



THE ENGLISH IDIOM.

FLASHLY (to his French guest)—“Are you a lover of horseflesh, Monsieur?”

MONSIEUR—“Oui, sometimes. Mais, ze frog-leg is to my taste bettaire, eet ees not so tough.”

THE LONG-DISTANCE FISHERMAN.

THE Intercolonial Conference has closed its secret sessions at Ottawa, been dined and wined in Toronto and Montreal, and dispersed its several ways to the ends of the earth. It has been the occasion of a fine display of post prandial eloquence, and something has been done through it, we hope, to increase the sum-total of human happiness, if not to draw closer the bonds of the British Empire.

We are not sanguine enough to suppose, however, that the deliberations of the delegates will really lead to any marked increase in intercolonial trade, for the simple reason that trade has a confirmed habit of obeying its own laws, and pays no heed to such purely metaphysical things as national aspirations and arbitrary Imperial boundary lines. This is why, with the profound respect we cherish for Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, we are obliged to consider him a silly old gentleman when he talks of working up a flourishing commerce with Australia while he persistently ignores or even repudiates the great trade we might have with our Republican neighbors here at our doors; and—notwithstanding his loyalty—with the millions of the mother country a little further away but still much nearer than Australia. We do the good gentleman no injustice in picturing him as a wrong-headed fisherman who insists on angling for minnows far away while shutting his eyes to the shoals of salmon and black bass at his feet.

It is, in short, an hilarious farce for Protectionists to talk about or endeavor after increased trade. Their system means nothing if it does not mean that trade with outsiders is something to be avoided as far as that is possible to rational beings. Free Traders are the only people who may consistently talk about such a thing, and they know that the simple, easy and effective way to increase trade is to remove such barbarous barriers as tariff walls.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

[The post of Poet Laureate being still vacant, Mr. Grip feels it his loyal duty to perform the duties of the office until Tennyson's successor is appointed. He accordingly proceeds to celebrate the latest interesting event in the royal family—the christening of Georgie's baby.]

AN august company stood around
(Though it was but July,)
To see the formal christening
Of George's little bie.

The Bishop took the youngster up,
And all was still as death,
(His reverence was well fed and fat,
And very scant of breath.)

And having with due pomp of form
Bestowed the holy rite,—
He then pronounced the baby's name,—
A task by no means light.

Because unused to such hard work,
The Bishop was done out,
The day was hot, the crowd was great,
And he was very stout.

Said he, “I do baptize thee Ed-
(Puff, puff,) ward, (puff, puff,) Al-
Bert Christian,”—here he took a rest,
And the Queen said, “So far, well.”

“George, An-” resumed the bishop,—“drew,
Pat- (puff puff) rick, (puff) Da-
(Puff, puff) vid, there I think that's all,
At least I hope and pray!”

“Edward, Albert, Christian, George,
Andrew, Patrick, David!”
Cried the child, “with such a name,
May my life be saved!”

MR. Keir Hardy is answered. In his very shocking speech in the House of Commons a few days ago he wanted to know what the Prince of Wales had ever done to help the British race. And now his royal highness can point with pride to the victory of his yacht, “BRITANNIA” over the American “Vigilant.” If that isn't bringing glory to the British race, what is? Mr. Hardy had better be more Keirful hereafter.



“A MIGHTY SLOW PLACE.”

POLICEMAN KENNEDY—“If you're waiting for the Sunday car, my friend, you might as well move on. It will not be along until 1896 at the very earliest.”