

DASH MY BUTTONS!

LADY (to applicant for page's situation)—"And have you had any educational advantages?"

NEW BOY—"N-no, mum; but I been vaccinated, and I got the measles!"

FABIUS AT OTTAWA.

WHO was Fabius, anyway? It would be in vain to ask the English-speaking members of the Cabinet, for they would not be likely to know, although the three French Ministers might, but these gentlemen are all Past Grand Masters of the Fabian policy of delay. Cunctators, every man of them. *Ou sont les nieges* of year before last? Where the important subjects outlined in the Governor-General's speech? Where the Departmental reports? Where many other things that ought to have been in possession of the House within a few days after it met? The too-confiding public fail to see that all this unnecessary and inconvenient delay is part of an adroit system to postpone unpleasant things until too late to act on them. Not only should the Departmental reports have been laid on the table, but they should have been in the hands of the public immediately thereafter, inasmuch as they contain important points on which constituencies require time to confer with their representatives. This could easily have been done, else what is the use of an extravagantly expensive Governmental printing office? The whole system is as rotten as last year's eggs. For example, in the Department of Fisheries there are many things that demand full information, and others that are necessary for the guidance of all interested in the important industry of sea-fisheries with their many dependent branches. For want of the Fisheries report fishermen know nothing of what has been done the past year or of what is intended to be done this year in respect to the business in which they are engaged. This Fabian policy in delaying information as to the Fisheries is an actual grievance to all the Maritime Provinces. Where is the definite pledge extracted by Senator Poirrier's able speech last session that a measure would be brought forward to develop our valuable but shamefully neglected oyster fishery? Young Mr. Tupper himself, of course, knows nothing about oysters, except on the half shell, but it is not too much to expect that his subordinate should. The luscious bivalve is dear (twenty-five cents a dozen) to every Canadian of whatever stripe in politics. Meantime Mr. Tupper's promise has melted into the abyss of his hereditary inaccuracy.

Nor is the Fisheries the only Department in which the Fabian policy flourishes. Post-offices are promptly accorded to back settlements if Tory, but postponed indefinitely "under consideration" if Grits apply. Throughout all the Departments the same system of putting-off prevails. Brethren, is this right? Oh, no not at all. It is only a masterly Fabian policy.

A SHOPPER'S PROTEST.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—There's an article been going the rounds of the newspapers advising women "How to shop."

I did think, until I read it, that there was at least one thing that the average woman knew how to do all by herself, and a great deal better than Man could tell her.

What says this sapient adviser? "Avoid the bargain counters!" Just think of that! The pleasures of life are few; the older a woman gets the more that sad fact is forced on her observation. The only one really worth speaking of is "shopping." But what would shopping be without bargains?

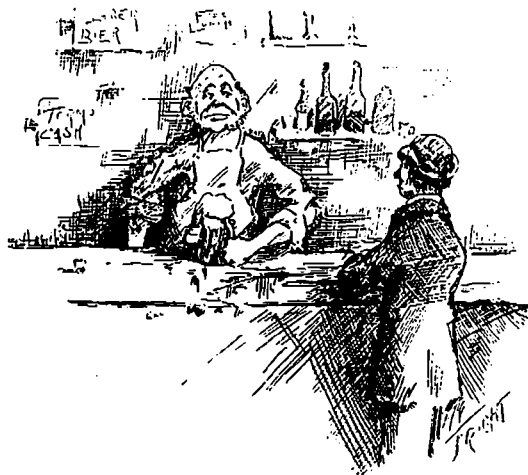
No doubt we generally pay our one hundred cents on the dollar on our twenty dollar purchases, but when we buy five yards of cotton at 99½ cents, there's real enjoyment in spending money. What if we don't just know what we are going to do with that piece of goods? I say there is more joy over saving all those half cents than in all the other expenditure together. Possibly it is an exclusively feminine failing to love a bargain. I won't argue the point (though I have known men who attended auction sales), but why take away this solitary pleasure of the sex?

The fact of the matter is, women are being advised to death, and half of the stuff printed is about as useful as another newspaper article, which began by telling the harassed mothers of the country "not to let their babies cry."

"Let them !!!!!!"

I have but one wish for the writer of this advice, and that is, that he should test it practically by having the sole charge of our "latest arrival" for one week.

J. M. LOES.



A TECHNICALITY.

SALOONIST—"We don't sell no liquor to minors."

CUSTOMER—"I ain't no miner; I'm a plasterer."