



APPROPRIATE DEPARTMENT.

MRS. SHORTCASHE—"Bye-bye, dear. I'm going to Wordley's on my way down town. Shall I order a roast of lamb for Sunday's dinner?"

MR. S.—"By all means. Er—but stay; don't order it; just ask, you know, merely request to have it sent. Last month's bill is still due."

AN INTERVIEW WITH GABRIEL DUMONT.

(BY OUR REGINA CORRESPONDENT.)

WE have had a visit from Gabriel Dumont, who is on the eve of departure for Europe. We did not know he was coming in time to give him a public reception, and when I suggested to our mayor the propriety of tendering to our distinguished guest the freedom of the city, he objected. He thinks that Dumont ought not to have any freedom whatever. I took the liberty of calling upon him at his hotel. I was unarmed, with the exception of a small lump of dynamite, which I should have thrown at him had he attempted to scalp me.

"Do you propose remaining permanently in Europe?" I asked.

"No; I have promised His Royal Highness, Prince of Wales, to spend a few weeks with him, in order to explain the true state of affairs in connection with my countrymen, and their claims upon the present Canadian Government. Albert will run up with me to see his mother for a few days. My staff of Breeds and Indians will dance the "tom-tom," and do their best to divert her attention while there. I have been given to understand that I shall be made a Knight of the Breeds before leaving England. It is my intention to give Boulanger a few pointers, if I can find him while on the continent. I am looking forward to a continued ovation, as I am the only American General of world-wide renown who has honored the European world with a visit since Grant, and you remember, of course, the reception tendered *him* at every court in Europe."

"But," said I, "Grant was a victorious general, and you must admit that Middleton was a little too much for you when you struck for what you believed to be your rights, and the 'green graves of your sires,' etc.—"

"Not at all; Middleton could have been wiped out, with all his troops, had we thought best. We succeeded in what we struck for—spoils."

"We didn't wish to drive out the white settlers, nor did we want to bury all those soldiers—that would be hard work. Let *them* do the work, cultivate the land, fill their storehouses, and when the time is ripe, we will go at

them again. Why, man, that rebellion was the salvation of the North-West. Right here in Regina we had merchants and lawyers who were on their last legs. The war made business for them, and there are private residences here that will stand years as monuments of that rebellion. Then look at your farmers—men who had nothing except the ragged edge of anxiety to live upon, went into the transport service, and came out with more money than they ever had in their lives. We made the Government dance and pay for the music, and we have material enough left for another carnival. If you know of any other man who could have managed the business better, without greater loss of life, tell me who he is."

"Do you purpose remaining long in Europe?"

"No. It is my intention now to return in time for the next Dominion election. I have been asked to run for Western Assa."

I told him that he would make a good run, and so he will (for the woods.) Not that we have any objection to Mr. Davin, personally. As a man and brother, we love him; as a poet, he is unique; as a statesman, he excels Sir John A. This is not enough—we must have the man who can control the greatest number of votes, and Mr. Davin is neither a Half-breed nor a Roman Catholic. Gabriel Dumont, M.P., is the coming man!

A SIGNIFICANT REMARK.

OBTUSE HENNEPECK was telling his friend Drily a little domestic incident. He said: "This morning, as I came down to breakfast, I remarked that my left hand had been itching, and asked my wife what that betokened. She answered that it was a sign I was going to get money. 'But did you touch wood?' she enquired. 'No,' I replied, 'I can't say I did. I believe I just rubbed it on my bald head.' 'Oh,' said my wife, 'it amounts to the same thing!' Now, what do you think of that?"

"I should observe," replied Drily, "that that was a significant remark."

"Just so!" assented Hennepeck, eagerly. "Only I thought at first she was getting off some kind of a gag on me."



LOVE'S OFFER.

JOBBLES—"Widow Washley, say you'll be mine, and I will make your life a dream of pleasure."

WIDOW W.—"No more taking in of washing?"

JOBBLES—"Well, I wouldn't promise that, exactly, but—I'll furnish you with the best brand of 'Seafoam Soap,' which makes washing a luxury!"