



INSTANTANEOUS SKETCHES OF MAX O'RELL AT THE PAVILION.

(See opposite page).

"BYSTANDER'S" CHARACTERISTICS.

NOT given to jocosity,
And free from all pomposity
He writes with luminosity,
Without impetuosity,
But sometimes his verbosity
Embodies a morosity
Approaching to ferocity
When fired by animosity
'Gainst partizan atrocity.

A CHAPTER OF FORTHCOMING HISTORY.

IT was at the close of the —th session of the Commons of Canada that the singular phenomenon known to historians as "the Apotheosis of the Premier" took place.

The work of Sir John Alexander Macdonald was done. The country had arrived at that acme of development that ceases to make history. Order reigned in Warsaw. For "Warsaw" read Ottawa. French North America had been stilled into quietude by a threat of the German fleet to bombard Quebec on the first manifestation of fleur-de-lisism. Most of the factory buildings of Canada were now rented as temperance halls and Young Men's Christian Associations. Crown lands and mining grounds had all been distributed among hangers on. Nothing remained on which more money could be borrowed. English creditors saw how useless it would be to foreclose. Dalton McCarthy, now a very aged man, quietly enjoyed his pension as ex-Inspector of Unequal Wrongs. Mr. Blake, still hale and hearty, had refused a peerage. Sir John Thompson, having found the statute permitted him, had been made a mitred dook. All the country Members had been squared with commandships of St. Michael and St. George, city Members having been appeased with charters for banks. Mr. Mills, misled by the similarity of name, had settled into the belief that he himself was the author of "Mill on Liberty." Sir Charles Tupper's young man, having got rid of his ichthyological subordinate, had at length begun to distinguish between a codfish and a schooner. Foster had subsided into a custom house, where he drew the pay with great regularity until he died with his drawn salary in his hand—faithful to himself to the last. Sir Thomas More's Utopia had come to stay. The only revolutionary sentiment remaining was that some ungrateful fanatics wanted to abolish the hop beer bar in the cellarage of the House of Commons. Those were halcyon days, known to history as the era of the apotheosis.

The work being done and the destiny of Canada accomplished, it is not to be wondered that Nature signalled the occasion by supernatural portents. Dogs howled in the streets. None of the sheeted dead came up, but the statue of Jacques Cartier was observed to be in a state of profuse perspiration.

Historians are agreed that the accessories of this remarkable event were signally impressive. Silence reigned in the House. The Speaker waited patiently to hear if anybody else had any more feeble remarks to make. Commodore William Welch, of P.E.I., roared through his speaking trumpet, "Hist the flying jib and forge ahead!" but the suggestion met with no response.

All eyes were fixed on the Premier. Even as they gazed he became transfigured. His countenance glowed like the sun of Austerlitz, and his head was encircled by a red glory (but that might have come from his necktie). Invisible hands seemed to raise up his ethereal form, until, with outstretched arms, it hovered over the assemblage in the well-known attitude of "Bless you, my children!" A terrific clap of thunder seemed to split the roof. The apotheosis was complete. He had been. He was not.

Opinions are divided as to where the Premier went, but all are agreed that no act of his long tenure of office became him so much as leaving it. The balance of opinion inclines to the belief that in all time coming his spirit will pervade the political atmosphere as the guardian but somewhat mischievous genius of Parliament hill.

THE TRAMP'S STORY.

A STUDY OF CONJUGATIONS.

WILL you kindly relieve an unfortunate bloke,
Which I'll starve if I ain't soon relove,
I'm craving for victuals and something to smoke,
As I seldom aforetime have crove.

I once was a shrimper and lived by the shore,
Where oft in my youthhood I shramp;
But I have not now shrump for a twelvemonth or more,
For it injured my health did the damp.

Some time since a crimp tried to send me to sea,
But I was too smart to be crump—
Had I gone for a soldier I likely should be
In camp with my comrades encump.

I limp with the rheumatiz, sir, as you see,
And many long miles have I lump;
A tramp? Well, I guess so, but kindly tell me
How I'd live if I didn't have trump?