



THE DOCTOR has decided it, and there must be no further warm discussion about the name of the new ward—no, not even Luke-warm discussion.

THE surprise is not, as one of the Ottawa writers puts it, that "Sir Chas. Tupper is still careful of his skin." It would be interesting to know where the Minister or influential member is who is *not* careful of his skin.

THE OTHER DAY they discharged a Methodist preacher over in Hudson, N. Y., "on the ground that he was utterly unworthy of the ministry." This reads as though they really had some little foundation for their dissatisfaction with the reverend gentleman.

W. B. CASH is a South Carolina State official who has ineandered to avoid the trouble of explaining to the authorities how he kept books. The Governor offers \$500 reward for him. This, it strikes me, is a clear case of throwing good money after bad Cash.

ALREADY the deplorable effects of the license muddle are making themselves painfully manifest. Even now the demons of discontent and disaffection are rearing their horrid heads. Here are Prescott hotel-keepers charging ten cents a drink at the bar!

AT MANY of the St. Patrick's Day banquets, according to the newspaper reports, there were no loyal toasts drunk. This is, no doubt, to be regretted; but yet there is a trifle of satisfaction in the reflection that very likely the Queen can stand it if the banquetters can.

ED. DIN is the name of an Afghan Journalist who has started an anti-British newspaper in Paris. His own leaders may be good enough writing for Ed. Din; but if he is wise he will engage an editorial staff of such fellows as Herr Most, O'Donovan Rossa and E. E. Sheppard, and thus make a bigger din.

FOUR applications were made yesterday for admission to the hospital. One was admitted. —*Mail*. This is my authority for the grave suspicion haunting me that hospital affairs need a closer looking after. When it has come to pass that applications are being admitted to the institution, it is high time for an enquiry as to what is becoming of patients.

THERE is nothing like clutching Time by the bangs. I notice that Brant farmers of the Grit persuasion are already at work preparing for a political picnic in June. But, after all, three months is not too long a time to allow the invited speakers, when you come to consider what a strain on the inventive faculties the preparation of a political picnic speech means; and that is saying nothing of the strain on the digestive organs which the listeners have to undergo.

"LET the Indian," says the social economist, "be civilized, educated and given a chance, and he will assimilate with the white population and utterly lose his savage identity." There was an Indian in Kingston last week. He had been civilized, educated and enabled to read, write, cipher and sing hymns by note. Then he was given a chance, as a mail carrier up at Parry Sound. I said he was in Kingston last week. I might have added that he proposed—or rather the Government proposed it for him—to remain there five years, in strict seclusion. He had taken advantage of his chance and assimilated. By all means let the Indian become civilized and so forth.

AN INTERESTING FACT in physiological Science has just received additional verification in a case reported from Kingston. The case is that of the hackman, who have petitioned the city council to abolish hack licenses, grant them exemption from taxation and keep their rigs in repair—on the ground that they are a public necessity. The adamant check of the hackmen is of course due to their continued existence in a stone town, surrounded by stone influences—including the Penitentiary—and breathing, as it were, stone air, not to mention putting on stone airs. Kingston was not the scene of the discovery of pre-historic Muldoon, it is true; but yet there is a grand future in the petrified business in store for her if present indications are not deceptive.

THE BOYS are keeping the newspapers pretty busy these days recording their little eccentricities. In Kingston a few days ago a party of them were discovered leagued as a band of Bold Burglars. The parents, after ascertaining the constitution and by-laws of the association, decided that the by-laws were questionable, but the constitution—of each boy—was in good shape—for a belting. And that was the fate of the Band of Bold Burglars. If the strong arm of the law instead of that of the parent had been invoked and the youngsters sent to gaol, the reformation would not have been one-half so complete and lasting. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases of youthful waywardness you find the gad more powerful than the prison as a deterrent—that is if you start the exercise of it soon enough.

