**HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT.***(Scene. Entrance of Eastern Block, Ottawa.)*

POLITICAL FRIEND: "Sir John, isn't that pretty candid?"

THE PREMIER: "What do you refer to?"

POL. FRIEND: "The word on the door. I know the Grits say that the only way to get into the Departments is to have a 'pull,' but I didn't suppose you'd openly advertise the fact!"

**CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.***(AS IT WAS AND IS)*

At Ottawa.—"Are you a Tory?"

At Toronto.—"Are you a Reformer?"

At Both.—"What church do you belong to?"

*(AS IT WILL BE.)*

At Ottawa.—"Are you a Tory?"

At Toronto.—"Are you a P.P.A., or a P.I. man?"

*(AS IT OUGHT TO BE.)*

At Both Places.—"What are your business qualifications?" "Have you a good character?"

**FOR THE NEXT DICTIONARY.**

PRINTING PRESS.—The great general of the people, who has driven the enemy from the fortified heights of power, and compelled him to give battle in the open field of thought.

CLOCK.—A dog we keep to bark at us.

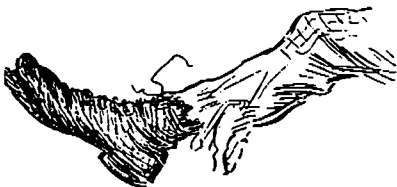
MARRIAGE.—Harness for a pair.

EXPERIENCE.—The scars of our wounds.

LUXURY.—The hectic flush of a consumptive nation.

HAMILTON is blowing and booming; it has recently grabbed the iron works, at the present moment it is negotiating for big steel wagon works, but its loudest and largest AD is its very own A. D. Stewart. We shall see whether this is the kind of ad. that pays best.

If Sheriff McKellar had his venerable photograph taken about this time it would probably show an aureole, or Awrey-ole (how d'ye spell it?) around his head.

**WHY WOMEN WEAR "WATER FALLS."**A question 'tis why Women wear a fall:  
(Tis truth it is to pride they're given, all.)  
And pride, the proverb says, "still goes before a fall."**"THUS BAD BEGINS,****BUT WORSE REMAINS BEHIND!"**

—Shakespeare (on Boots).

**THE TORONTO SWEATER.**In a stuffy, stifling place,  
The workers sew away,  
At a cruel, killing pace,  
For beggarly, starveling pay.  
They are toiling night and day  
In this fetid, horrible perch,  
Making trowsers and shirts for a  
(Catter) pillar of the church.

Sweat, sweat, sweat,

"Competition's the life of trade,"

Sweat, sweat, sweat,

God knows not the wage that is paid!

And we whose souls are aflame,  
And whose hearts at this infamy leap,  
Are we not also to blame

With "Sell us our trowsers cheap!"

"Give us our shirts at cost,

Or we'll go to the shop next door!"

Then we wonder that souls are lost,

Or that they make slaves of the poor.

Sweat, sweat, sweat,

But give us our "bargain day!"

Sweat, sweat, sweat,

God cares not what wage ye pay!

**ON DIT.**

THAT Mr. Adam Brown, of Hamilton, has it in contemplation to write an Autobiography under the taking title of "The Reminiscences of a Showman." And why not? Barnum made a lot of money out of such a book; Wiman is at the present moment enjoying a world wide fame as the author of "Chances of Success." Macready, Irving, Wilder and many other stage celebrities have written their Reminiscences, and none of these persons ever had a better right to put pen to paper than has Mr. Adam Brown. The public will await the forthcoming work with impatience. Thousands who have hung upon his eloquent lips as he stood upon the darkened stage and dilated upon the limelight views of the World's Fair will be deeply interested to know just how he felt at those supreme moments. They will take an almost morbid interest too in the details he may give as to what the committee men said and did when they met him at the station; how he liked being lionized at the hotels where he was put up; the particulars of his many inevitable squabbles with the fellows who worked the lantern, etc., etc. As the pioneer of all the thousands—if not millions—of showmen who are now entertaining the public with World's Fair views, Mr. Brown will have a right to speak with peculiar authority.