



A USEFUL INVENTION.

(From *Fliegende Blätter*.)

We commend this to the attention of Mayor Fleming, who is opposed to the indiscriminate arrest of persons who are drunk. Gentlemen furnished with these aids can get home without police assistance.

THE SUTTEE IN ENGLAND.

THIS nineteenth century is generally supposed to be one electric flash of enlightenment. If some ultra loyal Tory should propose to sacrifice a wicker cage full of human victims in order to propitiate the manes of the departed prince, the scheme would be doubtless met with no little opposition. A deputation of Nonconformist clergymen would probably wait upon the Premier, and request that the proposed rite should take some other form (e.g., that of an opium den, like those the government has forced upon China), or at least recommending that the victims be selected principally from the vicinity of Whitechapel. The Queen, herself, might be prevailed upon to use her prerogative of mercy in favor of all but notorious criminals, single-tax agitators, and reporters. But though the days of the druidical auto-da-fe have probably passed by, it would appear that a mild form of suttee still survives, a striking proof of the Himalayan origin of the Anglo-Saxon branch of the great Aryan race. The late Prince's betrothed is doomed like Jephthah's daughter to bewail her virginity for the space of five years. The British constitution, like a smouldering volcano, has suddenly made an eruption, and covered her with the lava of some twelfth century edict, in order that she may be forced to mourn in sackcloth and ashes until the dragon of caste be satisfied. And as the Hindoo widow was decked with jewels before she mounted the pyre, so the princess is to be reconciled to her fate with the title of Royal Highness. Shade of Buddha Siddhartha!

Attention, ye gallant martinets of England of marriageable age and rank. Here is an opportunity to prove your chivalry, and to show to the world that you are worthy descendants of your feudal ancestors. Here is a distressed damsel, the prey of a cruel monster, who knows no pity, a real and modern instance of Beauty and the Beast. Rush to her rescue ye titled dudes and snobs, and long live the lucky knight who so wields the bow of Cupid that the fair prisoner falls a prize to his arms. Though confessing myself a disciple of Malthus to the extent of being opposed to the increase of the landed class of paupers, through the institution of marriage, I am so far willing to waive my principles on such an occasion as to be open to receive an invitation to the wedding, should it take place within the prescribed five years.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

THE BALLADE OF THE BARON.

THE Baron of Chester arose in his might,
And summoned his benchmen all,
"We'll hold a meeting," said he, "some night,
But we will not hire a hall.
We'll get the city to foot the bills,
'Twill not much increase taxation,
And then, as a cure for our country's ills,
We'll declare for Annexation."

The Baron of Chester's henchmen run,
His bold retainers ride
(On street cars) till the work is done
And the Mayor is satisfied;
The posters flaunt on the boardings free,
Which summon one and all
To a public meeting, which is to be
Convened in Temperance Hall.

The rallying-cry runs through the land,
"Come, gather in your might!"
At length approached, with its promise grand,
The eventful Thursday night.
The Baron rallied to hold the fort,
But his followers, where were they?
The thronging thousands in vain he sought,
For somehow they'd stayed away.

What need to tell how the fight was waged,
And the sturdy baron fell,
Neath the votes of the loyalist crew enraged
'Mid the foe's exultant yell;
And those may sneer who are so inclined
At him and his followers few,
But he wasn't afraid to speak his mind,
And he did what one man could do.

TAKING HIM DOWN.

MANITOBA—"I just arrived in town yesterday from Manito-bah."

ONTARIAN—"Ah! How are things this season in Winni-peg?"

THE CONQUERING ALEXANDER.

CLASSIC History tells us that when Alexander conquered the world he sat down and cried because there were no other worlds to conquer. His distinguished descendant, Miss Jessie, of that ilk, is not given to idle tears. Having conquered the world of elocution, she sighs to invade the dramatic realm, and she's going to do it on Feb. 9th when, at the Pavilion, she will appear as an actress with Prof. Chas. Roberts, of New York. And won't there be a crowd to see!

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