

principles for votes. By all means, let the question of Confederation be re-opened as soon as possible. We may then have a chance to get rid of the Senate, the subsidies, Separate schools and other burdens and anomalies.

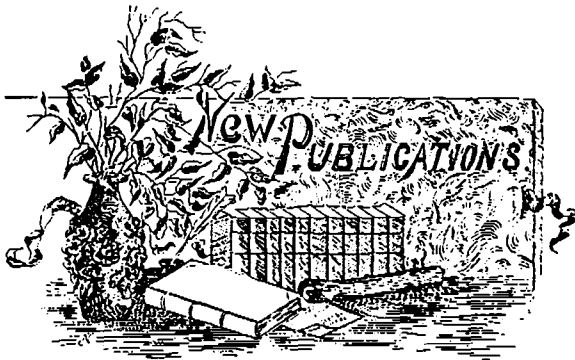
# SHE THOUGHT SO TOO.

"I WOULD I were a bird," he cried,  
"That I might fly to thee."  
"I would so too," the maid replied,  
"You'd go to roost at eventide,  
And not stay up till three."

# THE MODERN GOVERNMENT ORGAN.

"WHAT is a Government organ?"

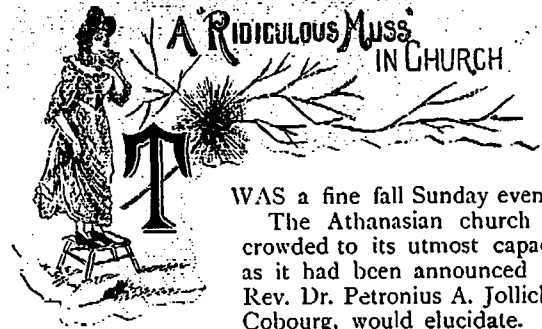
"A newspaper which, in consideration of financial support from the party in power, agrees to suppress political news as long as possible, in order not to injure the administration."



"AN Island Paradise and Reminiscences of Travel," by H. Spencer Howell, published by Hart & Riddell, Toronto, is received. The first portion of the book is devoted to Hawaii, the inhabitants, scenery and features of life being felicitously described. Mr. Howell is a keen observer, and has made excellent use of his opportunities. He has a flowing, easy style, and, in addition to being interestingly written, the book embodies a great deal of practical information concerning the various countries visited, which include Canada, the United States, India and Australia. The work, which is got up in the best typographical style, comprises about 300 pages, and is profusely illustrated.

THOSE who are fond of the wierd, mystic and occult in literature will appreciate the psychological novel entitled "Phantom Days," by George T. Welch, published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York. It is a perfect literary nightmare, the plot being wonderfully vague and involved, full of phantom characters, mysterious purposes and blood-curdling glimpses and suggestions. It is as eerie as a mule. Hardened Theosophists and Spiritualists can read it with impunity, but it would not adorn a Sunday school library or cheer the couch of convalescence to any extent.

THE LABOR REFORM SONGSTER, by Phillips Thompson, published by the Journal of the Knights of Labor, Philadelphia, contains thirty songs, nearly all new, adapted to popular airs—not including "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" or "Little Annie Rooney"—suitable for labor or social reform gatherings. Price, fifteen cents. It can be procured from Grip Printing and Publishing Company.



WAS a fine fall Sunday evening.

The Athanasian church was crowded to its utmost capacity, as it had been announced that Rev. Dr. Petronius A. Jollick, of Cobourg, would elucidate. Dr.

Jollick, like the recent John L. Sullivan, is a talented expounder. As the pulpit was vacant, a large number favored giving him a call.

Every seat was occupied. The choir girls looked their prettiest, and paid unusual attention, some of them even going so far as to refrain from the customary tittering and gum-chewing which is always regarded as a necessary accompaniment of the service of song. The preacher had finished his introductory remarks and got about half way through the first head of his discourse, when the first soprano, craning her giraffe-like neck over the choir-rail to get a good look at Mrs. Gallivan's new ostrich-feather, espied a small mouse which was moving slowly down the aisle.

She drew back with a start, tucked her skirts round her pedals, and looked nervous. The singer next her being short and also curious, deliberately stood up to have a view. She sat down again rapidly, and tucked in her skirts like a startled fawn, as it were. Her seat-mate, following her example, took in the situation and also her flowing robes. And so on, and so on, until the whole choir were popping up and down like wax-works, and girding up their loins in truly scriptural fashion.

Mrs. Peduncle, in the front seat, during an eloquent pause while the preacher was turning over his MS., thought she would take in the choir gallery to see if the singers were as reprehensively flippant and inattentive as usual. She beheld the commotion and its innocent cause, gave a start, stifled a shriek, hauled in her skirts and crossed her knees.

All in her neighborhood were seized with a common impulse, and a perfect hum of rasping feet and rustling skirts ensued. The mouse began to look scared, and suddenly made a dive for a leg he saw still in the aisle, and climbed inside its covering for safety. The possessor of the limb jumped up and began swinging and wav-

