



## A MINOR BLEMISH.

RISING ARTIST.—“Well, how do you like it?”

CRITIC.—“It is magnificent: the coloring is superb. Best thing you have yet done. There is only one fault to it.”

RISING ARTIST.—“Fault? Where?”

CRITIC.—“Er—nobody can tell what it is!”

## CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT ALL THESE RESOLUTIONS  
MEAN.

I SAY, GRIP,—I'm a puzzled man, bedad. Be afther openin' a bit av a hole in me skull an' lettin' in a thrifle av gumption. It's on the Protestant Jisuite's matin's, I mane—no, begob, I don't mane that; what I raley do mane is the matin's the Jisuites are houldin'—. [Bad ciss to this murderin' pin I'm usin', for I know it's that same that's muddlin' me!] There, there, Denis, me boy! Don't get flustered. Thry an' explain it's *thin* matin's, anyway; *thin* mass matin's, where they do be movin' risolutions to condimn the Jisuites for slutherin' money out av the Guver'mint in Monthrebeck an' Queall.

Luk at the risolutions, will ye, an' till me what in the name av pace is mint be *thin*?

Whin I hear wan av me Orange neighbors declarin' that this country is bein' Frinchified and praste-riden, I turn to the risolutions. Divil a word av that do I find imbodied in any av *thin*. “The thaves av Catholics must be kipt down in this free land!” sez a follower av King William, down at the village tavern. I luk at the risolutions, but sorra a syllable av that sintimint do I see there. “Shure, they want us all to bow to the Pope in Canada,” exclaims another Boyne boy. Agin do I shquint at the risolutions widout findin' a blissid ha'porth av rirfrince to such an iday. “The Catholics are the

divil's own, an' av we give them a fut they'll take tin miles,” is what another Twelfth av July roysterer whispers. But, begorra, high up or low down nivir a hint av such an imprission in a single, solitary resolution!

*Thin*, in the name av all that's raysonable, sinsible, bowld an' brave, why, av these sintimints are held be min who attind these matin's an' pass these risolutions, don't they put *thin* on ricord.

But, oh, no! Thrust *thin*! They say in their risolutions, “We want aquil rights for all!” They form associations be the name av “Aquil Rights.” They jabber an' blather an' scather about “Aquil Rights.” That's the extint they'll go on paper. An' who—an' who—in— in—blazes, I was goin' to say, but I won't—who wants anything but Aquil Rights in this country? Are any av us such a parcel av fools as to clamor for *unaquil* rights? Do we think we cud get *thin* av we did? If Canada is praste ridden, frog-aitin', and undher the Pope's toe, as the disthressed gentilemin av the mass matin's declare, why not come out wid your risolutions on both fate an' SAY SO!

Ayther the Aquil Rights balderdash is a cowardly and contemptible evasion, or else there is nothin' aillin' us at all, at all.

DENIS RAFFERTY.

## A BASE HENS-HEN-uation.

WHY is Spring like a chicken? Because its “lays” are good, bad and indifferent.