

**RES ANGUSTA DOMI.**

THE Governor General of a great Dominion, such as Canada, is certainly entitled to have a residence that shall be wind-and-water-tight, but don't you think twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year rather too much for repairs, in addition to the heavy rent represented by the interest on the money that the edifice has cost? It would take even a plumber some time to run up a bill to that amount. True, in the royal Halls of Rideau there are somewhere about 250 windows always wanting putty—and it is astonishing how much putty a window takes—also, an unlimited number of doors with the doorknobs always coming off, besides bars falling out of balustrades and bottoms out of hall chairs, with other misadventures but too, too well-known to housekeepers. Still it is a considerable sum of money for a landlord to expend annually on a rent-free house. Economy being the order of the day, it is well to consider what can be done in the premises. A massive edifice with fewer windows, such as the new Departmental brown stone building, that would remain a habitable thing of beauty and a joy for a hundred years, might have been built for the outlay expended since Confederation in repairing the existing vice-regal rookery. From speeches in the House of Commons it would



**INJURED INNOCENCE.**

"Are you really running after that widow at the coal office, dad?" "Don't be ridiculous. Do I look as though I could run after anything?"



**HOW HE WORKED IT.**

SHE—"You don't seem to be dancing to-night, Captain Quash-head; how is that?"

HE—"Well, the fact is, I promised my wife faithfully not to dance to-night; but at 12 o'clock, you know, my promise will have been fulfilled, and I can once more join the giddy throng."

is the prevailing style of architecture. Here a serious question arises—if it takes \$30,000 per annum to keep Rideau Hall in habitable repair, what is to be done if Parliament only votes \$10,000? Governor General's warrants would scarcely meet the contingency. Nor in an æsthetic country like Canada would it be dignified to have the windows of the Gubernatorial mansion stuffed with wisps of straw and old hats. The whole thing is a puzzle. *Tirez le Rideau.*

"Your sight has been suddenly, as well as woefully impaired," remarked the oculist, as he examined the patient's eyes. "What have you been doing to strain it?" "I am a subscriber to the *Brantford Courier*," explained the unfortunate man. That settled it!

appear, too, that the glassware does not pan out correctly at each year's end. It would be a suitable occupation for some of the army of imported English clerks now in the Canadian Civil Service, to make an inventory of the bouilli pots, dust-pans, warming-pans, cuspadors and other articles of *vertu* kept for use of the viceroy. Such duty would be a pleasing change for these young men from yawning over the *Empire* from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., with an hour's vacation for ham sandwiches. Something might be done towards economical maintenance by drilling the household forces into greater efficiency. The Minister of War, with his spurs on, might hold periodical broom parades of the housemaids in the grand kitchen, and really it would be a very pretty sight to see. All these domestic details, however, seem more within the purview of a jury of matrons—or of the Senate, which is quite the same thing—than of rude Commons, some of whom represent back lot constituencies, where the shanty



**"HERCULES AND THE SERPENT."**

Jobbins was practising for the tableaux-vivants when somebody monkeyed with the tap.