

AN American official recently fled to Canada under the hallucination that he was a defaulter, whereas he was perfectly innocent. This is noted in the papers as a strange case, but equally curious delusions have been known to seize upon people. Some of our own highly respected citizens not long ago made a hasty departure across the lines, if you remember, under the ridiculous impression that they were in very poor health and needed a change of air.

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THE admission of Newfoundland to Confederation is the next big scheme to be discussed at Ottawa. They say Sir John has set his heart on the Island as a graceful round-up to the Federal Union, so there is no use arguing the *pros.* and *cons.*; he is quite dogged about it, so the thing is as good as done. So be it. Newfoundland may not contribute greatly to the Dominion Treasury, but there's one consolation—her Banks are good and solid, and she can send plenty of choice codfish to grace the society "functions" at Ottawa.

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THE London *Free Press* heads its Sullivan-Mitchell account—"The fight was a farce." Evidently the ferocious editor expected and hankered for a tragedy. It wasn't very amusing, for a farce. Perhaps, however, the "screaming" and "roaring" business would have been duly done had the F. P. man been in the shoes of either pugilist.

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AN esteemed contemporary suggests that it would be a grandly effective piece of magnanimity if Germany were to hand back Alsace and Lorraine to France. So it would. We strongly commend our brother to put a blue-pencil mark around the idea, and forward a copy of the paper to Mr. Bismarck.

HON. J. B. PLUMB,

SPEAKER OF THE SENATE OF CANADA,

*Died, Monday, Mar. 12th.*



Called to the Upper House!  
Another name well known to all  
the land  
Goes from the roll to grace a  
monument.  
A name unkindly held  
Only where he who bore it was  
unknown;  
For in the genial presence of the  
man  
The small asperities of party  
strife  
Were lost in nothingness.  
His friendly hand; his earnest,  
kindling eye,  
His ready wit, his culture and  
good sense,

Proclaimed him larger than mere partizan;  
And honest judgment—whether friend's or foe's—  
That weighed his qualities in even scale,  
Called him a Christian gentleman.

J. W. B.

"FIND yourself in rather a tight place over this Manitoba and C.P.R. affair, don't you, Sir John?" queried Peter Mitchell, in a somewhat gleeful tone.

"Tight place?" jerked out Sir John, "not at all. Got more Roome than ever!" and he displayed the West Middlesex return, which had just arrived.

TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.

VII.

A LOOK of care shrouded the Fakir's usually animated countenance as he came into the office. "I declare, it's too bad," he said. "Just as I was getting fairly on my feet things have gone wrong again, and left me on my back. That blamed idiot, Duxter!—"

"What's the matter now?" sympathetically asked the assistant editor.

"You remember my telling you how I'd contracted with him to write me a volume of first-class native Canadian poetry at fifty cents per page? Well, the fellow hadn't done more'n about a third of it before he broke out. I was taking good care of him—limited his allowance of whiskey to a pint a day—just enough to keep him in good trim for his work. One day last week that remittance from 'ome' that he was expecting actually arrived!"



AN ENTERPRISING CANADIAN SCIENTIST.

Prof. Panton, of the Guelph Agricultural College, has explored some remarkable Pot Holes in the vicinity of Rockwood, Ont., and at a recent meeting of the Canadian Institute gave a most interesting account of these curious holes, which he considers quite equal to those in the famous Glacier Garden at Lucerne, in Switzerland. The *Monthly* congratulates Prof. Panton on the gratifying results of his efforts, and hopes to be able to chronicle many similar instances of independent work among our Canadian scientists.—*Educational Monthly.*

"No!!" exclaimed the staff simultaneously.

"Solemn fact," said the Fakir, dolefully; "I suppose it's about the only instance on record of the kind; but I assure you that, incredible as it may appear, Duxter really did get a P.O. order for £10. Of course, after that there was no holding him. I locked up his hat and boots, but he gave me the slip, and in two hours was fuller than a tick. He kept it up night and day till he got snakes in his boots, and had to be sent to the hospital. So here am I with several hundred orders for the book, which ought to be out next month, and the printer at a standstill for want of copy. None of you fellers, I suppose, would care about finishing the job? I'd be liberal—wouldn't mind paying a good man as much as a dollar a page."

This magnanimous offer not meeting with any response, the Fakir continued:—

"It's a mighty lucky thing that he'd finished the Indian legend before he broke out. That's the principal feature of the book, and we can pad it out with almost any kind