



It has been discovered that the increasing weight of our city detectives is due to the fact that they enjoy a fat sit., and patronize brown stout as a beverage.

Mr. Feist pounded Mr. Reist at New York the other day because Mr. Reist advised Mr. Feist to "buy some canary seed for his voice" while he was whistling "Grandfather's Clock." The bystanders drew consolation from the fact that the tune ceased while the fight was going on.

Grandison Griffin will never descend to the commonplace! With him a hard-shell Tory is a "molluscous Conservative"—vide the article on "Drawing too Freely," in the *Mail*, the other day. But, by-the-bye, it is not drawing too freely, but rather drawing too truly, that bothers this son of culture.

One of my most esteemed Reform contemporaries makes allusion to "the high rate of unnecessary taxation" now in operation in the Dominion. "A high rate of necessary taxation" would likely be the explanation were my esteemed contemporary's own party responsible for it. "High rate of unnecessary taxation" is good!

An enterprising Barrie man is exporting frogs' legs to the American market. The trade is booming, and it is said that boys who are in the frog-catching business are making from \$3 to \$4 per day. All that is now needed is a protective duty against American frogs' legs. At least so says Muggins, the political economist, who arranged the tariff on wool.

A question for the philosophers.—Has a newspaper a personality aside from that of its proprietorship? E.G.—If a paper has once been a Grit organ, is it always a Grit organ, even after it has passed into Tory hands and is teaching Tory doctrine? The *London Free Press* takes the affirmative side on this question. It refers to the *Montreal Herald* as "Independent Grit."

When the *New York Sun* rises to remark that the Democratic party must now depend more on the platform than the candidate, it resumes its seat without referring to the circumstance that very often the candidate has to depend more on the party than on the platform. I do not altogether control the *Sun*, or I would have the necessary correction made at once.

Lord Ronald Gower has been interviewed by an American newspaper man as to English ideas on America. In the course of his remarks Lord Gower said he had frequently met persons at home "who thought Canada contained nearly all the culture of the new world." We are glad to hear that persons so soundly informed are "frequout" in England, but it is sadly true that the great mass of old country people are still strangely ignorant on the subject.

Tory politicians in England, it is said, are scheming to capture the press by social courtesies. This is different from the custom in other countries, where the courtesies are extended after they have captured the press—and gaoled the editors. If it became a question with me as to whether I would be an English editor, and stand an onslaught of social courtesies, or be an editor, say in Russia, and stand other attentions—I think I would decide to take an Ottawa Cabinet portfolio and summer holidays.

Mr. Wheeler, M.P. for West Ontario, resigned to accept "an office of emolument" which it appears was specially created for him. His new title is "Inspector of Supplies," and several of our contemporaries are puzzled to know what his duties are. We take pleasure out of the plenitude of our information, in making it known that Mr. Wheeler will serve his country by superintending the Grub department on the occasion of cork-screw expeditions, and by seeing that the butter and eggs supplied by the Government grocers to the Public Institutions, are comparatively fresh.

The avenues of litigation are being opened up day by day, and in some quarters it is estimated that before very long a man will have to get a special Act of Parliament passed to secure him from a suit on the part of some soulless neighbor for buying a dog. Why, only the other day a case was tried before the Superior Court of Montreal and resulted in a judgment against a sexton, who was compelled to pay over to a Mr. Turcotte the sum of \$5 to indemnify him for the injury he had caused by purposely neglecting to pass the collection plate to him in church one Sunday. This judgment, it is to be hoped, will arouse lady book agents and missionary collectors to a full sense of the danger that threatens them, both as to their characters and their princely incomes. It should not fail to stimulate them to additional and more persistent effort in the pursuit of their respective avocations, in order that they may give as few persons as possible offence at being passed over when they make their ever-welcome rounds.

The Yankee philosopher who declared that the only use he would have for the North Pole would be as a sign for some barber shop, may not have perfectly voiced public sentiment; but there is no doubt he set people to reflecting as to what other purpose under the sun the North Pole, if discovered, could serve, and I have not yet learned that a unanimous decision has been reached on the question. If it were absolutely certain that there was but one only and original North Pole, some reason could be formed for anxiety on the part of enterprising showmen to become the happy possessor of it, even at the risk and expense of keeping it cool during the summer season and with the possibility of having to paint it white. But the chances are that when you got up to where the North Pole is you would find several of them, maybe whole stacks of them, not one of which would be any better than the pole you can obtain in any decent-sized swamp nearer home. It is said that only the wild goose knows the secret of reaching the Pole; so that explorers in attempting to get there are engaged in a veritable wild-goose chase—although not exactly "a wild-goose chase after a mare's nest," as the editor of the *Globe* once wrote of a scheme. But positively I am not at all anxious to find the North Pole—pictures of it in the ice-cream parlors seem to satisfy me. If there really is a North Pole, I am content to let it stop up there; if there is not such a thing, I guess I can stand the disappointment.

A corps of Barrie young ladies the other evening gave a public performance in the shape of an exhibition of Broom Drill. As a married man, with all that the term implies, I can unhesitatingly say that about the only drill to which a woman takes naturally and kindly is the "broom" drill. I use the two qualifying adverbs rather hastily, it may be objected; but then let us all remember that it is only occasionally the hens get into the garden and the husband invades the precincts of the freshly-scrubbed kitchen without wiping his feet. With reference to this Barrie *féle militaire des femmes*, I understand that the fair recruits exhibited proficiency in "company" drill, right from the start. Their instructor, also, I believe, found it quite easy to make them "present arms," but on the other hand experienced trouble in teaching them to "shoulder arms"—a graceful side inclination of the head invariably following the command "shoulder!" during several evenings' practice. The movement, "prepare to receive," took absolutely no time to learn, and it is said when they executed it you could almost fancy you saw the enemy ready to "pop." As to forming "two deep"—I know the compositor will print it "too deep"—well, it came quite natural to the charming cadets, who further, I am assured by more than one sleep-requiring young man, were marvellously well up in "keeping time." Whatever ammunition may have been served out to the Beauty Brigade appears to have been preserved from the surrounding sparks, notwithstanding that the powder was somewhat recklessly exposed.



Aw—somehow things are somewhat slow; aw—in fact it is a wathaw slow time of the yeah. We have all heard of the leafy time of the yeah, but—aw—the leafy time is also the—aw—loafy time. Aw—a fellow gets dwoyay these hot days and—aw—gets dweaming of sea bweeces and—aw—fwagwant cloval fields, with a high fence between a fellow and the bull. The *mat*—aw—*familias*—aw—entwains papa with pwetty pictures of bare-footed youngstaws pottewing on the sands with wooden shovels, and so fawth, and—aw—the—aw—the natural result is, that—aw—the needful is fawked ovah, and they—aw—pwepare for a six weeks' sojourn in a hovel on the beach—aw—fwom whence they will—aw—wcturn, so—aw—fat and bwown as to be—aw—quite unweecognizable. Now—aw—if living in a simple house on simple fare, with no end of fresh air pwoduces such—aw—glowious results, then—aw—why the dooce can't people live like—aw—that all the time—aw—weally—you know. Aw—so I understand—Lawd Salisbuwy wants to know if 20,000 wadicals amusing themselves on the sweets of London on a given day expesses public opinion. Well—aw—ya-as, it does, you know; it is like the boys and the swogs, what is amusement to the—aw—boys may mean death to the—aw—fwogs—aw—so—aw—I wather think what his Lawdship calls amusement to the 20,000 may mean—aw—death to the—aw—House of Lawds, ya-as, by Jupitaw! Aw—when John Bull sticks his thumbs in his ahm-pits and stwuts