

element in politics. We forgot that. And, come to think of it, you haven't any bucket-shop proprietors in the Cabinet. It makes all the difference in the world, certainly.

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CANADA'S never-to-be-forgotten friend, Lord Dufferin, in announcing his resignation to the Supreme Legislative Council spoke a characteristically kind word for Lord Lansdowne, his successor in the Viceroyalty of India. In the course of his remarks he said, "Lord Lansdowne is now discharging the duties of Governor General of Canada in a manner equally satisfactory to the people of that great Dominion, and to the Government at home." This is so; and no Governor General has ever done a better act for this country than Lansdowne did the other day, in compelling the Government to give up their clutch on the throat of Manitoba and the North-West.

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MARK this precious piece of bosh from one of our American exchanges:

"Should free trade ever become an established fact, we shall be flooded here in America with these "shoddy" products, while home manufactures waste and decay."

Poor Yankee consumer, it's too bad! If England *does* cruelly "flood" you with "shoddy" we advise you simply not to buy it, dirt cheap though it will be, of course. Pay a little more and get good home-made cloth; or—who knows,—your home manufacturers may find themselves both able and willing to sell you superior goods at the price of miserable English shoddy,—which they never do under a protective tariff. In that case, poor fellow, your case is certainly most pitiable!

NAT. SCI. NOTE.

It is said of the chief clerk in the office of the City Engineer, that he is as spry as a squirrel, as pertinacious as a mouse, as bold as a rat, and as industrious as a beaver. This certainly seems to fill the bill pretty well so far as the Rodentia are concerned.

QUITE A SPELL OF IT.

MR. PHILLIPS THOMPSON, better known as "Jimuel Briggs," is a regular old fogey in the matter of spelling. He believes that in our so-called orthography, whatever is, is right. He declares that even his best friends wouldn't care two snaps of the finger for him were he to spell his name Fillips or Filips, and that Thompson, minus the *h* and *p*, would be too absurd for anything. "Just fancy me," he says, "signing my name Filips Tomson! Why, sir, I would not be sure of my own identity. I would be in as bad a fix as my celebrated namesake 'John Thompson' of Scottish pedigree, who was on one occasion fain to ask his wife's opinion whether he was John Thompson or not."

The other day this doughty champion of "things as they is," tackled, or was tackled by, the learned editor of the *Phonetic Herald*, published in this city. "Why," said Mr. T., "take any name, if you change the spelling you introduce confusion—let me think of a good one—well, there's Gamble that was sent to the penitentiary the other day; if you spell all your words by sound this word will be just the same as gambol, won't it?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Hamilton, "but the sense of the sentence would always enable the hearer to distinguish the meaning without any trouble. I am glad, however,"

he continued, "that you have brought up Gamble's name, as it affords me an opportunity to show you the tom-fool nature of our spelling. Gamble was sentenced to be hanged, wasn't he?"

"Certainly," said Mr. T., "but he didn't hang all the same."

"I'm well aware of that," said the doctor. "Now, will you kindly write the word *hanged* so that anybody may read it?"

After a number of attempts this feat was achieved.

"If you will now," the doctor went on, "place the letter *c* immediately before the word you have written you will observe how the reprieve affected Gamble's fate."



THE BEGINNING OF THE END!

*The Rider.*—What do you stop for? Why don't you go on?

*The Ridden.*—I'm just thinking this Protection theory out.

*The Rider.*—Thinking! Well, if you've begun to *think*, it's all up with me. I'll have to get off and leave you to your fate!

As Mr. T. did so, Dr. H. queried, "do you *c*?" and when Mr. T. did see, a sickly pallor overspread his visage, and a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, across which, as he drew his right hand, he exclaimed faintly, "Well, I'll be hanged!" Having made this prediction he dragged himself feebly from the spot, and has been missed from his old haunts ever since. He is now a *changed* man, no doubt, and his numerous friends have good reason to believe that despite his own vaticination, that is as near as he will ever get to capital punishment."