



PEAKING of leaders reminds us that our recent cartoon depicting the "waiting" attitude of the leaders of the Reform Party has met with the warm commendation of the rank and file of that organization. If the current talk of a dissolution of Parliament and a general election this year turns out

to be well founded, there will no doubt be a frantic rush "to arms," and a sudden awakening to the importance of certain great issues on the part of Messrs. Laurier, Cartwright and others. But all such eleventh hour activity is open to suspicion, and the leaders who let things drift until the eve of an election richly deserve the defeat that usually awaits them. If these alleged Reformers have any distinct views about anything, and ever hope to get those views considered by the people, they should be up and at it while the public mind is in a receptive condition. Political ideas that are not worth agitating in the calm of recess are not worthy of a serious hearing in the midst of a campaign.

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THE programme of Canadian literature provided by the Young Liberal Club and carried out very successfully on Monday evening was a happy thought, and will bear frequent repetition. This is a legitimate way of encouraging the growth of our native literature—more pleasant and more effective than the customary method of growling about the non-recognition of Canadian authors through the press. To impress the people with the poetic power of Mair, Sangster, Roberts, Heavy-sedge and other writers, it is only necessary to have their works read. And if people won't read for themselves the only thing to do is to gather them into a room and read at them.

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HIS latest sensation of the *World*—which amounts to a statement that the License Commissioners of Toronto are using their autocratic powers for the benefit of the Reform party—cannot, of course, be founded on fact. How could it? Don't we all know that the Reform party is a highly moral and especially temperance institution? Would the Commissioners of the exemplary Mowat Government encourage subscriptions of blood money from the drunkard factories, and then threaten to cut off the heads of all saloon-keepers

who failed to buy their beer from those contributors? Perish the thought! It is only wicked, unscrupulous Tory Commissioners who would think of working such a scheme.

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MANIFESTLY the *World* is mistaken about this. But if—we say IF—there is any truth at all in the charge, we feel confident that the *World* has misread the motives of those who have been gently forcing the saloonists and brewers into the Reform party. It is not for the sake of their votes; it is only that they may be put in the way of moral reform. And as to those who have had their heads cut off for disobedience, they have thus been

firmly and mercifully removed out of a wicked traffic for their own good. The whole thing, when you look at it philosophically, is in the line of Prohibition, and goes to prove that the Reform party really is, as we have already intimated, a Truly Good Temperance Society.

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SIR JOHN'S very best joke in his banquet speech was allowed to pass by without the usual recognition of (laughter and applause.) It was his straight-faced allusion to the Canadian Senate as an institution which really fulfilled a useful function. The Gilbertian wit of the thing was evidently too delicate for the guests to "catch on to."



DESIGN OF HAT FOR AN EDITOR'S WIFE OR DAUGHTER.

HER MAJESTY'S CATTLE PRIZES.

TO any not very intelligent foreigner, taking an interest in agriculture and live stock, who dips into English newspapers, the following items from a report of the Smithfield cattle show, held in Islington recently, would perhaps appear strange:—"Prize list: Devon steers—second, £15, to the Queen; Hereford steers—fourth, £7, to the Queen; Shorthorn heifers—second, £10, to the Queen; etc., etc." One can picture such a foreigner wondering within himself how her Britannic Majesty can find time for fattening steers and heifers; for making herself acquainted with the differences between "polled Aberdeens" and "cross-breeds," between "Norfolk red-polled" and "Welsh runts"; with the advantages of level backs, well-sprung ribs and good quarters! And one can imagine him finding in these items more convincing proof that England is truly a nation of shopkeepers—from its sovereign down! "Albion's monarch competing against Farmer Hodge's fat ox for a prize of a hundred and fifty francs! "*Mon Dieu!* The Engleesh, they are *incomprehensible*." So one may fancy him ejaculating with a shrug.

H.

WHY is a messenger boy like an express train? Because he gets there just the same.