



AN HISTORICAL WARNING.

TOMMY—"Ma, I'd rather go to the barber shop an' get my hair cut."

MA—"Shut up! I can cut it better than any barber."

TOMMY—"But I don't like it. Our Sunday school teacher told us 'bout Samson gettin' a home-made hair cut, an' how it broke him all up."

Dear Manufacturers, quoth Sir John,
Negotiations can't go on
On any such condition,
Blaine wants pure, square, straight-out free trade,
And no exceptions can be made—
That's simply the position.

Exactly so, most dear Old Boy,
That's why the grand old flag we fly,
And flap and flaunt it;
With "British interests," don't you see,
We block all Reciprocity—
'Cause we don't want it!

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WE often hear it alleged in essay and sermon that the path of duty is filled with thorns and other uncomfortable things. The career of Mr. Clarke Wallace, M.P., justifies a more cheerful philosophy. His path seems to be pretty well crowded with complimentary presentations and banquets, as testimonials to the ability and rectitude which have marked his character as a public man. Out of his experience a new aphorism may be coined for the encouragement of youth—Do right, and you shall never be in the want of a square meal and a button hole bouquet. And now, to crown his triumph, they talk of making Mr. Wallace a cabinet minister, vice Mackenzie Bowell, to be kicked out.

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THE annual motion against permitting the opium traffic to continue in India came up in the British House of Commons a few days ago and was carried by a vote of 160 to 130; the result being a defeat of the Government. Those of us who feel a proper pride in the majesty of the Empire, as represented by Salisbury & Co., will be glad to note that no official notice is to be taken of this decision as it "did not carry the weight which a division of the full House would carry." No doubt Salisbury's idea is that a "full" house would be sure to vote the other way.

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INTERESTING item from the Montreal Gazette (Con.):

The French Government, it is reported, has resolved to relieve Canadian hog products of the prohibition imposed upon those of the United States. The operation of the N.P. has greatly increased the number of hogs raised in Canada. These two conditions should be made to co-operate to Canada's profit.

We hardly expected so candid an admission from the *Gazette* as to the results of the N.P. It is, perhaps, not the most polite way of speaking of the brood of monopolists, but there is enough truth in it to counterbalance the brusqueness.

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THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* critic seems to have been hit very hard by William Wilfrid Campbell's poem, "The Mother," in the April *Harper's*. A long notice concludes with these words:

The last week was devoted to the study of Homer by the Literary School of Chicago. It was a week well spent, no doubt. Lecturers of high culture and deep reflection spread before the school their choicest thoughts on that first of poets. Homer is worthy of the study of every generation. But the pathetic side of life was beyond his grasp. He was the laureate of man in his child period. This one little poem by William Wilfrid Campbell, which will probably share the common fate of current literature in its precipitate march to the grave, touches a finer chord in the heart than was dreamt of in the poetry of Homer.

GEORGE E. GILLESPIE,

ALDERMAN FOR ST. GEORGE'S WARD.

Died April 11, 1891.



THE drooping flags half-masted flow,
Prenuring no feigned grief,
No formal sorrow—hollow, brief,
But honest, heartfelt, widespread woe.

No brilliant wit has passed away,
No tongue of eloquence is stilled,
But manly Honor, iron-willed—
GILLESPIE! Our sore need to-day!

Stern? headstrong? stubborn? Even so
Where to surrender and give way
Were public interests to betray,
Alone with Truth, he'd thunder "No!"

But where was ever kindlier heart
Than beat within Gillespie's breast?
And thousands whom his hand has blest
Drop secret tears to-day apart.

Death sought to take him unaware,
But in the Christian's hope and faith
His dauntless spirit smiled at Death,
Nor needed space for anguished prayer.

No more his earnest mind may plan
Toronto's glory to secure—
He sleeps, yet will his fame endure
In golden words—AN HONEST MAN!

J.W.B.

SATISFACTORILY ACCOUNTED FOR.

MR. FLIPPY—"Do you know Miss DeNood, Mrs. Jimpsecute?"

MRS. JIMPSECUTE—"Well I am barely acquainted with her. I think I was introduced to her at the Fitz Snoozers ball."

MR. FLIPPY—"Ah, that would account for the bare ness then."