

HIGH society in Montreal is all broken up over a story sent by R. N. O'Brien, a wicked Press correspondent, to some of the American journals, to the effect that Prince George of Wales did the proverbial "Jack Ashore" act, and that while seeing the sights with some local swells, he got into a row with some toughs—thrashed them handsomely, and ended by being run in. The story is denied, of course—as it would naturally be, whether true or false. Montreal sweldom takes the thing so much to heart, that they are prosecuting the audacious journalist for libel. Just where the libel comes in, it is not easy to see. The Prince's party are represented as acting strictly on the defensive, and George himself as showing "true British pluck." Many a man as good as George has seen the inside of a police station as the result of a frolic of this kind, and been thought none the worse for it. As Georgie has barely a drop of British blood in his composition, perhaps the assertion that he showed "British pluck" may be regarded as a libel on his distinguished German ancestry. Let us suggest to the irate Montreal aristocracy who are subscribing money to prosecute O'Brien, that they are making egregious asses of themselves.

NOW that the Republicans, heedless of the portents which foretell disaster to their party in the fall elections, have thrown out all and sundry the reciprocity resolutions introduced into the Senate, and passed the insane McKinley Bill, the two Sir John's of our Cabinet come forward and profess their friendliness to the cause of Reciprocity—of course, that variety of it which they know cannot, under any circumstances, be got—namely, free exchange of natural products. The handful of manufacturers whose pockets are benefited by the N.P. evidently possess sufficient influence at Ottawa to prevent the Government from favoring genuine Reciprocity, notwithstanding that Sir John Macdonald has publicly declared that the former treaty was a good thing for Canada. The question is shelved for the time being by the passage of the McKinley Bill, but, if we read the signs of the times aright, it will not be for long. The Democrats are likely to have a majority in the next House, and it is possible that they may shortly be in control of the Senate also. When that event takes place Reciprocity can be secured, if it is seriously sought by Canada. Meanwhile, the propaganda ought to be carried on throughout the Dominion with undiminished—nay, with increased vigor. "Protection" has been demonstrated to be a fraud and a nuisance here, as it is everywhere. If we can't get Reciprocity, let us have Free Trade with the world and direct taxation for public revenue—and let that taxation be levied chiefly on land speculation. The economic schoolmaster ought to be hustling.

THE Regina Journal is kicking up a fuss because Lt.-Gov. Royal has been adding to the Governmental library a lot of Roman Catholic doctrinal and class books purchased with public money, and because said library is "closed to the press for fear of exposure." The Journal seems to be wanting in loyalty to the Royal ruler of the North-West, in thus daring to complain of his doings; or, perhaps it is still laboring under the hallucination that the Lt.-Governor is a servant and not the boss of the people. The sooner it gets rid of this pleasing delusion the better it will be for the editor. First thing he knows his office will be demolished under orders from the Great Mogul by the fierce troopers of the Mounted Police.

IS light beginning to break in the World office? There is a hopeful sound about this, for example:—

MR. DUMPSEY (reading from newspaper)—"Does Protection protect—"

MRS. DUMPSEY (scornfully interrupting)—"Not when there is a burglar in the house!"

Of course the scissors editor is primarily responsible for transferring this witticism from an outside source, but can't his protectionist chief recognize its truth when applied in the political realm? Isn't there always "a burglar in the house" in the form of monopoly, and does the N.P. prevent this burglar from getting away with the "loot?" Ask the workingman, Mr. World!

THE Esplanade question has taken a new turn, but it would be rash to say just yet that it is within sight of a satisfactory settlement. The C.P.R. magnates have consented to accept the alternative site for their freight yards west of York Street, on condition that the city will secure for them quiet possession of three lots now held by the G.T.R. within the borders of the new site. Just how this is to be accomplished is not at present clear. It will probably mean a long and furious contest with fellows who are adepts at "the manly art of self defence." This embroglio must, by this time, have educated our public up to the truth that it is bad policy ever to let great corporations own land or public franchises. Land ought to be controlled by the people through a single tax on ground rent; and railways ought to be owned and operated, as they are in Australia, by the Government.

## DOT AND CARRY ONE.

A MAIDEN'S fortune is called *Dot*,  
I'm not so sure it isn't *Dough*,  
If *d-o-t* spells dough then I do not  
The language francie want to know,  
For, after all, 'tis like enough  
It's neither *dot* nor *dough*, but *duff*,  
Hence he who for *Dot*'s *dot* would suffer,  
Or for her *dough* or *duff*'s a Duffer.



## A CHRONIC INVALID.

DOCTOR (to former patient)—"Ah, good morning, and how are you?"

PATIENT—"Oh, I'm still very bad."

DOCTOR—"How's that? Why you're looking first-rate."

PATIENT—"Well, I do feel a little better to-day; but I'm such a confirmed invalid, that I'm always ailing, even when I'm quite well."—Pick-me-up.