

out west, who docked their employe for the "time he'd been away," he having been blown up by a charge of dynamite. This Montreal tanner ought to be soaked in one of his vats until his whole carcass is as tough as his heart, and then placed in the Geological Museum at Ottawa as a memento of the Commission.

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NOW that the liquidators of the Central Bank have secured a first-class quality of Lye, they will go ahead vigorously with the cleansing of the institution. On the principle of *similia similibus curantur*, this Lye will, it is hoped, be able to dissolve the other lie, so much of which seems to be mixed with the broken bank's affairs.

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MR. HARDY has introduced a Bill defining the duties of the Sheriff of York. Absence from town must be taken as an excuse for this remarkable exhibition of ignorance on the Provincial Secretary's part, but we hasten to inform the hon. gentleman that there is no Sheriff of York. Let him ask Oliver if there is!

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AN editorial writer in the *Dominion Churchman* quotes from Prof. Drummond as follows:—

"Any principle which secures the safety of the individual without personal effort or the vital exercise of faculty, is disastrous to moral character."

This "disastrous" principle, he goes on to say, "is the very *raison d'etre* of the Prohibition crusade." From which we are to infer that the saloons should be let alone because they furnish the necessity for "personal effort" and "vital exercise of faculty" on the part of dipsomaniacs who would avoid their snares. This plea that temptation ought to be kept before men as a means of moral culture is the last refuge of mental bankrupts. If the holy man who writes for this Church organ believes his own statement, why doesn't he keep a saloon for his own boys?



SUGGESTED COAT OF ARMS

FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN, ON HIS ELEVATION TO THE PEERAGE.

AN ECONOMIC VIEW.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Douney, the temperance orator, "I was not only a drunkard, but I was *born* a drunkard."

"Very sad," responded the Political Economist; "you were not only burdened with the debt of original sin, but with the accrued interest."



WHISKEY AGAIN!

Lady Visitor.—Had liquor anything to do with bringing you here my poor man?

Prisoner.—Yes'm; both the policemen that fetched me was drunk, ma'am.

THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF MAUD DE MOUSE-TRAP.

MISS MAUD DE MOUSETRAP was simply superb in her cold *hauteur*. From the lofty height of her social position she looked down in disdain upon the many aspirants to her favor. And why not? Though it was whispered that her grandfather and grandmother, honest old souls, still lived in their log farm-house on the beautiful shores of Lake Simcoe, and rejoiced in the solid competency they had acquired on the farm and in the forest, she had been bred in the lap of luxury. From childhood, servants thronged to do her bidding. The paternal mansion was surrounded by lawns and gardens; and conservatories of choice exotics invited her indolent footsteps to stray in and rest. Horses and carriages awaited her command.

She imagined life had been always thus pleasant to dear pa and ma—for no kind friend had yet informed her of the country inn, on the York road, where the first step to fortune had been successfully taken. So she leaned back in the well-cushioned carriage, as it rolled down King Street, in the fresh spring morning, or the sunny afternoon, and surveyed with an interest hardly elevated above indifference the crowds of beings who, for all she cared, might have belonged to the moon.

But there came a day when Maud de Mousetrap awoke to the blissful realization that she loved. Yes, without doubt she loved that handsome Austrian, Count Kalkouosky, with the long fair whiskers and drooping moustache, for the time the *furor* of fashionable circles in the Queen City. As she leaned on his arm at the Yacht Club ball, her little heart gave three beats quicker than usual, and she was happy.

The engagement was announced, and life at the Mouse-trap mansion was stirred to intense activity, preparing for a brilliant wedding. For weeks, nothing was heard of, "from morn to dewy eve," but the hurrying footsteps of mantua makers, and animated discussions of all the mysteries of dress. The fashionable confectioner had *carte blanche* to provide for 500 guests, and champagne was expected to flow like water.

But alas! for the vanity of human hopes. The distinguished Count was detected purloining a gold watch, at a west end mansion, where he was an honored guest, and was doomed to limbo. The thing Maud called her heart broke in two pieces, but was mended by a skilful application of liquid glue, and Maud quickly regained her old and charming *hauteur*.