



THE MAGIC OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

A SCIENTIFIC Journal of Copenhagen is quoted in the *Literary Digest* as making interesting explanations of some magical results obtained by the art of photography. For example, one genius of an operator has succeeded in photographing the essence of the Philosophy of Protection! A reproduction of the plate is given above, and all who listened to Mr. W. F. Maclean's Tariff Speech in the House the other day, or read the verbatim report of it in the *World*, will recognize the truthfulness of the photography. It shows a man—Mr. Maclean himself, possibly—sitting at a table, upon which is a platter containing his own head served up to him as a dainty dish. This is a correct condensation of the Gentleman's idea, which was that every country ought to live on itself. A wonderful thing is Science, and no mistake!

TO THE BLUE-PENCIL FIEND.

THOU "Heap Big Injun" of the intellect.
Eternally in paint and feathers decked
To scalp the wretched and presuming wight,
Whose fond delusion is that he can write.
Thou art supreme. Thou art the Sagamore,
And we but pigmies at thy wigwam door.
Thy smile can fill aspiring souls with joy,
Thy frown can wither and thy breath destroy:
They learn full soon who bow to minstrelsy
There is, alas no other god but thee.
What though the wretched scribbler inly curse
The hand that calmly blots his cherished verse?
Thou art unmoved; thy fiat absolute
No protest brooks, although a world were mute.
Puissant Mogul of the Universe,
Thy pardon grant that I, a worm—or worse—
Presumed to cross thy star attended path
And stir the awful fountains of thy wrath.
May, furthermore, thy grace let me implore
While I thy mind this query lay before:
How many souls the way of grief would walk
If on thine own great skull should fall the tomahawk?

St. John, N. B.

A. M. Belding.

OUR SPECIAL AT OTTAWA.

OUR Representative at the capital thinks it unnecessary to send a letter this week. He says if we will just change the names of the tariff debaters in last week's letter and give the same a second insertion, it will serve all purposes. Leave Our Representative alone for labor-saving contrivances! But of course we can't adopt his suggestion.—[Ed.]

WHAT WASS THE P.P.A.?

TEAR MUSTER GRUP,

I WAS another tay at the house of Malcolm McPhedran and he would told me wass I a P.P.A. man? "A what?" says I, "a A.P.P. man," says he, and when I would got mad wiss him he shoost laughed at me and said it wass nossing at ahll but a society he would spoke apout for the macsmotheration of ahll the Cassolics, and I would told him no I wouldn't. Then he would say, says he "Are you a P.I. man?" "Holt your long fauglet tongue says I and not pe assulting a goot frient and neebour for nossing at ahll, and then he would told me could I write to you and you would in Toronto let me know what he wass saving nossing put the troos (truth) whtefer. Now Muster Grup me and my wife Mary would took GRUP esery year for many a week and py't for her too, more ofer, what iss more, and me and Mary would be fery glad to hear you told us what wass the P.P.A., and the P.I., so we would, and I would shook it in Malcolm's face for the big he that he iss, so he wass.

Yours,

D. McIVOR, Zorra, Ontario.

[Will any knowing reader kindly send us printed "platforms" of the organizations in question for the benefit of Mr. McIvor and other inquirers?—ED. GRUP.]

APPEAL OF THE FEE-FED.

Woon(man) spare that fee!
Do, my fee-fed brother:
It shelters you and me,
Let's shelter one another.



THE BEHRING SEA SITUATION.

POLICEMAN JONATHAN—"Here's Canady a-fishin', contrary to the new rules. He'll have to take the full penalty!"

POLICEMAN BULL—"But hold up, Jonathan. He left home before the rules were published."

CANADA SEALER—"Course I did; I left home when the fishin' season opened. D'you suppose I'm goin' to wait all year for your laws and regulations, when you might just as well have had 'em ready in good time?"

[Left disputing, but we rather think Canady has them there!]