



KIND JOEY RYMAL AND THE "POOR WEAK SISTER."

THE SCALPEL.

An exchange labels its list of bankrupts "Pulling hard against the stream." Of creditors.

Figures may not "lie." But go into a fashionable dress-maker's and have a look at the "lay" figures.

"Patience and persistence will accomplish all things," eh? Well, the fly is patient and persistent, but it can't catch fish.

"Is it going to rain long?" enquired the Disconsolate Man. And the Cheerful Man replied: "No, I fancy it's going to rain rain?"

Carlyle says, "laughter means sympathy." But Carlyle and a banana peel never had a little trouble with each other in front of the post office.

"Plaids will be worn this winter," says the fashion item. But it brings no joy to the young man with only last year's ulster to fall back on. "It's too much played," he sadly sighs.

"But how is it with your little trout stream in winter time?" the visitor asked, and the genial Irish host replied: "It makes no difference. Winter or summer this creek never freezes."

Girls of marriageable age are sold for \$16 in Yokohama. The difference in this country is that the price is not fixed. But the young girl sometimes finds herself sold, all the same—in the husband she gets.

ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

Mr. Gurnett read the report of the committee on finance. It showed a deficit on the past two years of \$37.16.—*Shorthanders in Convention.*

Thus do the Shorthanders show themselves to be truly short.

Kilrain and Burke are a couple of professional sluggers who are matched for a boat race. I congratulate the two thumpers on their change of sport. It surely is more creditable to be proficient in the use of sculls than in the abuse of skulls.

They say that a pious young man who tried to steal a kiss from a Washington belle, got his nose covered with red paint. But there are well authenticated instances in which a young man under similar circumstances has had his nose covered with red scratches.

LACKING KNOWLEDGE, NOT COURAGE, ETC?

The Reform politicians dare not let their people know the truth.—*Mail.*

What,—the truth about the Tory Government? Well, they seem to try pretty hard, but the mischief is to get at the whole truth. Maybe they would dare, if they could.

The Hamilton correspondent of the *Globe* is nothing if not painfully specific in detail. I take this little item *c. g.*—

George Baker, bit a finger of D. McGillivray, a H. & N. W. brakeman, while the latter was trying to make him behave on a train. To-day the magistrate imposed a fine of \$10 and \$11 costs, also allowing McGillivray \$45 for lost time and \$10 for doctor's fees, in all \$76 or six months in jail.

Of course Mr. McGillivray walked off with the \$76 rather than go down for six months, although the correspondent has omitted to say so.

The "Light of Asia" is rather a romantic name for Forepaugh's fr—, that is to say, elephant. By the way, I wonder how my friend Col. Wilkison, B. P., would fancy it for his luminous paint! Probably it might be too suggestive of Light-out-of-the-city, when I come to think of it.

AN OPINION EX CATHEDRA.

The bolt of the independent Republicans will not likely amount to much. The piqued politicians somehow usually find their way back to the ranks of their own party when the balloting begins.—*Telegram.*

Independent politicians in Ontario must appreciate this beautiful tribute from an "Independent" paper. But, really, the *Telegram* seems to be a trifle too flattering.

Talking of Lennox a *Mail* editorial says:—"We regret sincerely (Mr. Blackstock's defeat, and hope our friends in the constituency have not to blame themselves in any way for their defeat." There is a chasm between that "regret" and that "hope" which a whole day's thinking can scarcely bridge. And yet on the other hand there is a contiguity approaching to genuine dovetailing in their relations. And still further there is a suspicion haunting me that may be the editor meant nothing equivocal, but only didn't really know what to say and how to say it neatest.

No all-absorbing topic of vast public moment is ever set aside without another one rising to take its place. The Boundary award has been happily disposed of, and highly wrought public interest has begun to show the inevitable lax tension; but the *Cardwell Sentinel* comes to the fore with a fresh theme to re-arouse us to a sense of impending danger and call us again to arms. A township treasurership in that famous constituency has been awarded to a Reformer at \$50 per annum, notwithstanding that a responsible Conservative offered to do the job for \$20? No wonder the *Mail* reprints the account of this unparalleled instance of villainous partizanship with the following paralyzing heading:—**ONTARIO! ONTARIO!—PROVINCIAL RIGHTS ONCE MORE TRIUMPHANT.—A Specimen of Reform Jobbery.**—Cardwell, let me assure you that, in the words of an eminent outwest statesman, "the eyes of the *vox populi* are on you!" Give us more about this—and lots!

It is hazarded that the reason why the editor of the *Mail* endorses the title-conferring policy of the Imperial Government towards Canadians, is the hope that he may become the possessor of one of the orders before the stock runs out. This is perhaps an uncharitable, not to say unchristian view to take; but, if you may have noticed it, charitable or christian views are not strikingly characteristic of political controversy. But to look at the idea from a stop-ladder, as it were, probably there are a few persons who may be able to discover a trifle of plausibility in it. Brother Griffin has not exactly fought and bled for his country; but yet he has fought and helped to bleed other people for his party, or at all events defended the bleeding operation most desperately, as Sir John and Sir Hector, the gentle testimonialists, are prepared to testify—to say nothing about the neek-eyed Northern Railway cow, or the patient public works contractors. And what is country but party in this great dominion of ours, judging by the party organs? I would have no objection to seeing Brother Griffin knighted. But I tell him candidly that there is one thing at least he must not let out to the house authorities, and that is that in going up the tall tower he has never been known to take to the stairs if the elevators were running.