



The Consolidated Mass.

Sir FRANCIS HINCKS is in a peck of trouble, all along of being President of the Consolidated Bank. Somebody in connection with that institution has been emulating the wicked Directors of the Glasgow Bank, with the same general result of wreck and ruin. Sir FRANCIS says the Manager is the naughty party, but the shareholders think that Sir FRANCIS had a good deal to do with it himself. At the meeting held lately in Montreal a vigorous expression of opinion was given on the subject, and the position of the gallant Knight was about as pleasant and edifying as we have here depicted.



Personal.

Appearance of Hon. Sir CHARLES TUPPER on reading the following audacious sentences in the *Ottawa Citizen*, a few days ago:—

"There is another source of dissatisfaction—namely, the uncertainty attaching to situations in the Civil Service. Scarcely has one sifting and shifting process been completed before another is threatened. The utility or advantages of all these changes is more than doubtful, and it would be easy to show that their only result has been to increase blunders and delay in the transaction of public business."

But if Sir CHARLES had not been so hasty he might have noticed that this was an extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and had no reference whatever to any alleged Americanizing of the Service at Ottawa.

A Curiosity.

Some huntsmen recently captured a very peculiar looking animal in the vicinity of Port Hope. It would appear that the critter is also highly talented if we rightly comprehend the editor of the *Port Hope Times*, who says:

"It is the intention of the captors of the beast to take it to Toronto, when some of our savans, learned in natural history, may be able to determine its genius."

The Knight and the Distressed Daniels

(AS THE NEXT MEETING WILL PROBABLY BE).

SCENE.—A meeting convened to discuss the affairs of the Clonglomerated Bank. Present, any amount of lady shareholders and some gentlemen. Behind long table, with constables at each end for protection, row of Directors, looking as dignified as possible, and quite astonished to find any lady so impudent as to ask them anything. Audience muttering, sneering, hooting, crying, and screaming by turns.

1st GENTLEMANLY DIRECTOR.—I am amazed—(cries of "So are we! Where's our money?")—that so many apparently respectable people should behave so very—so very ins—strangely, in fact. If there are discrepancies; if money was lent on slight security—(voice, "On no security, you scoundrell!")—I must protest against these harsh—

Miss JONES (lady shareholder).—You told me it was all safe, you villian. You, yes, at a tea party. You said "For security allow me to recommend the Clonglomerated!" Yes. And I shall have to take in washing!

Mrs. BROWN (2nd ditto).—Six small children and a hard cough, yes, and you said at the church-meeting, you villian, "Take the Clonglomerated—"

Miss ROBINSON (3rd ditto).—Robbers, thieves, yes, you are, whited sepulchres, and should have your eyes torn out—"

2nd GENTLEMANLY DIRECTOR.—Really, really,—If money was lent, eh; to large extents eh; yes, to very large extents, eh; it was a grave error, no doubt, but we didn't do it, eh, you—

EXCITED LADY.—You took our money in big salaries, didn't you? No doubt you got a share of the plunder to say nothing, you wolf in sheep's—

2nd DITTO.—Let me at him! (chorus from the crowd, "Shove 'em down here! Hang 'em to lamp-post!")

Sir FINANCIAL JINKS, President.—I really am astonished, ladies—and gentlemen (voice, "Are you astonished to the hand-back-your-salary points.") I am not merely astonished, but shocked particularly at that last observation. I ask you, was this not to be expected? Is it not in due course? Were you not given to understand that things of this sort would occur (voice, "When? How? No!") But I repeat it, ladies—and gentlemen. Are you not aware to what party I have the honor to belong? The great Conservative party, led by Canada's greatest Statesmen, my Gamaliel, at whose feet I sat for many years, only takes occasional profitable excursions, such as to see my late lamented friend, Bowes, of Toronto, and so on. Yes, ladies—and gentlemen. Well, what if irregularities have occurred in banking matters, if we have winked at irresponsible parties getting loans, if we had even found our own account in giving them loans, gentlemen, I mean ladies and gentlemen, had we not a glorious example, endorsed and approved of by the country? Did not the last Conservative Cabinet traffic with the public charters that they might (excited Conservative—"Oh, that was for merely political objects.") No, my dear sir, personal, if they succeeded they were to keep their \$8,000 a year. Well, every available man of them was brought back, and your *Parliament voted for and supported the act.*

Well, after thus virtually saying this sort of thing was all right, what can we in banking institutions do better than give you in commerce the sort of thing you approve of in governments? I don't say we have any knowledge of such things going on, but when we

knew what style of things you liked why should we take care to prevent them? No, my friends, I; a true Conservative, could not—would not—could not think of—running the Clonglomerated Bank on principles in direct opposition to those of which the Parliament approves—I—"

But here a general shout was raised, yells, squalls, outcries, objurgations, screams filled the room, a grand rush was made on the Board, the police thrown out of windows, and our reporter flying for his life, saw over his shoulders the Board of Directors and the President being dragged down street by a furious female deputation, noisily deliberating whether they should hang them there; or carry them further and put them all under the boiler of the big waterworks engine, while shrilly and fitfully above the clamour could be distinguished the voice of Sir FINANCIAL JINKS, brokenly declaring he died a true Con-con-servative, and desiring to be remembered to all the Right Hon-on-ourables at Ottawa.



The Deadlock.

This continues to be the attitude of the parties to the Quebec dispute. Mr. JOLY repudiates the idea of being in the position of the coon; at all events he declares that he will not come down at the bidding of the Legislative Council. He will not hear of a coalition, but is bound to fight it out on his constitutional integrity if it takes all winter and a large part of next summer. The old lady, on the other hand, continues firm, with the concentrated stubbornness of fifteen jackasses. She has vowed to bring the haughty people of Quebec to her feet, and perhaps she may do so if she holds on long enough. Meantime, the reckless parties are holding meetings on Sunday, and talking all sorts of outlandish bosh.



SYMPATHY;

OR, THE VISIT OF THE MARTYR LEVELLER.