

POINTERS.

THE Young Liberals are about to conventionize in Montreal, and the good Deacon is cackling round like a hen in a distressed state of mind. In one breath he is praising the movement and protesting that nothing could be more conducive to the interests of the "pairty," and in the next he is hedging against any possible principles or policy the convention may arrive at. The fact of the matter is, if these gay young fellows—Senator Alexander, James D. Edgar, Joseph Tait *et al*—succeed in manipulating the strings; liketh them best, the Deacon will endorse their actions with a whiz; and if they don't, he'll shut down on them with a bang.

How those misguided young men have entered the ranks of that miserable faction which calls itself the Liberal Party is none of my business to inquire. But having entered it, and demanded recognition as one of its important factors, it passes my comprehension how they submit themselves to be dragooned by such men as, Laurier, the musketeer, and Edgar, the poet. They must be curious young men indeed who have so little of the ingenuousness of youth as to countenance and support a policy composed solely of slander, sectionalism and political assassination.

HOWEVER it may have come about, these young men have been led by the nose into a party antagonistic to the best interests of this country; and whether they get it or not, they have demanded representation as an important element of that party. Under these circumstances, it behoves us to ask ourselves what position have the young men of the Conservative party taken up? True, there are Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Associations all over the country. But they are, if not altogether dormant, at least very much less energetic than the Young Liberals. For instance, look at the way the Young Liberals have fought the voters' lists. Look at their record as published by the *Globe* the other day. Elections in these days are won by young blood and not by the old war horses; and, moreover, they are won before polling day, not on it.

THEN for goodness sake, young men, rouse yourselves. Strike out from the shoulder! stick to your work until the final revision is complete; and don't let the antiquated Young Liberals, whose bald heads have been the subject of so many jokes, manipulate the voting strength of your party any way they choose.

AND remember that you won't have to caucus and clamour for representation as other fellows do. Your convention, if you hold one, will not be manipulated by a lot of self-seeking wirepullers who, dog-in-the-manger-like, will not frame a policy themselves, nor let anyone else do so. No! The Conservative party recognizes and always has recognized its young men as the material of which the bulwarks of the party are built, and pushes them to the front with all convenient speed; as in the cases of Madill and Blackstock, for instance.

THE holding of the convention in Montreal is a still further bid for the race and revenge influence, which is being affectionately dry-nursed by the *Globe* clique; and

it now remains to be seen whether Blake or Sir Dicky Cartwright is the Young Liberal prophet on this question. As was demonstrated by the vote in Parliament, the Grits are at sixes and sevens in the matter. They seem to have a total disregard for the fact that "a house divided against itself," etc. After the cat jumps in Quebec, we shall probably know more about it.

Society and Amusement.

THE Argonaut at Home last Saturday was largely attended, and went off with its usual eclat, although the Government House party were conspicuous by their absence, but the weather was cold almost to chilliness.

I saw several pretty faces looking quite blue; and the wearers of white frocks must have felt anything but comfortable.

The few (too few) men in flannels looked well. It is a pity they don't all wear them; and why don't "our girls" adopt a boating dress for these occasions. Cream and blue, or cream and cardinal flannel costumes would be both piquant and becoming, and in every way suitable; and what a delicate compliment it would be to a member if some young lady sported the club colours—*his* colours.

The floor was good, the music ditto, the refreshments especially ditto, and the rooms were more prettily decorated than ever.

When I left to go home to dinner the band was still discoursing sweet strains, and I felt I had passed a very pleasant and informal afternoon.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

An old stager struck a down east town about sunset on Saturday. The weather was sultry, and he asked mine host slyly, "Can't you find me a drink anywhere? I'm thirsty."

"My friend," said mine host, who was a real law-abiding citizen, "thou wilt find a pump round the corner in the back yard."

"The old stager stared and exclaimed: "Creation stranger, I don't want to wash; I'm thirsty."

WORSHIPPED FROM AFAR.

PROFESSIONALLY.

A ballet girl, a giddy thing,  
Of threescore years and ten,  
Who on the stage did captive  
The hearts of fickle men.

AT HOME.

A grandmamma, whose daughter's child,  
Possessed of cunning ways,  
Said: "Grandma, tell me who it is  
That sends you those bouquets?"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

He was unknown to fame till when  
He got a situation,  
Along with eight distinguished men,  
To play at short-stop's station.  
He leaped to fame's ethereal round,  
When he his foes did stagger,  
And did it at a single bound,  
By making one three-bagger!