



A NEW CHAIR FOR QUEEN'S.

Mr. Grip begs to present the above piece of furniture to Queen's College, by way of mollifying the *Globe's* objections to the proposed "John A. Macdonald Chair of Political Economy."

THE HUNTING AUCTIONEER.

A GROWL FROM MONTREAL WEST END.

"Where's the auctioneer?"

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It is half-past ten, and yet "he cometh not" she said.

One might imagine that auctioneers do not set a high value on their time, but see how mad they get when kept waiting.

People do not mind for the first half hour, while they go over the horse taking stock of everything, and deciding what they will buy "if it should go cheap." Then a few minutes may be profitably devoted to the discussion of the merits, or more probably demerits, of the late occupant: "Why he went away?" "Is it likely he can come back?" "What did he do, anyway?" Perhaps the poor man did not do anything at all, but having left for New York, and being sold out immediately after, is proof as strong as holy writ. "But why on earth doesn't that auctioneer come?" asks somebody for the twentieth time, and some one else suggests that probably he has gone to the hunt, this being a hunting morning. But people turn up their noses at the idea of a hunting auctioneer, suggest the expediency of attending to his business for a few years, refer to proverbial people on horseback, and their probable destination, and just at this point the great man arrives.

Then he asks us to adjourn to the cellar, and the mighty hunter proceeds to hunt out old coal-scuttles, pots and pans, and other scullery bric-a-brac, much more easily run down than the fox for which his soul longeth. He dashes over clothes-horses and beer-barrels in true hunting style, whips up his audience and spurs them on, declaring that everything is of the best and latest style, and such as used in the most aristocratic families. Knowing of the auctioneer's late advent into fashionable life, and remembering the balls and breakfasts to which he has or has not been invited, we hasten to bid enthusiastically, hoping to secure something, if only the kitchen poker of a late member of Montreal society.

The bold auctioneer wipes his noble brow, and proceeds with the sale of the kitchen

effects until the wretched price offered for the dish-pan and porridge-pot excites his just indignation, and he scornfully demands if we know "how much *them things* cost." We don't, but we bow to his superior knowledge of the elegancies and luxuries of life, and bid again.

Then he grows facetious, and declares "them candle-sticks are just the thing for a lady's 'bode-o-war' as Paddy called it," and lest we should not be educated up to his little joke he explains that Paddy meant a *boudoir*, but alas! the auctioneer's French is but little better than Paddy's, so we smile at both.

Thus the bold huntsman rattles along, keeping us all in good humor until we pay too much for everything, and come away poorer, but not wiser, women, for we are quite ready to go to the next auction; but hope it won't happen to be a hunting morning, for we do not like to wait for a hunting auctioneer.

SANCTUM SHADOWS.

Photographs of Toronto Journalism by the Instantaneous Process.

A "TELEGRAM" EDITORIAL.

The truth about the Boundary Award is, as we have been saying all along, Mr. Mowat has done the best possible thing under the circumstances, notwithstanding what his opponents are urging against him. At the same time we all know that if the popular Premier of this wisely-governed Province had made a better presentation of the case, it would have been vastly more to Ontario's interests. But yet we have presented to us the funny spectacle of the party papers squabbling over this matter just as if the fate of the country depended upon what these organs had to say on the question. The fact is, so long as there are party papers, just so long will they go squabbling over party matters. Party papers were first heard of in the year A. D. 1066. This was the first year of William I. There are exactly 14,847½ party papers on this continent. Some persons say that there should be no party papers, while others say there

should be party papers. Doubtless it might be contended that both these classes of people are somewhat correct in their views.

A "MAIL" EDITORIAL.

There was a man,
He lived in New York;
He was no Jew,
Because he used to eat pork.

—J. B. Plumb.

Mr. Blake will not have to eat pork, but a rotten leak, when he has really been brought before the bar of public opinion. Despite all his callousness; notwithstanding the mantle of superiority in which he wraps his proudly-borne person; in the very face of his *huntsman* and unapproachableness, there is a reckoning. He will yet have to come down to the level of "the vulgar horde;" will have to answer to the *canaille* now so much contemned, or be forever branded a coward and a poltroon. His organ affects a defence of the leader; but the articles are in such bad taste and worse competition that they may well be passed over with the contempt they merit.

A "GLOBE" EDITORIAL.

We are not alarmists, but we are very much astray if the current of events is not carrying the country in such a direction that it will be positively necessary in a brief space of time for a halt to be called. Here are our industries ruined almost beyond recovery by the baleful influences of the N. P., according to the excellent reports of our special correspondents. Day by day the exchequer is being depleted in order to satisfy the demands of the Pacific Railway leeches for the very blood of the land! We hope this is too gloomy, for the C. P. R. is an amiable institution after all. The people of the North-west are in rebellion, and insist on breaking up the Confederation. We trust this is overdrawn, for it would be unfortunate, and we counsel moderation. But will any one please point out what else the oppressed Manitobians can do? It is pretty sad to learn of the wide-spread depression in industrial circles, and the thousands of artisans leaving this country for the States. But must we lie about it? Is it not better to point out the disease and then supply the remedy than cover the sick man up and let him die like a snake in the grass?

A "NEWS" EDITORIAL.

Say, look here! the *Globe* hasn't a particle of sand about it, and don't you forget it. The editor hasn't starch enough in him to do the button-hole of a shirt-cuff. Now, as for the *News*, while it don't just in so many words say that it would like Henry George to write all the editorial for it, the *News* wants it to be distinctly understood that no bloated aristocrat or miserable office-holder has any show with it. Its trip-hammer is ready to bang into a shapeless mass every such human barnacle that enters its precincts. Our motto is "Democracy or Death."

THE DOMESTICATED BRAVE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

(Continued.)

He thrust the machine in his pocket without examination, and was moving on, when the Domesticated Brave suggested that he pay the first instalment, and offered to take, in partial payment, "that bottle!" Then was the Pioneer wroth, and cried: "I know you well, begone! There shall no bottle be given you!" and he went away greatly displeased. But the Domesticated Brave comforted himself, saying, "At least, he has the sewing machine!" and retiring into the woods he pondered long. Now when it drew near sundown he arose and clad himself in the fashion of a dude and went forth yet again to meet the Pioneer.