

Plon-Plon's military career was of short duration and he returned home on sick leave. *Sic transit, e c.*

Plon-Plon was again fired with military ambition during the Franco Italian war, but in 1872 he was fired out of France with a celerity that made his head swim. He retired to his chateau near Geneva, where he spent his time cherishing memories of the past and waiting for the Republic to bust up so he could file his claims as Rightful Heir. Passing travellers of distinction often dropped into his chateau to chat over the situation and exchange *mots* with him. He always kept a good supply of the latter on hand. *Cela va sans dire.*

Matthew Arnold called on him in 1885 and condoled with him by pointing out the vanity of human greatness. "Here *mon ami*," said the great English philosopher, "you have all that suffices. Have you any lack?" The Prince heaved a sigh. "*Ah, oui mon ami, Lac de Geneve*," he replied. The shock is believed to have seriously affected Matthew Arnold's nervous system and probably hastened his end.

Plon Plon studiously abstained from religious observances during his life-time, thereby saving many thousand francs in pew rents and collections, but got reconciled with the church on his death-bed, thereby making the best of both worlds. He said that he would die like an Emperor and accepted the principles of the Concordat, and his apology was accepted.

His funeral at Turin was one of the most *recherche* and *fin de siecle* occasions recently witnessed. The *corps diplomatique* attended. "Who is dead?" enquired an American millionaire, as the *cortège* passed—"Monsieur, *Le Prince Jerome Bonaparte est mort*," replied Count Des Grenouilles, who happened to be standing near. "Oh, you mean he is *no more*, I guess," replied the American.

Helas ! Telle est la vie !

"HIM AND ME."

SUNG BY MISS CANADA.

TRA-LA-LA, we're right good friends ;
Him and me ;
And his love he slyly sends
Oft to me ;
He's a spry young man, I know,
Side by side along we'll go,
While he treats me kindly so ;
Him and me.

He has money—so have I ;
Him and me ;
Our estates are equal, nigh ;
Him and me ;
But in bargains he is 'cute,
And he plays upon his lute
Merry tunes which always suit
Him—not me.

He's my uncle, so they say ;
Him and me ;
Mother's cousin, by the way ;
Him and me ;
And relations cannot go
To the altar, you must know,
For the Church would say us No,
Don't you see.

Tra-la-la, we'll live in peace ;
Him and me ;
May our friendship never cease
Thus to be ;
Come the good, or come the ill,
Change my name I never will,
For my mother loves me still,
More than he.

T. J. G.



"NOT A LIBERAL BUT A DESPOT."

Mr. Mercier decreed, so it is said, that the two papers, *La Justice* and *L'Etendard*, should be closed up. It was not his will that any of them should continue to be published after saying anything out of harmony with his views. They dare to disobey. *La Justice*, at least, can be coerced. It is printed at the office of the *Electeur*, and though the publishers of that paper are under a binding contract to print *La Justice*, while guaranteeing its independence, Mr. Mercier threatens to withdraw the Government printing ; so the contract and all honor go by the board. How does Mr. Mercier exercise this autocratic power over what should be the guarantee of the people's liberties—a so-called free press? Simply by his use of our money. The *Electeur* is bribed with heavy undisguised subsidies to support him, and support him it must at whatever sacrifice of manhood—*Montreal Witness*.

THE WAIL OF THE INFANT INDUSTRIES.

MISS CANADA the nurse-maid, enters the nursery with a big hobby-horse under her arm, and sees the bloated baby monopolist sprawling on the floor in ecstatic admiration of the antics of a jumping-jack (Sir John A.)—"Dear me, those brats will never learn to go alone until they get a better plaything than that old puppet. Here you little N.P. noodle poodles, see what a pretty Reciprocity hobby-horse your Uncle Sam has brought you. Just catch hold of it and you'll soon learn to toddle. You can't smash it, its strong enough to break down a fence. Now give me that useless old thing," picks up the jumping-jack to fling it away.

Chorus of enraged and frightened B. B. Ms.—"Ow ! Ow ! Ow ! boo hoo ! boo-hoo !—we'll fall down, boo-hoo ! boo-hoo !"

MISS CANADA (*impatiently*)—"Oh, shut up ! shut up ! There's your old man again, seeing nothing else will quiet you."

She gives them back the jumping-jack and goes out for a walk with Uncle Sam round the corner.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

ON DIT.

THAT it is proposed to form a Blake Society on the lines of the Browning Club for the study of the abstruse and profound Document of the Great Canadian.