



NEGATIVE PROOF.

MAGISTRATE—"What's the matter with your eye, Mulroony?"

MULROONY—"Sure, sir, me wife hit me wid a flat iron, your worship. We wor' argyin' is Marriage a Failure, sir, an' I said it was, an' she said it wasn't, an' thin, sir, she trun the iron."

ment has awakened to the knowledge that on these occasions the people really need some amusement and edification beyond what is presented in the legal formalities of the meeting, and not only allows a little set-to by the respective candidates, but also is liberal enough to include an allowance in the Returning Officers' fees to cover the cost of the ring and the doctors' attendance.

The reports below give full particulars of the interesting scraps in some constituencies at which such pleasing and educative performances took place.

We have not time to review them all; but we should fail in our duty to our readers and in our loyalty to the manly art, did we neglect to particularize one or two.

The North Simcoe affair is said to have been a beautiful exhibition. Cook, it is true, is a big man and showed up in splendid form; but his wiry little opponent, the Conservative candidate, kept out of reach of his awful lunges, and after getting in one or two good ribbers, managed to trip up the giant, and, as he fell, planted a cracker right behind the ear which made the big man unable to come to time. Our young and plucky friend has the *Empire's* warmest congratulations.

Haldimand was the scene of one of the prettiest combats in the whole campaign. Montague's left arm was a trifle weak from his former fight, but the way he used that rattling right of his was simply magnificent. The punishment received by his opponent will likely leave the Doctor a walk over, so far as canvassing is concerned. Doctor, shake!

Another battle worthy of special mention was nobly fought at Regina. It was at first given out that Mr. Davin was opposed to the prize ring on the ground of its being uncultured and demoralizing. But when he stepped into it, at the appointed hour, and delivered a speech that alternately brought tears and laughter from the audience, the lie was given to the story of his back-out in a most direct way. Mr. Davin has proved himself a gentleman and a man of pluck. We are sorry to learn that insufficient training resulted in his suffering more hurt at the hands of his more highly fettled antagonist than otherwise would have been the case. This illustrates the necessity of all intending candidates going into early and proper preparation for the day of nomination.

All contests, we understand, were conducted *a la* Queensberry, although in North Simcoe McCarthy wanted the London prize ring rules to govern. Dalton, we

know, only recently returned from London, and evidently has combined business and pleasure in the trip. He therefore fancied the old style rules under which he trained.

In conclusion, we are well pleased with the result everywhere, auguring so well as it does for the future success of the Conservative nominees at the polls.

WHAT is the difference between a cabbage and a corn stalk? One has a head, but no ears; the other ears, but no head.

DOLE OF THE ESTHETE.

OH, sweet is the whang of the wanglewane,
And the snore of the snark in the twilight pale,
As the trail crawls up the window pane—
(Love me, love, in the grewsome gale).

Gone is the wanglewane, weird and wold,
Down to the grave of the neither land,
Where the worned toads glide and the musty mold
Eats the lily in my lost love's hand.

There is a galloping, ghastly green—
(Blue is the glare of the wobbly wang);
He is tangling her cardinal hair, I ween—
(Sweet is the song the wild snail sang).

There are jabberwocks joggling in the East,
And were-wolves howling in North and West—
(Oh, the goblin crew has a goodly feast),
And the poet now takes an æsthetic rest.

A GREAT HEAD.



FREEDOM to trade," an inalienable "right of man."

Quoting as above from GRIP of Oct. 20, a Quebec man who has a wonderful head for argument proceeds to demolish us with the following Euclid-like chunks of logic:—

Therefore:

Freedom to *cut* or *compete* is a similar right.

Therefore:

Freedom to *destroy* the *trade* of a *young country* is a similar right.

And:

Freedom to work with "*pauper labor*" is a right of "*capitalized*" man * *i.e.*, to make others starve while he gets fat.

And:

(In order to cut prices) Freedom to *adulterate* is a right of (that) man.

And:

Freedom to empty a country of its *producers*, and, *therefore*, of its chief *consumers*, is a right of (that) man.

And:

Freedom to *raise the prices* on the young community, *after* extinguishing its industries—and *after* exporting its workers—is the right of (that) man.

To which, we think, might be added:—

Therefore: Freedom to talk nonsense is an inalienable right of the Protectionist man.

* When he ignores all but his own rights.