



THE CHILD OF DESTINY!

DAVIN—"Your Excellency, you've made a terrible blunder in calling Abbott! Sir John plainly indicated *me* as his successor. When he used the expression, 'After me the Deluge,' who could he have meant but Nicholas FLOOD Davin?"

SMART POLITICS.

THE fellow who imagines that all the political smartness of the Conservative party was buried with the late Premier is making a serious mistake. Just notice how neatly the caucus cleared the prohibition hurdle the other day. Mr. Taylor's plebiscite idea was a pretty clever scheme for getting out of the difficulty which now confronts the party, but the horizon has of late become murky and threatening with church resolutions demanding immediate legislative action, and specifically denouncing the plebiscite proposal. The caucus decided to vote down Mr. Taylor's motion, and in its stead to introduce one in favor of a Royal Commission of Enquiry, to gather information as to how prohibition has worked in those States which have given it a trial. This has a reasonable sound about it, and at the same time it staves the question off beautifully. Besides this, it opens the way for a pleasant and extended tour for a deputation of good Conservatives at the public expense. We will confess ourselves mistaken, too, if the Commission isn't made up of seekers for truth who will feel very much away from home in those parts of the foreign territory in which drinks can't be had.

DOUBLING IT.

IT is on the cards that Premier Abbott is to receive the honor of Knighthood on Dominion Day so as to "increase his prestige." The theory, we suppose, is that two ordinary Sir Johns at the head of the Conservative party ought to make up for the loss of one extraordinary Sir John.

MORAL ETHICS.

A LECTURE AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE BY THE LEARNED PRINCIPAL.

GENTLEMEN,—As moral truth and beauty are more effectively impressed by concrete example than by abstract dissertation, I propose on this occasion to place before you a character which seems to me to fulfil all the requirements of our highest ideals of virtue. As a Christian teacher, I might perhaps be expected to name the Founder of our Faith or one of his Apostles as my illustration, but on this occasion I think it useful to select a man of our own times and of our own country, as more likely to bring home to you the truths I wish to emphasize. My example, therefore, is Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. In the character of this noble, truthful, patriotic and talented Canadian we have the—

*(But the rest of the lecture was inaudible on account of the uproar of mingled laughter, hooting, groans and cat-calls which greeted the learned Principal.)*

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

SCENE—(Warder Office, Lindsay).

EMILY ORANGEMAN—"Shtop my paper, Mистер Hughes, I'm done wid the Tory party!"

EDITOR HUGHES (alarmed)—"Why, what's the matter?"

EMILY ORANGEMAN—"Matter! Shure, you know well enough. Dy'e think, afther spakin' agin the Jesuit Bill, I'm goin' to folly an Abbot for me political lader? Not much!"  
[Exit in indignation.]