

HE (Langevin) was one of the few men in Canada who could grasp all the details of a department so extensive as that of the Public Works, and as an all-round politician he stood in the front rank.—*London Free Press*.

As a politician he now sits in the rear rank, because he failed, while in the line of grasping details, to grasp de-tails of the boodlers who swarmed in the Department, and pull them out of the public treasury. *Sic semper boodleris!* Turn the rascals out!

THE London *Advertiser* has been publishing the opinions of representative clergymen on the causes and cure of governmental corruption. Rev. John Kay, of Dundas, sums up in this way:

I believe that the root of the difficulty lies largely, if not wholly, in the extreme partisan feelings which are dominant in this country. There is no guarantee that if any other party were in power, under the same conditions as to time, majority, the moral character of the men, and their circumstances, that there would be any less corruption of the same kind.

This is a perfectly safe deliverance, at all events. It is tolerably certain that a Grit Government, made up of men of the same moral character and under the same circumstances, would have done just as these Tories have. We scarcely see how even the most rabid of Grits could dissent from that proposition!

AMONG the suggestions elicited for the cure of the disease from which Canada is now suffering, there are many excellent ideas put forth. One of these is that the independence of the press, as well as of Parliament, should be rigidly provided for. This can never be effected so long as the present system of subsidizing newspapers under the form of advertisements is continued. All government advertisements should be exclusively published in an *Official Gazette*, and no newspaper establishment should be allowed to perform any Government printing contracts. There are plenty of job offices in the country if the Printing Bureau is not able to do the work.

NEARLY two years ago, charges of crookedness were made against the Registrar of Waterloo county. An investigation revealed a shortage of some six thousand dollars, but the official was continued in office, he having given security for the payment of the deficit. This attitude of the Ontario Government towards a defaulter gave rise to strong protests, but these were unheeded. Only a few days ago, the Registrar received his walking-ticket—an indirect effect of the Ottawa agitation, no doubt. The *Oshawa Vindicator* very aptly says:

The Waterloo Registrar should have been dismissed at once, upon the deficit and neglect being proved, and its being done now is either a gross wrong to that official, or else it proves that Mr. Mowat has overlooked wrong-doing until he thinks the country is too much aroused to endure it longer.

It does look that way.

WHO says that Canada has no Native Poet? Whoever says so can be no constant reader of the *Berlin News*, the medium through which the Sweet Singer of Ontario distils his divine afflatus. Where, in all the region round about Parnassus, will you find anything better than this, from Peter X.'s newest poem on "The Tongue."

Guard the tongue and guide it well,
Then golden treasure shall it prove;
Better far than gold I tell
Thee, keep it in its proper groove.

KNOW IT WAS FRUIT OF SOME KIND.

HE entered ———'s* book-store with an uncertain and hesitating air, and after turning over some of the latest novels on the counter, enquired nervously of the clerk:

"Have you got the—the *Raisin Magazine*?"

"Never heard of it," said the clerk. "There's no such publication."

"Ain't, eh? Well, perhaps I didn't get it just right. 'Twa'nt magazine, neither. But it was Raisin something or other Lit—lit——"

"Try again," said the clerk. "Are you sure about the Raisin part of it?"

"Well, I think so. Hold on a minute. Perhaps it wa'n't raisins. But it was some kind of fruit, I'm dead sure of that."

"Raspberries? Peaches? Strawberries? Plums?" enquired the clerk, and the customer shook his head.

"Currants?"

"Yes, yes! That's it. You've got her. Currant—Currant—what in thunder——"

"*Current Literature*, perhaps?"

"You're right. That's the book. I knowed it was some of them fruits."

* Name to be inserted if our able-bodied advertising man can make a deal.

BULLIGAN WAS IN IT.

RAFFERTY—"Bedad, it's gettin' into the social shwim we are at a great rate. Only yisterdav we had a call from Ex-Alderman Bolliver just as frindly as ye plase."

MOONEY—"Sure yez needn't be as proud as a paycock along av that. Didn't I meet Misther Boodler, ex-M.P.P., lasht week, an' have a couple av dhrinks wid him?"

BULLIGAN—"Och, battershin! Hould yer whisht. Fwhat's the matter wid Tim Bulligan? Av yez talk av exes I'm in it wid anny av thim. Be jabers, I'm an ex cavator mesilf!"

SAGE—"Man's greatest troubles come from within rather than from without."

PEPSING—"Yes! Take indigestion and dyspepsia for instance."



A STARTLER.—I.

GAMIN (to Exhibition Visitor)—"Look out for it, Mister! look out!! Look out!!!"

VISITOR—"What? Where? When? Which?"