

"The collectors for the Toronto regatta struck a Colborne street saloon for a subscription yesterday. The proprietor, who is a regular jewel of a man, gave them \$5. They went outside, held a consultation, re-entered the saloon, returned the money and then shook the dust off their feet. The magnanimous subscription was too much for them."—*World local.*

Perhaps the *World* reporter wasn't informed that this jewel of a man was impertinently told that his voluntary subscription of so modest a sum was a "blot on their book," when he very properly demanded the return of the money and drew his pen through his name with the remark that perhaps that would look better. We rather opine the joke in this instance was against the gentlemanly collectors, especially as the jewel afterwards subscribed \$25 to another collector.

If anything is well calculated to raise up friends to Bradlaugh and even make proselytes to his atheistic creed, or want of creed, it is just such conduct as has been indulged in by the authorities of the British House of Commons. Had any sensational novelist dared to describe the brute-force ejection of a duly elected member from a British Assembly in the nineteenth century he would have been sneered at by the critics as altogether too much a child of imagination. Yet we have actually been witnesses to such an outrage. And worst of all, we are told that the ruffianly proceeding had the approval of both Gladstone and Salisbury, as well as a great majority of their respective followers.

The Hon. Mark Tapley evidently holds a portfolio in the Provincial Government of British Columbia. Here is an official notice recently issued:—

"I say and don't you forget it, that unless you pay your Provincial taxes during the pleasant of June, in the warm days of July you will find that with the increase in the heat there is a corresponding increase in the rate of taxes. A jump of 25 degrees takes place between 4 p. m. June 30th and 10 a. m. July 1st. Strange but nevertheless true."

The Halifax *Chronicle* berates this minister for his unseemly levity, which is quite natural, as local government is a mighty serious thing in Nova Scotia. But isn't the light-hearted official as likely to get in the taxes promptly as the awful red-tapeist?

A great institution like the *Mail* ought to be able to afford to send its dyspeptic little editor to the seaside during the dog-days. Confinement in the city.—even in the airy tower on King street—doesn't at all agree with him. It makes him nervous, sour, and cantankerous. It even affects his mental vision to an alarming extent for, judging by Tuesday's paper, he is under the impression that the Grit leaders are skulking around trying to assassinate somebody. It is too bad that a great mind like this should become deranged simply for want of a little fresh air, and we are sure Mr. Bunting will be only too happy to grant the editor a brief holiday when the melancholy case is brought to his knowledge. But come to think of it, the seaside would'n't do. Blake is in that vicinity, and the air tainted by such a presence could only aggravate the poor little fellow's malady.

Mr. Houston, who is the *Globe's* commissioner accompanying Mr. Blake, has incurred the ire of Senator Boyd, by describing that gentleman as the most vulgarly abusive politician of them all in New Brunswick. We have no idea what Senator Boyd would look like under the influence of ire, as his countenance is photographed in the walls of our memory with an unvarying and perennial expression of joviality. But he probably does well to be angry, as the report is manifestly incorrect. Mr. Boyd can toast a political opponent when he kes with sarcasm and ridicule, but "vulgar abuse" would sound strangely from his lips amongst those who know him.

Hartmann has taken refuge in Canada, the home of the free, and sings with Mr. Edgar, "The wild woods, the wild woods, the wild woods give to me!" Hartmann is "wanted" in Russia, but he is by no means wanted here. However, there is no occasion for alarm, as the notorious Nihilist is not likely to undertake a propaganda with the police at his heels, and even if he did go about blathering Socialism he would find the Canadian mind barren ground for his seed. Canada is the freest and best country on earth—notwithstanding that it has more politics and politicians than any other country; it has Grip to keep an eye on the latter, and that equalizes the account.



SLASHBUSH ON NIHILISM.

