



Aspect of a Party Named Blake

As seen from the tall tower of the *Mail* office, by an editor whose head was perfectly clear, and who, like George Washington, wouldn't, on any consideration, tell a story.

Patriotic Sentiment.

Sir Charles Tupper says that if this Syndicate has done nothing else it has at least drawn a patriotic sentiment from Edward Blake. Sir Charles is too modest. It has done far more. It has made it plain to the world that there are men in public life in Canada desperate enough and sordid enough to sell their country for a mess of pottage, and that the chief of them is Sir Charles Tupper.

An Apocryphal Anecdote.

Mr. Barr, of the *Lindsay Post*, is notorious for his humor. When he made his appearance at his office the other day just after the cruel assault had been made upon him, his assistant editor sympathetically referred to his mangled appearance, "Oh, that's nothing," said Mr. Barr, cheerfully, "merely *Grace* after meet."



Canterbury in Canada.

Archbishop of Canterbury.—Aw—which is "the Church," and which is "Dissent?"
The theory of evolution is certainly true in some directions. For instance, it cannot be denied that there are some things so utterly contemptible that they pass imperceptibly into the region of the ludicrous. Such a thing is

the presumption of some people connected with the religious sect in Canada known as the Anglican Church. The airs and graces that are assumed by many of the preachers of this body towards their brethren of other denominations are too absurd for anything but laughter. Simply because the chief officers of this organization wear leggins, and smock frocks, and have the rims of their plug hats fastened to the stove pipe part, they, and a good many of the people, seem to imagine that they are superior to the preachers of other sects, who are equally pious, but merely wear white ties to distinguish them from doctors and merchants. Mr. Gair has taken the trouble to investigate this phenomenon, and he finds the secret to be that the Anglican clergymen fancy that they belong to the Establishment of England, hence their laughable arrogance. Now, Mr. Gair fails to see why they should be anxious to nurse such a fantasy. If they only looked at the matter fairly, they would hasten to get rid of it for the sake of their own dignity, for surely it is a nobler thing to belong to a church which stands on its own spiritual basis—as the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Canadian Anglican really do—than to aspire to be the tail end of an Establishment which is simply a branch of the Imperial Civil Service. To hear a body of disestablished and disendowed Christians talking patronizingly of their similarly situated neighbors as "Dissenters" is calculated to make sensible people angry, and would do so if it wasn't so decidedly funny.



Hard Times for the Ash-man.

Editorial voices in unison.—"No, we haven't any ashes to spare just now; we need it all for making *lye* during the Anti-Syndicate crusade!"

A house painter has a round about way of getting to work.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for a Michigander.

The girl who marries a hackman takes him for wheel or whoa.

It is a very disagreeable thing to keep "open house" this cold weather.

It does not stand to reason because a man is sickened, that he lives on tick.

An auctioneer is a bad man. He knocks down everything he comes across.

Edison has invented a machine so powerful that it shocks his own modesty.



The Ottawa Tragedy.

(*Richard III., Act 1, Sec. 3.—Shakespeare.*)
KING RICHARD III.... The St. Paul Syndicate.
RICHARD.—But, sirs, be sudden in the execution. Withal obdurate.
1ST MURD.—Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate, Talkers are not good doers; he assured, We go to use our hands and not our tongues!
RICHARD.—Your eyes drop; mill stones when foel's eyes drop tears; I like you lads;— about your business straight; Go; go, despatch.
1ST MURD.—We will, my noble lord!

Consistency is a Political Virtue.

This aphorism we copy from the *Mail*, where it stood at the head of a column, in capital letters; and to it Gair heartily subscribes. But why, in the name of common sense does the *Mail* persist in the opposite vice? We presume that hitherto it has been unaware of this great truth, and has only now discovered it, and this will explain its erratic and contradictory course upon most subjects. Gair rejoices that the *Mail* man has at length discovered this great truth, and will hereafter expect a more straight-forward and manly course from its big contemporary. He expects that when next it puts up a candidate for the Mayoralty it will acknowledge at once that it is for party reasons, and that it will not condemn a man whom it has once lauded to the skies, until that man gives some sufficient reason for such condemnation.

Hanlan's best days are over.

The street-gamin who gets up with the lark, generally goes out to look for "snipes."



The Bystander Rejoiceth.