so long?" I asked.

"That is the strangest part of his history," said Father Time. "He had certainly a taking way with him, as indeed most highwaymen have, and could make himself very agreeable whenever he chose. Thus he made many friends, who were blind to his misdeeds, or even excused them on the plea that such were the customs of the country. He himself stoutly maintained that in all his wanderings he never strayed beyond the path of duty, and he had a loud pretension of loyalty about him which deceived the very elect, or at least a working majority of them."

I now perceived that this N.P. was by no means an unknown personage, yet I thought it best to allow Time to finish his tale without interruption, as its end would be a prophecy. So my informant continued:

"One of his schemes was to build a high wall around the country like the great wall of China. He protested that it was also for the same purpose, protection, but it soon became evident that, instead of keeping out robbers, its real use was to corral honest traders so that none could escape him. But this wall was finally his ruin. For when it fell he was found dead among the debris."

"What caused the wall to fall?"

"The same force which overthrew the walls of Jericho—the voice of the people." WILLIAM MCGILL.