

pop to a widow be careful, remember she is one point ahead of you. Never pop the question to her in her own house, the consequences might be fearful. Take her to a Woman's Suffrage meeting, she will appreciate the delicate act, and on the way home put the question to her. This is the simplest and the surest way. Bachelors all, the way has been pointed out, go in and win, and the writer's blessing be upon those who successfully pass the ordeal.

TITUS A. DRUM.

Our Own at Ottawa.

I enclose usual extract from Huggins' diary. I also send you some sketches of the Ottawa corps of sharpshooters, and a historical picture of the meeting between Crowfoot and Dewdney. Dewdney does not look as comfortable as might be expected. I have tried to rival the *Globe* pictures of the Q.O.R. men—queer old roughs they look, sure enough—but have failed. I have not the courage of the *Globe* artist either, and do not append the names, as the parties have many friends here in spite of their peculiar appearance.

Monday, 30th.—Blake up with Hamilton *Spec.* in his hand—been saying Grits sympathize with rebellion—awfully indignant—ready to cry with emotion—very infectious too—not much row in House over it—only growls—everybody looking serious—denounced *Spec.* tremendously. Sir John agrees with him and disowns *Spec.*—casts it away and cuts it off with a shilling as it were—stupid old *Spec.* Then Blake questioning again about Kiel—had to squeeze pretty hard—Sir John dribbles out information—squeezed pretty dry. Blake fires up about arms for volunteers—“will hold Government politically and personally responsible” if they don't supply best rifles—everybody cheers—Tories and all—even Tilley. Too much for Sir John—goes right off his head—jumps up and scolds like an apple-woman—says Blake was impudent—cheers don't come. Blake repeats—“don't care whether it's impudent or not”—cheers again! Sir John settles into blind fury—snarls out answers, “No”—“Yes”—“Thursday.” Poor old chappie! Self-control and tact all gone—always getting his foot in it—lost his old feeling of what will “take” entirely.

Tuesday, 31st.—Usual catechism—passed off pretty smoothly. Then Costigan's resolution that a barrel is not to be “measure of capacity,” etc. Blake cross—said will move to add that seat in Cabinet's no measure of capacity either. Costigan at him—gave some good whacks—got off track on O'Donohue business. Gave Blake good opening—got in good deal of punishment—talked of Costigan's resignation for a day last year—C. took it gamely—mighty fine shindy altogether! Ways and Means after that—Tilley not always clear what it means—chaff over admission of paste diamonds free—Bowell ran the show after dinner—vast improvement on Tilley—got along very smoothly.

Wednesday, 1st.—Feature of day was Bergin's speech on his Factory Bill—highly poetical—Bergin's right enough to try to protect operatives and children—but Mills and others say it's *ultra vires*. Langevin told Blake (Government must be allowed to tell just what they liked).

Thursday, 2nd.—Usual catechism—elicited news from day before yesterday's papers. Government very cautious—won't give information till everybody knows it—sure to be correct then! House adjourned at 5 p.m. for Easter. Pages had Parliament of their own with Government and Opposition well organized. Leader of Opposition asked Premier if expedition supplied with tooth-picks, painkiller, rough-on-rats, and smelling bottles! Premier said he would inform House “ere long.”

Question again to Minister of Railways—how many pigs had got through gap in C.P.R. line fence? Minister said he “had no information just then, but would make up some and bring it down!” Pope in his seat and enjoying it—boys seemed to know his ways! Must hurry off to catch train—looks as if we'd be stuck somewhere all night—more than a foot of snow to-day.

CONVERSATION CODES.

To the Editor of GRIP:

SIR,—I am a man of business. My time is fully occupied. I take no papers but the *Monetary Times* and GRIP. The one furnishes me with facts, the other with relaxation. I am therefore constrained to appeal to you to advocate a system which I have invented for saving time. It struck me some time since that an enormous amount of time was spent unproductively in conversation of a purely conventional character. Thus, a person calls on me, and before he comes to the business on hand he alludes to the weather, expresses an opinion as to the atmospheric changes probable, enquires after my wife and family, refers to the probability of cholera next summer, and asks how I like the last cartoon in GRIP. To these I have to make suitable replies, and I find that on an average five or six minutes are lost. Thinking of this I called to mind the system employed on board ships at sea for exchanging communications. A ship hoists flags expressing certain figures, say 21. The ship with whom communication is required sees the signal, and referring to the signal code book finds that signal 21 reads as follows: “We have a general cargo, are bound for Liverpool. What is your cargo; are you free from infection?” The ship in reply hoists 47 signal, which, on reference to the signal code book, is found to read: “Cotton; yes.” This system I propose to apply to general conversation, and I have drawn up a code to meet ordinary requirements. I calculate that its general employment would save each man and woman at least thirty-five minutes each day. Thus the man who calls on me on business would simply say “sixteen, eight, twenty-four, seven.” I should, without referring, know that those numbers read as follows:—

