

reply to the "leading journal," flatly denying the existence of any widespread annexationist sentiment. "There has recently been," he says, with the airy gesture which so well becomes a supporter of the Ottawa Disallowers, "an enforcement of the law at Winnipeg which is at variance with what are assumed to be local interests." Thus does this M.P. describe the persistent tyranny by which the Federal Government has goaded the people of Manitoba almost into rebellion, not an "enforcement of the law," but an enforcement of monopoly privileges contrary to law. Is it any wonder that England is ignorant of Canadian facts, when our Members of Parliament are at such pains to misinform them?

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OUR esteemed contemporary the *Empire*, gleefully quotes the following from the *Montreal Witness*, heading it "the Wiman Paradise":—

"Trusts and combines have multiplied in the United States to such an extent that general alarm is felt regarding the immense power they so unscrupulously wield. Having induced the people to prevent foreign competition, the manufacturers are now engaged in strangling home competition."

And yet the *Empire* exists chiefly for the purpose of enabling the manufacturers of Canada, by the same means, to make the same sort of "paradise" of this country! Mr. Editor, it will not do to let the office boy put in such gives-away as this!

THE ROMANCE OF FITZWEATHERBOTOM.



LAUDE FITZWEATHERBOTOM was a scion of a noble stock, which, from the days of the first William, possessed an hereditary estate in the dales of Heathershire. The progenitor of this ancient family was a scullion boy in the household of the Conqueror, and for his eminent services was rewarded with a confiscated Saxon fief, and had his name written by a Remington type-writer in *Domesday Book*.

The modern head of the household had squandered his patrimony at Epsom and Newmarket, and so thought it necessary to ship his sons, one by one, to the colonies, to die of a fever or catarrh, or to make a fortune. In either case they would cease to be a burden, and the colonies would be put to their legitimate use, as a cess-pool for the ne'er-do-wells of the English aristocracy.

It was Claude's misfortune to be sent to Canada. He hated the "blooming" country from the first day he landed at Quebec. Dire disappointment, that the mayor of that ancient city had not come down to the wharf to welcome him, rankled in his manly breast. When he had partly recovered he applied to the Government for the position of President of the Council; but, much to his chagrin, he was informed that the country did not, just at that moment, require his services in that particular office, but that he might serve her as a trooper in the Mounted Police.

Feeling that life was hardly worth living in the "blawsted" East, he determined to seek adventure in the Wild West. Having killed several horses by bad riding, and experiencing another disappointment in not being made Governor of the North-West Territories, or at least being called on, instead



of Mr. Greenway, to form a stable government for Manitoba, he took a cheap excursion to Toronto and became a clerk in the Smash-and-go-bang Bank, at the corner of High and Mighty streets.

He kept the ledger, and as accuracy was not demanded or even desired, for the more hopeless and inextricable the confusion of the accounts, the better for the institution, he gave to his employers perfect satisfaction.



He was also in much request among the high-born and beautiful damsels of the Provincial Capital. It was so refreshing to have a real Englishman, of such old family, in the ball-room and on the tennis lawn. His accent was so different from Canadians.

Perfumed *billet-doux* poured in upon him, with every postal delivery, and he was soon madly in love with Arabella Spanks, the rich heiress of Rosedale, and the *belle* of the season.

But, alas! the Smash-and-go-bang Bank one morning put up its shutters, and, by a strange coincidence, Jefferson Spanks, Esq., took an early train for Florida, to escape the rigors of a Canadian winter.

Arabella ceased to be known in Toronto society, and Claude Fitzweatherbotom got another situation, for which he was eminently fitted, as driver of a Yonge street horse car.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

