

the growing Labor Party before November. Meantime, I will continue to wear my badge—a little gold pin in the form a crank. This is the latest device of the Prohibition Party across the lines, and it has taken the wind right of the Republican argument, which consisted in calling bad names. The "Third Party" in question is likely to be the First Party before many years.

The author of the historic phrase "all men are born free and equal" wasn't posted on Canadian society or he would have put "men" in italics. If women are all equal there are some ladies in this community who are not aware of the fact. I saw one of them the other day. She had occasion to go down in the street car with her washerwoman who had charge of a bundle. So she sent the humbler individual around the block while she took the car, and when the w.w. got aboard on the next crossing (the driver having been duly requested to stop for "that woman on the corner") she sat as far as possible from the grand dame, and betrayed little sign

of ever having seen her before. Having reached the debarking point, the missus firmly kept her place until the humble one got out with the bundle and had moved a considerable distance along the street, when she followed with the stately step of a true Canadian patrician. Now all this was through craven fear of Mrs. Grundy, a traditional ruler of society who is wrong in nearly all her rulings. But don't let me drift on to the topic of society, or my discourse will never end. And yet, what is the practical good of girding at the snobs and dudes and toadies and the rest? I wonder if a single snob was ever converted from the error of his or her way by reading Thackeray's Book? And has a solitary Dude or Dudine been reformed by the sarcasms of the satirists on either side of the Atlantic? I doubt it. It must be discouraging to the would-be reformer of contemporary manners to witness something of this sort now and again: "O, I say, deah boy, here's something deucidly funny, doncherknow about a Dude. Shall I wead it to you?" "Yaas, wead it, old chappie, I always enjoy a joke on those silly dudes, doncher know!"



AFTER THE REVIEW.

LIEUT. SUCKLING—(Saluting)—Well, Colonel, the Podunk Life Huzzars merit their reputation I think.

Colonel—Very creditable corps, indeed! Men who can manoeuvre under *your* orders, sir are a credit to any regiment.

A RISING PROTECTIONIST.

ROBBIE—What is Protection, pa?

Pa—Why you see, Robbie, Protection is to make the people of Canada buy goods from their own countrymen. If I buy a chair worth one dollar from anyone outside of Canada I have to pay thirty-five cents to the Government, which is the same as paying one dollar and thirty-five cents for the chair, and if I don't want to do that I must buy the chair on this side of the border, or go without it.

Robbie (next day)—I protected Jimmy Jones this morning, pa.

Pa—Ah, how did you do that, Robbie?

Robbie—Why you know, pa, Tom Smith wanted to sell Jimmy his knife for a quarter, and Jimmy was going to buy it, so I told him I wanted him to buy mine and I'd take thirty cents for it, and Jimmy, he said Tom Smith's knife was the cheapest, and he liked it best anyhow, and so I told him if he bought Tom's knife he'd have to pay me five cents, and I'm bigger than him, and he's scared of me, so he bought Tom's knife and gave me the five cents. Wasn't that right, pa?

Pa—Hm—m.

Robbie—I guess it was all right, only perhaps I didn't protect Jimmy quite enough. I'll charge him ten cents next time.

Pa—Hm—m—m. By the bye, I believe I've got to go up town again. Julia, don't let Robbie stay up late his evening. (*Exit.*)

JOHNNY BAPTISTE.

FROM fair Quebec Province to Ottawa I came,
To make lots of hoodle, and likewise one name;
I make me to go in ze Civil Service,
And to come one great minister daily practice,
For of all my great race I am far from the least.
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

In my office all day I smoke numerous pipes;
At my tailor's run up a bill long as one snipe's;
After four make my promenade on ze Sparkes Street,
And ogle ze ladies I chance for to meet;
Then go to my restaurant where finely I feast.
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

When I am chezmoi, down at Rivere de Loup,
Six days out of seven I live on pea soup;
Here I live like a Prince, meals three times a day,
And I change my hotel when the time comes to pay.
Ah! I knows all ze ropes, tho' I came from the east.
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

In ze old days at home I nevere haf much cash,
But here zey gif credit, so I cut one dash;
When ze duns zey come round, I hide me quite sly,
And when zey are gone I wink so — wiz my eye.
Some day perhaps I pay when my salary's increased.
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

My minister make me one second-class clerk,
I do for him many things kept in ze dark.
How ze people would talk, and ze Grits zey would squall,
Did zey know of my errands down in Montreal,
But not even one word do I tell to my priest.
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

Now I've got my reward, having slaved like one poodle,
I am given a place where I make lots of boodle;
When ze people ask *where* my cash comes from, zen I
Shrugs, comme ca, wiz my shoulders, wink so—wiz my eye,
Wiz my riches I'll now win ma chamaute celeste.
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste. "LENS."

WE have never yet seen a person who could play tennis without raising a racket.