

learn something about the government of this country. Doubtless you, Mr. Burgoodle, can enlighten us."

"Oh! with pleasure, my young friends," replied the ex-M.P., "with pleasure, I shall be most happy I am sure," and he coughed, pompously, as he prepared to impart the desired knowledge.

To teach is a characteristic of certain men. Never are they so happy as when they have attentive listeners, and Mr. Burgoodle was now in his glory.

"Like every other country we have two great political parties, but in no other civilized State does there exist such a difference of opinion as here. I say gentlemen, and I maintain it, that loyalty and patriotism are strongly, nay, defiantly opposed by one great faction, which, wearing the outward garb of loyalty is inside solidified disaffection. Yes; they pretend to protect what they would fain destroy; and it requires all the energy and sterling integrity of my party to watch well and preserve our nationality. Read the papers of the day, gentlemen, and what conclusion do you arrive at? Our great men are miscreants, rebels, selfish, dishonourable; true, we state the same of the other party, but there is this difference: we speak the truth; they do not."

"But, sir," said Bramley, "pardon me for interrupting you. "Is not this condition of affairs very similar to that which prevails in England? Are not the great parties there, uncompromising, nay, virulent in their opposition?"

"Easy, my young friend," replied Mr. Burgoodle, patronizingly, "there is a difference and a great one. In Britain you legislate for a score of nations, as it were. Your interests include those of every other country in the world; here we are but a few, and while yours may be a hurricane, ours is but a tempest in a tea-pot, all the more violent, however, from its contracted limits" and Mr. Burgoodle placed his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and nodded complacently as if to say, "am not I a philosopher?"

With characteristic forwardness, Yubbits, ever anxious to show his proficiency in every branch of knowledge, said:

"Very true, indeed, sir, very true, but what is your opinion of the propriety of making an election depend on a glass of beer, for I see by your papers that members have been unseated for treating a voter? It appears to me a trifling matter, but is it not ridiculous to fancy a number of learned judges passing days investigating whether John Smith had or hadn't a glass of beer on a certain day?"

Mr. Burgoodle, in a most impressive voice, replied, "Sir, you do not understand Canadian politics; in fact very few do. It requires a life-time, so to speak, to become familiar even with the rudiments. Consider, sir, we are the most governed people in the world, we have, sir, seven governors, seven states to be governed, seven legislatures and seven legislative paraphernalias. Is it not significant? for observe, seven is a magical number, and over all we have the grand combined legislative and executive at Ottawa. Now, sir, every link of this chain must be preserved in its brightness. It is in the minor details of government, as of life, that men are truly great, and so, to preserve this brightness, even the glass of ale, commonplace though it may be, when that glass of ale breaks the law, it may and does become a most potent and prejudicial influence which must be suppressed. Do you understand me, sir?"

Yubbits stammered and hesitatingly said:

"Well, well, I—I—I—must confess I am somewhat mystified, and cannot say that I—that I really understand you; that is, fully."

This statement did not seem to please Mr. Burgoodle, who prided himself on being a plain-spoken man and possessed of no mean oratorical ability, and he was about to reiterate his statement when Mr. Douglas, foreseeing danger, adroitly turned the conversation.

(To be continued.)



AN INTELLIGENT SERVANT.

Great Amateur Actress (to servant)—How stupid of you, Bridget! I told you that I was not to be at home to anybody.

Bridget—But the gentleman sed, mum, that he is the largest soap manufacturer in the country.

Great Amateur Actress (hastily)—Oh, tell the gentleman I will be down at once.

A BRITISH PROTEST.

THE COCK PIT, TORONTO, Feb. 27th.

To the Editor of the Canadian Punch, wick they calls GRIP.

SIR,—Hif you calls this blarsted kentry *free*, wick hivery blamed thing in it is heither prohibited or agoin' to be, then you haint no free-born British subject as I calls free. I tell yer—the way we was marched down in pairs from that 'ere bloomin' cockin' main 'tother Sunday was a disgrace to hany kentry as calls hitself civilized. Were's yer huthority for sich doins'? Just look at them bloom-in' ten commandments, an' I defy you to point hany one of 'em wick it says "thou shalt do no cock-fightin'" in it. Wot 'arm was we a doin' hof? I axes you, wick them 'ere bobbies should 'ave a call to hinterrupt our meetin' "with much hadmired disorder," as Shakespeare would 'ave it? W'ere, I axes, his yer boasted free hinstitootions, wick hinstitootions is the bulwark hof British liberty? Hif this here's a specimen hof a 'Ome Ruled kentry wick yer halways a braggin' hof, then that's hall I wants to know about that hold bloke Gladstone and 'Ome Rule wick as he says is good for the Hirish. In coorse it's good henough for the Hirish, but you knows the literaryist man hof the day, Goldwin Smith, says 'Ome Rule means dismemberment hof the British Hempire, wick the dismemberment hof our cockin' main 'tother Sunday was a practical hillustration hof. No, sir, wot we goes in for is the