



AN INCIPIENT THESPIAN.

BAGLEY—"What, going to leave us, old man?"
JAGLEY—"Yes, I'm off. I've decided to go on the stage."
BAGLEY—"Then you want to hustle. The stage started off five minutes ago."

SOME of the London (Eng.) papers seem very much inclined to spell the name of that Canadian enterprise, the Dead-Meat Co., with a capital B where the M is.

HON. OLIVER MOWAT gets credit for being above mere clap-trap, and yet the other day he opposed Mr. McColl's motion in favor of the election of sheriffs, registrars, county attorneys, etc., on the ground that it was the "Yankee system." This brings the Attorney-General down with a dull thud to the level of the 35 per cent. patriots who flourish in our midst.

IRISHMEN in Canada have no funds to spare for the Parnell and McCarthy emissaries who are now perambulating the country. They haven't lost their interest in the Home Rule question, but they wisely decline to contribute anything until the performance now going on in the Irish side-show is over.

MANY of our public men and journals understand economy of truth, but few indeed either know or care anything about the truths of economy. This is the science upon which anything worthy the name of statesmanship ought to be built, yet in Canada as elsewhere,

men pass for statesmen who have never learned its A B C's. Here is Sir John Macdonald, for instance, who is not ashamed to say he believes in the Protective system—a belief which is not one whit less worthy of ridicule than Rev. Bro. Jasper's belief in the theory that "the sun do move." But the truth is spreading. The Kingston Whig, for one, has grasped it, or it could never have referred "that wholly useless and everywhere detrimental function—landlordism."

THE WAIL OF NICHOL.

HE IS CHAINED IN BLEAK HAMILTON, AND SIGHS FOR VERNAL TORONTO.

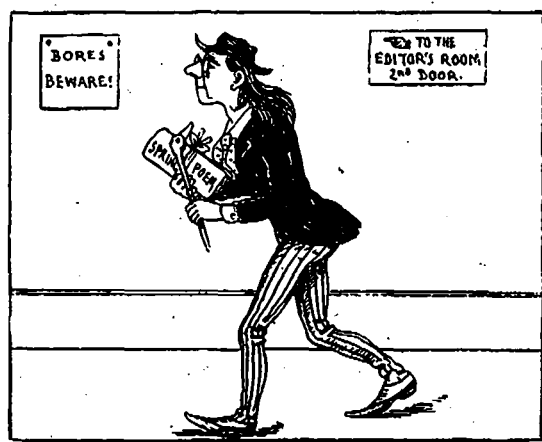
(Hamilton Herald.)

THERE is a marshy spot behind the house where rank grasses grow and the water becomes stagnant. Here last night, while the rain came down, the bullfrogs pushed their way through the sodden ooze of earth, and raised a dismal croak. As the night grew darker the croaking grew louder. By midnight a strong chorus was rising to the gloomy heavens. The slimy things squatting on chilled points of mud above the surface of the gathering water, actually croaked as if they enjoyed it.

The dreamer, who lay afar off covering his head at intervals to drown the dismal croaking from the marsh, or anon, the steady patter of the rain, anathematized the persistent clamor from the squatting pipers, and yet enjoyed it too. For it brought back thoughts of many things which the cold snows of winter had hid away—the vernal bursting, the warm, golden sunshine, modest violets blooming, dainty and fragrant in cool, sweet spots, all the flower bearing plants of field and wild wood pushing up, up to gather inspiration and color and new life from the glowing sun, early mornings with trembling beads of dew hanging from the points of dainty green spires, birds a-nest building 'mid budding branches, piping merrily the while, and presently the fullness, the proud pomp of midsummer, with its star-lit moon-lit nights, its soft whisperings, its armorous sighs, its mead-scented zephyrs, its grand chorus of myriad insects piping lustily, its blue skies bending to listen to glad birds chanting their delight.

Likewise its girls, its lemonade, its ice cream, its flannel shirts and its general scrumptiousness.

Summer, old girl, come hither. Come. We're weary waiting for you.



THE SURPRISED POET--I.