

winked solemnly at the little fat man, he darted a look of deep meaning at the druggist, the druggist looked at me with a cold gleam in his eye and ordered me into the back shop; then he quieted things down, and came out and said he was very sorry, but' he thought I had better evaporate; so I gave him the sack and he was obliged to run the store himself.

A SONG.

BEARING ON THE REPEAL OF THE SCOTT ACT IN NINE CANADIAN COUNTIES, APRIL 19.

Air.—Three Fishers Went Sailing.

DRY, cobwebbed old counters must now soon be wet,
And musty old tumblers with "mountain dew" sweat,
The silver must jingle, the "chips" gaily chink,
As each social young fellow steps up for a drink.—

For man must drink, be it brandy or gin,
He's cold, or he's hot, or he's fat, or he's thin—
And the devil's to pay in the morning.

Old poets have hung wreaths of song round the bowl,
The fountain of wit, and the balm of the soul;
'Tis a strange fascination, a couleur de rose,
But it clothes not, nor feeds not—only paints up your nose.

So man must drink, be it brandy or gin,
He's wet, or he's dry, or he counts it no sin—
And the devil's to pay in the morning.

This world is a stage, and this life is a play,
Each moment an actor speeds swiftly away,
The days will not linger, our sun will soon set,
So let us keep jolly, with whistles well wet.

For man must drink, be it brandy or gin,
And he seldom leaves off if but once he begin—
Though the devil's to pay in the morning.

'Tis a sorcerer's flame, 'tis a snake in the grass,
'Tis a scorpion-like lash, 'tis a chain,—let it pass;
'Tis a sprite that misleads you, a flambeau that wrecks,
'Tis a smouldering fire out at sea between decks.
And must man drink either brandy or gin,
Be a foe to himself, and his kith, and his kin,
And the devil's to pay in the morning?

—Daleth.

NOT SETTLED YET.

INCE our reference to Senator Alexander's charges against Sir John Macdonald, Hon. G. W. Allan, and Sir D. L. Macpherson last week, the Senate has taken action in his case, but action that is either illogical or inadequate. The Senators have passed a resolution censuring Alexander for having used his franking privilege to scatter broadcast a document which is declared to be libelous. This does not at all meet the case. If it is supposed to be the final action, then it practically amounts to a refusal of the parties charged to prosecute their defamer, and the public is left to conjecture their motives for this leniency. Somebody ought to be turned out of public life as unworthy to occupy a place among honorable men—

either Senator Alexander, as a slanderer; or Messrs. Allan, Macpherson and Macdonald as bank-wreckers. A fair, full trial alone will decide the merits of the case. If Senator Alexander cannot prove the charges he makes so persistently, it is simply intolerable that he should longer be permitted to occupy a seat in the chamber.



THE MONTREAL AUCTIONEER.

"Going at 45; no price at all, you ignorant louts; a more thick-headed lot of dudes and duffers I never saw in my life; 45; going! Nobody in this snide gang give more?" etc., etc.

OUR KAPSHUS KRITIK.

MR. WILL CARLETON was greeted by large and kindly-disposed audiences because everybody loves him for his good, sound heart. He recited a programme of his own pieces, which abound in humor and pathos, and in their easy rhythm, literally read themselves. This is fortunate, for Will is about as poor an elocutionist as there is going. His gestures are awkward to a degree, and he sets all the rules of emphasis and expression at defiance. It is no small tribute to his poetry to say that it calls forth hearty applause even when recited by himself.

OUR winsome Agnes Thomson is one of the Queens of the Ballad, and it is not in accordance with the wishes of her admirers that she should depart from her own realm to compete for the sceptre in the realm of Italian opera. Her efforts to interest her hearers in musical exercises in a foreign language, and in bravura passages, trills, runs and all the other vocal gymnastics of the *prima donna* are no doubt well meant, and cost her a great deal of hard study, but it is a mere wasting of sweetness on the desert air—and most of these florid operatic airs are desert-like. Let our Agnes give us only those charming English ballads, that have soul and sentiment in them, and which she can sing like a veritable angel.

THE Minstrels did a good business, of course. Mr. Thatcher puts some brains into his specialty—a little confidential address to the audience, delivered with a comical trick of hesitancy and repetition. There were also two very fine tenor vocalists in the party, and a little Frenchman with a phenomenal voice for yodeling. For the rest, the average of decent minstrelsy was not surpassed, except in the item of costumes, in which the troupe shone resplendent.