



THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

FALLEN MAN—"Ours, my dear, by all means!"

[Sydney Bulletin.]

THE STATUE'S SOLILOQUY.

MR. HAMILTON McCARTHY, the sculptor of the splendid statue of Sir John Macdonald, which was unveiled in the presence of enthusiastic thousands last Saturday, will no doubt be as much surprised as anybody to learn that this great work of art is endowed with the power of speech, though he of course endeavored to make it a "speaking likeness." That, at all events is the startling intelligence brought to this office by our perambulating Raven. This knowing bird alleges that, while enjoying a flutter amongst the trees of the Queen's Park the other afternoon, he happened to be passing in the close vicinity of the Statue's head, when his sharp ear detected a murmur as of words proceeding from the bronze mouth. Instantly he wheeled and alighted on the shoulder of the figure, and there he sat and listened, for sure enough Sir John was soliloquizing. Our Raven assures us that he whipped out his note book and took down the sentences as accurately as possible, and here they are:

"Ha, quite a commanding position they've given me here. A very pretty view, upon my word. I feel quite at home, too, as I was for so many years accustomed to a commanding position, and the near vicinity of the Legislative halls will greatly add to the home-like feeling. I will make it my business to keep an eye on the politicians and their doings, and I trust my presence here will have the effect of inspiring the Opposition with new hope and energy. It wouldn't be half a bad idea for them to elect me leader in the room and stead of Meredith, whose promotion to the Bench I am glad to hear of. To be sure, I couldn't very conveniently take my seat in the House, but that wouldn't be necessary. My name and prestige would

be enough, and the details of leadership could easily be carried out by a lieutenant, Howland, Marter, Whitney, or almost any of the men they are talking of. Said lieutenant could come and sit at my feet here periodically and get inspiration. Matters have certainly reached a very interesting condition in the Assembly, and, with a little shrewd management, Mowat could be made to "go," I verily believe. Everything depends on the Patrons, of course, and how they are "worked," though I see they have taken a cast iron oath not to allow anybody to "work" them. That only increases the pleasure of the game to a fine old Parliamentary hand, and whether I am appointed leader or not. I will watch the moves with much interest. There goes Mowat now, if I'm not mistaken, crossing the avenue on the way to his office. Remarkably hearty he looks, too, as I'm glad to see. Fine old chap, Sir Oliver, and as smart as any politician I know of. I always had a sneaking regard for him, and I believe he fully reciprocated the feeling. I was never quite so sure about George Brown. By the way, he stands somewhere hereabouts, doesn't he? Of course; over there near the University gate. Wonder if I couldn't establish a sort of telepathic connection with him? Happy thought! 'Twould enable us both to wile away may a pleasant half hour discussing the doings of our successors."

With this the Statue relapsed into silence.

CRAWLEY puts in his time loafing round town, turning up regularly for his meals, which are provided by his wife, who takes in washing. He calls himself a "Patron of Industry."



USING THE LOUD PEDDLE.



TIME WORKS CHANGES.

SWELL of 1889—"Say, just look at the style of that coat! A man may be excusable for being poor, but there is no excuse for a civilized being putting on such a coat as that!"