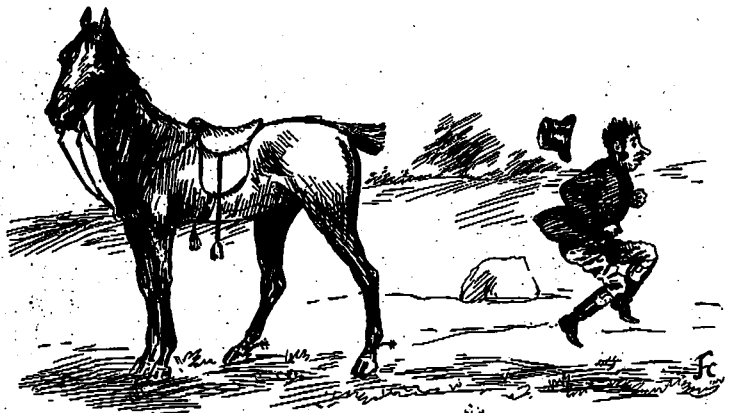


3. The idea that it is right and proper for a Government to suppress reports written by delegates who are paid for their services out of the public till. To condemn this teaching he will have to vote against the Government's action in the case of the Farmer delegates.

4. The idea that it is seemly to refuse free trade to Great Britain while protecting Yankee monopolies on Canadian soil. To condemn this will necessitate his voting against the Government's attitude on the McNeill motion and the binding twine business.

In short, when we come to think of it, if Billy intends to live up to the Patriotic Idea, he will not be of much use as a Conservative member.



"HE PUT SPURS TO HIS HORSE AND GALLOPED AWAY."

GLADSTONE.

THE sunlight glorifies the English fields;
The bees seem drugged with summer happiness;
The butterflies, ecstatic, flit and dance
To the sweet rhythm of the Sabbath chimes,
And larks unseen assail the listening clouds
With morning melody.

The village gentry and the rustic folk,
Old men in smock-frocks, maidens blooming fresh,
Lads bright of eye, constrained in Sunday dress,
Staid matrons, portly squires,
The rich, the poor, the humble and the proud,
Now gather in the quaint old Hawarden church,
And on their heads, just and unjust alike,
The mellow light, through multicolored panes,
Falls like a benediction.

And now a man has risen in the midst,
Who reads the gospel lesson for the day.
Then reverently bows in silent prayer;
And not the plowman in yon farthest pew
Is more unconscious than this worshipper.
A venerable man, whose frosted locks
Are scant with more than eighty strenuous years,
Yet whose eye glances with the joy of life;
Whose form is straight and lithe as happy youth's,
Whose voice has none of age's broken notes,
But in its wondrous utterance gives new grace
To the divine evangel.

A layman this, wearing no churchly garb,
And consecrated by no priestly hands,—
But Priest withal, in truer, wider sense—
Archbishop of all English-speaking men.

The voice but now so gentle in this task,
Is that which with a lightning eloquence
Struck dead the tyranny of Turkish rule,
And woke Italian freedom;
The form now in devotion bent, the same
That stands erect betokening Ireland's hope;
That gray head resting o'er the open book
Tops the great world,
Like snowy summit of some master peak
Which soars above its fellows of the Alps
And stands alone in grandeur.
Distant yet near, for this imperial man
Towers not above us in the pride of caste,
But of ourselves—the people's champion—
He's throned supreme in eminence of love;
Ennobled by no title but his name,
We hail him GLADSTONE, homespun gentleman,
The Peer of all our hearts!

J. W. B.

DEACON STOUT'S POLITIKAL AFERISMS.

THE Parlemtaire Jurnals don't tel al the duens at
Ottawa any mor nor a patent medsin Awlmanak
tells wot kind ov wether it's goin' tu be this year.

Sum guvernmunts ort tu be run bi nu york elektrisete.
When a guvernmunt aint responsible fer wot it duz,—
then the Pepel iz.

Kanada iz well red oo evri Politishean hoo don't luv
hiz Countre—that iz, it ort tu bee well red ov them.

The Amerikan egl better keep away from our trout-
pond, er he'll git hiz wings klipt.

Onest komoners aint run komen in this countre. Thur
goen tu mutch out of fashun.

The wa sum poletisheans pin thur ears back, and run
fer offis yeu'd think a bare wuz after em. It is orphan a
kase of bare needcessity.

Justis on track ov a Kanadian boodler iz like a haf
grewed rat tarrier on track ov a kangarew, the purp iz
generlee kiled when he over-takes the game.

When a man runs fer member ov parlement, hez tired
enuf tu take hiz seat when he gits thare.

One man's got gust az mutch rite tu run fer the Legs-
lator az another, and a good deel better if he's onest.

Altho' honest politisheans are far belo the avrag krop,
yit tha air plentiful enuf tu fil al the offises in this countre,
if evey roge wuz hung.

Our guverment masheen haz good wheels an plenty
ov steem tu run it up the hil ov nashonal gratenuss, but
it wont go unless tha take the brakz off.

WILLARD E. DERBY.

IT STILL HAS ITS USES.

SNOOZER—"Hello, pard, how's things? What yer
doin' these days?"

BRICKTOP—"Peddlin' boot-jacks—doin' first-class."

SNOOZER—"Bootjacks? Come off. Nobody wears
long boots these days."

BRICKTOP—"What's that got ter do with it. Ain't
cats jest as plenty as ever they wuz?"

LATEST FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE news from Newfoundland by wire repeated
Tell that Premier Whiteway has just been defeated.
Well, we have heard of Premiers, 'tis just to remark,
Who continued in office by ways that were dark.

A LIBERTY POLE.—Kosciusko.

MRS. JONES enquired, "Where R my cakes?" "I 8
M," her little boy said. "Y, Peter," his mother said,
"What 4?" & then she St. Peter to bed.