

The drawing would have been more at home in the pages of *Free Trade Puck*. Must be careful, Bernhard.

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**T**HIS is from the *Hamilton Times*; we have examined it carefully with our eye-glass to be sure that we fully grasp the meaning of it:—

“The advocates of unrestricted reciprocity welcome the finance minister to their ranks, and trust that he will before long force the government to accept his views on that question as well as others.”

This appears to mean that the truly good and pure Reform party are willing to associate with the “high-priest of corruption,” the most venal, audacious, hardened, and—but for further description of character see back files of the *Hamilton Times* and other Reform journals!

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**T**HE *Whitby Chronicle* reports that “Wm. Flay got sixty days with hard labor for threshing his wife.” Well, well! so they do this sort of thing by machinery now down there! Sixty days only! Why, he should have been Flayed.

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**M**IGHT we respectfully suggest to the Montreal people that the hundred thousand dollars they intend to spend on the building of a goddess might be more sensibly appropriated to the cleaning of the streets. If this kindly pointer is not acted upon, we hope that at least, when the statue is built and placed on the top of the mountain, the pedestal will bear the inscription in large letters, “Here I’m safe out of the mud.”

**ON FAIT MIEUX SES CHOSES LA EN FRANCE.**

In the land of Cathay, so travellers tell,  
All people together in amity dwell;  
And the Jews that are there wash their feet every day,  
For all men are clean in the land of Cathay.

There poets find far nobler subjects than Soap:  
Nobody bows blindly to worship the P—,  
And the Methodist people all live as they pray,—  
Which isn’t thought strange in the land of Cathay.

In winter the aged can walk . . . . .  
For the streets are kept clean by the active police,  
Who, when they are wanted, do not hide away,  
And there seldom are rows in the land of Cathay.

Bank managers there on their salaries thrive,  
And cashiers know nothing of “line forty-five,”  
Nor study the time-table much, (for they say)  
There’s no “forty-five” in the land of Cathay.

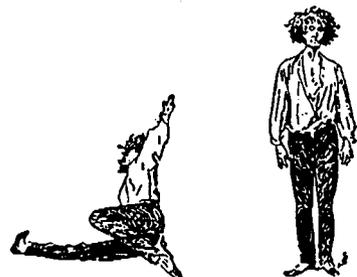
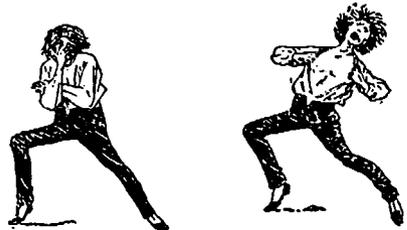
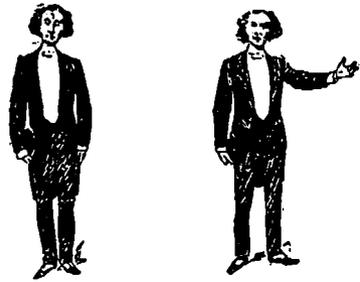
There flesh is exempt from its numerous ills,  
And nobody vends those infallible pills  
Which carry both ailment and patient away,  
For no one is sick in the land of Cathay.

No Parties gain pow’r through fanatical mobs,  
And railways aren’t built as political jobs;  
It’s considered an honour, how strange! you will say,  
To be an M.P. in the land of Cathay.

No “combines” exist there in sugar and oil,  
And success always follows industrious toil,  
The working men all are content with their pay,  
And liberty thrives in the land of Cathay.

Bright landscapes and villages gladden the eye;  
The people don’t tremble and fear when they die,  
For their souls are transferred to new houses of clay  
And started afresh in the land of Cathay.

EDWARD JOHN BAKER.



**THE TALENTED ELOCUTIONIST**

IN A SPIRITED SELECTION.

GENERAL WARNET has superseded General Boulanger.  
Every man has a chance once in a life.