



"BELOVED ISLE, BELOVED STAR,  
THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR!"

PAT.—"That's a purty song, entirely; Mr. Rosebery, but, begorra, I hate to hear you sing it."

#### NOT PERSONAL.

CARELESS readers of the *Mail*, who skim over the Editorial page, merely reading the headings, may have run away with the impression that the article in Tuesday's paper entitled "The Dirty Don" was a nasty personal attack on the *Saturday Night* man. This is a mistake. The reference was to the stagnant creek of that name.

#### THE NOVA SCOTIA ELECTION.

HERE'S a crowing down in Scotia by the sea,  
Billy Fielding is the bird that crows,  
cause he  
Has whipped the awful Tories,  
And added to the glories  
Of the Grit regime that has been and  
shall be!

Attorney-General Longley laughs aloud  
And struts around his office looking proud,

And then he slyly winks  
To himself and says, "Methinks  
'Twas chiefly I that downed the other crowd!"

There is crowing 'mong the preachers down there, too,  
And the dealers in the grog are looking blue.  
For the Trade was badly "done"  
Beaten fully four 'o one,  
And the Prohibition party cries Hooroo!!

#### CATS IN THE CIVIL SERVICE!!!

AN English paper states that more than three-hundred cats are employed in the post-offices of the United States to prevent rats and mice destroying the mail. The introduction of so important a system of domestic competition demands a strong protest. Who is so dull as not to foresee the whole social structure thrown into confusion by this invasion of cats? The few remaining male clerks, not yet crowded out by women workers will be thrust on the streets to starve. The women, in turn, will find themselves displaced by a mewling feline horde. Man's dominion over cat-kingdom thus ended, there will be no bounds to the impertinent usurpations and overweening ambitions of these cats. All proper distinction between the respective spheres of men and cats, will be ignored. The pussy cats, especially, are certain to lose their dignified manners in so much publicity; having such constant contact with intellectual matter, how can puss help becoming literary and strong-minded?

Unless the wages are high and paid regularly, the bristling quadrupeds will be organizing a strike. Imagine the sounds issuing from a cat-strike! Soon they, too, will ask for a place on Jonathan's little pension roll. Indeed, if this innovation be tolerated, humanity, in the future, will have the down trodden tale, and not the cats.

THE proverb "Half a loaf is better than no bread" is nonsense. Lots of people to-day are having more than half a loaf and yet if it were not for the *Star's* bread fund they would probably starve.

SWEET MEATS.—Lover's trysts.