



A CRITICISM.

He—Did you go to see the "Flying Dutchman," Miss McFlimsy?
She—No; I don't care for these broken English plays. I think they're vulgar.

ECHOES OF "THE WEEK."

(Condensed from any week.)

THE NEW LIBERAL LEADER.

AFTER giving Mr. Blake a hot send-off, we will now proceed to warmly embrace Mr. Laurier as the temporary leader of the Opposition. We fail to see why Mr. Laurier was appointed. He is a French Canadian; he would have taken part in the rebellion had he been a half-breed; he is eloquent and clever; he has done nothing in particular and done it very well. We prognosticate a complete collapse of the Liberal party under his leadership, unless he faithfully follows out the inconsistent course of independent politics, as laid down in the columns of this high-toned paper. If he carries out our suggestions on all subjects, he will prove himself the most versatile leader of any party, and be an unique character in Canadian history. This is his only chance of success. We have spoken.

LETTER FROM VENICE.

We will now visit the famous Ducal Palace, which looks on the one side towards the glorious sea and on the other to the Piazzetta.

"Where are the roses of yesterday?" Alas! indeed! unless they be in the jaunty jacket of some milliner's apprentice wending her way to the daily scene of toil, or stowed away in the private diary of some sweet *donszetta*, as a memento of the happy meeting with her *amante*, I know not; and who shall say, "Where are the glories of Venice?" Gazing on the majestic pile of glorious architecture, known as the Ducal Palace, I reverently touch my bangs and exclaim, "There were Dooks in those days." As I told you in my "letter from Rome," that specimen of urban architecture was not brought to a state of completion in a day; so might I remark of the Ducal Palace, with its successive styles and numerous additions, the tributes of succeeding generations. Inside is the "Paradise" of Tintoret, which all my Canadians are intimately acquainted with, and the "Europa" of Paul Veronese, which nearly comes up to the standard of excellence required by the judges of the Royal Academy of Toronto. Don't forget to see Titian's "Doge," which was brought to the Ducal Palace from the Rembrandt art gallery in Leader Lane. *O gemini! O mores!* There is a gondola waiting for me on the Rio del Palazzo, and I am going to see the Bridge of Sighs, which is said to be

an exact counterfeit of the famous bridge across the Humber. *Addio.* L. L. L.

SCENES IN PONGO-PONGO.

We were sitting in the golden sunset, playing with the dazzling fireflies and inciting hostile tribes of mosquitoes to mortal combat, when fifteen naked savages came to the door of our tent bearing a can of salmon from the Emperor of Pongo-Pongo. We extracted the contents and threw them away, after reading on the cover a friendly invitation to be present at the great court ceremony of "sending off a prime minister." We at once put on our plug hats and white ties, and started to the Court House at a jog-trot, to which we were kept by the natives who pricked us with their spears from behind. Arrived at last and out of breath, we were shown to a place of honor under a banana tree and witnessed the beautiful and interesting ceremony. The prime minister was brought into the circle and received a kick from each of the 500 warriors as he walked around. We added our testimonial by an application of boot, and the prime minister acknowledged the difference by a slight jump. He then stood before the King, who took a spear and ran it through his body. The prime minister executed a double somersault and balanced himself on the end of the spear for five minutes, when he fell down dead. The Emperor then asked us to accept the vacant position, but we declined with thanks. After we had reached home, his Majesty sent the prime minister's head, some bananas and a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, as a royal present. We sent him in return an old tooth-brush and a copy of Imrie's poems. DEVIATOR.

LITERARY NOTES FROM THE WASTE PAPER BASKET.

"Many people never think, who think they think," is the title of a romantic essay by Rath Rafton, to be published shortly. It has been greatly admired by a select circle of literary lights.

"She'll Brainus" will write an entirely new poem on the "Muskrat," which was omitted from her recent "Poems of the Zoo."

"Old Wynne's Myth," a study of Canadian party politics from an outside point of view, and illustrated by Ancient History, is to be printed for private circulation only. E. S. SENCE.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

(For this article see the *Fortnightly Review* of last year.)

TOPICS.

(See daily papers of last week and add a few denunciations of everybody concerned. Refer to old numbers of *The Week* and say, "We told you so.")

POEM—"The Fog Horn."

Listen! There it goes again!
 With its melancholy strain.
 Like a mammoth in the throes
 Of a bunion on its toes.
 Persons waking from their sleep
 From the bed-clothes fearful peep,
 Wondering in mental strife
 If Piper's *wail* has come to life.
 Faintly sound the cat-a-waul
 And the baby's toothsome bawl.
 Sweetly sound the barking dogs
 And the early grunting hogs.
 Never noise that yet was born
 Soundeth like the dread fog-horn.

N. O. MORE.