



AMONG THE MINISTERS—WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

RECIPROCITY.

WE understand that Mr. Henry George intends delivering a lecture shortly at Queen's College, Kingston, in which he will completely refute and demolish Newton's theory of gravitation. He has given long and earnest study to the subject and feels confident that he will be able to prove the fallacy of Newton's idea that the earth is kept in its orbit by the periodical falling of green apples. Principal Grant has secured a reserved seat for the occasion.

AT OSGOOD HALL.

Street Railway Arbitration adjourned for lunch. SCENE: the Barrister's Room.

JUDGE SENKLER—"Well, boys, I don't know how you feel about it, but I regard this thing as tedious to a degree."

HON. S. H. BLAKE—"You have expressed my view to an iota, Senkler. I'll be extremely glad when this job is finished."

MR. DALTON MCCARTHY—"I object to the term job, which is open to misconstruction. Otherwise I am in full accord with the sentiments of my learned brother. It's a thousand pities these enquiries can't be disposed of more promptly."

MR. RITCHIE, Q.C.—"You're quite right, McCarthy; entirely right. It is, indeed, a most lamentable waste of our valuable time."

MR. S. BARKER—"So it is. I am getting positively tired of the affair."

MR. CHAS. MOSS—"Cheer up, gentlemen; it can't last very much longer you know. The city's case is finished, and we'll get to the argument as quickly as possible."

MR. G. F. SHEPLEY, Q.C.—"And, say, fellows, let us cut the talk short when it comes to that. There's no sort of use in dragging out this punishment, you know."

MR. W. G. MCWILLIAMS—"Hear, hear! I want to get away to look after my business as soon as possible."

MR. E. M. LAKE—"Me, too. You lawyers have got your briefs. See that you don't belie them. Hustle the thing through."

MR. C. ROBINSON, Q.C.—"So far as I am concerned the argument won't last very long. I'll be as glad as any of you when it's done with."

MR. FRANK M. DENTON—"Well, gentlemen, we all appear to be of one mind, and yet I don't know that this is such a very bad snap after all. Most of you big-wigs are getting a snug little \$100 per day, others \$75. Now McWilliams and myself are only getting a measly \$40 per diem—hardly enough to pay car fare to and from the hall here. We may be excused for wishing the thing wound up right away; but, if you'll excuse me for hinting it, I rather suspect the sincerity of you other chaps."

CALL BOY (entering)—"Time!"

[Adjournment made to Court room and enquiry resumed.]

A SUPERFLUOUS VOW.

DEACON SKINFLINT—"Morning, Mr. Starvor. Great doin's up to Toronto, I hear. Folks just goin' wild over a preacher from New York that calls hisself Father Huntington, an' says he's took a vow of poverty. I allowed to ax ye what yer think of sech goin's on. Kinder Popish, ain't it?"

REV. MR. STARVOR—"I don't know as to that, Deacon, but so far as any vow of poverty is concerned, judging by my experience among you, I can conceive of nothing more utterly superfluous."

A MAMMOTH CURIOSITY.

"MY cow gives milk and sometimes bellows on Sunday," writes Mr. Thomas Thompson in a letter to the *Globe*. We would advise Mr. T. to take steps to put this remarkable animal on view at the Musee-Theatre right away. A cow that gives bellows would be a big drawing card. No doubt the authorities would let the Musee open on Sundays for this special attraction.