



CAUGHT!

MRS. JIMPSY—"What an ill-bred person that Mrs. Flightly is—always turning round and looking at one after she passes."

MR. J.—"How do you know, my dear?"

MRS. J.—"Know? Why, I've caught her at it half a dozen times!"

THE POLITICAL FOOL.

PART I.

FEW, even among his most intimate friends, are favored with the entire confidence of Sir John Macdonald. The Old Man has a way of inspiring confidence in others, which he takes very good care seldom to reciprocate, and so he learns a great deal that he finds useful to him, without paying anything for it. If he wants recruits to the Conservative ranks, he gives the volunteers a kindly pat on the shoulder, instead of the traditional shilling. He says that he knows them well by reputation—must have met them somewhere, by Jimminy!—and believes he will be able to place them somewhere, before long, that will be to their advantage. In the meantime, traitors are abroad, and the Party must be kept in line. The king at Ottawa then enquires of them when they saw So-and-So, what So-and-So was doing, what So-and-So said, and how the land was lying at such-and-such a place. The raw recruits, who see in themselves prospective Ministers, Judges, or high officials, tell everything they know and all they have heard, and the Grand Old Man retires, chuckling that he sees the manœuvres in the enemy's camp.

PART II.

ERNSCLIFFE.

[SIR JOHN is reclining on a lounge in the library, perusing a recent work of fiction. Enter TIMOTHY JUNKS, who wants a high Government position.]

SIR JOHN (rising up, and looking extremely pleased)—"Well, Timothy, my boy, your visit comes like the first scent of a June rose. How are the young Junkes?"

TIMOTHY (who owns a rich Irish brogue)—"Well, now, Sur John, the childers are not complainin', and nayther would I, begob, if I'd nothing more to think about than they have; but the troubles of up-bringin' and the thrials I've endured for me party, has made Timothy Junkes look more like a biled tater that's soon to be used up than the June rose you spake about."

SIR JOHN (who grasps the situation)—"You make me positively anxious when you say so. Mr. Junkes, if you were soon to withdraw from my army of faithfuls, I could only regard it in the light of a calamity. Your loss would be irreparable; your usefulness to the party and to me personally is infinite. I'm afraid, Mr. Junkes, that if you were obliged to retire the Conservative party would be no good, and the Government, I'm sure, would collapse in a day."

TIMOTHY (whose immense importance is beginning to dawn upon him)—"I don't say that I want to withdraw from the Conservative party, nor do I want to see the Government go to smash because I'm not there to uphold it. But an ould man, you know, wants a saft seat."

[SIR JOHN pretends not to comprehend.]

By a saft seat I mean, Sur John, some place in the Government that'll repay me for my sarvices to the party, now that I'm an ould man."

SIR JOHN—"Ah, a Government situation! My dear Mr. Junkes, you would be as good as dead to the party then, and what would be the result? A Government situation such as you want would not be good enough for you. I intend shortly to reorganize my Cabinet. I may then be able to give Timothy Junkes his due reward. I intend to retire from the premiership before many years. How would that suit you?"

Timothy retires, overjoyed with the prospect of undreamt-of greatness, and, as he jauntily bends his way homeward feeling the youngest man in the country, Sir John resumes his book as he ejaculates,

"What fools these mortals be!"

FAIX.

MR. PAUL PRY:

"Not at all curious, but then he'd like to know, you know?"



HOW it happens that each City Council in its turn is worse than any that ever preceded it?

Why Justice should give Roland Gideon Israel Barnett seven years in penitentiary and let all the other Central Bank robbers walk round outside the walls?

Where any authentic information may be gathered concerning the whereabouts of the "French-Canadian Nation," to which Pope Leo XIII. has just accorded his blessing?

What the Orangemen of the country think of the programme arranged at Ottawa, under which the Conservative party has sold itself to the Roman Catholic Church in return for the solid corporate vote in the next Dominion and Provincial election?

If the Orangemen aforesaid have got their swallowing machinery in good order?

Why the city doesn't take out an injunction to restrain the C.P.R. from going on with their work in Toronto harbor until some decision is reached in the case now pending?