

upon their benefactor and drove him out of his pastorate. Moral—Well, on consideration, there doesn't seem to be anything very moral about their conduct.

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Dewart, Phillips—hold En Hough!

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MR. GRIP, as a citizen jealous for the glory of the Queen City, raises his hat to the Torrington Orchestra, which, under the baton of the leading leader of Canada, is bound in due time to be an institution that we may all "point at with pride." The Orchestra deserves and will no doubt receive the generous support of the public, on its own merits. It is only right that it should be known that neither Mr. Torrington nor any of the other officials of the organization has any financial interest in connection with it, all the proceeds of public performances being devoted to the securing of additional expert players. In undertaking the task of building up a really fine orchestra these gentlemen have shown an admirable public spirit, and it only remains for all their fellow-citizens to heartily back them up.

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THE deputation which waited upon Mr. Mowat and his colleagues to advocate the \$600 exemption on houses, received the customary reply that "the matter would be taken into consideration." The meeting with the Ministers was a very interesting one, however, as the mention of the partial exemption of houses from taxation brought on a vigorous discussion of the single-tax question. The members of the deputation soon learned one thing, to wit, that the members of Mr. Mowat's Cabinet, whatever their acquirements in other respects, are wallowing in ignorance on this burning question of the day. For men who profess to be statesmen, the exhibition they made of themselves when they undertook to argue against Henry George's views, was at once pitiable and laughable. They simply have no idea of what Henry George teaches—which is about the same as saying that they do not know the first rudiments of political economy. An appropriation ought to be made next session for the furnishing of Economic Primers to the Ministry.

A SMALL BUT POWERFUL SERMON.

A FACT.

"WHAT is a Christian?" asked Rev. Mr. Wilson, of the Paris Methodist Sunday-school scholars, whom he was addressing the other day.

A little chap answered without a moment's hesitation: "Being good with all your might!"

WHAT MAY POSSIBLY SPOIL HIS SHOW.

THE Man who makes up the Scroll of Fame was puzzled to know which name to put at the head of the first column for the year 1888.

So he called on the leading favorites to appear and argue their several claims to rank No. 1 on the list under consideration.

The Court heard counsel for the petitioners until the competitors were reduced to three.

The philanthropist who had endowed a Home for Unrewarded and Impoverished Editors resumed the argument, through his lawyers, and was thought to have made out a case that couldn't be discounted.

But, being followed by an eloquent re-presentation of the claim of the man who had been successful in abolishing bob-tail street-cars, the chances of the two aspirants appeared to be about up and up.

Then the counsel for the man who had invented \$3 pants arose and, with an angelic smile, remarked that his client had the award, in the very nature of things; there really was no need to go into detail again or marshal more data or argument.

"The three-dollar pants," he exclaimed, as he waved his hand impressively and pointed significantly to the pair which the Compiler of the Scroll of Fame had on at that very moment, "are *ne plus ultra*. They are a boon —"

THE COURT: "Excuse me one moment, sir. Did you client's three dollar pants bag at the knees?"

In the deep and awful hush which fell upon the courtroom at this fateful question, you could have heard Ald. Baxter breathe.

The case is not concluded as we go to press.

REV. DR. POTTS says our pictorial fable on University Federation last week was a little astray ornithologically. Victoria is not a spring chicken, but a well grown bird of the eagle variety, and eagles don't swallow eagles.



AN APOLOGY.

INFURIATED CITIZEN (to Editor)—"What do you mean by publishing that slander about me?"

IRISH EDITOR—"I'm sorry, sir, if you feel offended. It was like this: There having been no confirmation of the report at hand, I published it so that it might be contradicted at the earliest possible moment!"