

The average miller, in his present perturbed condition of mind, is not likely to draw the fine distinction between the N.P. and the Tariff which justice requires. The one is a vast blessing, the other an unmitigated curse. Let this difference be kept in mind, and give Sir John all the glory—and votes.

PERSONAL.—Any person of an ingenious and inventive turn of mind, who can concoct a plausible explanation of why the redemption clause was put in the prospectus of the fifty-year loan, when the Government never had any intention of living up to said clause, will hear of something to his advantage by addressing Hon. G. E. Foster, Finance Department, Ottawa. [Free adv.]

IT appears that the solidity of the Opposition vote against the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Bill was due chiefly to an elaborate and profound argument made by Hon. Edward Blake in a party caucus. Had it not been for this convincing appeal, we are told the affirmative vote on O'Brien's motion would have been much stronger. Wouldn't it be well for somebody to hire a hall and give the hon. gentleman an opportunity of convincing the people at large that they are totally astray on this important matter? Should he succeed, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has saved the political bacon of a great many members of his party, who are now metaphorically

Sitting in the presence of a big, black block,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock!

MISS WALLFLOWER AFTER THE PARTY.

I DIDN'T enjoy myself at all, though if you are asked by anyone, say it was a delightful party. None of my old stand-bys came to the rescue, and I spent most of the evening in an uncomfortable chair near the door, in full view of everyone. At first that poor little H. came up and stayed and stayed until we were both tired to death of each other. I saw him struggling with a mouthful of yawns, which set me off, too.

Then there was Mr. A. For a rather nice, clever man, he can, on occasion, be the stupidest I know. If I happened to be alone he never came near me; the moment another man appeared he instantly came up and joined in the conversation until my partner felt he was *de trop*, and walked away, on which Mr. A. suddenly became alive to the fact and instantly followed suit. Well, yes, I did dance with Mr. B., and sat out another with him afterwards; but though he dances pretty well, in some way or other he managed to keep scraping my chin against his shoulder, and when we weren't dancing, there was only one chair, which, of course, he gave to me, and had to stand himself. As he is a six-footer, and my chair was low, I nearly broke my neck craning it up to hear what he said, and I'm sure he must have got a crick in his back stooping down to me; and as neither of us had anything to say, it was hardly worth our combined efforts. That horrid Blank-Blank, after my taking all the trouble to teach him to dance, never came near me last night to ask me for one. He sat down and talked for ever so long about nothing, and the minute the music struck up for the lancers he was off like a shot asking some one else.

There's the gratitude of the world for you. That's a sample of how I spent the evening. Mr. W. did come up occasionally and enquire "how I was getting on?" until I should have liked to annihilate him. D. condescended to come and have a talk with me at last. His

conversation was mostly confined to the telling of some idiotic story, which he declared was awfully funny. He interrupted himself a dozen times to laugh. I couldn't see either head or tail to it, and if there was any fun in it Mr. D. had it all to himself. When supper time came, I thought for once I'd console myself for a dull evening, but that was a failure, too. My escort brought me one oyster, two pieces of shell, and some bread crumbs. For sweets, I had some horrible stuff they had the audacity to call Italian cream; it tasted of half-cooked corn starch with a little whipped up egg flavored with bad nuts.

How on earth to get home was my next problem. The Smiths, I found, hadn't room in their cab for me, and I finally asked the Brown girls, who had got hold of little Jones, if I might walk home with them. It did seem absurd, as little Jones is half a head shorter than I am, to ask him to take the three Browns and myself. However, we got home safely, and I never felt more thankful than when I crawled into bed after that party. Of course, I must say, it was "a charming evening," but I hope to heaven that is the last party of the season at Dullwater



A JOURNAL OF ADAPTABILITY.

(SCENE—St. James' St., Montreal.)

NEWSBOY—"Star, sir?"

STRANGER—"Yes. I'll take a copy."

NEWSBOY—"Which kind, sir, Ontario or Quebec?—depends on whether you want any anti-Jesuit stuff in it or not, you know."

A SYMBOL.

MISS DIZZY—"Why do you picture Spring as a fresh young maiden?"

ARTIST—"Because, like other fresh young maidens, the season is sometimes very forward."

QUESTION.

THE "Noble Thirteen"—yes, ahem!

And none were hypocritical?

Each cast his vote from motive pure,
And not at all political?

None thought of next election day

With secret inward shiver-ty?

All with a single eye for Right,

Stood up for British liberty?

Pray do not think us cynical;

We'd cast no doubt on any man—

But politicians as a rule

Are noted for shenanegan!