

remarks as to Birchall's propensity for fraud. To illustrate it in one small particular, take the so-called original sketches which he gave to the world during his imprisonment. They all bore the appearance of being copies, while in at least two of them we recognize old acquaintances, one being a reproduction of a sketch by Oberlander in *F.legende Blaetter*, and the other (that which appeared in the *Mail* on the fatal 14th) a copy from one of A. B. Frost's caricatures.

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THE *Mail* has been publishing some interesting letters from mothers on the "Punishment of Children." Amongst the correspondents one, who signs herself an "Old Fashioned Mother," (which was probably a misprint for Fiend,) testifies that her method of gently correcting the juveniles of her household has always been to strap them down on a couch and lambaste them with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Evidently this sweet creature belongs to the school of philosophers who believe that the best way to bring up a child is by the hair. It need scarcely be said that other correspondents, gifted with the ordinary feelings of humanity, have made things hot for this female brute.

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MR. GOLDWIN SMITH expresses the hope that Canada will shortly see a victorious uprising of the people against the combined forces of monopoly and corruption such as the United States has just enjoyed. We think he is likely to be gratified. Great movements in the Republic always exert a reflex influence here—an incidental testimony to the purely imaginary character of the dividing line between the two countries—and the revolt of the farmers and workingmen against McKinleyism is well calculated to give our own rulers matter for serious consideration. Mr. Smith does well to remind Canadians that the cause of Unrestricted Reciprocity is not a mere party question. It originated outside of party bounds, though it has been taken up by the Liberals.

THE TIMID ALDERMAN'S PLEA.

PLEASE don't let us have the Street Railway to work,
 We are trying so hard to resist
 The numerous temptations around us that lurk,
 Our virtuous resolves please assist.
 We wish to be good—to be honest we pray—
 But our weakness too plainly we feel,
 And if Street Railway pickings should lie in our way
 I'm afraid it would tempt us to steal.

We know that the benefits ought to belong
 To the citizen, that is quite clear;
 A greedy monopoly's had them too long,
 And their profits have cost us full dear.
 The theory is right that the city should own
 The road, nor in franchises deal,
 But in practice I guess we'd best leave it alone,
 I'm afraid it might tempt us to steal.

Frank Smith by extortion has heaped up his pile
 And grown rich at the city's expense,
 Other scheming intriguers would copy his style
 In the hope to gain fortunes immense.
 It is sad that the people must pay through the nose
 For another monopoly deal,
 But to run it ourselves I would never propose,
 I'm afraid it might tempt us to steal.

We must let out the contract, that's clear to my mind,
 'Tis our only salvation I see,
 Since to rob our constituents we all are inclined,
 We wish from the chance to be free,
 Don't trust to our virtue—it's not very strong—
 If you'd study the citizens' weal
 Let us sell out the franchise, though but for a song,
 I'm afraid it might tempt us to steal

A SUGGESTION.

POET—"I want a new simile for sweetness. 'Sweet as honey,' 'sweet as a rose,' etc., are getting rather chestnuttty."
FRRIEND—"Well, put in, 'Sweet as restaurant vinegar.'"

THE Y'S.

"MA," said little Effie, "did the Y.W.C.T.U. exist in the East in Scripture times?"
"No, my dear, it is quite a new organization. But why do you ask?"
"Because here in the Testament it says, 'Five of the virgins were foolish, and five of them were y's.'"

THE SECRET OF IT.

ETHEL—"She is such a nervous old lady, and yet she is wonderfully well preserved."
MAUD—"Yes. She is always in a pickle, you know."

A VERY HIGH CLASS PLACE.

BBROWN—"How are the waiters in that *café*?"
JJONES—"So haughty that I'm always afraid to offer them a tip lest they should be offended."

SOMETHING EMPHATICALLY PEACEFUL!

MR. BOARDER—"How beautifully the sun is setting! How peaceful! How calm!"
MR. HAYSEED—"It is rather quiet, but fer quietness yeh'd orter see that old hen that's setting on duck-eggs in the hay-mow."

ROUGH.

PARAGRAPHIC SERF—"I don't know but that joke is a little weak."
EEDITOR—"It is, rather; but I suppose it is the same with jokes as with men. Old age will prostrate even the strongest of them."

HAPPY THOUGHT!

SSPACER—"I wish I could do something to be revenged on this editor for rejecting my articles."
FFRIEND—"Does he accept any?"
SSPACER—"Yes, a few."
FFRIEND—"Well, when he sends you a check, reject it."

NOT MUCH OF A JOKE—BUT SOMETHING TRUE.

PPRISON MISSIONARY—"You are not in a very creditable place now, my poor man."
CCONVICT—"No, I'm a sad example of the results of early training."
PP. M.—"Were you trained to a life of crime?"
CCONVICT—"No. I was brought up in the most fearfully strict religious manner conceivable."

THE season of unequalled blows—the equi-knocks.
 It is peculiar that men who are on strike do not do a tap of work.