



A DISENCHANTMENT.

Very unsophisticated old Lady (From the extremely remote country): "Dear me, he's a very different looking person from what I had always imagined."

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I am going to speak in Simcoe.—ED. BLAKE.

Heaven help us, and the Scott Act's in force.—THE GRITS.

I will address my future constituents.—THE HON. TIM.

Very, "very" future.—THE SIMCOE TORIES.

My presence will conduce to the purity of the election.—HERMANN COOK.

I will see that no false witness is borne against our candidate that I cannot lay out.—M. C. CAMERON.

They are a Brawling Brood of Boodle Baggers.—THE DEACON.

My name is mud, I sadly fear

My constituents are acting queer.—POET EDGAR.

The Irish Catholics can have whatever they may ask if they'll only vote for me.—ED. BLAKE

What have you to give.—THE IRISH CATHOLICS.

Something for "Me" by and by.—JUDAS O'DONOHUE.

THERE is a movement afoot to suppress the small boy. This would be in accordance with a long felt want, but as the suppression is arbitrary, the movement is not likely to meet with success. It is proposed, indeed it has been enacted, that he be prevented from playing ball in the public parks. Yet it would be infinitely better to let him have his "bawl" in the park rather than in the streets, where it jars upon the public ear, and fills the human heart with resentment. Mayor Howland must remember the time when "trunks" was a popular game, and when vacant land could be had

by the acre rather than by the foot; he, like thousands of others, must look back with longing to the time when his callous heel pressed down the daisies, and the rich, green grass interspersed itself among his nut-brown toes; when the air was filled with sounds of youthful revelry instead of with discord and sounds of "fresh fish." He must remember his hot and hatless youth, when the stone-bruise was courted rather than feared, and when life was one long holiday. But what kind of a picture would it be to look back upon if a policeman, with his loaded club, occupied the foreground, signs of "Keep off the grass" and "No ball here" the middle distance, and a narrow-minded, small-souled, grinding, tyrannical and altogether repressive Committee of Public Walks and Gardens in perspective. Would he not want to walk back into the past, abuse the policeman, throw down the signs, and sneer at the Committee of Public Walks and Gardens? By all means let the boys play ball. The regular baseball clubs offer great inducements to clever ball tossers, and it promises to become one of the leading industries—just the thing for men who are muscular and indolent.

THE session at Ottawa is very near its close; in fact, it may close before the week is out, and every member, including "The Boy," knows to a fraction how much mileage is owing to him, and how much a liberal use of his railway pass will permit him to save. The session has been an uneventful one; Sir John is still in command, and Mr. Blake persistently neglects to provide himself with a policy. There was a great deal of money spent, considerable talk, and several new volumes of specimens of alleged oratory were added to the Hansard. Senator Alexander made the senate so warm at times that it was necessary to raise the skylight, and the mutterings of thunder from the vicinity of Senator O'Donohoe gave frequent signs of a storm in that latitude. Senator Smith continues to nourish the sprouting wings by means of which his fortune will fly away, and in the eyes of the Grit press the country is boldly going to the devil. Whatever hope there may have been that there would be an appeal to the country has been dispelled by the cold-blooded way in which the Premier refuses to say anything about it. There will be another session before an election.

SINCE good Deacon Cameron joined the Redemptorist Fathers he has given the "Globe" quite an Ultramontane twirl, and Brother Farrer, of the "Mail," has been compelled to load up with the Orange ritual, trot out the white horse, and get Ulster on a war footing.

THE following unique story is told of Tiger Tail, the Seminole chief. A sewing-machine agent drifted into his dominion one day and set up a machine in Tiger Tail's tent. The old chief with great deliberation watched him put it through its paces. He then arose, brushed the agent to one side, and seating himself, adjusted his feet in the treadle. He started the wheel and found that he could make it go. He sewed up one piece of cloth and down another, and then gravely and critically examined his work. At last he appeared to be satisfied that it was all right. He then turned quietly to his wives, who had watched the proceedings with interest, and kicked them, one after another, out of his tent.