Gustavus Slashbush sat on the front stoop of the old homestead with the *Daily Mail* in his hand and a savage expression in his eye. The setting sun cast a crimson gleam across the meadows, and the reflection from the white-washed fence struck abwart the countenance of the young philosopher, heightening his fiery aspect to a degree. He had been reading something which evidently excited his feelings, and now his whole aspect was that of a man who was aching to fire off the enthusiasm with which he was surcharged, into some appreciative ear. Just in the niche of time Almira emerged from the front door with a partly finished "tidy" in one hand and a parlor chair in the other.

"Almity!" burst forth Gustavus, almost before that young lady had planted one foot on the verandah. "I would not change places with the Czar of Russia for forty-four dollars, even though he does wear a crown!"

"The Sar of Russia? Who's he—any relation to them folks that's camping down by our creek?"

"Naw!" exclaimed Gustavus, with a vehemence that was far from gallant. "He's the Czar, the monarch, the king, the emperor, the grand panjandrum, so to speak, of Russia; and Russia is a big country—one of the great powers you've heard tell of; a land that is immense in mileage but don't have any M. P's to collect mileage fees; the country that is represented by the grizzly ba'r, and which is con-

ducted on the same principles that guide grizzly ba'rs in general. I regret to state that Russia is the land of the prisoner and the home of the slave!"

"Goodness mo, Gus! you look awful warm. Are you still a-wearin' your heavy flannels?"

"Flannels? Yes!" said Gustavus, with renewed energy. "This Canada of ours is a free and glorious place, and we can wear what we like and do as we like, but the poor, wretched Russians, they can only wear what the Czar let's 'em, and they dassen't swaller loud or take a long breath for fear of bein' sent to the Siberian mines!"

"Where's that?" queried Almira, gazing off in the direction of the farm lane, where she thought she descried the figures of some of the city folks who had come to camp on the Slashbush estate.

"Where's the Siberian mines? I don't know exactly where they are located, but it's in Siberia, I guess," answered Gustavus. "It's a mighty measy spot wherever it is, and at the present time it is as chuck full of poor, broken down Russians as that chicken's crop is of corn," and the speaker pointed his long finger at the subject of his happy illustration which was perched upon an adjacent fence.

"And why are they sent there? Are they murderers and burglars? No, Almira. They are most of 'em as decent folks as you and me, and the only charge agin 'em is that they have dared to hanker after liberty. Are you aware that the Russians dassen't get out a newspaper without letting the Czar read all the proofs so he can score out any editorials he don't like? Why, Almira, his power is absolute, and he can, just from pure cussedness, strike out every bit of spring poetry if he likes!"

"So he'd ought to, if its anything like the stuff you sent to the *Tamracville Calliope* last week," responded Almira, with a decided air.

"Well, but that isn't the question," returned Gustavus. "I want to know if it isn't outrageous for any man to have such powers? I know I wouldn't stand it, and I'm glad to see by the *Mail* here that the Russians don't propose to stand it any longer, either. They have just given the Czar notice that his funeral is to come off before long if he doesn't come to time. But the Czar appears to be a full-grown fool, and it ain't likely he will act sensible. He prefers to go round a little seven-by-nine room with three or four iron shirts on, and his pockets full of pistols, with policemen in each corner and one a-settin' on the table, all for the glory of being king of the Russians, though he don't dare to poke his nose out to see how the crops are gettin' on. I repeat, Almira, that I wouldn't change places with the Czar for forty-five dollars cash. And if Hartmann comes to this farm seeking for shelter I'm going to give him a soft bunk in the hay mow and a good square meal, to show him my sympathies are on the side of liberty!"



"You'd better let Hartmann alone, whoever he is," said Almira.

"Well, it ain't likely he'll come this way, but if he does I'll show him—"

"If you don't hussel round and git them cattle up from the paster in a couple of jiffies," roared old Slashbush, suddenly coming around the corner of the house, "I'll show you something with this gad, you lazy lubber!"

Gustavus laid down the *Mail* and silently stole away.

An indignant Yonge street merchant wants to know why our city fathers cannot lay their heads together and make a satisfactory block pavement for all time to come.