

Parliament, it doesn't seem to die worth mentioning. The spectacle is not half so impressive as Mr. Wallace seems to imagine; it is, in fact, open to the suspicion of being a mere piece of clap-trap to gull the unwary. While Mr. Wallace prances and spears the dragon, he seems to wink at Mr. Foster, who keeps on feeding the monster with the *elixir vite* of the tariff. There will always be combines where the protective policy is in force.

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THERE is a growing feeling in the States that Justice rather overdid it in the case of John Bardsley, the boodling treasurer of Philadelphia, in sentencing him to fifteen years' solitary confinement with hard labor. This is distinctly worse than a straight sentence to the gallows, as it means death after tortures which are hardly conceivable. Dickens visited this very prison (the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania), and writing of it in his "American Notes," he says: "I solemnly declare that with no rewards or honors could I walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lay me down upon my bed at night, with the consciousness that one human creature lay suffering this unknown punishment in his silent cell, and I the cause, or I consenting to it in the least degree." Civilization demands the abolition of those horrible torture chambers, the solitary cells. The judge who pronounced the sentence on Bardsley was a vengeful monster.

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HOW differently we treat hoodlers in Canada! Give them Cabinet positions, stars, garters and titles, and no hard labor, either!

OUR INCORRUPTIBLE PRESS.

Office of prominent city newspaper—Manager and Editor discussing its course.

MANAGER—"Terrible state of affairs at Ottawa. I don't know what this country is coming to. Awful, isn't it, to think that men in official positions are guilty of such flagrant rascality."

EDITOR—"Yes, if it wasn't for an independent Press always vigilant in exposing such infamies Canadians might well despair of the future. At any rate they can't say that we haven't done our duty."

MANAGER—"I was much pleased with the tone of your article yesterday on the subject. But it might, I think, have been just a little bit stronger. Give them another dose to-morrow, and don't be afraid of laying it on too thick. Put it just as strong as you know how. This villainous system of jobbery and bribery which seems to pervade every department of our public life must be put down. Show the scoundrels up. I think a man having public responsibilities who would sell his influence for a bribe is the vilest creature living. It is worse than an ordinary thief, for his example tends to corrupt society at the fountain-head. You get the idea?"

EDITOR—"Yes, sir, I'll present that view of it as clearly and forcibly as I can."

MANAGER—"So much for that matter. Now, what other subject have you in hand?"

EDITOR—"Well, I hardly know. This street railway matter is attracting a good deal of attention. We might have something more to say about that."

MANAGER—"Ah, yes, that reminds me—I promised the agent of the Riley-Cleverset syndicate a good stiff editorial urging the Council to rush the thing through. I'm glad you reminded me of it."



INTERIOR DEPARTMENT METHOD.

AUDITOR—"John Jenkins, overtime, \$50.' What does that mean, Mr. Fligh, and who's John Jenkins?"

HEAD BOOKKEEPER—"Jenkins is a *nom de plume*, you know. That's \$50 I drew to cover a loss on the races."

EDITOR—"But do you think it altogether advisable to take that ground? If the road is to be leased a great many people think that the city would get a better offer by holding back for a while. Now in the public interest—"

MANAGER—"Public interest! What have we got to do with that? We're running this paper to make money, you understand, and every article we publish for the Riley-Cleverset syndicate means a good round sum in cash. Just bear that in mind—and by-the-way you'd better write that Street Railway article first, and let me have it so that I can show it to Riley's agent this evening and make such alterations as he may suggest. Put the case strongly for the acceptance of the tender *at once*. It'll make quite a difference in our next balance-sheet, I can tell you."

EDITOR—"All right. I'll set to work on it right away."

MANAGER—"And don't forget, by the way, in the other article to point out how the Tory Press are demoralizing public sentiment by standing by the Ottawa corruptionists. That's a strong point. Thank heaven there are a few pure and honest leaders of public opinion still left. Good morning."

[Exit, turning up the whites of his eyes in horror at the contemplation of political corruption.]

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

"**D**ID you ever see Rudyard Kipling?"

"Yes, I have."

"Tell me how on earth does he do it."

TOO METAPHORICAL.

FARMER (*to stranger who has stopped to enquire his way*)—"What might your business be in these parts of it's a fair question?"

STRANGER—"Ah, I am a humble laborer in the vineyard."

FARMER—"Oh, ye got a job out Cooksville way, I guess. Why kinder al'owed ye wuz a preacher or sum thin."