

It was true there were two or three papers read; but, after the elections were won, the officers have had a holiday ever since. Whether the Club exists or not we cannot say; but if it does, it must be in a state of coma, where in all probability it will remain until the next general elections come around, when gentlemen will have again the happy privilege of paying another dollar a-piece, and once more running around for votes to enable other gentlemen to get into Parliament. It is in this way the Junior Conservative Club will keep up its reputation in the perpetuation and enlargement of Canadian history. But if you want to know any more, again we must beg of you to—ask Perry.

*Note.*—By the way, the annual meeting, if we mistake not, is considerably overdue.

#### SOME ENGLISH REASONS FOR HANLAN'S VICTORY.

1. He had a pair of steam arms. 2. He had oxygen in the air tight compartments of his boat. 3. He had an invisible, double self acting, bi-chromatic cylindrical force pump for regulating his sliding seat. 4. He used porous plasters on his back to reduce his weight. 5. His oars had springs in them. 6. He trained on ice to enable him to keep cool. 7. He wore his wife's photograph next his heart as a charm for good luck. 8. He used patent muscles under his skin, &c. &c. &c. Therefore how the dickens was it possible for any ordinary man to beat him?

#### HOSPITALITY AT A DISCOUNT.

The irrepresible and perpetual candidate for Montreal West, whose aspirations for public life have been gratified by his election to the honorable office of President of the St. Patrick's Society, is in a dilemma. He finds himself in a position worthy of the sympathy of all men of hospitable tendencies. With that innate Modesty which always marks great men for her own, the "perpetual candidate," burning with Irish zeal and admirable forgetfulness of self, is resolved that Montreal shall not confine her civilities to one particular section of the Republican Army of the United States, but has invited upon his own account—or, more figuratively speaking, the account of the St. Patrick's Society—the 69th Regiment of the New York National Guard. Some persons have questioned the taste of this proceeding; but, of course, on matters of "taste" the expenses of such an invitation must largely depend. Others think it would have been more economical to have invited the Mulligan Guards. But this is not a fit time for the cropping up of weak, petty prejudices. This is a country, as Lord Lorne hath well said, full of great traditions. It is therefore not to be wondered at that our Irish friend, who glories in the fact of being a Canadian whenever the opportunity of a Parliamentary nomination offers, and but for whose princely offer of \$500 towards election expenses, the present member for Cardwell would have possibly still remained in obscurity; should naturally turn the bent of his profound and original mind to inviting Irish-American soldiers to participate in honoring Canada's natal day—and himself in particular. It is a matter of small moment whether the 69th insulted the Heir-Apparent or not. It is a matter of trivial importance whether the "green waves above the red" in their regimental plumes, or that, thanks to their masterly inactivity, the last Fenian raid was a failure. It is sufficient for Canadians to know that the cause of that failure was not owing to any want of sympathy on the part of the rank and file of the 69th. Picture, if you can, the solitary grandeur of the picturesque banquet; its military emblazonments, and all the pomp and circumstance of war's surroundings on a peaceful footing, and at their head the figure of the "perpetual candidate" entertaining this vast host—*all by himself!* We can imagine such a scene, and we can also understand how easy it would be, under the circumstances, for the "perpetual candidate" to observe: "Gentlemen, for want of time, we will pass over the usual loyal toasts." This would be a happy way of getting over a very obvious difficulty. It is now in order, if the "perpetual candidate" wishes to maintain his prestige as a liberal host and a "rich contractor," to bring on that regiment at any cost—no matter what the *Star* or any other newspaper may say to the contrary. If possible, *Puck's* special artist should accompany the expedition, for the special delectation of those New Yorkers who delight in dirty and offensive illustrations. However, should a sham fight be a portion of the programme of the day, we hope, really, that Sir Selby Smyth's famous "Zulu formation" will not be included; otherwise there might be the least bit of a taste of reality about it.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

The "Colonel" is not yet gazetted, but hopes to be.

Advice to young men who jilt young women—"Mind your eye."

Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer makes a good top dressing for bald heads.

The Zulu King's pronunciation of his name might be Get-away-you, and the British troops have had substantial evidence that he means what he says.

An "arrangement" in "black and white" is the kind of composition picture an assignee likes to see in his office.

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society is to hold a pic-nic to-morrow, the receipts of which are to be devoted to charitable purposes. With this view, therefore, they propose to raise the wind by the agency of a balloon. The funds from this source we presume will come under the head of inflated currency.

Carsley's salesmen can turn out more feet to one square yard of poetry than in any other department of his stocking trade. This happy combination of Poetry and Commerce is a hopeful sign in this degenerate and matter of fact age.

