

PROFESSOR THIMBLERIGER, N.Y.H.M., N.Y. H., Chief Medium. Salary, \$18,761 50 per session. The duties of this office will be to give sciences and practical illustrations of the force of MATTER OVER MIND. He will also do the "Devonport trick" on every close vote.

The gentlemen filling the above offices are well known, and we feel assured fully qualified to *conduct them with the requisite dignity*, but with the four minor portfolios to complete our Cabinet, viz., the Attorney General, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Provincial Secretary, and Minister of Finance, we must confess we are at a loss to find any one condescending enough to accept them with the paltry \$3,500 per annum. In time, however, as our grand financial scheme develops, we may be able to fill them with becoming dignity (intellect is not wanted) from some of our public schools.

We may safely say that we come before the public with a strong Ministry, but should we still require more strength, we will give every member in the House a portfolio—and quietly abscond the Opposition.

OBITUARY.

We are pained to state that one of our pressmen, who it appears was engaged in a game of "shinny on the ice," was, on last Monday evening, packed home to us in a gummie sack. We have only the evidence of some parties acquainted with the facts, that the unshapely mass before us is all that is left of the young man who but a few hours before, and in the prime and vigor of life, left our office with a pair of skates under his arm. In consideration for the feelings of the young man's relations—who were all, in one way or another, connected with the press, and in order that no break shall exist in our editorial staff, we have decided to boil him down and make rollers of him.

It is proposed that the Indians receive from the Indian Commissioner all the land they require, i.e., two feet by three and a half, "nuff sed."

COLD TEA is good for this weather.

THE OWL.

It has been hinted that the present political crisis may affect the future prosperity of the OWL. We can assure our readers that those hints are groundless. That the OWL shall continue to flourish, though a whole army of Blakes and Mackenzies were to sweep over the Island, leaving naught but desolation in their track, and even then, when some speculating photographer,—a Maynard or a Spencer,—shall place his camera on a pile of rusty steel rails, to "take" the surrounding ruins, we shall be found in the foreground of the picture, writing an editorial for our next issue.

SUSPICIOUS.

On China New-Year's day, one of our local reporters in search of items on free Bourbon, strayed down Cormorant street, and saw a sight at once suspicious and strange.

First, the Big Gun of Athlone in close and familiar confab with a party evidently genealogically descended from the Biblical character of bull-rush fame.

Next, the Hon. Tom, with some other familiars, both parties evidently interviewing the various Celestial establishments.

The question naturally presented itself to the mind of our unsophisticated reporter—What are these "cusses" after? Free Bourbon, or Celestial moral support? Or what?

THE next *direct* steamer of the P. M. S. Co.'s line will land at Alburni. Passengers and freight have the option of coming or being forwarded to Victoria on foot, by railway or by telegraph, as they choose. The dangers of the sea, only, being excepted.

OUR STAFF.—Thanks to Editor of the *Adelphi Bulletin* for a full box of "Teamsters" Regalias, Cormorant make: they ended in smoke.

SLIPPERY GROUND—Douglas' Swamp—Some Trimble and some don't.