



PARTY GOVERNMENT.

SHE—"Ottawa is likely to be very gay during the winter. Some delightful parties are on the tapis."

HE—"Yes, it's a good thing. The greater prominence of the social element at the Capital tends to mitigate the asperities of political warfare."

SHE—"Just so. But I thought you didn't believe in government by party." (And the professor cannot for the life of him tell whether she meant it as a joke or not.)

THE FAKIR'S LATEST RACKET.

"YES, I did think of going to Paris for the winter," said the Fakir, "but I changed my mind. Shall stay in Toronto. I have got a new idea. Money in it? Why, I should say so. It's a wonder that nobody has ever hit on it before now."

"Well, what is it this time?" enquired the assistant editor, jerking his hat away from the vacant chair just in time to save it from being crushed by the Fakir sitting on it.

"It's something unique—entirely unprecedented. It's a Society Directory, in which only the names of those belonging to the *elite* will appear. The idea was suggested by the well-known statement of Ward McAllister, of New York, that the real aristocracy of that city numbered only four hundred persons. But Ward never attempted to classify them—to say just who belong to the exclusive set and who don't. That's where my scheme is an improvement on his. He is a mere idealist, as it were—gives his theory to the world simply as a beautiful abstraction; I am the practical man who comes along and works it for what it is worth—reduces it to actual practice. Now, I propose not merely to show that Toronto has an aristocracy very exclusive and limited in numbers, but to draw the line and tell the public who are the members of this exclusive set, the *creme de la creme* of

the *beau monde*. Excuse my use of the French language. It may be excluded from the schools, but it is absolutely necessary in Society."

"But how will it be possible to draw the line and say just who are entitled to rank among the First Families? What test do you apply?" asked the editor of the Mule and Goat department.

"Ah," said the Fakir triumphantly, "that's the stroke of genius upon which I specially pride myself. That's where the beauty and utility of my scheme come in. The crucial test which I propose to apply is that of willingness to subscribe for a copy of my Society Directory or Guide to the First Families at \$25. See? All the subscribers are, of course, down on the list. Won't that catch 'em, eh? Won't they be so tickled at the idea of being differentiated from the plain, ordinary citizens that they'll come down easy? I don't know whether I hadn't better put the figure up to \$50."

"But what is to prevent people whose parents have been butchers, and tavern-keepers, and tailors, from paying your \$25 and getting their names on?" asked the assistant editor.

"Prevent 'em! Why, who wants to prevent 'em? Those are just the kind of people that the scheme is specially intended to catch. Why, I rather expect that about nine-tenths of my subscribers will be folks who have just discovered that it isn't good form to put your knife to your mouth or pour your tea into the saucer. It's those who have just made a little money and have social aspirations that'll bite easiest. Those whose position dates back to the Family Compact won't care so much about it. They are all right, anyway. It's the *parvenus* that are always agitating and worrying about securing social recognition, and if that's what they want, why shouldn't they pay for it?"

"But if you put anyone on the list simply because they pay for it, I don't see that your book will have any value."

"Look here, now," replied the Fakir, "what kind of a sucker do you take me for, anyway? I ain't no philanthropist nor public benefactor. I run the thing to make money, and if it has not any value it's not me that'll get left. If a man is willing to pay for being called a member of the *elite*, wouldn't I be a blamed idiot if I didn't call him one? I should say so. Anybody on the staff want to figure among the aristocracy? I take newspaper men at half price, remember. No? Well, if you feel ready to kick yourselves when you see the book issued without your names, don't say I never gave you the chance. And now I guess I'll get over to the Albany Club. There's a lot of dudes there that I've got on the string."

IT INTERESTED HIM.

CANVASSER—"Now, my dear sir, I have something here which I wish you to consider. Lend me your attention. It is a matter of some interest."

GOSTENHOFFER—"Vy, auf gourse I lends id you if you bays interesd. How mooch per cent. you gif?"

IN CHICAGO.

MRS. FORTETUE—"I am fully convinced that marriage is a failure."

MRS. TWENTYTWO—"I am sorry to hear you say so. Now I am firmly of the opinion that it is a success."

MRS. FORTETUE—"That may be; but you will change your mind when you have tried it as often as I have."