Now that Mr. Donald Macmaster writes "M.P.P." to his name, let us hope that through his agency we may see More Political Propriety among public men. The title will then possess more than ordinary significance. We congratulate him upon being elected to a position which he is so well fitted to discharge with honor and ability.

#### PAUL FORD ON IMMIGRATION.

I have just left the Hon. the Minister of Agriculture, dazed, confounded, and bewildered with the colossal policy of the Government. His zeal for getting at the root of the country is stupendous; and the wisdom he has shown in removing a few stumps, whereon political orators may perch during election times, is self-evident. His office is a perfect botanical museum, full of giant corn stalks, monster potatoes, "boss" ears of wheat, and magnificent samples of rye. I interviewed each separate and distinct specimen. The rye was the strongest of them all. "I am going to have these petrified by the Geological Survey," he said, "and I rather flatter myself they will make the mammoth cereals of California shrink up with humility."

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

"They were sent in by country editors in return for Government patronage. Quite interesting specimens, ain't they?"

"Where did they get them from?"

"Took them out in subscriptions, I suppose. I tell you," he continued, "this country is one huge grainery, if the people only knew it." And he settled himself comfortably in his easy chair and went into ecstasies over Manitoba. It was a great and glorious scheme which he unfolded to my bewildering gaze. "There is only one alternative open to the country," he continued, "it is 'settle up'—that's my motto."

"That's the talk," said I, "but how do you propose paying off the \$140,000,000 we owe already?"

"You mistake my meaning. I refer to settling up the country; which we can only do thoroughly by completing the Pacific Railway as soon as possible."

"Which means adding another one hundred and fifty millions on to our present debt. Where are you going to get it?"

"Why, we'll get the Imperial Government to guarantee ten millions or so, and Tilley can borrow the rest. What's the use of British connexion unless we make something out of it?"

"Of course none whatever."

"And if they won't lend it to us, we'll clap on another ten or fifteen per cent. on to British manufactures and shut them out altogether. Sentiment must give way to interest, you know."

"It always does, but it strikes me we've got just about as much as we can do to pay the interest on what we already owe."

"Ah! you're off the track again. I mean self interest."

"But what guarantee are you going to give, supposing the Imperial Government won't lend you the money?"

"Ask Tilley. He knows. He knows everything. But, as I was saying, we don't anticipate any failure of borrowing just as much as we want—and more, too."

"Then, I suppose you'll call it a first mortgage on the brightest jewel in England's crown, so to speak?"

The withering sarcasm fell harmless.

"I tell you," he added, "the Government's committed to this immigration policy, and we are going to carry it out."

"But how about Provincial legislation? Don't you see you are practically undoing the work of Ontario and Quebec. Where is the common sense of making an immigrant pay forty or fifty dollars to go from Montreal to Manitoba when he can get just as good land within two hundred miles, with an outlet by land and sea for all he can grow. Why, the fifty dollars would pay exactly twenty-five per cent. at least on the whole expenditure for buying his farm, and that without including the comparative reduction in the cost of the purchase of farm implements and clothing. And this, too, without taking into consideration that he would have a larger constituency to sell to."

"You're off the track again. What you say is for the Legislature to deal with."

"Yes, a first-rate illustration of robbing Peter to pay Paul. According to your policy, you say to the immigrant, 'don't stay in Ontario or Quebec, they are played out, come right on to Manitoba. That's the place to live in.' And so you practically undo the work of provincial railroad improvements, and overlook the fact that (leaving the European immigrant out of the question) for every able-bodied farmer who leaves this Province an additional burden is placed on the shoulders of those who are left behind. That's about how the thing stands as far as I can see. Then, again, if you are going to depopulate the two Provinces in this way, how are you to expect the Provincial Legislatures to meet their engagements to the Federal Parliament?"

"Why, you dunderheaded donkey," and here he got real mad, "don't you see that our plan is one of the most important means of saving the Party—and that we are pledged to it?"

"But supposing your plans don't turn out the success you anticipate, what are you going to do when your creditors get clamorous?"

"Why, we shall be dead then and it won't matter." And here the great man rung his bell and requested one of the clerks to bring him the proof of Professor Wurzel's Essay on the Growth of the Manitoba Turnip, with illustrations.

#### IMPROVING.

He was in a sober mood, a state to which he had of late been a stranger, and the old love yearnings towards his patient and long-suffering wife were slowly returning.

"My dear," said he, "I don't feel like pulling yer round by the hair of yer head, and dragging of yer about, this morning."

His favorite child's face brightened up with smiles, and, as the happy light shone in her eyes, the little five-year old said, "Oh, ma, ain't pa getting good!"

Put an oil chromo up the chimney for a couple of months, until it is well besmeared with soot, and you have the nearest approach of an amateur's notion of a work of one of the old masters.