



THE NEW CROMWELL AT THE CITY HALL.
MAYOR FLEMING—"TAKE AWAY THESE BAUBLES!"

THE THISTLE'S GREETING.

THE immigrant from Caledonia's shore
Finds in this Western land abundant space
To shelter all that hardy, cotter race
Which Scottish chiefs have vexed and harried sore.
While to remind him of the days of yore,
And make his new abode less strange a place,
The thistle greets him with its prickly grace,
In field and garden oftener than before.
Not Scotia's flower this Ishmael, though akin,
Yet wise the message of its pointed speech
To banished serf from many a Highland glen—
"Hold fast the soil my masters would ye win
And keep the freedom once more in your reach
With right to claim your crest's proud boast again."
WILLIAM MCGILL.

OBJECTIVELY CONSIDERED.

CANDID FRIEND—"So you are thinking of accepting Mr. Homely. No doubt he'll make a good enough husband in some respects, but then he's such an object!"

MISS MANHUNTER—"I admit that, but after all there's no happiness in living without an object."

GOING TO THE RIGHT SOURCE.

THE Young Liberals are shortly to have a literary treat in the shape of a paper on "Political Fictions," by Mr. J. E. Atkinson of the *Globe*. The managing committee, by their selection of speaker and topic, showed a decided appreciation of the fitness of things. A *Globe* man, if anything, ought to be thoroughly at home on the question of political fictions, which, it is needless to say, form the principal stock-in-trade of the party press. And the most time-honored and persistent of the lot is the supposition that the name "Liberal," as applied to the Grit party, has any particular meaning other than that of a label to distinguish them from their opponents.

SOCIETY TRIALS.

COLLECTOR—"Mr. Inswim, I hope you can let me have the amount of this account to-day. This is my fifth call."

MR. INSWIM—"My dear fellow, you will really have to excuse me. The Patti concert cleaned me out completely. Their prices were simply outrageous, sir!"