



A Gentle Hint.

Little Premier to Big Premier.—Beg pardon, Sir John, but you don't happen to have a Boudary Award that you have no use for about you?

Big Premier to Little Premier.—I don't, eh?

The Blake Dinner.

From our Specially Impertinent Reporter.

Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

OLD BOY.—When you commissioned me to attend the People's Edward to Montreal, you requested me to see that he made a good speech at the Reform Dinner, and generally conducted himself becomingly. You added that you did not care a mealy potatoe for his politics, but you wished him to be a credit to Gnr's native city. I accepted the task willingly, as I have a passably strong liking for a good dinner, especially when it is eaten at your expense. You also hinted that you expected my report to be brief but brilliant. The hint was entirely unnecessary, Old Boy, as brilliancy and brevity are my forte.

I and my friend Edward were landed at the Bonaventure Depot in due time. *En passant*—What a gorgeous structure that same Bonaventure Depot is! Scrupulously clean and spacious, yet with a venerable air of antiquity about it. I was fascinated as I gazed upon its noble proportions and the massive span of its stately roof. *Mem.*—Must be careful to enquire the name of the architect before leaving. We, that is I and my travelling companion, were met by a deputation of the Reform Club at the depot. I had fraternized graciously with the leader of the Opposition on the way down, and it was with unspoken regret on his part that we separated at the depot. I assured him I would be near to sustain him at the dinner, and with a cheerful *au revoir*, drove off to the Windsor. Was I mistaken in the belief that the breast of the great Edward heaved a mighty sigh as I turned the corner? (One of relief, blockhead, of course.—*Editor.*)

Well, the dinner—what wretched bunglers these Montreal Grits are. One would have thought, after their Queen's Hall experience, that the word "ticket" would have been expunged from their vocabulary. But no! arrayed in full dinner canonicals I marched down to the Dining Hall, and was met at the door with the request, "Ticket, sir." How the *Mail* and *Spectator* will gloat over this fresh proof that all but the faithful are excluded from the presence of the great Edward when he visits Montreal. Ticket, indeed; of course I was equal to the occasion—bending down mysteriously, I whispered a few words, of which Gnr was one—A divine smile illuminated the face of the janitor and he led me at once to a place of honor

near the chairman. *Mem.* The price of the ticket was two dollars, you will find it included in my expense account. (Indeed.—*Ed.*) I am naturally modest, but I distinguished myself at this dinner. I did indeed. You would have been proud of your reporter had you witnessed the masterly way in which he disposed of the good things before him. Of course you understand that wines were extra. I charge you with one bottle champagne—one claret, and one sherry—did think of ordering another champagne, but concluded had better pay some little attention to the speeches. I am itching to do some fine writing here; to enlarge on the brilliancy of the spectacle—the fervid enthusiasm of the assembled Grits, and the splendid eloquence of the speeches, but my instructions are to be "brief and brilliant," to succumb would be to sacrifice brevity, and I obey orders. The loss is yours. If some one who shall be nameless were allowed a little more latitude your subscription list, Old Boy, would be greatly benefited. (This bangs all Baunaghar, we will discharge him at once on his return.—*Ed.*)

I was fortunately placed near the orator of the evening, and during his speech occasionally beamed upon him with a friendly and patronizing air to the evident stimulus of his jaded powers. His speech was—was—yes it was indeed—wonder how many columns of the *Globe* it will occupy? When I am Prime Minister or leader of the Opposition, there will be no crabbied old editor to pester me with "brief but brilliant." Pshaw! won't I let myself out then, and won't the reporters bless me as they do the People's Edward now? Why can't he be brief and brilliant I wonder?

When the great gun has been fired, and the enthusiasm has somewhat evaporated, these political dinners are rather prosy affairs, Old Boy. Don't think I shall attend another professionally. Heigho! how sleepy I am—wonder if it's the wine? Think I'll order another bottle. Wai—wai—no I won't—too sleepy to drink it. Who's that? Anglin. He's good for an hour—brief and brilliant—brilliant and brief—brilliant—and—

Hello! What's that? Gnr's representative requested to respond to the toast of "The Press." One of your tricks, Master Edward, is it? You're doing the beaming now—see if I don't pay you out for it. "Gnr!" "Gnr!" Well gentlemen, Gnr isn't deaf, and if you want to hear Gnr, why Gnr has always something to say worth listening to, and then I gave them a rouser. How the glasses rung and the windows shook with the applause. It was the triumph of the evening, and now, Old Boy, if you don't raise my salary fifty per cent I'll—I'll resign and have a Gnr of my own with none of your beastly brilliancy and brevity about it.

Yours, S. J. R.
Wednesday Morning.—I open this to any I am suffering the tortures of the blanked—such a horrible headache—can't leave this morning—perhaps not for week. Be sure and send me plenty of money, you old blunderbuss—and by the first post, too.
Y. S. J. R.

To Ye Member for Ni-g-ra.

When nature works, dear Plumb, she has in view, From first to last, a purpose—therefore you Were made for something. What? Ah! that's the rub, A poet? Nay! Ask Ross, my ancient Bub, Or ask yourself, confess, you surely know it—A trick of tagging rhymes don't make a Poet. A statesman then? Oh! shade of Pitt forbid, That's not your *role* my chirping Kayid. Well, then, an orator, deep, fervent, true? I seek in vain these lofty gifts in you. If neither orator nor statesman wise, Nor poet with fine frenzy rolling eyes. *Vide* Shakespeare, say, what were you made for then? To do the dirty work of other men? To be a vain and garrulous M. P.? Mistaking sound and incivility For argument and wit? To be the pest Of men with souls above a silly jest? If made for these—then nature, artist true, Outdid herself, dear Plumb, when making you.

GARDE.



Going Down Hill.

The Finance Minister is travelling altogether too recklessly just now to suit the nerves of that excellent hanger-on of the Government, the editor of the *Bystander*. In the March number of that able publication we are assured that Sir Leonard is mistaken in his idea that the people of Canada are growing richer because they are paying more taxes. Indeed this opinion is denounced in the most forcible and brilliant English, and the Finance Minister is moreover warned that he is acting madly in rushing along in his present career of extravagance. The estimates brought down at the close of the session gave rise to these comments of *Bystander*, and Mr. Gnr quite agrees with Mr. Smith. But what is he going to do about it? His position as pictured above is what Jacob Faithful would call a "helpless" one. And alas, we are all equally at the mercy of this furious velocipedist.

Nonsense.

So huffy was fair Henrietta
That she waged against Love a vendetta
Till at length she kept tryst
With a Ritualist
In a chasuble, stole, and biretta.

Old Favorites with New Faces.—No 2.

A Song for the Librarian at the Education Department Library, Toronto.

Oh, my heart is weary waiting
Here on Dr. May!
Guardian dog in Learning's manger,
Stern he tells the student "Stranger!"
You may walk away!"
Books you need its useless stalling.
Rules and red-tape alternating
Gives a prospect gay,
For the patient public waiting
Here on Dr. May!

Latest from the Royal Military College, Kingston.



AS THE CADET IS.

AS HE WAS.