

to the Commons restaurant unless accompanied by a member of Parliament.

Providing, he should have added, the "stranger" will stand treat. No, Peter; the proper thing to do is to clear out the disgraceful rum-hole altogether. It is a standing insult to the decent people of the country, and especially to decent members of the House. We would like to hear from Sir John on this question when he speaks to his Methodist brethren at the opening meeting of Grimsby Park.

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ALDERMAN BOUSTEAD, anxious to restore the lustre of his own good name, and to banish the burning blushes from the cheeks of his friends, made haste to explain why he voted to give the coal contract to Patrick Burns. He says he did so because (1) Burns had not been actually black-listed by the council, notwithstanding Judge McDougall's exposure of his dishonesty; (2) Burns' sureties were satisfactory, and (3) his tender was the lowest of those formally submitted. Our own opinion is that any tender is too high from a contractor who collects money for goods which he doesn't deliver. Toronto cannot afford to endorse P. Burns and his methods even if he offers the coal for nothing.

THE AGRICULTURAL EDITOR ON THE STUMP.

FELLOW citizens; free, intelligent and independent electors: I stand before you to-day as the herald of a new and brighter age of progress—as the annunciator of a time when one question, and one alone, shall occupy the minds and sway the hearts of the people of this vast and glorious Dominion—when the preacher, the prophet, the seer, the economist, the philanthropist—the whole nation, from the laborer down to the senator, from the statesman to the Ontario politician, shall write and speak and work and wait for one grand consummation—one grand completion of the work of centuries of progress—shall work and wait, shall watch and pray, fellow citizens, for BUTTER REFORM.

I need not—it were indeed a work of supererogation—I need not, I say, allude to the need of a change, a radical, a sweeping, an all-sufficient change, which shall rival in its perfection and completeness, the most stupendous and successful revolutions of all time—a radical change in the butter market! Our fathers have striven and we strive. They fought and bled and died for freedom—we fight for Butter Reform. They struggled to establish the liberty which we now enjoy. Fellow citizens, let us emulate their glory. Let us establish creameries! To Magna Charta, to Habeas Corpus—to the long list of glorious measures from John to John A., let us add a crowning glory, an act which shall secure to the subject that eternal and inalienable right—the right to eat good butter!

Fellow citizens, the days of tyranny, in one sense, are past—but bad butter still holds despotic sway over the digestive organs of a suffering and dyspeptic people. Will you suffer it, Canadians? You, the descendants of an heroic ancestry! You the sons, grandsons, perhaps even the great grandsons, of the Pym and Hampdens of a bygone day! No, fellow citizens, a thousand times, no! You, the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time, will you not lead also in the front rank of Butter Reform? And a mighty chorus answers, Yes! Methinks I hear it swell, that thund'rous shout of anticipated victory! Higher and higher, methinks, from young and from old, from palace and from cottage, from the hotels

and from the boarding-houses of this grand Dominion—higher, yet higher, through the quivering air, till it cleaves the trembling clouds and thrills the stars in the vaulted blue above, rises that paean of glorious determination: "Maclean for ever! Maclean and BUTTER REFORM."

Fellow citizens, let me encourage your hesitating hearts, Butter Reform cannot fail. We shall struggle but we shall conquer, and poets shall make our struggles and our victory immortal. Speaking of poetry, let me close with the word of poetic jubilation which our majestic cause has already inspired:

I.

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances,
Hail the cosmopolite man of the World;
See, on his flag, as the sun on it glances,
"Butter Reform" on its broad folds unfurled.
See how the tyrants' heads
Bow, as he onward treads,
Bearing the banner thro' strife and thro' storm.
Let all the Cardwell men
Echo the sound again:
"Ho for Maclean and for Butter Reform."

II.

No more the Tories shall shout for Protection,
No more the Grits, multinomial fad—
C.U.—we'll hear of! Both, sunk in dejection,
Now must admit that bold Billy's the lad!
See how the Tories heads
Bow as he onward treads!
How the Grits wail as the war waxes warm!
Hear all the Cardwell men
Echo the shout again:
"Cardwell for Billy and Butter Reform."

CARET.



HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Customer.—I'm getting this Hair Restorer for a friend.
Druggist.—Yes? Well, I hope he'll recommend it to you. It's an excellent preparation, put up by ourselves, sir.

OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTY.

WOULD BE Customer—Don't trust here, do you?
Grocer—Oh, yes, when I know the party, I—
Would-be Customer—Oh, that's easily settled. Allow me to introduce myself. Mr. John Jones, make you acquainted with Mr. Nocash.