

strance has been addressed by the latter to the English Government, which is described as unparalleled in the boldness of its language, and as recalling the attitude of the American colonists before the War of Independence. They accuse the British Government of "supine acquiescence" in acts of foreign aggression, and assert that submission to such glaring injustice is no longer possible. Some of the people on the west coast are refusing to pay customs duties until they receive protection from the French, which, as it only hurts the Provincial Government, won't be apt to distress the people in England very much. Altogether things in that direction look very squally. What has become, by the way, of the "spirited foreign policy" which was the especial boast of British Toryism? If it were Gladstone instead of Salisbury who was responsible for allowing French encroachment on British rights, how the Tories would howl!

IT is announced that "the total amount received for the Indore College which the Presbyterians of Canada intend building in Central India now amounts to \$10,700." It is a good scheme to start an indoor college. There must be great difficulties in the way of imparting higher education out of doors in a country full of snakes and tigers and things.

GRIP has noted with pleasure a great improvement of late years in the tone of the *Mail*. All the more, therefore, do we regret that, in a recent issue, the following scurrilous paragraph appeared in its columns:

Chuir e fios thun Chailein gu'n gleidheadh e an Luchairt fad miosa ach gu'm feumadh iad na daimh agus na h-eich itheadh. Bha corr agus se ciad bean agus paisde agus dlu air mile gu leth duing tinn agus leonte 's a bhaile.

Some allowance must, of course, be made for the heat of the political contest, but nothing can justify disgraceful language of this sort. Candidly, we are forced to admit that "gleidheadh e an Luchairt" to a slight extent, but only the most unscrupulous and malignant of par-



NOT FAR OUT.

"Ma, dear, what does the word 'Matinee' mean?"

"Gracious, child! what ignorance! 'Matinee' is a French word, meaning an amateur performance."

tizans would on that account infer that "bha corr agus se ciad." If this sort of thing is to be indulged in, the *Mail* will very shortly sink back to its old level.

THE *Globe*, in its issue of the 30th ult., has a short article on the nominations which it seems to regard as foreshadowing the result of the contest. "There seems," it says, "to have been a grand turn-out of Liberals at the nomination meetings all over Ontario." "Turn-out" is a suggestive, and, from the Grit standpoint, an unfortunate phrase to employ in such a connection. The *Globe* ought to have its editorial copy revised by some one possessing a sense of humor.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

CHOLLY—"Aw, I'm glad to see that Earl Wemyss and March has been expressing his ideals about Socialism and that sort of thing, you know."

FWEDDIE—"Yaas By the way, I got off an awfully good thing about it at the club last evening. Said it showed he wasn't *wemiss* in defending the wights of ouah audah! Fellows laughed awfully. Only joke I evah made, don't you know. I'd been dwinking—had a pony of shewwy—which gave me the inspiration."

CHOLLY (*shaking his head pityingly*)—"Mc deah boy, I'm afwaid they laughed at youah ignorance. Wemyss is pronounced 'Weems' you know."

FWEDDIE (*collapsing*)—"Oh, Cholly, this is too cruel! I feel—quite—saint. The shock was too much. Lend me your vinaigrette. Now call a keb and take me home."

CHOLLY—"These, don't take it so much to heart, deah fellah. But let it be a warning to you. Nevah tvy to make jokes again! Joking is awfully bad fawm, don't you know, since it became a twade. Besides it wequires bwains. Some day you'll pawdwn my brutal fwankness when you wectect that I have saved you fwom the degwadation of being a third-wate humowist."



A "RISING" QUESTION.

TEACHER (*to boys in back part of the room engaged in earnest conversation*)—"Boys, what are you talking about?"

Confusion on the part of the boys.

TEACHER—"Boys, I demand an explanation."

ONE OF THE BOYS (*reluctantly*)—"Please, ma'am. Ike says his whiskers is beginnin' ter push."