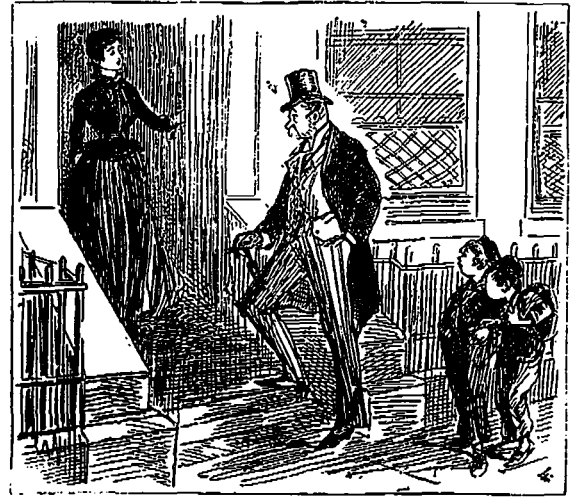


THE INDEPENDENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

WHAT is all this racket they are raising about the Independence of Parliament? Parliament isn't independent. Far from it. It is dependent, first on the B.N.A. Act, which created it. Then it is dependent on the presence of Members when the House meets. Afterwards it is dependent on the Speaker being in his seat. Next it is dependent on the whips razoo round. Further, it is more or less dependent on the clerks, the pages, the reporters and the refreshment bar. Finally and above all it is dependent on the people; therefore the people ought to have a little dependence on it, through the Members; consequently there is interdependence and no independence. Q.E.D.—D'y'e mind? So it comes to pass that this kicking against Members doing a little something in a quiet way for the people who send them to Parliament must stop right now. What's the good of your Member if he can't get you a timber berth, or a mineral claim, or a coal mine, or a railway contract, or a soft job in the Civil Service? That's what they are there for. We are the People, and now is the time to subscribe!

T.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE morning after their tiff, Edwin called at Angelina's house. Angelina herself opened the door. He stammered and asked if her father was at home. "I will see," was her frigid reply "what name, sir?"

WHY THE LADIES VOTED.

(A VERBATIM REPORT.)



THE ladies can vote now for the Mayor in Rural Dell. There has been far less sensation than you would have thought over it. In fact the place seems to jog along much as usual. It was at the first Thimble Party after the election, and when conversation ran low some one started politics, and the newly elected mayor.

"You voted, I suppose, Mrs. Smith; who for, Thrifty or Harte?"

"For Harte of course, an awful kind man," replied that old lady, "why I remember two years ago

he offered me his arm as I was trying to cross the street where it was all ice. Such a man in my opinion ought to be encouraged."

"Ah—yes—you do want some one 'to lean on' as it were, Grannie," put in a flippant granddaughter of Mrs. S.

"Just my opinion, Mrs. Smith, Harte's the man to vote for. I hadn't quite made up my mind who I'd support, but when Harte sent a cab to take me to the polling-place, I hesitated no longer. He is a man who knows what is due to a lady of position. I shouldn't wonder now if Thrifty thought I was going to take the trouble to walk down, but he's found out his mistake," and the lawyer's wife smoothed her black silk complacently. "A lesson in manners won't hurt Thrifty."

"Well," ventured a meek, care-worn woman, "I voted for Thrifty, we're neighbors, and I've never shaken hands with Harte more than once in my life."

"Well, I don't care anything for politics," said Miss Simple, who had a little property of her own, "and I do hope you won't think it strong-minded on my part, but really I couldn't refuse to oblige a gentlemen when he asked me."

"You don't say so, Sally, did you always feel like that?" asked one of the young ladies present. There was a badly repressed titter all around the room.

"I don't believe I was ever one of your cast-iron opinioned people," answered Miss Simple, who didn't quite see what everyone was laughing at. "Ma used always to say 'twasn't lady-like."

"She was right, Sally," replied Mrs. Martin, "I don't think women ought to vote at all, they don't understand these matters."

"Not understand! Oh, come, Mrs. Martin, any child could have sense enough to vote for either Thrifty or Harte; neither of them amount to a row of pins; it's just which you like best."

"Well, I think when women take upon them the sacred duty of voting they ought to know what they are doing and make a study of the thing."

"Oh, Mrs. Martin, you don't want to make blues of us all?" simpered Sally, "do you?"

"No," answered that lady—"No, Sally, I couldn't."

"Mrs. Martin, it is no use you're talking like that about women not understanding. I believe you think you could vote as well as any man, you aren't quite clever enough to take me in," hotly interposed Mrs. MacStinger, "you merely want to insinuate that you know so much more than the rest of us, you know *what you don't know*. Perhaps some of us could show you that you are not so very superior to—"

"Tea," announced the servant, much to the disgust of Mrs. MacStinger, who was a strong advocate of woman suffrage, and thus lost an opportunity of airing her opinions. She had only just time to whisper to her next neighbor, "it really makes me ill to see Mrs. Martin posing as the gentle retiring female, when every one knows that poor henpecked husband of hers, daren't call his soul his own, but—"

The remainder of the speech was lost in the general move to the dining-room.

CHICAGO REVISED VERSION.

"TO have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or worse, till divorce do us part."

Afurtive air for the Nor'-West—"Come, string thy loot."