

not contented. They feel that they have been sat on heavily by the machine, and that their self-imposed task of leading their leader, or rather of driving him before the avalanche of their political influence, is not quite the success they had fondly imagined. Consequently, a great many of them have returned home from the Montreal Convention with sore heads in more senses of the word than one.

THEY have about come to the conclusion that the *Globe* runs the machine, the machine runs Blake, and Blake runs the rest of the crowd. Kicking does no good, and does not advance them a cent's worth, nor will it until they find a leader who has backbone enough to lead the party himself, and to prevent himself being led by the nose and compelled to dance the tunes daily ground out by the *Globe* and the other influential organs.

AND in the meantime Sir Dickie, with his independence and anti-Riel ideas, has received notice to quit in his present constituency. The trouble seems to be that he had the audacity to oppose Edgar's bloody shirt combination, and as a consequence, that shining light has been intriguing against Sir Dickie's renomination. Sooner or later the knight of the two-sided shield, who is a Tory by instinct and a Conservative by nature, will apply for reinstatement in the Liberal Conservative party. If he behaves himself, and leaves his independence nonsense behind him, and promises to swear off financing, we may be induced to let him vote on our side.

ON the whole, the Grits are in a most unhappy frame of mind just now. They are all pulling different ways, and there is no immediate prospect of their growing more united. They tell us that Liberals are always in the habit of thinking for themselves, which may be true, but it strikes me that until they can agree to think all together on matters of such importance as the Tariff, the Senate, the C.P.R., Confederation, British Connection, and the Fisheries, and announce some definite line of policy regarding them, they don't need to work themselves into a state of excitement over the immediate prospect of their being called upon to form a government.

THE GALLEY BOY.

THE EMPIRE.

The opening of the great election in Britain seems to indicate that the decision of the people will be sound—that it will end in a result all reasonable men and loyal subjects were anxiously hoping for.

If the contest concludes as it has begun, the Gladstone-Parnellites will meet with a crushing defeat, nay, a rout.

Whatever form their discomfiture may take, it cannot be too severe for their deserts. Mr. Gladstone's measures are fraught with the certainty of evil, and could in no case produce any good. Never have such inane crudities been thrust into the area of living politics.

The opposite poles of public opinion, from the bluest of the blue in Toryism to the ultra-Liberalism of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright, alike condemn them utterly. To reasonable beings they are a grotesque emanation from the excited brain of a man to whom no

one will deny the possession of great talents, but who has, nevertheless, never carried a really sound measure—a man whose ideas have been always visionary, and of whom both his elder brother and the great Lord Palmerston agreed that he would probably die in a mad-house, after ruining his country.

Little Girl. "Mamma, why doesn't the sea run over, if all the water flows into it?" "Nonsense, child! Don't you know it is full of sponges?"

THE TRUE HISTORY OF "THE CHASE."

I.

The Dude at eve had drank his fill
Of *Mumm* and *Illick*, live, or still;
And deep potations too had made
Of old *Glentret*, special grade!
But when at twelve the electric spark
Went out, and left him in the dark,
He hiccuped: "Waitersh, wash d'ye shay?
Isth timsh hursh me to go awash?
Letsh havesh (hic) just one mosh little horn,
And drinksh the health (hic) of Shunday morn!"

II.

As maid who hears her mistress call,
"Oh, Jane! be quick, the child will fall,"
The tipsy waiter made him haste,
And grasped the Dude around the waist;
But ere he cast him from the bar,
He nabbed his watch to make it "suar."
Like one annoyed, the Dude stood still
When in the street; then with a shrill
"Cat-call" that made the "Bobbies" wake,
His homeward journey gan to take.
A moment gazed he at the sky,
A moment muttered, "I am dry,"
A moment leant against a wall
That met him as he tried to fall;
Then, as a hated "Cop" drew near,
He yelled again his war-whoop clear;
Then, steering wildly, lost his feet,
And thundered headlong on the street!

III.

Close on the Dude the "Peeler" prest,
Determined now on his arrest;
But stumbling on a jutting plank,
He too, unwilling, quickly sank.
The frightened Dudeling strove in vain
The safety of some door to gain,
For the grim Bobby, spite his fall,
Was up, and pinned him to the wall.
Then touched, aloud the Dudeling cried,
And thus his sorrow forth he sighed:
"I little thought when first I drank,
Kind Peeler, that thou me wouldst 'yank'
To city lodgings bare and chill.
Dear Bobby, I feel very ill!
Woe worth the *Mumm*, woe worth the night,
That brought me to this awful plight!"

IV.

The morning sunbeams straggled in,
And lit up many a face of sin,
Which, gathered in the Bobbies' net,
Waited to hear their sentence yet.
"I will believe," the Colonel cried,
As our young Dude stood at the side,
"I will believe, that ne'er before
You've visited this pleasant shore;
But yet your freak of yesternight
Was very, very far from right!
Turn then, rash youth, while still you may,
Nor waste your youth in such a way;
Your liver will become enlarged!—
Your first offence? YOU STAND DISCHARGED!"

GEO. W. CAMPBELL.