



MR. MERCIERS PROBABLE MISSION.

SCENE—Ikey Rothchild's Paris Establishment.

Mercier—COULD YOU LET ME HAVE A TRIFLE ON THIS FOR A FEW DAYS? MY GOVERNMENT'S ABOUT STRAPPED.

THE MEETING OF THE CHIEFTAINS.

SCENE.—Government House, Toronto.

(Enter Sir Alex. Campbell, Sir John Macdonald, and Hon. Oliver Mowat.)

SIR ALEXANDER—Welcome, my noble friends, thrice o'er. I feel
As proud this moment as I did the day
When first I wore a philabeg—as proud
As was my ancestor, the great Argyll,
When he restored to torn old Scotland's realm
Its king again and healed his country's breaches.

(*The Great and Little Tyrants embrace.*)

Now, now, enough, 'tis too much happiness;
Fair Canada is safe and I'm the man
To whom she owes the blest accomplishment.
Let's now to lunch.

(*Sir John plays leap-frog over astounded Mowat.*)

Sir John! be decorous.

SIR JOHN—No doubt of it, dear Sandy. Mowat! you
Have all along been my dear favorite boy.
You've been both wise and honest, and, in short,
A credit to my training. Who could dream
That we old Kingston chappies should to-day,
With all our hatchets buried, be so gay?

MR. MOWAT—The boundary question—

SIR JOHN (interrupting)—Tuts! tuts! no Utica confines our powers,
This whole vast boundless Canada is ours.
Three canny, conquering, Scottish boys are we,
And while we rule, old Ont. shall boundless be.

MR. MOWAT—O yes! O yes! O yes! I guess I see,
From fruitless friction we are henceforth free.

AT A BAR.

Central Shareholder—Will you liquidate? What'll you have?

Central Depositor—I take plain rye in Ordinary.

RESPECTING CANADIAN POETS.

MRS. HARRISON (Seranus), author of the Canadian Birthday Book, has enumerated 150 Canadian poets, and some writers express surprise at the number. They don't begin to realize the immense amount of poetic talent that is lying around loose in Canada. Only 150! Why—almost any editor could count up that many without half, trying, and not include either James Gay, of Guelph, or Senator Plumb, either. Talk about poets! Why, bless you, the woods are full of 'em—about as full as our waste basket is of their effusions, some execrable, some bad, and rest fair to middling, but excluded for reasons of space or suitability. Why, if our politicians had any idea how many poets there are in Canada, it wouldn't be a week before there was a strategic movement on foot to capture the poet vote by promising to establish a Canadian laureateship, or abolish the postage on manuscripts, or something. And, sure's you're alive, here comes the postman, with another grist, including a long screed from the man who *will* roll his MS. instead of folding it, and thereby occasion much composing-room profanity; another from the fellow who writes with pale ink on both sides of blue foolscap paper; and a dainty verselet from a young lady who has just conceived the original idea that "heart" rhymes with "part," and "dove" with "love," etc.

What ho, without! Empty the waste basket! Well, Seranus just wants to spend a week or so in a newspaper office to correct her ideas on the subject. But let us not be too hard on the poet. As an eminent classic gentleman has remarked, he was born that way, and consequently, is not fit—he doesn't say for what.