



"Soapy Sam."

From the *Globe* we clip the following little story, taking the liberty to embellish the same with an illustration, as above:

Of the late Bishop WILBERFORCE this story is told:—On one occasion, while staying in a country house not many miles from Windsor, the daughter of his host, a little girl of seven, suddenly broke out before all the assembled company, "I want to ask you a question, my lord; will you answer me very, very truly?" The Bishop smiled, took the child on his knee, and said:—"Of course I will, my little dear. What is it?" The child looked gravely up at him and let fall the following terrible question:—"Why does everyone call you 'Soapy Sam'?" You can easily imagine the feelings of the company; but the Bishop was quite equal to the occasion, and after having cast a half-mocking and cynical glance round the room, replied simply:—"I will tell you my darling. People call me 'Soapy Sam' because, whenever I get into hot water, I always come out with my hands clean."

The Sentiments of Pidgeers.

"Shoot them!—dead, Sir!—dead as door-nails! of course I would," said PIDGERS, and he looked as ferocious as a canny bird at the man who doubted whether Canada-First men were guilty of high treason. "We hold this country for England, Sir. By the strong arm we won it—I heard my father say so. Who cares for national interests?—except England's. Why care for Independence? Where's the reason?" And the rash Canadian saw that there must be deuced little reason in a country where fellows like PIDGERS give a "tone" to public and private life.

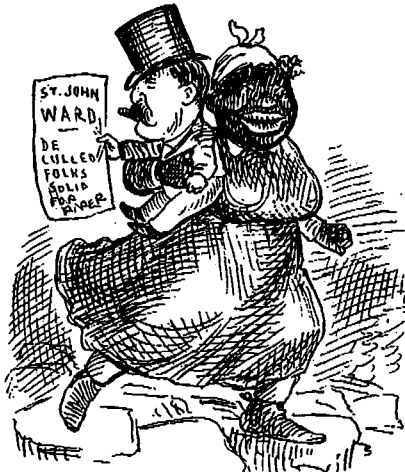


The Local Lads.

Mr. GRIP—Well, Master MOWAT, and what are you doing just now?
 Master MOWAT—Nothing, sir.
 Mr. GRIP—And you, Master MEREDITH?
 Master MEREDITH—Please, sir, I'm helping OLIVER.

Jenkins' Disappointment.

He thirsted for oratorical fame, and knew the weakness of his nerves. But at the dinner of last week he was determined to speak to the toast of "the ladies." Three long hours for three evenings were devoted to the preparation of his speech. Three more evenings saw him committing the effort to memory, and a fourth heard him delivering it to his sisters amid the wildest applause. How witty and brilliant it was the world will never know, because after drinking himself up to the state of sublime courage he was not called on to reply. Another fellow spoke on the subject so dear to the heart of JENKINS, who will never have a chance again to deliver himself because he is to be married in a fortnight. Wildly the Sauterne flowed through his maddened brain, and he wept tears in the gray morning.



St. John's Ward and Her Pet Alderman.

The city still remains in suspense as to whether or not the Council is to have the services of Mr. PIPER. If the question might be decided according to the generous impulse of the genius of the Noble Ward, there wouldn't be a moment's delay,—a tumultuous cry would at once ascend from a thousand throats—"Gib us HARRY or gib us death!" But, alas, it is the stern law that must pronounce upon the matter; Law, that does not take into consideration the moral affinities which may make an alderman dear to his constituency, nor the sentiments of love which may bind their hearts together. It is of no avail therefore for the Noble Ward to clasp HARRY to her bosom and declare that nothing shall part them; Justice, unmindful of her sobs and tears, will simply enquire whether or not he got his election by crooked means, and in accordance with the evidence the decision shall be rendered.

Improbabilities.

That the Revd. Dr. POTTS will ever appear as *Dick Deadeye* in Pinapore.
 That Mr. FRAZER will get Archbishop LYNCEY's permission to allow Mr. MOWAT to deal with the question of tax exemptions.
 That Conservatives will ever see that a fly-on-the-wheel Ministry is less injurious than a drag-on-the-wheel Cabinet.
 That the creditors of the United Evaders Club will long be content to permit the Committee to be "at home" to everyone but themselves.

That Canadians will view with pleasure the projected "court" at Ottawa.

That the Tomnoddies will understand till too late that Canadian institutions are not republican only because they are democratic.



Boyle vs. the Globe.

Brother BOYLE, having trailed his journalistic coat-tail on the ground, the great *Globe* man trod upon it,—and then Brother BOYLE demanded ten thousand dollars damages. He didn't get it, however; in fact such damages as resulted from the suit affected the plaintiff himself more than the defendant. There is a great lesson to be learned from this, namely, that it does not pay as a general rule to sue the *Globe* for libel, for that paper has an awkward habit of usually being in the right as to matters of fact. The revelations of contractorial crookedness brought out during this trial must be extremely edifying to the public in general, and the ministry in particular. If this sort of thing is done with the knowledge and consent of ministers, it is surely temperate to say that the country is at present in the bands of a bad gang.

The following extraordinary announcement is made in the Seaside Library: "Who Breaks Pays"—Mrs. JENKINS. We presume the lady keeps a boarding house and that the notice refers to refractory boarders.



One for Vennor.

The Thermometer to the Prophetic VENNOR—Now, my boy, don't let there be any hard feeling between us. We haven't agreed very well for some time back, but it wasn't my fault, you know. Perhaps, if you would attend to your own affairs, and not concern yourself with my future movements, we would get along better, hey?