

POINTERS.

THE Recorder of Montreal, by deciding that the statues "Night" and "Morning" are "indecent," has demonstrated that he doesn't know the difference between a work of art and a bull-terrier pup. He must be the unenvied possessor of a particularly nasty mind who can see anything objectionable in the world-renowned works of Michael Angelo. If the Recorder ever visits me I will put shawls and petticoats on "Night" and "Morning," trousers on the "Greek Slave," a fur cape on the "Venus de Milo," and finally I will relegate "Una and the Lion" to the garret during his stay. Moreover, I will studiously prevent him entering the Normal School, to avoid sending him back to Montreal in a wooden waterproof.

If our Montreal friend only had the same brief authority in Rome, His Holiness would have to do three months across the Tiber for maintaining an immoral exhibition at the Vatican. "Night" and "Morning" are there, and many others of Angelo's works, besides which the above-mentioned subjects are comparatively draped. Montreal should take care of that tender, sensitive young thing, and avoid shocking its delicate sensibilities.

THE *Globe*, true to its traditions of plastering everybody with nastiness who dares oppose its sovereign will, lays a general charge of wrong-doing and partisanship at the doors of the Judges who are preparing the voters' lists. The moral obliquity of persons who cannot conceive of a judiciary above and beyond the reach of party warfare, is sufficient to fill even bad men with contemptuous pity.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone peruses the editorials in last Saturday's *Globe*, he will doubtless feel much strengthened in his Irish policy to know that the Deacon is with him. At the same time he will be surprised to learn that Canada has a "right" to advise the Imperial Parliament as to how the Empire should be run. But so it is, for the Deacon has said so. And does not everybody know that the Deacon is a truly good man, with a great head?

THE *Globe* whines because some of the Judges will not define the exact kind of evidence to be brought before them *re* the voters' lists. Perhaps its "little idee" is a sort of night-school, run by the Judges for the benefit of incompetent Grit lawyers.

ONE more paragraph, and I am through with the *Globe* for this time. In Saturday's issue there is an awful stretcher about its circulation, which the *World* says is only kept up by selling the paper under false pretences at one cent instead of three. This puts me in mind (with apologies to Tom Bell) of the Irishwoman who said to a sick friend, "Kape up your heart, ma'am, kape up your heart; sure, Heaven is good, ma'am, and you're a fine woman, ma'am. Tell everybody you're better, ma'am, and kape up your heart, and the neighbours will believe it, and by-and-by you'll believe it yourself too, av you'll only kape up your heart, ma'am."

ONE of the funniest instances on record of Satan reproving sin was when Hermann Cook—who "when he goes into an election goes in to win, and doesn't care a — if it costs \$10,000," and who admitted the other day that he had bought his way into Parliament "and intended to stay there"—accused Dalton McCarthy of corruption because that gentleman is President of the N. P. J. Railroad. Only one thing could cap this climax—that would be for Timothy Blair Pardee to bring in a bill for the total prohibition of "poker."

THE GALLEY BOY.

REBUKING CURIOSITY.

The other day a mysterious looking stranger appeared in Petaluma and remained five whole days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from, or his business. Even the bar-room loafers were baffled in their attempts to extract some definite information, and the entire town laid awake o' nights worrying over the matter. At last the general agitation grew to such a pitch that the sheriff volunteered to interview the stranger in behalf of the public weal. Approaching the taciturn visitor, as he sat in the office of the hotel, the functionary remarked—"Fine day, sir." "Is, eh?" said the stranger dubiously. "Going to stay long in these parts?" "Just four days, two hours and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a time-table. "Then!—may I—er—ahem! may I ask what your business is?" persisted the sheriff, as the crowd gathered up closer. "Well, I don't wish it generally known," replied the stranger confidentially, "but I'm a Russian Nihilist." "You don't mean it?" gasped the official. "Fact," replied the man, mournfully. "But-er what brings you here?" asked the sheriff. "Well, you see, I was captured in St. Petersburg last month, and—you know how severe that Government is on Nihilists, don't you?" "Oh!—yes—of course; go on!" "Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia, or a week in Petaluma, and I was fool enough to choose Petaluma." And with a heavy sigh the condemned man drifted in to dinner.

THE LADY OF THE SANDS; OR, THE DEMON DOG.

She stood upon the Island sands,  
Humming an air from "La Mascotte,"  
With a gay parasol in one of her hands,  
In the other one a lunch basket.  
And the gentle breeze from the warm south-west  
Filled her cheeks with the flush of blush roses,  
And the bangs round her forehead it waved and caressed.  
Then in one of the gracefulest poses  
She sat down on a log with a book in her hand,  
On a log sunken low in the Island sand.

How lovely she looked that bright spring day,  
As there, on that old sunken log, she sat;  
She shone as bright as the flowers of May,  
From her neat little boot to the crown of her hat.  
I knew I was captured, my heart was gone,  
The torch of Cupid was brightly fanned,  
I could stand and gaze on her from early dawn  
Till eve, as she sat on the Island sand.

When lo! from the lake there rushed out a wet dog  
A Newfoundland dog with a great big tail,  
And he sprinkled the lady, and sprinkled the log,  
And made the surroundings as wet as a bog;  
He gave one more sprinkle, then coolly did jog  
To the lake,  
Gave a shake,  
Plunged in, and left the fair maiden to wail.

H. C.