



A SLAUGHTERED INNOCENT.

He looked like a poor relation of Prince Bismarck, and as he limped over to the policeman on duty at the Union Station everybody on the platform crowded up to find out what was the matter.

"You vas der boleice forces von dis town, I expose me? he queried, addressing the stalwart officer and at the same time sitting down on a baggage truck with a groan.

"Part av it, me frind—only part av it. There's wan or to more av us, I belave."

"Vell, my name it vas Krauss und I come yust vrom Preston down der zemmy-sontennials to see."

"Yes."

"Und I got me up out auf der seat too soon enOUGH before der train-way cars come to a shtill shtand, you see!"

"Just so."

"Ven der bump come I vas not expecting it, and now you sec vat I got already."

"No. What?"

"Der window shutters dropped und mashed dot left hand. I fall against der pox-wood and dot shpread me all ouid on der vloer. Sefen men drampled on my back vile I schrampled arount. Ven I glimbed down der shteps some pelican gimme a glip by der nose mit a bad orange; a bush-cart full auf drunks und dings Shkinned all der Schrape off my legs; der growd chammed me und der vall together like I vas made ouid ony shtore myself, und dot I vas oxaped mit my lifes und dis krip-sack don't vasn't some fault auf anybody in dis blace. Und dot's vat's der reason mit me. Say, vere's Occident Hall? I kees I petter grawl me into it. I'm der vorst kuid ouf a occident dey efer run up akin in more as drie weeks, I bade you!"

When quiet had been restored the policeman told the wounded man that Occident Hall was ten miles away, but that at any rate he couldn't expect to get into the institution as it was so full at the present time that they had to keep some of the patients out in the wood-shed. The next best thing the officer could do was to direct the victim to the nearest lager-beer saloon and express sorrow it wasn't his own hour for bowling up.

As the slaughtered innocent moved slowly off he exclaimed between grunts:—"I vill sue dis town for drie dousand tollars tamage und a vree bass pack to Preston—und don't you forgot all about it soon!"

A pair of red drawers—a yoke of sorrel oxen.



The United States President has appointed a newspaper man to be Governor of Dakota. You come across an item of this sort about once every one hundred and forty-seven years. Distributors of patronage are quite right in assuming that the editor is, first and intent on gaining glory and having fun. But it is well to have it known that there really are occasions when he would not seriously object to sandwiching a little office and emolument in between the glory and the fun. On this occasion I am perplexed to know whether to first offer my congratulations to the discerning President or to the lucky newspaper man.



Sir Richard Cartwright no doubt is in need of planks for his platform; but it is scarcely to be presumed that he wanted the plank with which a man in Kingston the other day nearly put out his knightly eye. It has been surmised in some quarters that the man who carried the offending plank was actuated by a desire to have Sir Richard see to the interests of his party with a single eye; while in other sections the belief is entertained that the aim was to render him an eye-sore as well as a thorn in the flesh to the Tories. However this may be, it is quite evident that the plank really was in Sir Richard's eye; and this suggests the reflection that possibly Sir Richard's Independence Plank is all in his eye too.

I have not as yet heard definitely that the Federal Bank authorities are demanding satisfaction at the hands of the *Telegram* for its recent statement, that at the bank there was "a pouring over ledgers." There is no fun in charging a bank with watering its stocks.

Mr. Blake told them at a political picnic the other day that "the senate should be smaller than it was." Once upon a time, if I recollect aright, there was a great statesman who declared that the Dominion Cabinet should be reduced in members. Well, when he got into power—I but probably there is no use in raking up old sores at the present time.

The report of the American 'Varsity boat race occupied exactly a five line space in the sporting columns of the Toronto press. The report of the English 'Varsity pull generally takes a column or two. Truly there is no place like 'ome.

It was in the beautiful economy of things that the plumbers were associated with the doctors and civil engineers during the recent convention here on sanitary matters. Yes, the plumbers may well be selected for this rôle. He can assuredly fill the bill.

The *News* wants to see "the conspiracy case" brought on. The "con-spiracy" case! Will the editor of the *News* kindly refresh my mind as well as the public recollection with regard to what it is talking about?

The *Globe* says Mr. Charlton is always "clear and cogent." But the editor was not at the moment thinking about those old-time speeches of the hon. gentleman before he took another view of fiscal legislation.



A couple of Irish M.P.'s, O'Brien by name, exchanged courtesies across the floor of the British Commons the other night. One of them, who is a "Sir Patriek" and an Orangeman, now wants the blood of the other, who is a "Mr. William," an Anti-orangeman, and an editor to boot. Being an editor to boot does not necessarily imply being an editor who can easily be handled that way. At all events, the Knight is not pondering this question. He simply exclaims, "Gimme gore," or something to that effect. The editor, however, makes up his mind that instead of gore he will give him fits—in his paper. A way to settle this matter would be for the bad-tongued pair to have it out with hard gloves in the back yard of the House. The Sergeant-at-Arms could stand by and bang the victor about the yard with his scabbard, so as to make honors even all around.

It is reassuring to find that one at least of the speakers at the Reform Demonstration at Harriston did not forget, in referring to the financial aspect of public affairs, to mention "the hard earnings of the people." No political speech is really complete unless a touching reference is had to "the hard earnings of the people." Mr. McMullen solemnly said during the course of his remarks: "Last year there had been spent of the hard earnings of the people no less than \$215,000 to pay to 421 people in Ottawa, average annual salaries of \$600 each for doing nothing but strutting about the streets of the capital." Mr. McMullen will kindly pardon me for pointing out that those 421 people must have done something else than strut about the streets all the time. There was the work of drawing their pay, for instance. I have no love for the civil service clerks at the capital; but I do want to see full justice done them. By the way, I believe there are none of Mr. McMullen's family or friends connected with the Dominion civil service—as yet!