



DID the majority of French Canadians really hold the tolerant views attributed to them by Mr. Laurier in his Pavilion speech on the 30th ult., the task of reconciling the English and French speaking races of Canada would be comparatively easy. It is all very well for the eloquent Liberal leader to protest in the name of his fellow-provincials that they have the kindest feelings towards the people of Ontario, and want to build up a common Canadian national sentiment, but we must judge them by actions

rather than words. And the Jesuit Act is only one out of many indications that as opportunity offers they are disposed to use their power to grasp undue privileges for themselves at the expense of the English-speaking and Protestant element.

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AMONG the mottoes which decorated the walls of the Pavilion on the occasion was "Abolish the Senate." Some of Mr. Laurier's critics point out that Mr. Laurier took good care to say nothing upon this question for fear of offending his Ultramontane friends, who, though professedly "Liberals," cling to this relic of mediævalism. The criticism is just. This is only one of many questions upon which the antagonism between genuine Liberalism and the spurious Ultramontane imitation is pronounced. The twaddle of the *Empire* to the effect that the late George Brown believed in a Senate is less pertinent. It is an amply sufficient answer to point out that Mr. Brown has for some years been dead. Moreover, it is no injustice to his memory to say that except upon two or three questions he was much more of a Tory than a Liberal. Were he now living he would be entirely out of sympathy with progressive Liberalism.

FROM THE BACK TOWNSHIPS.

"**JOHN,**" said the veteran editor of the Squigglechunk *Indicator* to his efficient staff, who united in his own person the functions of foreman, compositor, reporter, proof-reader, canvasser and collector. "John, have you seen anything of old Sam Mudturtle lately?"

"What yer givin' us, boss?" replied John. "I aint no spirit mejum nor nothin'. Don't yer remember old Sam got loaded up as ushel one day last spring, and upset his canoe in Lake Man-ker-plun-ki bosh, and was never found? Didn't I write him an elegant obituary about his having gone to the Happy Huntin' grounds, and sling in a couple of sticks of Hiawatha's poetry?"

"So you did, John—so you did. I was forgettin'. But have'nt you seen any of his people lately?"

"Guess not, boss. Young Jake Mudturtle quit bein' a Indian and is goin' round with a thrashing machine, an' the rest moved up the lakes somewheres. Aint no more Indians about now."

"Well, well," said the old man, sadly, "times have changed. I remember when they used to come in by dozens. But it can't be helped. The interests of the readers of the *Indicator* have got to be looked after, all the same," and he sat down and wrote as follows:—

"An old Indian who was in town yesterday predicts that the approaching winter will be one of remarkable severity. The muskrats are building the walls of their houses of unusual thickness. This is an unailing indication of extreme cold."

"There, John," said the old man. "The *Indicator* has printed that paragraph every fall for the last forty years, and we aint going to miss it now, if there wasn't a blamed Indian in the whole country. Just set that up, and then we'll slide over to Dusenbury's and have something hot."

TO A REAL ESTATE AGENT.

BLOATED monopolist! I see thee stand
In listless idleness athwart thy door,
The trap wherein thou dost thy prey allure
By bait of plans displayed on either hand.
Thou revelest in affluence and ease
Upon the tax wrung from the hand of toil
Barring the poor from access to the soil
And heapest store of wealth by means like these.
Nay, never crook thy finger thus at me!
Proud plutocrat! Thou can'st not rope me in,
I'm onto thee—my gold thou dost not win
To glut insensate greed and luxury.
Thus to myself quoth I, and then he spoke:
"Lend me a quarter will you, I'm dead broke."



A MERE MATTER OF FORM.

MR. HARDCASH—"Well, sir, what induced you to imagine that I would give my consent to my daughter's marrying you?"

DE GALL—"Pardon me, my dear sir, I wasn't so foolish as to imagine anything of the kind. I merely asked for it as a matter of form. If you refuse we shall marry without it, that's all."

GIVE THE POET A CHANCE.

EDITOR—"I thank heaven I never inflicted any verse on the world."

POET—"And yet, perhaps, you haven't as much right to be thankful as the world has."

HE was a wretched, ragged wight,
And, driven by starvation,
He stole some pork one murky night.
They yanked him to the station.
The beak discovered in the case
A mitigating feature,
"Starvation stared him in the face,
So let him go—pork-reacher!"