



SPRING STYLES.

FAIR SHOPPIST.—“But haven't you anything between the extremes? I don't at all like either of them.”

MILLINER.—“Oh, certainly, madam; but only for the *middle classes*—”

FAIR SHOPPIST.—“Then, I'll take one of them, whichever you advise.”

for themselves that Sir John entertains for them, to wit, none.

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IF the cartoon we published last week conveyed the impression that the result of the late conference with the railway managers was to render the advocates of the viaduct hopeless, it conveyed more than we intended. The defenders of the city's rights and interests are as full of fight as ever, and the prospects of getting the viaduct ultimately are still bright. The city is not in the helpless attitude pictured in the minds of the railway magnates. On the contrary it is in a legal position to compel the railways, if it sees fit, to build the viaduct entirely at their own cost, and that with glad and thankful hearts.

ADVERTISEMENTS v. LITERATURE.

OXLY.—“I wonder that you writers do not take to writing advertisements when you are pressed for money.”

PROXLY.—“We do sometimes, but there isn't any more money in it than in ordinary literature.”

OXLY.—“Oh, you must be mistaken. I heard an editor say lately that all the advertisements that appear in his paper are worth twenty-five cents per line”

A VICTIM OF DESTINY.

HE had excellent health,
An' lashins av wealth,
An' all that a man cud desire;
They'd filled him wid knowledge
At school an' at college,
An' they put an his letthers “Esquire.”
Ye'd t'ink it was clear
That a splendid career
Awaited him—jist wan an' twinty,
But be Fate's starn decree
Sure that niver cud be,
Fur his name it was Dinnis McGinty.

He was handsome an' tall,
An' at party or ball
The colleens said, “Ain't he a daisy?”
An' you wud have said
That the bye cud have wed
A belle av society aisy.
But fwhin he'd propose
They'd turn up their nose—
An' av he thried wan he thried twinty—
“Is it wed yees? Oh, no!
‘T wud be fallin' too low
To become Mrs. Dinnis McGinty.”

Me shitory's not long,
Fur he quickly wint wrong
An' tuk to nefarious courses;
Dhrank fwiskey all day,
Lost his boodle at play,
Or dhrivin' around wid fast horses.
Thin how cud he fail
To ind up in jail,
Fur the heart av the world, always flinty
Wud be ruthless indade
To a felly in nade
Wid a name such as Dinnis McGinty.

There's many worse min
Such as cudn't begin
Wid him to compare in ability,
From nothin' will rise
An' win many a prize
While houldin' their own wid facility,
Poor Dinnis he had
To go to the bad,
He can offer excuscs in plinty.
‘Tis entoirly in vain
The strife to maintain
Fwhin a man is called Dinnis McGinty.

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

(By our Own Sweet Reporter.)

A VENTURISOME YOUNG MAN'S JOKE—HOW A FAIR CORRESPONDENT CAN SAVE THE COUNTRY—A STRONG APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE—GRATIFYING TARIFF CHANGES OUTLINED.

OTTAWA, March 6th.



Y DEAREST GRIP:—I am in a most angelic mood this afternoon. I feel almost like hugging some one! But don't, for the world dare to breathe or hint of such an inclination! You don't know how frightfully audacious some of the elderly members are, more especially the dear old men with bright eyes and bald on the heads. I could start right now and tell you—but no matter. You'd just

laugh yourself into a catnip fit if I did.