

bribery business. You know while the agitation over the matter was at its height, the *Mail* persisted in calling it "the Grit conspiracy." While the case was before the Assize Court the heading was modified to "the Bribery plot." Since the relegation of it to the Queen's Bench, "the alleged conspiracy" has been found to answer nicely for a caption. Presently, on the theory that postponement makes the recollection grow weaker, "the rumored Conspiracy" will be ventured on: and, that evoking no challenge, the whole thing will be quietly dropped. There may be some doubt as to the 'cuteness of the editor of the *Mail*. But, as a matter of fact, all he really wants is a chance.

I noticed an account in one of the papers the other day of a steamboat race—"an exciting trial of speed" between a couple of vessels on the Upper Lakes. It is quite inspiring, I know, to read the duly authenticated version of an old time Mississippi steamboat struggle, when they used to fire up with fat bacon and hang a colored deck-hand on the safety-valve down below. But I think I could worry along through life without having even so close an experience of a contest of this kind as to just read about it; and I somehow imagine I could pick out a person here and there who doesn't actually hanker to take a prominent part in one except at a reasonable distance. There must be some fun in a full-pressure, all-sail, bound-to-beat steam-boat race, else one would never be engaged in one. But the objection I have to them is that it is quite possible the fun might terminate too abruptly, and without giving you a fair chance to definitely ascertain whether yours or the other boat got in ahead. In other words, I always like to be on shore and alive at the conclusion of a steamboat race. So, while for those who like a steamboat race, a steamboat race is just the sort of thing they like, whenever they propose one on board a boat which I patronize, I shall respectfully but firmly insist on my rights as a British subject and journalist to get off and walk.

The only thing I can think of just now as illustrative of the deliberation of the Grit party in the final selection of a political Moses, is the spectacle of a young man from the back townships choosing a pair of boots from a one-price job lot in a big packing box. The use of the word "Moses" is of course purely metaphorical, and has no reference to the distinguished weather prophet whose other name is Oates. As an out-an-out party man, I could cheerfully recommend Mr. Oates for the Leadership, but the fatal likeness he bears to Mr. Blake would unquestionably spoil him, not to mention the possibility of his being engaged too often hunting for new kinds of weather, and making mysterious almanacs and things when he should be hard at work solving such abstruse problems of State as to whom to give government contracts and shrievalties and new Post Offices. Here is Sir Richard Cartwright in the ring with the Judges' eyes critically upon him. He has good action, but his staying powers, in view of his political instability, are against him. And furthermore, he is so confirmed a Democrat that the *News* says it is going to call him hereafter plain Richard Cartwright. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the proprietor of the *Own* and *Only* Democratic organ hates to be obliged to continually address the heaven-born financier as "Sir Richard," and in turn be treated to the familiarity of "say, Shep!" But at all events no common "Mister" is going to guide the Great Reform Party to the Land of Office while the other side boasts any number of present and prospective well-regulated Knights.

As the law now stands, a woman who prosecutes her husband for non-support—or rather sues him for support—is not a com-

petent witness. If the poor neglected wife who sees her unfaithful husband's wages—that is, providing the scamp earns wages and she ever sees them at all—squandered for drink or to gratify some other brutal appetite of the man, whose duty, legal as well as moral, it is to provide for her wants, is not the proper person to testify to the neglect of which she complains, it would be a more than interesting question to know just who is. Some other woman and the husband himself would probably know as much about the charge as the complainant; but it does not seem quite clear that the law contemplates that the merits of the case are to be decided solely on the testimony from such sources. It therefore appears that there was some reason for the representations made to the Department of Justice by York magistrates who have had an experience of such cases. Alderman Baxter, who led his brother Justices in the *exposé* of this legal anomaly, has received assurances that the Government will not much longer allow it to exist. By the way, it would be a very extraordinary request that any government would care to refuse to a man of Mr. Baxter's well-known good qualities and sound sense—and appearance. This worthy citizen is never backward in coming forward to show himself a gentleman, philanthropist and humanitarian, although an Alderman. If the price of cloth would fall I could cheerfully express the hope that Ald. Baxter's shadow might never grow less.

