

culated to go into immediate operation and produce immediate results without waiting for the organic changes in the system of society which are necessary to a complete and perfect cure for Poverty. He doesn't stay to quarrel with the proposal to take land values as the sole source of public revenue. Let that be done as soon as possible but meanwhile he calls attention to the fact that there is a great deal of waste land in England which can be easily cultivated, and as one part of his scheme he proposes to establish a farm, and in connection with it brick-yards, carpenter shops, tailor shops, a soap factory, pork-packing establishments, paper mills, etc.

* * *

L EAD on, oh Booth! cries George,
We're following in your tracks;
You skim the slums
Till our movement comes
To dry 'em up—the Single Tax!

* * *

NO doubt the peculiar circumstances which have brought about the demand of Parnell's resignation of the Irish leadership are regarded by Mr. Mowat very much as they are by Mr. Gladstone, and yet our own and only Oliver must entertain a profound admiration for the persistency and obstinacy with which Parnell hangs on to his position. Like Mowat himself, the Home Rule leader "won't go."

TANLEY probably finds it more pleasant to be commanding \$1,500 per night on the platform than to be commanding an expedition on the Congo. He is a capital lecturer, too, for a man who has always been more given to deeds than words. Toronto lionized him as much as it was possible to do in the brief stay he made and a very large audience listened to his interesting condensation of the contents of *In Darkest Africa*. And yet there are some of our citizens who not only stayed away from the lecture but casually express the opinion that instead of being feted Henry ought, in strict justice, to be hanged.



DAY by day the idea of keeping the street car franchise for the exclusive benefit of the city is sinking deeper and deeper into the mind of the common sense citizen. The flippant advocates of the off-hand disposal of the lines to a lessee are puzzled to find a reply to the proposition to keep the machinery intact and simply let Mr. Franklin go on and manage it for the city. The feeling is now strong enough to make it very warm for aldermen who feel disposed to give us away on this business without discussion.

HE IS NO HOG.

GRIT—"Sir John Macdonald is always trying to usurp the powers that rightly belong to the Local Government."

TORY—"On the contrary, he's always particularly anxious not to encroach on Mowat's functions. He's perfectly willing to leave Mowat the job of arresting O'Brien and Dillon, though he might undertake it himself. Oh, the Old Man ain't no hog!"

ADDENDUM TO "IN DARKEST AFRICA."

(A scrap of manuscript picked up at the Auditorium after the Stanley reception.)

STRANGE indeed are the decrees of fate. Three times have I been in the wilds of the Dark Continent; for years I have followed its rivers and pierced its primeval forests, meeting all manners of wild tribes, and never have I been made prisoner by any. Cannibal feasts have gone on all about me, yet I have kept out of the pot; pigmies, with poisoned arrows, have lurked around my camp on all hands, yet have I escaped the deadly venom. But, though Darkest Africa perils have been braved in safety, no sooner do I touch Canadian soil than I am a goner. I, who have escaped the clutches of the Mahdi, of Kabbi Rega, of Ugarowa, of Kavelli and of Kilonga Longa, am, the moment I enter Toronto, captured, gobbled up, surrounded and completely taken possession of, I and my devoted wife, by that ubiquitous and inevitable Artist. Though I may have passed safely through the African forest, I have not been able to escape the Sherwood.



S-TRAORDINARY EFFECT OF A BOA IN A HIGH WIND.

SKILLED LABOR.

FIRST GRANGER—"I never thought that new man I hired the other day would turn out such a greenhorn. He told me he had been three years in one place."

SECOND GRANGER—"So he was, and I can tell you where."

1ST. G.—"Where was it?"

2ND. G.—"In jail."

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE BOY—"Papa, the papers says the mine owners are going to coalesce. What is the meaning of coalesce?"

PAPA—"It means less coal, my son."