

that Canada is at this moment "happy," "contented" and "prosperous," and that we are rapidly "accumulating wealth," Truth must have crept under the table to blush. Our debt is over \$300,000,000 and going up; we have a deficit on the current year's business; the North-West land policy is a sickening failure, the farmers have discovered the N.P. to be a fraud, and in the name of "loyalty" the Government is setting itself against an extension of trade with our Republican neighbors. These are the cold and cruel facts, and the glitter of colored lights in a warm and cosy banquet hall, where excellent wine (sold contrary to law) is on tap, cannot alter these facts.

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IT will be just what we expect if we find ourselves pilloried in certain journals as traitors for saying this. We reply in advance that not one half of the dark side of the picture is hinted at above. The Canada which was painted so glowingly by the banquet orators is a possible Canada, and *ought* to be the Canada of this moment, but it is not. Corruption, mis-government and extravagance, combined with a fiscal policy based upon unsound principles, will effectually prevent the beautiful dream from ever being realized. Canada is a country of almost infinite possibilities, but so long as her natural development is restrained by artificial barriers, and her substance is absorbed by monopolies sustained at the expense of the people, it is simply insulting the common intelligence to talk in the optimistic strain that characterized the banquet speeches. Give Canada freedom and good government, and she will soon furnish material for orations which may be *true* as well as enthusiastic.

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THE American actors are demanding protection from foreign competition under the law which prohibits the entrance of contract labor. For this they are being jeered at by the Protectionist press, which is illogical as usual. The actors are perfectly right. If the law bars out a gang of Italians who come over to act as laborers on a railway, why shouldn't it bar out a troupe of Thespians who come over to act as comedians and tragedians on the stage?



POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

GRIT.—"Pshaw! The fact is that the Tories are rascals, pure and simple!"

TORY.—"Yes; I'll admit that, compared with the Grits they are pure; but they're not half so simple as your crowd!"



MIXED DRINKS.

CHUMLY.—"Dobby, old boy, suppose I help you home; you're weary."

DOBBY.—"Wish y' (*hic*) would ol' fell'r; mush blig'; 'f you (*hic*) do, I'll nev'r f'give you."

THE CENSUS QUESTION.

NEXT time Mr. King Dodds takes the census he must do something about the query, "How many slept in this house last night?" which proved to be too ambiguous on the late occasion, and raised a number of queries, as, for example—

1. Does it include the chaps who had the toothache?
2. Parents who walked the floor all night with a colicky youngster?
3. The fellows who had to catch an early train?
4. The mother-in-law who never admits that she was asleep?

One of our Irish citizens told the census man that he couldn't swear he was asleep at all, for he "just shut his eyes and divil a ha'porth he knew about it till it was all over."

"SASSIETY" AS IT YACHT TO BE.

ONE of our "Society" papers announces that "the Yacht Club ball is to be painfully select this year, and no pretty milliners are to be allowed, as formerly." If the society reporter has been correctly informed, the Yacht Club managers must be a precious parcel of snobs, who, in putting the bar-sinister on honest labor, are probably casting a slur on their own fathers and mothers. If they really do carry out the above regulation the affair is very likely to prove "painfully" select, for nothing more painful for a man of sense can be imagined than to be obliged to pass an evening with a company of people who regard work as disgraceful. But of course there will be no men of sense there to suffer. A yacht club of this sort would be more useful with the yachts keel-up in the middle of the bay.