



VERY PUZZLING.

AUNT MIRIAM (from up country)—“Here I’ve follered that soger chap for mor’n two hours, an’ he ain’t done visitin’ his girls yit. What a sight o’ time he must take to write all them love letters. These city fellers puzzle me so.”

the Supreme Court for a decision as to its constitutionality. This would certainly head off some anticipated unpleasantness in the House, but will the hon. gentleman explain why he didn’t dispose of the Jesuit Bill in the same way? The constitutionality of that memorable measure was not any more above question.

HERE is a valuable hint for some of our young city reporters:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, March 31st.—Eberhard Von Widerholt, a reporter on the *Deutsch Presse*, attempted suicide at his home Saturday night. He took a dose of tincture of opium and then telephoned his office that a first-class sensational suicide could be had by calling at his house. Emetics were administered and he may recover.

The budding journalist who wouldn’t take a little risk like that for such a “scoop” is not worthy of his profession.

ANOTHER knock-down blow for the superior creature, man. The top seat in the medical graduating class at Bishop’s College this year is occupied by Miss Grace Ritchie, a young lady of Montreal.

Now where are the squawkers who prate against woman,
And tell us the study is not her right place?
Say, how could the class be more gracefully headed
Than by the trim form of this classical Grace?

HA! how in the *World* has this escaped the eye of the *Empire*? A piece of the rankest disloyalty on the part of the Grits in Woodstock, the capital of Oxford, the Grit stronghold! During the campaign, as is well known, these disloyal persons trampled on the Old Flag with contumely and cowhide boots. And now they have pulled down the *Standard*, and further made light of it by fusing it with the *Beacon*.

THE *World* asserts that “the United States, the greatest success known to history in the way of modern national development, is a marvellous instance of the effects of protection.” In the same issue it publishes an account of one of those bloody industrial conflicts which are of increasingly frequent occurrence among our neighbors, in which nine workmen, rendered desperate by heartless and systematic oppression, were shot down like dogs by the tools of the protection-created monopolists. This is not an exceptional but a typical instance of the relations between labor and capitalism under the marvellous national development brought about by a protective policy. The tree must be judged by its fruits.

BY the way, Prof. Ely, one of the best authorities on the social question in the United States, in an article in the current *North American Review*, estimates the number of paupers in the country at 3,000,000. If that is the greatest success known to history in the way of modern national development, what would a failure be like?

OUR UNDERPAID JUDGES.

A word may be added as to the parsimonious policy of the Dominion Government in regard to the judicial salaries. * * The salaries were readjusted in 1849, and now, although the cost of living has nearly doubled, the salaries are kept at \$6,000 for chief justices and \$5,000 for vice-chancellors and justices.—*Globe*.

ISN’T it terrible just to think
Of the scanty pay our judges get?
How do they ever buy food and drink?
How can they ever keep out of debt?
A beggarly, mean five thousand a year,
A wretched pittance, isn’t it, eh?
Averaged up it comes pretty near
To seventeen dollars each working day.

Oh, workingmen who in luxury live
On nine or ten dollars a week or less,
Will you not freely more taxes give,
To aid the judges in their distress?
How can you sleep in your beds at night?
Do you not blush when you draw your pay,
When you think of the judges’ pitiful plight,
With only seventeen dollars a day?

Oh, farmers, who toil from dawn till dark
At ploughing—or such light, easy task,
Gaily you rise with the morning lark,
And in noontide heat you merrily bask.
Think of the judge in the crowded court,
Who sits all day hearing lawyers plead,
Compared with this, why, your work is sport.
Oh, assist him now in his bitter need.

The poor, poor judge is the veriest slave,
In his long vacation—two months, no more—
No summer outings by land or wave,
He can’t afford them—he’s far too poor.
With only five thousand—or six, at most—
To pay expenses the whole year round,
Oh, who would covet a judge’s post?
Who could live by tilling the fertile ground?

So workingmen, farmers and all unite
And get up petitions and have them signed.
This flagrant wrong can be soon set right
When it’s brought right home to the public mind.
Our judges must live in befitting style,
While common mortals of meaner clay
May well toil on with contented smile
For a dollar and twenty-five cents a day!

ALTHOUGH a bookworm loves his books he invariably cuts them.