



MEAN.

SMARTE—"That tree hasn't borne a solitary pear for eight seasons."

SMILEY—"Indeed? I'd cut it down if I were you. Why don't you?"

SMARTE—"Because it's the best apple tree I've got."

THE Reeves who went to Ottawa to see about getting back the money their municipalities voted to build railways before the inauguration of the bonus system, got rather cold comfort from Sir John. He rebuked them mildly for going to the capital at such a very busy time, and the Reeves felt so abashed that not one of them thought of asking the Premier what the Government was busy doing. The upshot of it all was the regulation "take it into our serious consideration" reply, upon which Mr. Mowat has by no means an exclusive patent.

FINANCE MINISTER FOSTER estimates that he will require about \$43,000,000 for public expenditure this trip, and as yet he hasn't whispered anything about supplementary estimates. Amongst the latter we may look for a good many additional millions for tunnels, canals and what not. It is all rank nonsense. We can't afford to think of these vast projects just now, let alone commencing them. There are a lot of ridiculous people in this country who act on the supposition that the Canadian Exchequer is inexhaustible, and the Government seems to think it good politics to encourage them in their idiocy.



THE "popular minister" racket having paid handsomely—thanks to the presence in the community of a spirit of profoundly Christian emulation—the *Mail* has sunk a new shaft. We cannot suppose the military

competition will amount to much, however, so far as concerns "the most popular officer." There is really no choice. Major Gen. James L. Hughes, Commander-in-Chief of the Young Brigade, may be regarded as elected by acclamation.

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It will, no doubt, gratify the people of Canada to know that their business is being looked after in proper shape by their representatives. The work upon the cricket crease, the base ball ground and the lawn tennis court on Parliament Square is just about completed.

A TARIFF OUTFIT.

A NEW YORK newsboy was fitted out in a complete new suit, including cap, shoes, stockings and necktie for \$1.51. This shows how much people must pay for manufactured goods under the "iniquitous protective tariff."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

Yes, but you Western people don't know what became of that boy. During a rain storm the cap shrunk so it wouldn't fit the head of a pin, the paper soles of the shoes dropped off in the street, the necktie assumed the dimensions of a piece of thread, and as for the "complete new suit," the seams broke loose and the poor fellow had to hire a cab to take him home for fear Anthony Comstock would arrest him for indecent exposure. You have unwittingly afforded us a first-class illustration of what the protective tariff will do when it is in full blast.—*New York Herald*.

GOOD BYE, SWEET TARTE, GOOD BYE.

(AS SUNG BY SIR H. LANGEVIN.)

THE bomb is thrown, the case is entered,
Now sits the grim Committee there,
The public eye on me is centered,
Yet I've no fear, yet I've no fear.
Go, do your worst, you cannot lower
My reputation pure and high,
Though I will never know thee more.
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,
I do not love thee though I say
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye.

My feelings tow'ds you once were hearty,
But that is now some time ago,
We loved the same old Tory party,
Yes, that is so! Yes, that is so!
But since you've grown so mighty moral
The love I felt has had to die;
The thing has ended in a quarrel,
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,
I'll fix you off for this some day,
Good bye sweet Tarte, good bye

Then, you've gone back on Uncle Tommy
Forgetful of all party ties,
And 'cause with him I've been so chummy
You list to lies; yes, cruel lies,
But Uncle Tom is clear and stainless,
And so is Perley—so am I—
While you're a dupe and catspaw brainless,
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,
No more we meet, and so I say
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye!

IN THE BOUDOIR.

ETHEL—"What are you reading, dear?"

MAUD—"The latest popular novel."

ETHEL—"How on earth did you manage to smuggle it into the house without your mama or papa seeing it?"