

THE FRANCHISE BILL.

MINISTERIAL INDIGNATION MEETING.

(By our own Reporter.)

The indignation of the people of Canada at the course pursued by the Grit Opposition at Ottawa in impeding the passage of the Franchise Bill, found vent in a mass-meeting of patriotic citizens held at Query Hall a few evenings ago. Following its usual partizan course, the *Globe* has entirely ignored this important gathering; and for some reason which your reporter was unable to discover the *Mail* also has failed to report the proceedings, which, briefly stated, were as follows:

The chair was taken promptly at eight by Mr. Ward Fixer, who, in a few well chosen sentences, introduced

The Right Hon. Sir. John A. Macdonald. Sir John was received with tremendous cheering. He thanked the audience for this manifestation of good will, and said it was but an index of the enthusiasm which his presence excited everywhere throughout this broad and happy land. He accepted the compliment not as personal to himself, but as intended for his Government, whose every act since assuming office had been greeted with the hearty approval of the people. (Cheers.) No act of theirs was more popular than the present Franchise Bill. (Renewed cheers, and cries of "That's so!") And yet what did they find? Were the members of the Opposition working earnestly with the Government on this great question? No! (Groans.) They were working tooth and nail—if he might use the expression—against it. Looking at their conduct in this respect, one would suppose that the Opposition had no interest in the Bill, but he could say emphatically that they had as much interest in it as the Government could have. This was a specimen of Grit patriotism, however. They never could rise to a grand national issue, and when it came to the discussion of a measure involving as this did, the very life of our common country (enthusiastic cheers) the Grits were found raising trivial questions and indulging in carping criticism. (Hear, hear.) Sir John resumed his seat amidst applause.

Mr. J. Briefless Lex was then called upon. He said he was glad to have an opportunity of expressing the indignation which he felt in common with his fellow citizens against the factions opponents of the admirable Franchise Bill of Canada's great statesman. He was particularly exasperated by the insane attacks made upon what was called the "Revising Barrister" clause. In his opinion, and as a lawyer his opinion ought to be worth something, (a voice—"Yes, it ought!" and uproar,) this clause was the best in the whole bill. Without it the Bill would be simply worthless—it would utterly fail of its purpose. (Cheers.) That, no doubt, would suit the Grits exactly; but the Government of Canada was not conducted for the purpose of pleasing the Grits. (Renewed cheers.) The *Globe* (groans) had stated over and over again, that the Revising Barrister clause was bad, because the Bill gave those officers absolute powers, and they were to be appointed by Sir John. This was mere clap-trap, and was a slur upon the profession to which he belonged. If he were appointed a Revising Barrister (cries of "So you will be," and cheers) he would do his duty to the country fearlessly, and would see to it that the unpatriotic Grits were left off the lists. (Great cheers.)

Mr. Strike-him-when-he-is-down, a Cree, was next called upon. He said he was glad to meet his pale face brothers on this occasion. He could assure them that the Indian tribes of the Dominion felt just as indignant at the course the Grits were taking as any other section of the population could. He would be only too much pleased to scalp a few of them. (Cheers.) The Grits had come out plainly as

the enemies of the Indians, having objected to votes being given to those who were wards of the Government. He was a ward of the Government, and would continue to be so as long as he could. (Cheers.) The Indian was not proud. He was not above asking instruction of his inspector as to what to do with his vote, and could be relied upon to do as he was instructed. (Cheers.) Hence the talk of the Grits about the danger of giving the Indians votes was nonsense. (Great cheers.) In conclusion the gentleman gave the war whoop of his tribe.

Mr. Pick, a representative of the laboring classes, was then introduced. He said it was no wonder the people had met to express indignation at the obstruction proceedings of the Grits. He, as a working man, whose income was \$398 per year, was glad to speak in favor of the Franchise Bill, as it would, if carried, save him a great deal of trouble on election days. It was a measure in the interests of purity, as it took away a great many votes that might otherwise be sold. He thought it showed that Sir John was still a great statesman, notwithstanding his years, and it would snuff out the Grits altogether.

Several other speakers addressed the audience in a similar strain and the meeting broke up at a late hour with rousing cheers for Sir John, British Liberty, the Czar of Russia and the Queen.



