

recent cartoon which bore the title he quoted. Yet the young man should take care to state where he gets all the smart things he puts into his speeches.

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PUCK and *Judge* came lumbering along last week with cartoons based on the Koch Consumption Cure idea, which this more spry and timely journal used up over a fortnight ago. And yet it is not the least trouble in the world for us to attend to our own business and at the same time keep all our esteemed contemporaries supplied with good original notions. What a mess they *do* make of it, to be sure, when, occasionally, they look elsewhere for inspiration! There was that Xmas cartoon of *Puck's*, for example, in which Miss Canada and her Provinces were represented as looking on with hungry eyes while Jonathan and his States enjoyed their Christmas feast. A trivial notion, with no grain of truth to give it point. Miss Canada is no such female in distress, nor is Uncle Sam, so far as we can learn, overloaded with Christmas cheer at the present moment.

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REALLY, has it come to an open sell-out with our political men? Or is it possible that traffic in human beings actually flourishes in this enlightened land? In the name of Darkest Africa what does this mean:

All of Denison, most of McKim, about one-third of Hyman and of Drury, one-half of Nairn, all of Graham and considerable parts of Bleazard, Fairbank, Craig and Creighton have already been sold.

This cold-blooded announcement we find in an editorial of the London *Advertiser*, and we can hardly express the horror—What's that? Oh, names of townships in the mining region, eh? Well, it's quite bad enough even in that way.

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VICTORIA, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly, enacts as follows: "Thus, or to this effect, runs the preamble to the bills passed in the Quebec Local House. It is all a humbug and pretence. For Victoria read Leo XIII., and for the latest illustration in point take the Laval-Victoria Amalgamation Bill just passed amid applause from both sides of the Assem-



FIXED!

He kneels before her—but he is not pleading for her love. Oh, no! he has been putting on her skates, and the knees of his pants are frozen to the ice.—*Mansey's Weekly*.

bly. The union of Laval and Victoria was opposed all round in Quebec, and the House pronounced against it, but Rome wanted it brought about, and so the Papal authorities in that foreign city send a cablegram to Premier Mercier, who hastens to swallow himself and execute their bidding, with the approving plaudits of all parties concerned. This is just a little ranker than the Jesuit Bill business, and indicates that Queen Victoria don't amount to much in the alleged British Province on the St. Lawrence.

THAT HAT.

MARY bought a big, black hat
As wide as she could get it,
And placed it high upon her bangs
As far as she could set it.

Which ever way Miss Mary hied,
Did she but walk a mile,
The little boys all laughed and cried,
"Where did you get that tile?"

She wore it to the Grand one day,
To "Faust" at matinee,
Which made the man behind her say
A very big, big D!

NORA LAUGHER.

OVER THE DISHES.

FWAT is that you say, Molly, it's a paler that's coortin' av yez? Shure an' it's meself that would give the gentleman a woide berth. For wasn't it wan av thim gintry that coorted me not a twelvemonth ago, bad cess to him. His name was Dan Macquod, an' he stood six fate thray in his boots, an' wid his blue coat, brass buttons an' short stoomp av a shillalah was a foine-lookin' lad intiorely. It was just after the thruble I tould yez av, Molly, an' I was falin' a bit lonesome an heart-bruken at the thought av poor Dinnis an' how his last dhrop choked him. I had a good place thin at the Wist ind, an' Dan was the p laceman on the bate, an' jist to chirk me up a bit I got acquainted wid him. An' moighty fond av me was Dan, an' used to take me out walkin', but that absint-moinded he was, you had to spake four toimes to his wance. He said it was standin' at strate carners, balancin' his shillaly up his slave on his little finger that gave him the habit. Wance he led me round to the back dure av a saloon an' lift me standin outside loike an omadhaun, whoile he wint in for a glass av the crayther. An' another paler came along an' tould me to move on. I said I wouldn't for the loikes av him, an' kep' shoutin' on Dan. An' whin he came out it was all he could do to dispirse the crowd an' arrist the ring-laders. It was long afore I furgave him, though he pladed wid me wid tares in his eyes, an' said it would niver happen again. I was that simple as to belave him at last an' let him take me to the theaytre wan night. It was a long pace, an' I was fairly worn out wid the loights an' the nise an' the play-actin', so on the way back I was nigh slapin' wid fataygue. But Dan had a good hold av me, an half carried me along until we came to a big buildin' all blazin' wid illictric loights. There he stops, an' openin' a dure drags me after him, an' before I could collect me sinses hands me to another perlaceman an' sez, 'Here, Sargint, I've brought you another faymil dhrunk,' an' thin he goes out. An' the sargint took me, in spite av me sthruggles, an' locked me in a cell all night. In the marnin' Dan comes back wid a great palaver, but faix I would have no more to do wid him or his dhramin schames."

WILLIAM MCGILL.