



OUR DOMINICK.

MAY HIS MISSION PROSPER!

POLLY PENCHERMAN ON THE MONEY SITUATION.

UNTIL lately I knew very little about money except spending it, but as nobody talks anything else now but hard times and poverty, I've been picking up all I can on the subject.

What puzzles me most is, where in the world all the money everybody once had has gone to. I did think perhaps it had got burnt up, but my brother Sam says he thought everyone but a born idiot knew that for every paper-dollar-bill issued the banks had a gold one. I must say this surprised me, and I do think it really silly of banks not to use nice gold dollars (if they really have any) that we could wash, instead of the dirty, greasy bills that perhaps are (if we used a microscope) alive with diphtheria and typhoid microbes.

Father says that "all the trouble began with the banks in Australia failing, and that most of them had to shut up." What a frightful position it must be for the girls in that far-away land, fancy what society would be without bank clerks, it's bad enough, goodness knows, when the managers are married men, but Australia is so far off I can't see why it affects Canada any more than I can understand why having too much silver makes money scarce. Of course, as a matter of choice, I don't care to do much shopping with half-dollar pieces and quarters; still if they were all the money that was going I'd take them, I don't think it's right to be too fastidious in hard times, and when you see the men of the family worrying over an over-plus of silver, I say that's the time for a girl to show what she's made of, and fashion or no fashion get her dressmaker to put two pockets in her new gown. What is a pocket more or less, when it can be a means of carrying the burdens of our fathers? If they're too much for weak Yankee girls to carry, why can't they go to gymnasiums and work up their muscles? For my part, though, I've not seen too much silver or any other money lately, and it's positively agonizing when the shops have such lovely bargains. I'm dreadfully anxious to help in some charitable things lately and I made up my mind to do the housemaid's work and go without a new dress to help some poor people I know of, but Betty begged me not to let ma send her home, as her father was out of work, and my dressmaker actually sent round to see if I could'n't give her some work and she said that if all the ladies who could afford it, gave up getting clothes, the

dressmakers would have to starve or be beggars. It really is almost as hard to know the right kind of economy as it is for young men to find situations.

Some people say it's the World's Fair that has done it all, and the strikes, and wheat being too cheap, and railways too dear, and that Canada is the best off country in the world. That's very hard to understand, but I'm glad that for once dear old Canada is appreciated by the outside world and "Herself."

J. M. Loes.

IRISH WIT.

(An actual fact, in South Ontario.)

"HA, my joker!" exclaimed Tim Sullivan, as he drove a wedge home with peculiar effect into a large block of a tree. "Are you makin' him laugh, Tim?" asked Pat Foley. "Laugh, is it?" rejoined Tim. "Troth, I'm makin' him split his sides laughing!"

FROM HIS NOTE BOOK.

"THE next arrangement I make for the publication of reading-books will be on a much broader and better foundation. The last one was too much in the narrow Gage style."

-G. W. R.

'CUTE OLIVER.

As a delicate and dainty way of asking Miss Ontario to be his Valentine for another term the ingenious Sir Oliver has fixed upon the 14th of February as the opening day of the session of the Legislature.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

MRS. BROWN.—Oh, what a lovely cape, when did you get it?

MRS. WHITE.—At Christmas. Dear George gave it to me. I've been coaxing so long for it, but I knew I would get it!

MRS. BROWN.—I suppose you call it the Cape of Good Hope, then.



HAMILTON, A. D. (Stewart) 1894.

THE NEW MAYOR (a famous athlete, to the new council): "Now, gentlemen, let me give you due notice that there's going to be order at this Council Board. The first member who infringes this rule will get a knock-out, or I'm no adept at the manly art."