HOW TO LEAD A PARTY.

(A FACT.)

SCENE—Jarris Street.—(Great political leader overtaken by obscure member of his party, who wishes to open conversation with a little pleasant banter.)

Obscure Gent.—'Morning, sir. Ain't you afraid you'll be arrested for carrying concealed weapons?

Great Leader.—It is not concealed.

Obscure Gent.—(rather discomfited).—Er—er—But I suppose Irishmen are allowed to carry their blackthorns? Ha! ha!

Great Leader.—It is not a blackthorn.

(Obscure Gent turns first corner, and vows never to cast another Grit vote while he lives.)

BOWLING ON HANLAN'S ISLAND.

A POEM WITH A MORAL.

Two youths upon a summer's day,
Who felt inclined, the one to play,
The other one to "smile," and
The both to pass the time away,
Resolved that they would cross the Bay
And go to Hanlan's Island.

They crossed the raging, roaring deep,
On which cats, dogs and refuse sleep,
And soon stepped on to dry land;
"Let's go and bowl," said Number One,
"You know it is the only fun
O'er here on Hanlan's Island."

"The very thing," said Number Two,
"The best thing in the world to do,
Although it causes bile and
Is said to be a practice bad."
"What! bowling?" "Yes." "You must be mad,
Yes, mad on Hanlan's Island."

"What kind of bowling do you mean?"
Said Number One—let's call him Green—
"What is its form and style and—
In fact why is it bad to bowl?"
"It ruins body, mind and soul
O'er here on Hanlan's Island."

"The fellow's daft," said Green, "but come,
Let's go and roll the big balls some
The heavy time to while, and
To—" "What!" exclaimed his thirsty friend,
"Is that the bowling you intend
O'er here on Hanlan's Island?"

"Not much of that for me; oh, no!
To yonder bar-room I would go
And in my stomach rye land.
By 'bowling' I mean drinking; come."
"No, sir; I don't cross o'er to bum
On Edward Hanlan's Island."

They parted; one to roll the balls,
The other loud for whiskey calls
As calls a Scot from Highland,
One bowler bowled the balls about,
The other's "bowls" soon bowled him out
O'er there on Hanlan's Island.

A peeler, seeing him full of gin,
Bowled up to him and bowled him in.
His friend so free from guile and
So much opposed to getting tight
His head kept level, and all right
Came back from Hanlan's Island.

MORAL.

By this we see that exercise
Is better far than potent ryes
And runs and brandies vile; and
That it is better far to bowl
In bowling alleys than to roll
Bad liquor down one's gullet hole
Here, there, or on the Island.

—SWIZ.

BALMY spring being upon us, suitable under-clothing is required. R. WALKER & Sons carry a splendid assortment, and have just now some special lines to clear out. Their white and colored shirts are unequalled.

THE LATE ECLIPSE.

TOLD IN TWO CHUNKS.

II.

Our duties thus settled, we spent the time to intervene before the eclipse in reading up the various scientific points involved, and in perfecting our delicate and specially constructed instruments.

At last the eventful day arrived, and we all met at the place selected for our observations with the various apparatus necessary for the occasion. The ground was the highest in the locality at some distance from the town, having been chosen for the double purpose of getting as near the scene of operations as possible, and of avoiding the popular throng.

The eclipse, according to our calculations (which had been carefully revised), was to commence at noon sharp, and was to terminate as soon as the celestial bodies could get through with the work.

At half-past eleven I commenced taking photographs of the sun in as many different positions as I could. These were to be carefully compared with the photographs taken after the event. I found no unusual appearances on the sun's surface proper, though it seemed to me the corona looked slightly perturbed. No photospheres were visible.

When I had finished this work I found it was ten minutes to twelve. I had then really nothing further to do until the eclipse was over, but I felt it my duty to see that the other scientists were properly looking after the branches entrusted to them. I found Robinson was quite prepared for the special observations he was to make. His apparatus was all in first-class order. I never saw any glasses better or more evenly smoked than those Robinson had on hand. (He very kindly gave me one, so that I might look at the eclipse from time to time