

THE idea is inferentially conveyed that the term "our country" is a synonym for the coterie of fellows who are empowered by the N.P. to tax us for their own benefit, and the man who regards the arrangement as legalized robbery is necessarily a "traitor." With a sublimity of cheek the Union Jack, the beaver, the maple leaf, the country's coat of arms, and all the other items of our national heraldry are appropriated by this Association as their own especial property, and good citizens who seek to promote the welfare of the Dominion along the lines of truth and reason, viz., by enlarging our markets, are referred to as enemies who are ready to "meekly surrender our glorious birthright." One of the mottoes chosen from Shakespeare to grace this remarkable cover, seems to us, however, to fit the mouth of the long suffering consumer better than that of the long-pampered Associationist. It is this:

"You must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook
With danger, and think it pastime."

WHAT in the world is to become of our dashing, dashing dragoon, Col. G. T. Denison now? Othello's occupation's gone! Here is a great German military authority declaring that henceforth cavalry is of no more use for war purposes, except for outpost duty. The newly invented smokeless powder has done it. It's too bad! Just when we were on the verge of a magnificent set-to with the unspeakable Yankees, and our gallant Colonel had made arrangements to sweep the flying hosts of the enemy from Niagara to the Gulf of Mexico with his invincible Body Guards, to be absolutely squashed in this way and banished to outpost duty! Confound their smokeless powder!

THE *World* tells of a deaf and dumb mute who was committed for trial by the Parkdale magistrate, the other day, for stealing an overcoat. This is a particularly pitiable case. It is very sad to think of a young man being in trouble of this sort, and it makes it sadder still to know that he is deaf and dumb. But another degree of sadness seems to be added to the affair when we learn that in addition to being deaf and dumb he is also a mute.



HIS THATCH.

MOTHER—"Johnny, you shouldn't run out in the rain without your hat on."

JOHNNY—"But, mamma, how can my head get wet when I have it shingled?"

OSGOODE LEGAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY
ELECTION.

DEBATING clubs by mimic strife
Oft fit young men for public life,
By practice each crude rhetorician
Becomes an able politician.

But 'tis not argument alone
By which the statesman now is known,
'Tis pulling wires and buying votes
Which modern statesmanship denotes.

The orator may saw the air
And marshal facts with studious care,
But all his logic can't prevail
With people who have votes for sale.

And so the Osgoode L. and L.
Are bound to make their influence tell,
Nor limit, by old fogy views,
The education they diffuse.

As training school for public life
They copy real election strife,
Mere talk they wisely supplement
With plenteous boodle freely spent.

In warring factions they divide
And range themselves on either side
With no more principle than rules
The rival Grit and Tory schools.

With insight true, the means they choose
To capture votes are oyster stews,
Well knowing that's the surest plan
To reason with the average man.

As thus they show progressive sense
And practical intelligence,
In wider fields we well may hope
These embryo statesmen will have scope



FITZDUDE'S LATEST.

FITZDUDE (dropping into barber's chair)—"Hair cut, p'ease."

BARBER—"But you ain't got no ha'r dat I kin see, boss."

FITZDUDE—"Aw—twim my eyelashes—they obstwuct my glauss, doncherknow."