



A SURE SIGN.

OBSERVANT AUNT—"Er—have you duly engaged yourself to Mr. Cashley, my dear?"

ETHEL—"Why, aunt, what a question! He is merely a friend. I have given him no particular encouragement to propose."

OBSERVANT AUNT—"Indeed! You surprise me. I notice that your little dog Fido wags his tail now whenever the gentleman calls."

would be altogether too bad to hang them, and it would also be somewhat unhealthy for the members of the jury. The gentlemen of the latter body being unusually intelligent, must of course be quite convinced by this time of the strange and cruel misapprehension of which these unfortunate prisoners have been the victims. They are not the "parties wanted" at all. Mr. Burke's flight to Winnipeg, the attempted bribery of the jurymen, the subsequent attempt to blow up the hotel where the jurymen stayed, and lastly, the use of a mysterious potent influence to choke off Mr. Luther Mills' closing speech for the State—all these circumstances are in exact line with most of the evidence for the defence, and are enough to convince anybody.

APROPOS of Mr. Dalton McCarthy's speech at Ottawa, wouldn't it be a good plan for some of our big papers to publish in full the text of the Treaty of Paris? Upon this document the Equal Rights question really hinges, and at present there is a radical disagreement as to what the Treaty says about the *status* of the French. Some say it guarantees all the special privileges enjoyed to-day by that section of our fellow-countrymen; others assert that it only guarantees freedom of religious worship agreeably with the laws of Great Britain. There are no doubt good Orangemen in the back districts who firmly believe that it provides for the perpetual rule of Sir John, and there may be backwoods Grits who hold, on the other hand, that it sets up Gritism as the established political faith of the country. The *vox populi* and the *pro bono publico* ought to have an opportunity to read it for themselves. The paper containing it would sell a big edition. *Verb sap.*

THE impression exists in some quarters that the name of the Minister of Education for Ontario is George Washington Ross—it has, in fact, been so written in

sundry solemn and serious addresses presented to him in his official capacity. His name is really George William. The "Washington" was substituted by some subtle and flattering courtier, and somehow got into general vogue. We feel it a patriotic duty to correct the error, as it would be inexcusable to have the name of this very distinguished man go booming down the corridors of Canadian history in an erroneous form. Besides, since the French school episode came up, and Mr. Ross declared so emphatically that certain things were not so which he afterwards admitted by his actions to be very much so, the "Washington" part of the name has an ironical sound which must be far from pleasant to his friends.

AFTER Mr. Mercier has filled himself to the brim with glory in this country, and sighs for other worlds to conquer, he will find a capital job ready for his hand in Brazil. The new Republic is on the eve of ejecting the Jesuits bag and baggage, and escheating their property to the State. In a few years the astute Quebec Premier might go down there and become Premier or something, and work over his little bill for the restoration of the estates thus taken from the pious Order, and the "undoing of an act of robbery and spoliation." Only let us counsel him, if he undertakes the business, to see that his head is fastened on particularly well.

LOVE AND SNEEZING.

LOVE and sneezing are not one.
Both are funny when begun,
But to different ends they run,
Yet in this it is confessed
They a likeness manifest.
Neither sneeze
Nor heart's disease
Can with safety be suppressed.

FOREARMED.

CUSTOMER—"I want a brace of revolvers and a bowie-knife."

CLERK—"Yes sir. Going out West, sir?"

CUSTOMER—"No. Going to teach school in Peterborough."



PROSE AND POETRY.

MR. BANGS (of the Philharmonic Orchestra)—"Yes; it is a prosaic instrument; but oh, Clara, if your heart only thumped that way for me, what music it would be!"