

Greatly to the surprise of the House the vote was called upon the "whole hog," and when a couple of amendments had been moved by the Opposition, the Minister of Public Works, after consultation with the Attorney-General, got up and moved "the previous question," thus shutting off all further discussion.

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THE Government scored a majority, but not a victory. The breach of faith was indefensible, and Mr. Mowat's many admirers are at a loss to account for the exhibition of political stupidity involved. The popular theory is that it was the result of a mysterious mesmeric influence which is exerted, perhaps unconsciously, by Archbishop Lynch upon the susceptible Attorney-General. This explanation seems plausible, when we remember that it was only a day or two before that his Grace choked off free speech in the Separate School Board in an equally summary manner.

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THE joyous cackling of hens over their first Spring performances in the egg line are discounted by the delighted exclamations of the Grits over Sir Richard Cartwright's Unrestricted Reciprocity resolution. At last the Party has a plank for its platform! No wonder that there is a general jubilation. It looks like a good, solid plank, too, and now that the mass of the people are beginning to see through that precious swindle, the Protective system, there is a very favorable opportunity of convincing them that Reciprocity is just the thing they need. The debate at Ottawa will be followed with keen interest by all, and before long something will have to be carried out—either Sir Richard's suggestion or the Government, we can't say which.

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THE smug, highly-protected Canadian manufacturer always glows with patriotism. Of course, you've noticed that. It harrows his truly loyal soul to hear traitors talk of admitting Yankee goods on easier terms than similar products from the dear old mother land. He always concludes his morning devotions by singing "God Save the Queen," and he never fails to offer the same prayer when he retires at night. But sometimes this unexampled patriot has business at Ottawa, and it becomes known through the public press. 'Tis then we read items like this:—

Another deputation, of which Mr. Rightmeyer, of Kincardine, was a prominent figure, urged the removal of the duty on American salt, as the American Tariff Committee had recommended that commodity for the free list, and also urged an increase in the duty of salt from England.

THE ANNEXATIONIST AND THE TRULY LOYAL MEMBER.

"Ho! seize this monstrous member, Ellis,
He doesn't hesitate to tell us
He favors Annexation!
Seize, seize the snake, and quickly kill it!!"
So shouted truly loyal Guillet,
In quite a perturbation.

"Go soft, sweet Guill," said Ellis meekly,
No doubt in daily *Globe* and weekly,
I've argued so, 'tis true.
I know I'm very bad, but still
I wouldn't try my purse to fill,
By euchering the public till
Of two 'indemnities,' dear Guill—
I'm not so 'loyal' as you!"

A FRUITLESS JOURNEY.

Two fossil gravigrada, a *Megatherium* and a *Mylodon Robustus*, which, to make the most of their opportunities—as it was their Plutonic year—had journeyed from the scenes of their childhood, reached Ottawa the other evening.

"Strange things, these men," gurgled the *Megatherium* good-naturedly, as they clattered up Wellington street from the direction of the water-works—they preferred walking to being pumped up—"one would think they would have more sense than they show sometimes."

"I hate them," rejoined the *Mylodon*, in an osseous tone of voice. "I hate them, and would like to crunch the whole race!" and he snapped his seven-foot jaws at the thought. "Do you believe, one of them went and wired up the bones of my baby brother; and, as it that was not enough, another made a plaster cast of them and set it up in one of their colleges in Montreal! It makes me fairly rattle with indignation."

As they were passing by the Central Block, the *Megatherium* suddenly stopped.

"In the name of Protoplasm! Is it fossil remains I smell?"

"You must have become short-sighted," said the *Mylodon*, "not to recognize the Canadian Senate."

"Let us go in, then, and fraternize," said the *Megatherium*.

But when they went in unto the Canadian Senate they were sadly disappointed. They found themselves so modern as fossils that there was, after all, no ground for fraternizing. So the mammoths sadly departed.

MR. DAVITT announces the real fight is now not for political supremacy alone; but for a redistribution of wealth. Everyone will be there when it's time to redistribute.



THE WOODEN GOD.

(New Illustration for an old Fable.)

A MAN that had a Great Veneration for an *Image* he had in his House, found that the more he pray'd to't to prosper him in the World, the more he went down the Wind still. This put him into such a Rage, to lie Dogging at his Prayers so much, and so long, to so Little Purpose, that at last he Dasht the head on't to pieces with a Club; and out comes a Considerable Quantity of Gold. Why, This 'tis, says he, to Adore a Perverse and Insensible Diety, that will do more for Blows than for Worship.—*Esop.*