PRINCE BISMARCK is improving in health. The old country correspondents in the confidence of the Chancellor are giving his "last doctor" all sorts of praise; but the chances are, the doctor's name not having been mentioned, that some Blood Bitters man will be advertising in the papers the wonderful job he has been making, with his mixture, of the Prince's internal economy. This could not be presented so long as such papers as the *Mail* are published, unless you killed off all the patent medicine men—an assassination devoutly to be wished for. One of the most marked signs of Prince Bismarck's restored health is his walking to the Reichstag from his residence, a distance of say five hundred yards. There is an example to the world! Any man, let alone a Prince, who will walk five hundred yards, when he could just as well ride, is a hero and prospective pedestrian.

THE *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent unquestionably has a great head. The last scandal he has dragged forth to the garish light of day by the scruff of the neck is a story to the effect that Ottawa Civil Service *attachés*—this term, I am given to understand, is preferable to "clerk" among members of the service—have decided to contribute a fund for the purpose of "chartering" an M.P., "who, it is alleged, has promised to have the Civil Service Act amended so as to dispense with examinations for promotion, and also to induce the Govern-

ment to make a general increase of the salaries of the officials in question." Of course, the idea of some one M.P. or other being able to influence the Government in any such direction at his own saccharine volition is not at all an improbable one; while, assuredly, no one doubts the charterability of an M.P., particularly of the Tory persuasion. But where the laugh comes in is at the grave announcement that the Civil Service *attachés* propose to contribute a fund for this purpose! I wonder is the *Globe* correspondent actually doing this for a dig at these ambitious but impecunious people! At all events, I repeat that the young man has a great head; but sometimes, I fear me, it is an artificially constructed head.

THE WAY in which certain members are pestering Mr. Mowat about new Parliament Buildings can only be fittingly described by the somewhat harsh but unmistakable term "*crank*"—which was what the *Globe* the other day called the word "*steal*" in applying it to the Pacific Railway loan. Is it not a universally known fact that Mr. Mowat started the session trembling about the size, if not, indeed, the very existence of his majority? Does not every well-informed person know that all along he has been fighting the Beasts at Ottawa over the License patronage affair and a variety of other important matters? Hasn't he been overwhelmed with anxiety about what that magistrate really did say of the Weekes case? Is not the canker worm of grief at this very moment gnawing at his vitals because of the discovery of the Algoma cipher telegrams? Think of his soul-corroding perplexity as to which side of the House the new man, McColeman, belongs! Fancy all his expenditure of time and thought posting Dowling, Balfour and McKim as to how to seduce the owner of the *Mail*! Reflect on his utter prostration after reading in the *Mail* that "his character as a Christian politician is ruined!" And yet, we find legislators get up in their seats and pile the Ossa of new Parliament Buildings on the Pelion of all this! Does no one propose to give the Little Premier a chance?

EVIDENTLY the dynamite market is firm, with rising tendency. There is perhaps, nothing alarmingly new in dynamite having an upward tendency, and so the observation in this respect may pass for exactly what it is worth. Whether the police across the ocean are themselves exaggerating the transactions of dynamite merchants, or whether the dynamite merchants are subsidizing the press correspondents to undertake the job of exaggerating, is a question which is hereby respectfully but firmly submitted as debate subject matter for the nearest Young Men's Reform Association. But there is one thing very certain, and that is, that the dynamite stock market is being largely manipulated by the bulls—Irish bulls so to speak. Another thing which also seems pretty well assured is that dynamiculture is long going to lack for patrons, so long as American soil holds together—and just now the disintegration of that substance does not seem to be a contingency of the immediate future. By-the-by, the O'Rossa really has some little reason to feel offended at the report dissociating him from the recent London dynamite deals. The Professor has a reputation as well as a subscription fund to keep up, and this mean trifling with his finer feelings may well cause the blush of honest indignation to suffuse his well-balanced cheek. As to the rumored Fenian attempt to blow up a Toronto distillery, of course it is a *canard*. No Fenian true to his country's cause and his taste is going to interfere with a distillery—that is to say, with the operations, not the product, of a distillery.