

IT will be a great pity if Mr. Farrer's accession to the *Globe* staff interferes with the frequent publication in that journal of the "fact" that the *Mail* and *Empire* have an underground connection and are both working for Sir John. We wouldn't like to see this theory deserted by the *Globe*, because the *Empire* is as sure as ever that the *Mail* and *Globe* are both Grit organs, devoted to the one object of destroying Sir John's Government. It regards the transfer of Farrer as being an additional proof of this. Listen:

"What more natural than that there should be a community of soul between the two, and the emissaries of one should lightly and easily become those of the other?"

These cross-theories, as they stand, furnish the comedy element in our local politics. 'Twere a thousand pities to have them smashed!



ALTHOUGH Quebec is scarcely the direction in which we should look for bold political experiments, it would appear that our sister Province is about to try her hand at demonstrating that a Governmental machine can be run without the balance-wheel of a "Loyal Opposition." At all events, the body heretofore performing the functions of an Opposition in the Quebec Assembly has been just about annihilated. Under the circumstances

Quebec is literally at the mercy of Mercier, (fine phrase that, by the way!) and may well echo the prayer of Mr. Mowat's celebrated despatch of 1886 to the Hon. Honoré: "May your Premiership be full of advantage to your Province and the Dominion, and honor to yourself."

THE attempt to get up a fund for the relief of the Light Brigade veterans is going very slowly in London. It was generally supposed that the response would have been so enthusiastic and generous as to atone for the national neglect of the suffering heroes. Under the circumstances an additional verse seems to be needed in the Laureate's poem. We submit the following for the use of reciters who make a specialty of "The Charge of the Light Brigade":

Noble indeed were they,
Honor them well we may—
Heroes deserving!
What's this we hear to-day?
What's this the papers say—
Some of 'em starving?
Penury right of them,
Poverty left of them,
Workhouse in front of them,
All the world wonders!
Fiercely, with heart aflame,
Wide as the British name—
"People of England—Shame!"
Humanity thunders!

HERE'S the hot weather upon us again and the town swarming as usual with curs of every degree. To the right-minded citizen—the man who believes that

dogs were made for back yards if made for city use at all—a highly popular feature of the Carnival, had it only been thought of in time, would have been a grand cur-annihilating function, in which the surplus canine population could have been got rid of in some way combining painlessness and expedition. Brass tags are all well enough for revenue, but they are not so good for health as muzzlers. The danger from vagrant dogs is a real and growing one, and disgraces the city.

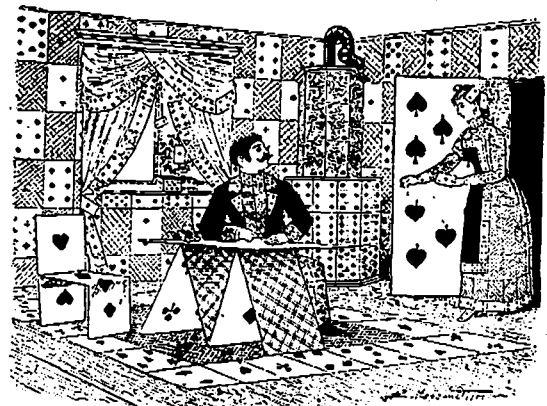
EDITOR CREIGHTON quotes the passage, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," in a late number of the *Empire*. The reference was not to the late contest in Grey as might be surmised.

THE vote on the Street Railway By-law was an agreeable surprise. Thirteen to one of freeholders in favor of the corporation taking over the franchise, and this notwithstanding that most of the electioneering on the matter was done in the interests of the present Street Railway Co! 'Twas a glorious victory, and shows that our citizens are pretty wide awake after all to the fact that in the public streets we have a valuable asset which can be turned to account in the reduction of our taxes.

BUT a unanimous shout goes up, Don't, don't, DON'T let the city try to work the railway! The thing would be a veritable sink of corruption; we can't think of trusting the Council with such a responsibility! This is far from flattering, and, we think, far from just, too. The street railway could be worked as efficiently by the city as the Waterworks Department is now worked. But, even if we deliberately laid aside a goodly sum to represent losses through blundering and plundering, we would still make more profit out of it than any lessee will pay us. It's worth discussing!

AN ELECTION NIGHTMARE.

A Hardy Hunter, strolling through the Bush, keeping a Sharpe lookout, Metcalf and Kidd fleeing from a Lyon which had left its Dryden in the Wood in hot pursuit. He Fell back, and Wylie gazed, White with dread, A big Bishop, carrying a Paton, and a Bigear Monk, who was accompanied by two Clarkes and a Miscampbell, and also a colored Freeman, carrying some pewter Potts and a keg of Porter, appeared in a Field near by. There was also another Monk, Moore of the Marter stamp (though addicted to strong Waters) who ceased to Reid, and, calling two Smiths, they rescued all by using a Snyder rifle which was "loaded for Barr."



THE WHIST PLAYER AT HOME.