



El Mahdi is said to have eighteen wives. Wife No. 1 thinks they may well call him the "false" prophet.

Lord Lorne continues to boom the big drum in favor of the emigration to Canada of various classes of old country people, mechanics and artisans of all sorts not excepted. Either the noble Lord does not read the *Globe*, or else he does not believe it—the probabilities being strongly in favor of the latter surmise.

I notice that salvation army parades have been tabooed in Kingston. This, coming on top of the defection over a dancing Captain, is rather more than even the Dr. Wilson episode can offset. Indications appear to point in the direction of the Truly Wicked People in Power assembling in their might to chase the stone town salvationists into the woods.

Another young man has been killed while amusing himself at a *charivari*. It does not ever seem to occur to young fellows who inaugurate *charivari* proceedings that all the fun should be on their side of the house. But occasionally—like this old man in East Saginaw—there comes to the fore an individual who is bound to dissipate this view of jughandled jollity. While the serenaders are supremely happy, practising with their little tom-toms, he is blissfully contented practising with his little shot-gun.

There is a difference of opinion amongst the weather prophets as to whether we shall have an early spring. Mr. Vennor takes the negative side in the controversy, although it is amazing how this bankrupt weather-maker has the audacity to take a side at all, unless it be a side-track. It is a noticeable fact that Prof. Moses Oates has not yet declared himself. This singularly successful prognosticator ought to come forward at once and relieve public anxiety. The excuse that he is experimenting on an entirely new and promising brand of weather, will not do duty much longer with an impatient people.

The American revivalist crop appears to hold its own against unfavouring elements. Salvation army recruiting sergeants are having all they want to do taking down new names, and other spiritual press-gang agents find their time also fully occupied. But it is not proposed to have these operations confined to home forces. Moody and Sankey, for example, are sending out to Canada a representative of their firm to solicit orders, so to speak. The agent's name is Soltan. Naturally one associates the sound of this patronymic with the expression used to describe the successful assaults of the salvation army on the Wicked and Thoughtless. If the army can get the wicked and thoughtless "in a pickle," Messrs. Moody and Sankey's man ought to be good at Soltan them down.

One's keen admiration of the Grit journals' vigorous denunciation of the iniquitous Tupper whitewashing Act, is only exceeded by one's profound pleasure at the able explanation of the same honest editors about the Bills excusing the Algoma, East Simcoe and Dowling informalities. It is well to have a great mind and be able to discuss matters unprejudicedly, and to the satisfaction of a righteous people. The mind of the average Grit editor is not simply Great—it is Truly Great.

Mr. Gladstone is not going to retire for a while, it seems. He finds there are a few little things about the office which need straightening up before he quits—that small affair in the East, the bothering Irish business, and one or two other unfinished jobs, that really require to be finished up and scored off the order book. The Premier can scarcely, I fancy, rid up the pigeon-holes and be ready to leave much before the summer holidays.

The telephone companies have largely increased their earnings during the past year, but no proportion thereof is to be applied towards perfecting the telephone so that it will not be absolutely necessary for a person to employ profanity largely in operating one of the machines. One thing, at least, might be done towards this end, and that is to abolish the present telephonic salutatory and substitute some call that does not so much invite to the use of cursory language. Another good move would be to rigidly examine into the sanity of every employee before engaging him at the central office.

Parnell must lead! He will take his affidavit,—or rather he will not take anything after Davitt, for he declares that even that eminently anxious agitator must not look for a place higher than second in command in the Irish Liberty Movement. If Parnell can carry out his intention to have undisputed sway in the management of the movement, two very desirable results will be the outcome. First, it will be demonstrated that there is really such a thing as moderation in an Irishman as well as an ability to acknowledge that there may possibly be among his countrymen one just as patriotic and sagacious as himself—if not a little more so. Second, the movement will be the more likely to succeed. Either one of these results, it strikes me, is a desideratum of no trivial importance in a calm consideration of the Irish Question.

"The Scott Act has carried in Oxford!" peals the temperance trumpet. Well, the Act having carried the people in that county, the people in that county are bound, in common courtesy if for nothing else, to go to work now and carry the Act. This may seem a bewildering piece of composition, but if the startled reader will permit me, I can assure him I am quite competent to say what I mean. I have just said what I mean, but if you will have it in other words, I say now that the Act is law, let it be operative law. It is only too characteristic of temperance workers to spend their energies gaining the enemy's position, and then treat the enemy as if they had nothing more to fear from him. The man who buys "Rough on Rats" and leaves the package unopened in the back pantry ought not to be very much surprised to find that the rodents still run riot in his barn.

The motion in Parliament for a renewal of reciprocity negotiations with the neighboring Republic of course fell pretty flat. To give Sir John credit, he really appears to have wedded Miss Canada to the N. P. for keeps, and does not propose to have anything to do on his own part with proceedings looking towards a divorce. Cousin Jonathan may possibly yet have a sneaking regard for the

buxom young creature, notwithstanding her recent saucy dismissal of him for another suitor, and may be waiting with a knowing grin for a "separation" that will give him another chance to offer himself. But, if cousin Jonathan will listen to a friend, he will please understand, that even though she knows he would gladly have her; even though the N. P. hasn't turned out as excellent a catch as it was at first expected; even though this is leap year—the young lady has sufficient of her native dignity remaining to wait, even if she were free to-day, till her American admirer toggled himself out in regulation shape and came right over to talk love and business to her in the most exact and unmistakable fashion. And even then,—but I don't want to prematurely scare off the Yank.



REMINISCENCES OF SLOWTON LITTERY SASSIETY.

BY JAY KAYELLE, EX-PRESIDENT.

PAPER II.

DEMOSTHENES.

There aint nothin' can bring out what's in a fellow like a Littery Sassiety. Fellows you'd never think it of would get up an' orate an' argify the ear off ye, an' beat smarter-lookin' an' better dressed fellows all hollow. I never could make out how it was, but somehow them quiet bookworms allus had the best of it. I think its kinder like this. If a fellow ha'nt got them cracks in his cranium, tightly caulked up with solid facts an' figgers afore he begins to stump it, putty soon he'll be sensible of a leak in his brainpan, his ideas will ooze out, an' instead of a tellin' speech, all you hear is his tongue rattlin' round in his head, like a pea in a skull; plenty of sound, but mighty little sense.

One year we'd a fellow there, he beat all; you could make him believe anything, an' the boys were everlastinly stuffin' him. He'd an idea that he was a born orator, an' the boys persuaded him that with a little care an' cultivation he'd get the sassiety's prize for oratory. He didn't feel certain whether he'd be a Demosthenes or a Cicero, but he bought the two books published by them gentlemen, an' set to work to study which of the two suited his genius like. My own private opinion is, that if he had known enough to get an introduction to the gentlemen, a personal interview on the subjeck would a done them a sight more good.

That same year we'd two other fellows in the Sassiety; they had bin to colledge, an' cum home, an' they jined the Littery, more r mischief I guess, than anxiety to improve.