

and fearful that his inroads on the Model Farm hog stock might be discovered, has been for some time past supplying him out of his own private pen—charging it to the Government, all the same of course. The private pen having nearly given out, must needs be replenished. Hence the ostensible "health trip" across the ocean! As to the hennery, the sad story must be made public that both Mowat and Fraser, are inveterate cock-fighters! Each has lost many birds at the various mains in Canada and the States during the past year, and so there was nothing for it but a new supply. Hence another reason for that "health trip." In justice to Mr. Mowat's good eye for games I must really say that his new stock includes some dandy "hens," which will, no doubt, give good accounts of themselves in the pit before long. All these, too, are marked down in the contingency accounts. Thus the country has to pay for the pampering of one minister's gluttonous appetite, and the indulgence of two other ministers' love of a demoralizing sport! I have no comments to offer in this letter, but I cannot refrain from asking, "Is it not pitiable? Will it not hamper our province's progress?"

#### THE ALGOMA AFFAIR.

Well may the Government benches shake with the laughter of their occupants at the tempest in a tea-pot raised—so far. I say "so far" advisedly. The conspirators do not know that I am on their track. They are blissfully unaware of the fact that I find them in a hole. They wot not that I have 'em on a string. They are unconscious that I've got 'em up a tree. [Note: The *Globe* says Mr. Meredith is "on a wild-goose chase after a mare's nest," and I indulge in variegated figures of speech also. The *Globe's* editor needn't fancy he has the only recipe for making mixed metaphors!] What is the meaning of this cipher telegram tapped by a friend of mine during the Algoma Election campaign:—

RAT PORTAGE, Aug. 13, 1883.

HON. MR. PARDEE, Toronto:

Myaw! Myoo!! Myau!!! Myum!!!! Erin go pluribus! Unum go brugh! Faughaballagh. Saeer erapoo-pallivooddingdong. Okumoff. Whaddysay?

What is the significance of these fateful words? I repeat! Ah! Well ye know! Aye! 'Tis meet to tremble. See! Here is the key:—

Burden's got into a bad scrape. Caught trying to kiss a red-haired hired girl at a farm-house up here. Farmer demands \$10,000 to keep mum. Girl's fellow wants another ten thousand to spare it's life. B is now away under the barn, girl's fellow laying for him with shot-gun. Will you whack up, or shall we let events take their course.

STUPE.

The answer to this lies in the fact that Burden still lives! Peop e of Ontario, I have given you the facts!

It lies with you to act on them! There is more to follow, but I must not alarm the country too much at once!

#### BREVITIES.

"Wait till the clouds fly by," is a new ballad dedicated to the Attorney-General.

A redistribution of spittoons is demanded by members who chew blackstrap.

It is proposed, in view of the delay so often experienced in bringing down reports, that a new scheme on the elevator principle be adopted. A first-class dumb-waiter, I am persuaded, would send up reports quicker than the messengers bring them down in baskets now.

Among the members who are making enquiries is the new man from South Simcoe. On behalf of his constituents he will ask for information as to whether Jas Beatty, sr., really was the man who first carried the orange flag through the city of Toronto; and if so, what's up with him now?

The library committee are determined to see that in future a bigger stock and better class of patent medicine almanacs is kept for country members. The country members say their wives complain about the style of the almanacs they bring back home with them.

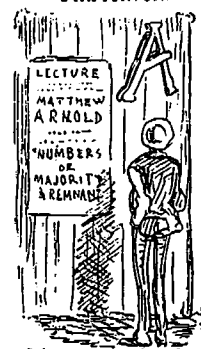
The interim estimates cannot be passed too soon every session. It is a disgraceful fact that the proprietor of a grocery store the other day sent back the government pass-book with the clerk who brought it to him, and coldly ordered the young man to say to his chief that not another drop of coal oil would he let out of his shop until the old account was settled.

