

cussion of the benefits or otherwise of indirect taxation, is just what the farmers of Canada ought to have a chance to listen to, and no more appropriate occasion could have been taken than the annual meeting of the Grangers. The Master told them truly that at present Canadian farmers are suffering from class legislation, and he might have put it still more strongly. They are being villainously robbed, along with other non-protected people, and the money is going into the pockets of the clique who have a "pull" at Ottawa.

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WE are sorry to observe a disposition on the part of the public to laugh at the *World's* double-column annexation sensation. Loyalty—true double-distilled, thirty-five per cent. loyalty like the *World's*, surely deserves something better than this. But the average reader has no idea of the labor and trouble involved in getting up first class sensations without any facts to go on.

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THE citizens of Hamilton are jubilant. They have got ahead of Toronto on one point at least. Their new City Hall is approaching completion.

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THE sword of Wallace which is now kept as a relic in one of the Scottish castles, is revered by the Scots as the implement with which the heads of their country's foes were lopped off by the doughty warrior. In just the same way Canadians will cherish the sword of Wallace with which the Combines are to be decapitated next session. It is now being sharpened at Woodbridge.

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ACCORDING to a statement publicly made a few days ago, the Minister of Militia appears to be massing his forces in Quebec. That Province gets about \$100,000 per year more than Ontario for military purposes, and when it comes to paying pensions there is every advantage in being of the French persuasion. There is ground here for a severe reprimand to Sir A. P. Caron, but then how can a cabinet minister be expected to view things evenly when he only wears a single eye-glass?



A TIGHT POSITION.

"SHAV, Bub (*hic*), tell the ladies I ain't 'zactly able to come in to see 'em, but tell 'em not to stan' on ceremony (*hic*), but to come out an' see me (*hic*).

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



YESTERDAY morning, I grieve to state, I was the victim of a brutal and unfeeling outrage, perpetrated, I have not the least doubt, by that red-haired and pusillanimous being known to your readers as Smart Alick. I had just taken my place at the table and was proceeding to unfold my napkin, which the hired girl takes a delight in folding up in all sorts of fantastical shapes, when out flew about a cupful of chestnuts! Some of the company snickered and Smart Alick, the brute, burst into a loud ha, ha!

"Yer don't need to work your chin so much this mornin', eh!" said the wretch. "Them's chestnuts enough for one meal."

"Sir," I said with dignity, "if my conversation displeases you there is no reason why you should not change your boarding house. As to the outrage which has given rise to your untimely levity, if I could find out the author of it I'd—I'd—I'd—in the meantime I can only pocket the insult—and the chestnuts."

"He! he!" snickered the saleslady. Is it possible that she can be a party to this truly infamous conspiracy? The worst thing I know against her is that she reads the stories in the *Telegram*.

"Talking about the future of Canada," I observed, "the change of front on the part of R. W. Phipps doesn't at all surprise me. He has long been an authority on trees; it is natural he should be guilty of *treason*. He thinks annexation probable, so do I. We have no voice in the affairs of the Empire. How long shall we remain the Queen's *dumb minions*. Do you tumble, or shall I be compelled to resort to a diagram to quicken your perceptions?"

"We catch on," responded the law student, "you would haul down the flag that's braved, etc. For me, I say long may she wave."

"Let us waive further discussion on the point," I replied. "I spoke merely from a humorous standpoint. There are doubtless those who regard such grave issues as beyond the legitimate sphere of the jester. The future of Canada is to them a no-pun question, eh! In the meantime pass the sausages if you please. Thanks. Possibly some fastidious people *wood chuck* those sausages away if they realized that they were made of ground-hog."

"I don't believe it," said the saleslady. "You just say nasty things like that to make us feel unpleasant."

"Well, what do you suppose sausages are composed of?"

"Why, pork I guess. It tastes like it anyhow."

"And what is pork but hog, and it has to be ground pretty small to get into a sausage, hasn't it?"

"Oh, that's what you meant. I declare, the idea of eating ground-hog nearly made me sick."

"Humph, I dinna see muckle intill't," said the Scotchman. "It's just like maist o' your feckless eediotic jokes, man; it takes a Scotchman for real genuine humor."

"Ha, ha, ha!" general burst of laughter.

"Ye may laugh, but it's the truth. I quite agree wi' my guid frien' David Boyle, that the Irish and the English loons wha' ca' themselves humorists are no a bit funny, an' that for a downright guid hearty laugh ye must tak' Scotch fun, whilk dings them a'. Whaur, for instance, will ye fin' the man no a Scotchman wi' the wounerfu'