16. The weather is very fine, but chilly for the time of year.

8. I hope your wife and family are quite well, which is the case with my wife and family.

24. There is a general impression that cholera will become epidemic in America about July.

7. Capital cartoon in GRIP, is it not?

As soon as he had pronounced the numbers of the code I should reply “five, fourteen,” and he would remember that those numbers in the code read:

5. I quite agree with you about the weather.

14. I am delighted to hear that your family is well, which is the case with my family.

We could then go to business and the whole conversation would not have occupied more than six seconds—a saving of time most important.

My code is very complete, and can be easily remembered. Here is a sample:—

CODE FOR STREET CONVERSATION.

1. How do you do. I am very glad to meet you.

2. Delighted to see you. Have not met you for a long time.

3. I hope your dear mother-in-law is in sound health.

4. Quite well, thank you.

5. I quite agree with you about the weather. 6. She was at the roller skating rink and has hurt her extremity.

7. Capital cartoon in GRIP, is it not?

8. I hope your wife and family are well, which is the case with my wife and family.

9. How is your daughter?

10. Nice bright weather. The “probs” are right again.

11. She is in great trouble; the hired girl has left and she can't get another.

12. I have a bad headache. I was at the lodge last night.

13. The weather is particularly cold and disagreeable.

14. I am delighted to hear that your family are well, which is the case with my family.

15. Why are you so pale?

From the above samples an ordinary street conversation could be carried on in eleven seconds. Two persons, A and B, meet. The following conversation ensues:—

A. 1. B. 2. A. 10. B. 5, 9. A. 6, 3. B. 11, 15. A. 12.

In ordinary conversation the above would occupy seven minutes and a half, showing that six minutes, nineteen seconds, would be saved to each person—total saving, twelve minutes, thirty-eight seconds.

I have arranged codes for tea parties, dinner parties, picnics, love passages, and church festivals, and if the system should be generally adopted I propose to extend it to Parliamentary debates, giving the speeches in full, so that a member rising and saying “Mr. Speaker, sixty-seven,” would really mean a thirty minutes' good speech.

You must, Mr. Editor, see the enormous advantages which would follow from employing my conversation codes, and I trust you will advocate their general adoption.

Yours, etc.,

IGNATIUS JONES.

NOT GUILTY.

It has long been the boast of patriotic Englishmen that, in modern times at least, no man, no matter what his previous character may have been, is in the eyes of the law guilty of any crime until he has been legally convicted of such crime by good and sufficient evidence. If he was not found guilty, he was, of necessity, innocent.

So said those in whose opinion England in everything, kinglike, could do no wrong. Others, less patriotic, (or less prejudiced,) hinted that juries and judges did, not infrequently, give verdicts and sentences which practically mean: “We believe you are guilty, but we cannot prove your guilt.” The prisoner said he “hadn't done nothink,” and the judge said, “Don't do it again.” However, people generally paid little attention to these slurs on the judicial system. That mistake might be made by judges and juries they did not deny. But on this one point they were sure. The legal maxim had become the proverb, “No man is guilty until his guilt is proved.”

Now, however, a judge has been found who boldly disregards the ancient maxim of the law, and assumes the guilt of the prisoner, while in the same breath he expresses his regret that the evidence adduced was not sufficient to support the conviction. Mr. Justice Grove, in a recent case in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved (the case was *Clark v. the Queen*, reported 14 Q.B.D. 92) says: “So far as the present case goes I cannot entertain a doubt that this man deserved to be convicted.” He then discusses the evidence adduced, and finds it is not evidence supporting the conviction. This is indeed sad. The prisoner is undoubtedly guilty, though we have no evidence of it. So the judge is compelled to “reluctantly come to the conclusion that this conviction is wrong and must be quashed.”

Putting it shortly, the case reads: Prisoner—“I haven't done nothink”; Mr. Justice Grove—“H'm. So the witnesses say. Well, don't do it again.”