

II.

The bird is pinned.

THE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

A WELL-KNOWN University professor of this city who is distinguished for a profound knowledge of science and a slight stutter, had occasion one evening to engage a cabman to carry himself and a learned friend to some distant point in town, and as the friend in question was not quite ready when the cabby arrived, the professor and the Jehu casually fell into conversation. "Wot buildin' might this 'ere be, sir?" asked the latter. "This is the a-school of Prac-Practical Science," replied the professor, courteously. "School of Prac'le Science? I've h'orfen thought I sh'd loike to take a course in that theer school, sir, I've. Costs a lot, I suppose, sir, don't it?" "Oh, n-not so very m-much," replied the Professor, "from f-fifty dollars up-upwards." "I've horfen thought I sh'd loike to take a course, sir, but—it's apt to make a man quarrelsome, isn't it, sir?" "Q-quarrelsome?" repeated the professor, somewhat puzzled. "I've never heard that m-m-mentioned before. I don't see why it should have that effect on a student." "Well, sir," persisted the driver, "I 'ad a friend in the h'Old Country as took a course. Before that, sir, 'e was as gentle as a suckin' dove, but arfter it, 'e was that quarrelsome, sir, 'e would fight 'is own gran'mother, or h'anybody else. That's wot come of 'im takin' a course in the School of Prac'le Science, an' I'm told, sir, that this 'ere man Corbett, too, is just the same now, sir, 'im as done up Sullivan."

At this point a light broke upon the professor's mind, but his learned friend appeared at the same moment and the scene closed.

NAMES! NAMES!

THE *News* has a story of an attempt on the part of certain aldermen to blackmail the Toronto Electric Light Co. in connection with the award of the new contract. "The sums sought," it says "would give each of the older men interested between \$800 and \$900, and leave an equal portion for the go-between, who is a man well known in the city." Since the *News* seems to have the particulars so pat, why does it withhold the names of the would-be boodlers? In justice to the honest aldermen, they ought to be made known. The whole story is probably a fake.

QUESTION.

"SARAH Thompson, better known as 'Crazy Sal,' got on a periodical drunk last night. She went down for thirty days."

The City of Toronto—City of churches, Educational Centre, etc.,—licenses one hundred and fifty saloons to tempt this poor creature, and others like her, and then when she succumbs to the temptation, charges the honest, sober citizens with her board and lodging for a month. Who is craziest, Sal or the city?

CRUEL INGRATITUDE.

THE following heart-rending despatch appeared in many of the papers recently :

MONTREAL, Sept. 18.—Mr. Anson McKim, of A. McKim & Co., the well-known advertising agents, has returned from a trip to Great Britain. He found British merchants intensely hostile to Canada's fiscal policy. Many of them had no desire to trade with this country because, in the past, when they had succeeded in building up a business, it was wiped out by a rise in the Canadian duties imposed specially to injure them.

These unthankful British merchants in their unseemly passion quite ignore the fact that the present Canadian Government is loyal to the heart's core, and in fact carried the last election by virtue of its devotion to the old flag! Does all this go for nothing with John Bull?

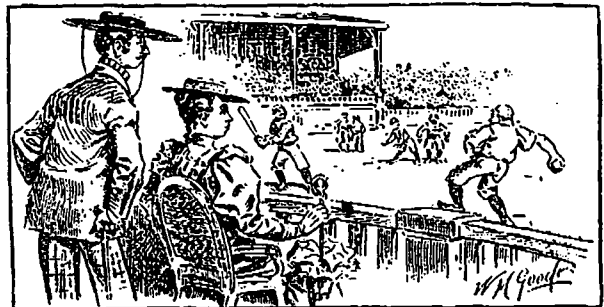
AS TO LI HUNG'S GREATNESS.

AFTER all, isn't it a misuse of words to talk of Li Hung Chang as "among the world's great men?" He is no doubt a man of greater capacity than the average of his countrymen, but compared with Gladstone, Salisbury, Bismark or even with any one of the many educated Japs at Yokohama or Tokio, is he any better than a child? Is it, in fact, possible that a man who sets great store by yellow jackets and three-eyed peacock feathers can be "great" in any proper sense of that word? There has certainly been nothing in Li Hung Chang's recent doings to prove that he is anything out of the common.

MCCARTHY'S POLICY.

MR. MCCARTHY told his audience at Creemore the other day that the two chief objects of his policy were to make transportation for farm produce cheaper, and also to make cheaper what farmers bought and used. "If you will sum up these things," said he, "you will have my policy." This is plain and understandable, anyway, and it marks a great advance in true statesmanship since the days in which he advocated Protection as a good thing for farmers. But what about the dual language and separate school questions—are they not important enough to be at least mentioned? And wherein, moreover, does this policy differ from that of the Grit Party as recently expounded by Mr. Laurier, or from that of the Patrons as set forth recently at the convention of members-elect of the Local House? Is there really any point of difference? And if not, why should not the McCarthy party coalesce with one of the others named? It wouldn't be a vast task to bring about this amalgamation. Nothing more would be necessary than for Mr. McCarthy, arm in arm with Col. O'Brien, to walk up and hand in their names.

THE WAR correspondents are not allowed to send out news from the Japanese headquarters unless it is carefully edited by the authorities. Japan insists on "strained relations."



ON ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAINING.

SHE (at the ball game)—"What a slow delivery that pitcher has!"

HER ESCORT—"Yes; he used to be a telegraph messenger boy."