

**"Waiting for the Bat."****A Rare Catch!**

The following we clip from the advertising columns of the *Montreal Star* of Tuesday, 13th.

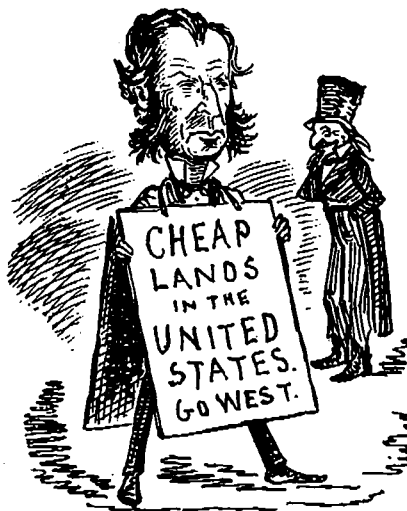
Room wanted, in a refined aesthetic and musical family, by a young Englishman of culture—a home where his purity of spirit and literary attainments will be considered ample compensation. Address, "Alpha," *Star* Office.

What a rush there must have been amongst aesthetes and musically-inclined heads of families in Montreal for this rare young Englishman! What stacks of perfumed and monogrammed letters must have poured into the *Star* office for "Alpha!" And how sad to think that all couldn't get him,—all but one thrice happy family must put up with bitter disappointment! That lucky, aesthetic household has indeed secured a jewel, and can well afford to give him a furnished room and all the comforts of a home without looking for any vulgar board-money. Yes, indeed, it will more than repay them to contemplate this cultured young man's literary attainments, and to observe day by day his purity of spirit—undiluted brandy, which the aesthetic family will of course be expected to furnish. What an intellectual privilege its members will enjoy in listening to this delightful Englishman as every evening reclines in the softest arm-chair and languidly discourses on the scientific principles of Deceitism; or poses Adonis-like at the end of the piano and warbles the favourite airs of "his friend, SIMS REEVES," to the accompaniment of the charming daughter of the house! Board-money! Perish the thought! It seems almost a sacrilege to think of it in such a connection. Board money suggests the idea of three square meals per day, but of course this cultured young Englishman, with his literary attainments and purity of spirit, is far above eating mere material meals!

**Highly Commendable.**

After all it would appear that the Printing Contract jobbery may not be an unmitigated evil. It had one good element about it, and that was its utter badness. It was entirely indefensible, and the leading organ of the Conservative Party was

perforce obliged to condemn it and all connected with it,—adherents of that Party, as it happened, to a man. This unavoidable display of right feeling led the *Mail* into some timely reflections on the subject of partisanship, and the conclusions arrived at are both sound and hopeful. A rule is laid down for the future conduct of that journal with reference to politicians who indulge in "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." Such people are to be exposed and condemned, no matter what their party leanings may be. The *Globe* claims to have adopted this commendable rule of conduct, and to have acted upon it consistently for a long time. So much the better. Both the big organs are now on the right track, then, and Mr. GRIP sincerely hopes they will fight it out on that line to the end. And he further hopes that the minor party organs will fall into line behind their respective leaders, and follow them loyally in this new departure. A declaration to that effect from the *Ottawa Citizen* would be extremely encouraging just at present. Let them all put up a notice to political harpies and corruptionists to beware of the dog, and see to it that the dog means business.

**A Suggestion.**

Some time ago attention was directed in Parliament to the carelessness with which the Department of Agriculture was being administered. A lot of pamphlets had been issued, ostensibly in the interest of our North-West Territories, which were found to contain flaming advertisements of the American free grant lands. Mr. Minister POTT promised that such a blunder would not be repeated, but it is now reported that in a similar pamphlet put forth since that time there appears a map showing several States of the Union and only an insignificant strip of Canada. If this sort of thing is to be persisted in, wouldn't it be better for the Minister of Agriculture to make a regular sandwich of himself on behalf of Brother JONATHAN? No doubt the enterprising Yank would be willing to pay a handsome figure for such a service,—far more than the Dominion can hope to get for a few advertising pages in a pamphlet—and the cash thus obtained could be applied to the Pacific Railway building fund. This suggestion is respectfully commended to the consideration of the Ministry.

Ontario people have also struck work on "15."

The return of swallows is the sign of spring, but crows produce the 'caws' of spring.

The Winnipeg papers announce another strike on Section 15 of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

**Tupper Forgives the Globe.**

The brilliant speech of Sir CHARLES TUPPER on the Pacific Railway Question was distinguished for many admirable qualities. It was lucid, eloquent and convincing. But it contained another element which distinguished it still more from the general mass of Parliamentary orations—the element of tenderness. This was confined to one very brief paragraph, but still it is worthy of special consideration. The passage we allude to is that in which the orator stepped aside from the boiling current of his argument, to speak a few words of gentleness and forgiveness to the *Globe*. That journal, as he remarked with a quivering lip and a pathetically moistening eye, had abused him most cruelly in the past, yet, in view of the noble stand it had taken in support of the Ministerial Railway Policy, he felt it in his heart to freely and frankly forgive all its wrong doing. It is most lamentable to think that this fine piece of sentiment was quite thrown away. The *Globe* has proved itself unworthy of it, by scorning the proffered pardon and returning with increased energy to its mud-throwing. But this will only make the passage shine with increased lustre on the page of Hansard, where the malevolence of the *Globe* man can never reach it.

In order to check the rash to Manitoba it is only necessary to inform the people that whiskey is 12½ cents a drink in the Prairie Province.

**"That Boy."**

Sunday-School Scholar to the Teacher.—Did you say that the hairs of my head was all numbered?

Teacher.—Yes, my dear.

S. S. Scholar.—Well then, (pulling out a hair and presenting it)—What's the number of that one?