There is a great deal of feeling in the House about the Essex Shrievalty affair. Members of both sides want to know what is a shrievalty job, anyway? Do the Government, they enquire, at this late day imagine that when a berth like this is filled by a staunch supporter it is intended he shall do any of the work? The very idea of the thing sends a cold chill down every ambitious member's spinal column. If this sort of idea is not promptly flattened out there is going to be trouble. The fact of the matter seems to be that the difficulty is with the prisoners—not the sheriffs. When a prisoner gets discontented with a gaol he ought to send in a protest or his resignation, and not go to work and break right out as if he was inappreciably mad with the place. I fear also that the class of prisoners under the present government is worse than it otherwise would be. With our public affairs in the hands of Mr. Meredith and his supporters, gaols would be easier looked after. But in any case, why come down on retired statesmen and patriots who have been self-sacrificing enough to become wretched sheriffs? The spectacle of a sheriff going on his beat daily around the gaol walls armed with a gun and a club, might satisfy some small-souled, jealous persons. But could the country, as a whole, stand it?

#### MARMADUKE MUDGE:

OR,

#### THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT.



N D I did love her. Aye, most fervently, fully, felicitously, fermentatively, floridulously! But now her image has been erased from the black-board of my heart with the swab of giant, merciless, will-power. Ah, Daphne! little knewest thou the pang it cost me utter the fateful injunction, "Go! get thee to a night-school!"

Marmaduke Mudge carefully parted his back hair and descended to his tea in the gorgeous dining-room of Madame McGlue's Chuck Chateau, 498 Bay-st., Barrie.

"I must be brave," he said to himself, and the plucky assault he made on the biscuits and treacle evinced that his determination was to be relentlessly carried out.

Let us leave him—although Madame McGlue would prefer that he would leave her, or else have the courage to offer her a higher rate for board—while we go back one night in our hero's history. That night at precisely 8.30, Marmaduke Mudge called on Daphne Dohoney.

The two had met the night previous at the Young People's Philo-Promiscuous Skyfugle Association.

Daphne had taken the alto in a soul-entrancing duet, entitled "Twitter, Birdie, of my Dawling!"

Marmaduke had read an original and highly-instructive essay on the "Proximity of Progressive Protoplasm."

Their meeting was but another startling substantiation of the theory of love at first sight—without even three days' grace or a cent off for cash.

Daphne's young heart went out in a great flood to Marmaduke.

Marmaduke felt that this young being was destined specially for him—a sort of exclusive item as it were. He hoped and believed she was aesthetic and cultured. He himself was so. His ambition was to go on becoming more so, and to this end he sought the society of the Learned and Good at every possible opportunity between meals. At the High School, which he attended with a 2nd class certificate in distant view, he was regarded as very precise in all his ways, and it was a noticeable fact that any pupil who spoke poor grammar, used slang, or exhibited other undue ignorance, was shunned by him.

"You may hap in to-morrow eve," said Daphne, softly, as she bade him good-night, after a silent promenade. And he, thankful for this boon, never noticed the abbreviated language, but walked home in blissful reverie, unmindful of everything save that the Salvation Army Barracks was open and it was silver-collection night. This latter fact stimulated him in his homeward march.

It was with beating heart he greeted the fair young thing next night, as she arose from the elegant rented melodeon and calmly took the extended bouquet.



"Oh, thanks!" she murmured. "I do so fancy flowers and this is a dandy bokay. I'll keep 'em as a kind of sovereign. You know what a sovereign is, I guess? A fellow I once had gimme this here autograph book and one night said it was a sovereign. See! here's the writing—a sovereign from—but no, 'tain't sovereign either, come to look at it S-o-u-v—Gracious! Mr. Mudge, are you going to faint? Maw! Maw!! Come quick, for goodness sake!!!"

The hoarse adjuration which concludes the opening paragraph of this true and touching romance escaped Marmaduke before he fell.

Fifteen minutes afterwards Daphne's brother helped him home—a cruelly crushed and deeply disappointed young man.

But it was a grand triumph of Intellectual Strength over Passion's Promptings.

The young man had his good clothes and a beaming look on. He wouldn't stop two minutes to talk to his friend. "Then it's a clear case of meander, eh?" enquired the friend. "Yes," was the unhesitating reply, "a clear case of me and her." Then the friend excused him without a pang.

The lovers' kiss, it is said, cannot be analyzed. But you can call it, for convenience sake, an extract of meet.

A handier thing than a pocket in a shirt has at length been discovered. It is the shirt itself.