



MYSTERIES OF SHOPPING.

Customer.—But this one is twice as expensive and not half as nice as the last you showed me.

Saleslady.—Oh, yes; but, you see, we tie up this parcel for you with hand-made string.

THE CHEERFUL MUD.

A SPRING POEM.

THE long, long winter's almost past,
We've signs of spring on every hand;
No more we feel the Boreal blast,
The nights contract, the days expand.
The crows are flying overhead,
The gutters run a turbid flood,
The freezing cold we cease to dread,
For everywhere we see the mud.

Hail cheerful mud—inspiring sight!
I never will asperse thee more,
Thy presence fills me with delight,
It tells that winter's reign is o'er;
Thick, deep and sticky—much like glue
It clings to overshoes and pants,
But wherefore should we make ado?
Man can't have everything he wants.

When there is mud it can't be cold,
Remember that ye who would rail,
And over daubed apparel scold—
Remember snow and ice and hail;
Aye, bear in mind the arctic spell,
The treacherous sidewalk's sickening thud,
Which tells how some pedestrian fell,
Before you growl about the mud,

Remember seventeen below,
The cold benumbing flesh and sense,
Days of unmitigated woe
Caused by frigidity intense;
The busted pipes—the plumber's bill,
The fearful price of coal and wood—
The man should freeze and shiver still
Who says a word against the mud.

Let others hail the robin's note,
The bursting buds in wood and dale,
The twittering of the swallows throat,
The modest lily of the vale;
All these are welcomed when the spring
Stirs with fresh energy the blood,
An earlier harbinger I sing—
The advent of the cheerful mud!

AN IDEA FOR SALE.

"Do you pay anything for ideas?" enquired a brainy-looking visitor as he entered the sanctum of the *World*.

"Well, yes, if they're put into good literary shape," replied the editor.

"Oh, I can't write; but I've got an idea that I will sell for \$10,000 and I call it cheap."

"I don't think we're buying ideas to-day," said the editor doubtfully. "In fact I never heard of anybody crazy enough to pay for a mere idea—a perfectly impalpable, imaginary, and unsubstantial thing. It's not a marketable commodity, that I know of."

"Isn't, hey, why I read in Wednesday's *World* that there is a probability of the C.P.R. selling the government an idea for \$35,000,000 or so."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," replied the visitor, "I mean they intend to get that much cash for giving up their monopoly rights in Old Manitoba. Now, they don't possess any such thing, and never did, as they know well enough. It's simply an idea, that's

all. But you'll see pretty soon if it isn't a marketable commodity." And he left the editor in deep thought.

THE NEW PARTY.

THE convention called to organize the New Political Party has met, talked, resolved and adjourned. The platform submitted to the convention was as follows:—

1. Righteousness and truth in public affairs as well as in private business, and no compromise with wrong.
2. Equal rights for all creeds, classes and nationalities, but exclusive privileges to none.
3. A national sentiment, a national literature, and in all matters of public policy—our country first.
4. The prompt and absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, as the objective point of temperance legislation; in the meantime, the honest and vigorous enforcement of the Scott Act, and of all other laws for the repression of vice and intemperance.
5. Retrenchment and economy in public expenditure, with the view of reducing our enormous national debt.
6. Manhood suffrage, with an educational qualification; that is, a vote to every freeman of legal age who can read and write.
7. The extension of the Franchise to women.
8. An Elective Senate.
9. Civil Service reform.

The new party is definitely in the field, and will have to be reckoned with in future political calculations. Of course it is severely frowned upon by both the old (and decrepit) parties, who cannot conscientiously endorse the planks of the platform, especially plank number one. We would be immensely interested in a straight, honest statement of the platform of either the Grits or Tories at the present time, though we have a pretty clear idea that it would be about as follows:—

1. Righteousness and truth are matters for Sundays only.
2. Equal rights for all, and a little more for those who help us with corporate votes.
3. A national sentiment and so forth—be blowed.
4. The liquor question is a moral issue and has no business in politics, which are not moral.
5. Retrenchment and economy, of course. That's what we have always said.
6. Manhood suffrage, if we have reason to think it will help the party.
7. The old flag—and an appropriation.