All this great shaking up of the Wall street hive has made an awful buzz and revealed to the world that all is not honey that you think you see in the comb. If this is not an appropriate figure of speech under the circumstances it ought to be—there now! Knock off the crust from the toothsome-looking millionaire pie and you often discover that you would prefer another dish. I don't intend to preach a sermon on the big burst among the brokers, but no man can proceed to write a word about it without feeling it a solemn duty to point out what was at the bottom of all this financial earthquake, what has been the origin of ninety-nine and three quarters per cent. of people's troubles since the world began, and what is destined to work quite as much misery and wickedness and woe while the world lasts. It was and is and will be *Selfishness!*—with a capital S, italics and exclamation point. The money-getter, for instance, gives his selfish propensities full play, and if he could come to own the whole world he would be miserable till he also had a clear deed of the sun and every one of the known planets; and even after that it is morally certain he would be hiring astronomers to poke the sky full of holes looking for more. And so with every phase and aspect of the insatiable Me and My. He who knows when he has had enough of anything is a man and a philosopher. He who doesn't is either a hog or a fool. Take your choice, gentlemen of Wall-street, without extra charge. The man who goes through life with a soul above Self may not have so much money as one of the opposite type, but he has whole loads of solid joy and comfort.

They say if the hotels cannot afford to supply as good and cheap fare without their bars, temperance people ought to establish temperance hotels and endeavor to prove the contrary. This is about as easy a way to settle this point as I know of. Every temperance man need not go right off now and open a temperance hotel, just because I have endorsed this means to the solution of a perplexing problem; but yet a considerable few of them might begin operations without delay and run no great danger of crowding each other in the business. Take Toronto, for example, and you can count the number of temperance hotels in it on your fingers—or, to be more

particular, on one of your fingers. And if Toronto be a fair sample, it really does not seem as if the proportion of temperance hotels to other hotels in Canada is abnormally large. There is one rule I would make my best efforts to observe if I were to start a temperance hotel, and that is to cater for people as though it were *not* a "temperance hotel"—as the term is now commonly understood; I would consult my conscience in fixing prices; I would give my better tastes a show in furnishing and fitting apartments, and I would hire a cook who knew something, take him into my confidence and dismiss him to the kitchen with the injunction that that day, and till further orders, every guest expected him to do his duty. In thus unbosoming myself, recollect that I have in view the temperance hotel in the abstract, and make no allusion to any establishments here and there in the land the proprietors of which will not have to go down to the grave haunted with the knowledge that their well-developed rates and attenuated table have driven to the whiskey-selling houses many a well-meaning temperance man, possessed of reasoning powers and a healthy stomach.



### THE CODFISH ARISTOCRAT'S "DARTER."

Let me warble and sing of a charming young thing,  
An exquisite, beautiful girl; ah! ha!  
She could play the pnyanmer: like pussy-cat sing,  
And she had a most wealthy papa;  
Ah! ha!  
She had a most wealthy papa.

It is telling no grammar to say that her grammar  
Was not Lindley Murray's (whom every one knows);  
For though the pnyanmer this beauty could hammer,  
She always said "them there" and never said "those,"  
Oh! no!  
She never, no, never said "those."

The smattering of knowledge she'd picked up at college—  
Or "collidge" she spelt it—was terribly slim,  
For, like old Snirey Gamp for "abolish" "abolidge,"  
This darling would say for "that's he" "why, that's him."

By Jim!  
She would say for "that's he," "why, that's him."

I would very much rather not mention her father,  
So I won't, save to say that this dear called him "paw."  
She'd talk of "Yur-rup," and many a spa there,  
And exclaim "Oh; I seen," when she should have said "saw."  
Oh! law,  
She'd say "Oh! I seen," for "I saw."

Her beau was her "foller;" and "yellow" was "yeller;"  
She'd murmur "I'd went" for "I'd gone;"  
She spelt cat with a "k" (a remarkable speller.)  
For "I did" she would e'er say "I done,"  
What fun!  
For "I did" she would e'er say "I done."

But for all this she married; it was on honeymoon carried  
To Yur-rup, thro' Frawnce, back to Ni-ag-a-rar,  
How was it? (Too long on this subject I've tarried);  
How was it? Why, simply she had a rich pa.  
Ha! ha!  
Why, simply she had a rich pa.  
Ta-ta.