



TORONTO, THE CITY OF CURS.

Things our Policeman sees when he comes out *with* his gun.

QUINTESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(BY OUR OWN VERY SHORTHANDER)

OTTAWA, May 21st.

JAMIESON'S Prohibition resolution up again, like Banquo's ghost, to the consternation of the Whiskey Macbeths. Mr. Mackintosh moved in amendment that a Committee of Enquiry be appointed to quietly bury the issue out of sight. Mr. Taylor (compensationist) moved to amend amendment by taking steps to find out how the cat is likely to jump before asking timid members to vote. Mr. Gillies moved adjournment of debate. Carried.

May 22nd.

Field day in Committee of Supply. Langevin raked over coals for not resigning until Tarte business is over. High Commissioner Tupper made subject of castigation on item concerning his salary and emoluments. Grits wanted him kicked out instanter. Government looked horrified but said very little. Lots of questions asked, but on Treasury benches mum was the word.

May 23rd—25th.

House not in session as per usual.

May 26th.

Supply circus continued. Tupper flayed, scalped and generally lambasted. Government still maintains masterly silence. Item passed. Piteous pleas put up for increase of judges' salaries. Lawyers in House thought this urgently required. Laymen thought otherwise.

Mr. Foster promised that Budget speech would not be made on Friday next.

Sir R. Cartwright enquired affectionately after those papers promised in Speech from Throne.

Sir J. Thompson said some would be down to-morrow.

May 27th.

Nothing done in House. Tarte enquiry drew the crowd. Lot of letters read. Don't know yet, but looks as though nest of thieves might be uncovered.

May 28th.

House adjourned on account of Corpus Christi, a day which is held sacred by Protestants. Sir John not to return to his seat this session, owing to illness.

May 29th.

Motion censuring Tupper introduced by Laurier. Debate interrupted by news that Sir John is probably dying. House adjourned, on motion of Langevin seconded by Laurier.

THISTLEDOWN, PUFF-BALLS AND WHIFFETS.

BY ACUS.

THERE is something very striking about John L. Sullivan.

Burglars ought to be favorites. They have very taking ways.

It is astonishing how few people feel at home at an At Home.

What a multitude of sins every day in the week a little religion on Sunday is supposed to cover.

It is a pity that the aphorism, "Death loves a shining mark" does not read, "Death loves a mining shark."

Do the temperance people object to a man being "elevated" by means of an elevator?

At Ottawa the House is sitting. Strange that the House has to be paid for sitting. Most of us are glad enough to get a chance to sit for nothing.

The poet asks, "Why do summer roses fade?" But why don't bummers' noses fade? is the question that is agitating a large portion of the community.

One consolation for having a headache is that it gives the assurance, which might otherwise be wanting, that one has a head.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is the Speaker who does most of the listening.

Spring poets seem comparatively few and far between this season. They must have been planted early.

The aristocracy think that Goldwin does not belong to their "set."

I call my dog "Fish," because he doesn't bite.

THE MORAL OF IT.

JONKINS—"I see they arrested a man in Boston the other day for kissing his wife on the street."

TOMKINS—"Moral: when you kiss a woman on the street, be sure that she isn't your wife."