



### IN CHICAGO, OF COURSE.

MR. CUMSO—"Yaas; you're a deuced clever woman. You never give yourself away, do you?"

MRS. OPTWED, (*Chicago "widow"*)—"No; I generally have some gentleman friend to act for me on the interesting occasions."

### WHAT IS RESTRICTED RECIPROCITY.

IN answer to thousands of correspondents who have written to us for an explanation of Restricted Reciprocity, we have to reply that, not feeling equal to the occasion ourselves—that is, in our editorial capacity—we sent out a number of skirmishers to collect the opinions of the most profound thinkers in the community. We give them for what they are worth.

GRAEME MERCER ADAM, ESQ.—"I should take it to imply a desire on the part of the Dominion Government to enter into arrangements with the Government of the United States, or *vice versa*—that is to say, on the part of the United States Government to enter into arrangements with our Government, by means of which certain articles, not of agricultural origin, might be admitted into either (pronounce eyther, please) country, from the other country, on payment of a modified Customs duty in lieu of more excessive charges made hitherto, by and with the consent of the respective Governments interested in the interchange, or inter-exclusion, of 'such-like' products. It is my opinion, however, etc." We omit the remaining eleven pages of foolscap.

WM. HOUSTON, ESQ., M.A., Parliamentary Librarian, Shakespearian, University Senator, and so on—"Give it up."

REV. MR. FENWICK, of Elder's Mills, Chronic-correspondent to Daily Press—"To me it appears an impossibility."

"KIT"—"I think it would be delightful, if confined, of course, to purely mercantile transactions."

JAMES BAIN, ESQ., Chief of the Public Library—"It is beyond my depth."

"FAITH FENTON"—"No well-regulated family should be without it."

GOLDWIN SMITH—"It is a contradiction in terms."

D. O'DONOHUE—"It's neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good herring."

HON. TIMOTHY WARREN ANGLIN, ex-M.P.P., ex-Editor and Professional Commissioner—"Ba-ba! In this solitary instance I agree with Mr. O'Donohue."

HON. ARTHUR STURGIS HARDY—"I never heard of a bigger blank, blank piece of political humbug in the whole of my blank career."

W. T. R. PRESTON, ESQ., Grand Organizer, etc., etc.—"Ha, ha, ha! Yes, no doubt."

HON. OLIVER MOWAT—"I will take it into my serious consideration."

WIDOW SMITH—"If it's so ordained, I'm satisfied."

SIR DANIEL WILSON—"I think so, but in pre-historic times it was otherwise."

W. A. SHERWOOD, ESQ., Artist, Poet and Orator—"I am composing a humble ditty on the subject. It begins thus:—

'Restricted Reciprocity,  
Thou cause of animosity.'

I am now trying to work in pomposity, verbosity, callosity and curiosity."

DAVID BOYLE, ESQ., Faddist in Fossils and Minerals and Dead Injun Truck—"As a radical, I religiously repudiate Restricted Reciprocity."

SIR DAVID MCPHERSON, K.C.M.G. (also more letters)—"No greater blessing could fall upon our beloved land."

CAPT. MANLEY—"Of course, my opinions are influenced largely by the Principal of our Jarvis Street Institution, but, on the whole, I am very doubtful."

J. L. HUGHES, or James L. Hughes, or J. Lachlan Hughes, or James Lachlan Hughes, Esq., P.S.I., Equal Righter (?)—"I think that I am safe in saying that I understand this question thoroughly, and I have no hesitation in affirming that I know whereof I speak when I declare that I believe I am right when I say that I and the Conservative party favor Restricted Reciprocity. It is a good thing, I am sure. I and Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn agree on this point, I am happy to state."

Our readers will be able to gather the cream of mature thought from these extracts, though we regret that we were unable to publish these valuable opinions in time to be of use to the voters of the country.

### ON ELECTION DAY.

'TIS the voice of the boozier I hear him complain,  
"For a drink of old rye I have skirmished in vain,  
Every bar is closed up and my vitals are dry  
For want of the comfort which budge would supply."

Oh, hard is his lot when elections come round,  
Who, deprived of his regular poison is found,  
How can he enthuse o'er election returns  
When for want of a nip his interior burns?

"Twixt bar-room and bar-room he hovers in vain,  
With a wild hope of whiskey to ease his dull pain,  
The back doors and side doors are all of them locked,  
Thus by fleeting mirage fainting travellers are mocked.

Learn this moral—Don't drink, learn to do without rum,  
Then the longing for liquor to you'll never come.  
But if you will drink spite of all we can say,  
A growler comes handy upon polling day.

MRS. MALAPROP has a clever son who writes for the story papers. She is very proud of him. She is sure that when we are all dead his pretty verses and soulful works of friction will be remembered by our posteriors.