



OUR SYSTEM AWAY AHEAD !

Mark the superiority of our System over Uncle Sam's in the matter of expedition. Foster accomplished his tariff revision in a day ; Wilson has been months getting his Bill through at Washington—and it isn't half through yet. 'Rah for our System !

ON LOOKING GLASSES.

On rising in the morning you take a glance at yourself in the bureau glass. Your eyes are heavy and your hair ruffled, but your face has a pale intellectual look which you would fain keep for all time.

The morning bath over, you take a peep in the mirror that hangs by the window in the bath room. A thrill of horror runs through you as you gaze at your own face, red, glowing, pimply. Heavens ! the eyebrows are rubbed the wrong way and almost meet across the nose. Seizing the towel you train them carefully into their proper position, for you have a distinct recollection of reading somewhere, sometime, that persons whose eyebrows meet carry murder in their hearts, and you have no desire to be suspected. Another peep and you find that your nose has a shiny, greasy appearance. You do your best to adjust this and then proceed downstairs to breakfast.

The glass in the breakfast room is your favorite. (It hangs in a shady corner.) Standing before it you wonder if it is possible that that clear olive-complexioned face, with the calm, steadfast eyes, is the same pimply visage that confronted you in the bath room a short while ago. Stepping closer to the glass you picture yourself with a face always so. Just like your ideal of the features of Spanish *senors*. For a few moments you allow your fancy full sway, and imagine yourself in Sunny Spain, rigged out in the picturesque dress of a matador, dealing, amid the plaudits of a vast assemblage, the death blow to an infuriated bull.

Breakfast over, you prepare for your journey down town. Passing down the hall-way you turn instinctively to the looking glass over the hat-rack. No pale intellectual look, no olive tinted face confronts you now. Only your own ordinary, rather muddy complexioned visage with the

old faint red streak at the tip of the nose and the little colony of pimples that have clung lovingly to your cheek for many years ! All your rosy-colored fancies take flight in an instant, and with the thought that after all complexion doesn't count in this world and has no influence whatever in the next, you step out onto the street.

H. B.

TAXING THE DEMOCRATS.

MR. FOSTER, by way of addendum to his budget speech, announced that a clerical error had occurred in the schedule—Democrats were to be taxed 70 per cent. instead of 25 as stated. We were prepared for this, as we thought the Democrats were getting off too lightly. But how comes it that the finance minister has not clapped a prohibition duty on Grits, which would be even more to the purpose ?

BIENNIAL SESSIONS.

MEREDITH, Meredith, for a logician
You've got yourself into a funny position :
You roar yourself hoarse over Mowat's transgressions,
And yet you go in for biennial sessions :
Now if one year's expenses so high up do mount
That you cannot keep track of the swelling account,
And you've reason to think they're a boodling crew—
How comes it you're willing to trust them for two ?

ENQUIRING CHILD.—“ Have you gone into the poultry business yet Mr. Dair ? ”

MR. SUNNAN DAIR—*surprisedly*—“ Why, no Jack ! What made you think so ? ”

“ Oh, I heard Pa and Ma saying that, now you had come into the old man's money, you would soon make ducks and drakes of it ; and I was wondering if you had begun yet ! ”