

"BUNCOMBE!"



HIS item was scissored from an exchange and published by the St. Catherine's *Journal*:

A Whitby boy, a tanner, now living in Michigan, says that in the establishment in which he is employed there are thirty young Canadian workmen. Under continental free trade all these young Canadians would be employed at home. They are driven out of Canada by the policy of the professional loyalist.

Whereupon the *Journal's* local contemporary, the *Star*, whose forehead bulges with a knowledge of political economy, tartly responds;

Why don't the recently converted *Journal* go on with the story and tell what these thirty young Canadian workmen would be employed at "at home?" Does the *Journal* mean to insinuate that if these thirty men should return to Canada a tannery would be started just for

the sake of giving them employment and wages, or is the *Journal* talking like a parrot?

Without waiting for the *Journal* to reply, as it probably would, that under free trade Canada and the United States would be one country commercially, and the wider market would make a demand for tanners and tanneries which does not now exist on this side of the line, the *Star* man drives ahead, and just listen to his very next sentence:

There is work enough in Canada for every Canadian in the United States. Our fertile but uncultivated lands in the North-West will support the whole population of the United States. If Canadians would turn a little attention to their own country and less to the United States there would be less clap-trap of the kind quoted above going the rounds of the Grit press.

There will never be a dearth of clap-trap while the *Star* mill is kept going. No doubt it is true that there is "work enough in Canada for every Canadian in the United States"—but this fact alone will never coax our expatriated brethren back. They want wages as well as work.

OUR OUIJA.

"GOOD evening, Ouija. Are you prepared to weeje for us to-night?"

"Go ahead."

"What do you think of the present position of the Grit party?"

The machine paused a few moments for reflection, and then by a remarkable display of occult power suddenly rose clean off the board to the height of several inches and then as suddenly dropped.

"You mean to indicate that they are 'gone up'?"

"Just so."

"Why couldn't you answer the question in the regular way?"

"There are times when one's feelings are better expressed by action than speech, that is when you want to be emphatic."

"Then you think the Grits are——"

Before the operator could complete the question, Ouija made a violent rush and ran off the board.

"Now what does that mean? you are very oracular this evening."

"I was built that way. Find out."

"Not in it," suggested one of the audience. "Am I right?"



HENOLOGY.

TOMMY (in a hoarse stage whisper)—"Put down that broom, mammy; the only way to manage a hen is to go slow but shoo 'er."

"Yes."

"What is the matter with the Party, anyhow?"

"Everything."

"What would be necessary to success?"

"Better leaders, some kind of a policy, and more followers."

"Like Paddy's gun which wanted nothing but a new lock, stock and barrel."

"You get the idea."

"What do you think of Cartwright?"

"I don't."

"How do you mean?"

"I always prefer that my reflections should be pleasant ones."

"But, seriously, what is your opinion of him?"

"That the best thing the Party can do is to fire him."

"Why?"

"Because he's a palpable failure."

"But that mayn't be his fault."

"What has that to do with it? He's had his chance and failed. Next!"

"But the Party would be charged with being ungrateful as they were in Mackenzie's case."

"What of that? They'll always be charged with everything that's bad anyway. Does the Party exist for the sake of its leaders, or the leaders for the Party?"

"But surely the people owe something to those who have fought even if unsuccessfully for what they believed to be the best interests of the country."

"Rot and rubbish! The people owe nothing to anybody. It is this hero-worship that cares more for the interests or the feelings of a few self-seeking place-hunters than the good of the masses that's ruining this country."

"What policy do you think would carry the country."

"Annexation!"

"It wouldn't do. It would ruin the Party."

"What is there left to ruin?"

"The masses of the people are loyal to the British flag."

"They've a queer way of showing it—crossing the line to find a living as fast as they can get away."

"Canadians as a whole would never declare for annexation, Ouija."

"All right; that's their lookout. If they can stand it I can."

"Isn't there any other policy that would put the Grits in power?"