



LET THEM DIE.

FOND MOTHER—"Ethel, did you kiss young Mr. Jones again last night?"

ETHEL—"Yes, mamma; he had just lost an uncle, and I was so sorry for him."

FOND MOTHER—"Well, Ethel, let this be the last. I'm afraid if you keep on encouraging him with your sympathy he won't have a relative left in the world."

desire to preserve the appearance of harmony in the Society. The St. George's Society has done much good in the past both as a charitable organization and as a social centre for the natives of the land

—Where girt by friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will.

But if the spirit embodied in the resolution is to prevail and every member to be subjected to question as to his political, social or religious beliefs on the motion of any conceited, notoriety-hunting snob of the Hopkins kind, its usefulness is gone. It is unfortunate that the presiding officer of a body whose proceedings have hitherto been conducted with dignity and fairness, should have lacked the firmness to carry out the provision of the constitution forbidding political discussions and suppress this impudent mischief-maker at the outset.

THOUGH the row over the proposed expulsion of Goldwin Smith has greatly injured the St. George's Society, there is one small compensating advantage. It induced Castell Hopkins to pay up his back dues.

THE righteous indignation expressed by Mr. Alfred Boulton over Prof. Goldwin Smith's "high treason," is quite in keeping with that gentleman's record as the guardian of public and private virtue. Still the author of the Gerry-mander bill should remember that everybody cannot live up to his lofty moral ideal.

THE Patrons of Industry, an organization of farmers with progressive political ideas, have been in session here. On the evening of the 1st inst. they held a conference with representatives of the labor and social reform organizations with a view to united political action in the interests of all classes of workers. There is one obstacle to the success of such a movement and that is that most farmers and workingmen do not desire any better social condition than the existing one. They deliberately prefer being the tools and slaves of the Tory and Grit tricksters, and the victims of capitalist spoliation, to working out their salvation by the intelligent use of the ballot. The great majority of men are selfish, base and cowardly in their political relations—otherwise they would long since have risen and crushed the life out of monopoly and party scoundrelism.

THE LAST EXTREMITY.

BRANNIGAN—"Hurroo! Home Rule is as good as here now. We'll have it sure afore summer."

RAFFERTY—"Fw what makes ye think that, Dan?"

BRANNIGAN—"Fwhy, the bloody Orangemen has tuk to prayin' agin it, and 'fwhin an Orangeman prays he's in a moighty tight place, begor."

HE—"The days are growing longer."

SHE (yawning)—"Then the evenings will soon be shorter. How nice!"