



### SO THEY ARE.

*At the Asylum, Orillia.*

DOBBERLY.—"Aw, paw cweatures, I feel for them vewy much, doncherknow."

WOBBERLY.—"But aftaw all, do you think they weally have much feeling or sensibility?"

DOBBERLY.—"How widiculous of you, Wobberly. Idiots are men just like you and me!"

### "FOSTER"-ING CANADIAN TRADE.



OUR Very Special Reporter has only just sent in his report of the Board of Trade banquet. He makes a futile attempt to explain his delay by throwing the blame upon the managers of the affair, who arranged for a brand of liquor far stronger than there was any necessity for. "No reasonable being," he says, "could expect a man to be physically or mentally fit after imbibing four glasses of that brandy, and if arrangements are made for the sale of drink without license on such an occasion, the very least a guest

can do is to patronize the saloon department a little." In short, it is plain that our Very Special Reporter got drunk—no fine phrases and glittering generalities can conceal the fact. We find his report in a condition to corroborate this view. The only thing in it which seems really coherent, though unfinished, is the speech of Hon. Mr. Foster, which is given as follows:

Hon. G. E. Foster, Minister of Finance, on rising to respond to the toast, was received with great cheering. He said:—"Your Lordship, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen: The Government, of which I am a humble member, has made a great country of Canada—great morally, great intellectually, great commercially and great politically (applause). We have done this by sheer force of genius (cheers) and especially of financial genius (renewed cheers). The National Policy was an inspiration (hear, hear) and has made the people wealthy, particularly some

of them (tremendous applause). We do not intend to desert the ship now. Knowing that we are on the right path, we propose to keep straight on to the finish (cheers and applause). We hear bated whisperings of Annexation, but I say we want nothing of the sort (frantic cheers). We have now the freest country on earth (hear, hear). Freedom is our watchword! Free speech (cheers), free institutions (renewed cheers), free press (increased cheers), free worship (cyclonic applause) and free trade (terrific cheers) excuse me, gentlemen, I take that last word back. We draw the line at trade and commerce (hear, hear). We have discovered that freedom, so admirable in connection with all other right things, is wrong, dangerous, impolitic, absurd, demoralizing and fatal in connection with trade (hear, hear, and cheers). Restriction and fetters for trade! That is our platform; that is what has made this Dominion great! (Applause.) Free trade would kill the country. Look what we have done and are doing! We have spent millions on our railways and canals, and the free-traders would have us destroy those railways and canals by using them for common traffic, simply for sordid considerations of financial gain! They would have us open up free intercourse with our Republican neighbors, and before the people they dangle the debasing bait of monetary gain! (hear, hear.) Gentlemen, are we going to lower ourselves to the position of mere money makers? (cheers). Are we going to make that money out of Yankees, who in the meantime would inoculate us with disloyal ideas? Perish the thought! (Great cheers.) No, gentlemen, we are going to deal with distant nations only—so as to keep our loyalty safe and uncorrupted. We are opening up communication with Chili, and we propose to trade freely with them (cheers). Pray don't misunderstand me. The free trade is to be on our side only. Goods from Chili will receive a chilly reception from our customs officers (great laughter and applause). We are going to trade with Bolivia and Peru, and Cuba and Equador, and Patagonia, on similar terms, namely, we will sell them Canadian goods for ready money. No truck taken in exchange! (Renewed laughter.) 'This is something that no ministry on earth has ever done; but in our hands it will be simple as rolling off a log—or as log-rolling (cheers and great laughter). If those distant nations refuse to trade with us on these terms, so much the worse for them! (Cheers.) We will hand them over to the tender mercies of Sir Adolph Caron and Sir Fred. Middleton (sensation). That will fetch them! (Hear, hear, and cheering, loud and long continued.) Meanwhile the subsidies and patronage in connection with these trade schemes will make things boom for our own people—those of them at least who own the subsidised steamers. Gentlemen, these are our—[The report here comes to an abrupt conclusion].

### IN A STATE OF DOUBT.

POLICEMAN—"Come along, now. Are you going home?"

JENKINS—"Goin' home? 'Thash jus' what I'd like to know. Everythin' goin' roun' so fas' I can't tell."

### "SEMPER PARATUS!"

"BUT, George," said she to the handsome young Grenadier, "what would you really do if there was a sudden cry, 'to arms, to arms!'"

"Well," said George, "it would depend. If the cry issued from your lips I think I should come."