



Tecumseh, by Charles Mair. This is a poem in dramatic form, and it is one of the very best things that has yet been produced in American literature. The subject is most happily chosen, especially at the present juncture of affairs, when the Indian question is up for settlement. Tecumseh was a magnificent specimen of his race, and Canadians have good reason to be proud that a Canadian poet has worthily honored his memory. And certainly Mr. Mair's work is worthily done. No writer of blank verse of the present day has, in our estimation, so nearly touched the Shakespearean model either in thought or language. The work should find an honored place in every library in the land. The publishers, Hunter, Rose & Co., have sent it forth in a binding and make-up befitting its merits.

CONFIDENTIAL.

IN the left hand top corner of GRIP's title page two men are represented seated on horseback. One is a Scotchman, dressed in Highland costume, while the other wears a suit of heavy mail. The horses are at full gallop, and the riders each have a lance levelled at his opponent. It looks to us as if the Scotchman is at a disadvantage, and we must admit that we take up our GRIP each week with some misgiving, for it is evident that when the two men do meet blood will be spilled. If GRIP will allow that Celt to unhorse his adversary we will be able to endorse the universal public verdict *re* the excellence of our contemporary.—*The Glasgowian*.

Brother, come aside and let us whisper in your ear. Calm your apprehensions. The fellow in the Highland costume is not a Celt at all. He is a mere Lowlander whom we engaged to do this tournament business at so much a week, and the clothes are borrowed from a costumier's.

FOOLS AND OTHER FELLOWS.

DEAR laborers in the vineyard of life, where sour grapes are often more plentiful than sweet ones, we are not about to enter into a learned disquisition upon the races of mankind. We have enough to do to run our own affairs without meddling with other races. We merely desire, in a mildly critical way, to call the reader's respectful attention to a select few of nature's noblemen, who in various ways have gained the appellation of "fool" or "fellow." And right here we are met with the pertinent query: Who are the other fellows, anyway? We give it up. We, however, rather incline to the opinion that the "other fellows" are oftentimes little better than fools, and therefore we hope to be pardoned if we drop the aforesaid "fellows" and class all as fools. Having made fools of everybody in this peaceful way (being no fighter we cannot box the compass of our subject with any degree of satisfaction) let us now in as cheerful a manner as possible proceed to "size" them up, although no judge of assize, preparatory to varnishing them.

Fools, like their wiser brethren, may be divided into two great classes: Fools who fool for fun and fools who fool for money. Let us take the latter first as being the most industrious.

One of the principal fools who fools for money is the M.P. or M.P.P. This interesting personage would, fain take the captious critic by the nose and make him believe that he, the M.P., is desperately in earnest when endeavoring to belittle his political opponents; that he is intensely serious when he "gets up" numberless quotations from the poets and great statesmen; that when he rises upon the floor of the House and rolls off his dismal and ponderous speeches he is possessed of the mightiest desire to benefit his fellow-men; that when he attends the political picnic and delivers an address teeming with pretty compliments to his own party and spiced with overwhelming diatribes against his opponents, he is profoundly serious and has no secret levity in his heart. He would specially like us to believe that when he attends the House for the express purpose of drawing his salary, he does so with the fullest belief that he has done *all in his power to earn it*.

Another fool is the enterprising dry goods dealer. This gentleman would have us believe that he is a public benefactor. He spreads huge posters and prints enormous ads. to inform all dry goods purchasers that he is selling away below cost. Of course everybody interested believes the statement and rushes to secure the bargains. Buzzing around his store we find our fool, a smile of beaming beauty playing over his features, full of apparent intense satisfaction that he is thus able to benefit his fellow men and women. He is always in severe earnest over his endeavors to act the part of Sacrificer for the Public Good, and were any one to express a desire to know how he can do this and purchase desirable corner lots and erect thereon modern style villas, the Sacrificer will strongly resent the insinuation, and declare they are *owned by his wife*. Poor fool! how well he acts his part, but how deceived is he!!

Another fool in this class is the newspaper editor. This fool is wishful that we believe he is chock full of honest convictions; that when he enters his *sanctum* he succeeds in convincing himself that the political partizans are but puppets and he works the strings; that when he writes his editorials he does so with as much seriousness as a minister writing his sermon; that he feels very important when reeling off the lines which shall convulse the political world with fear and trembling, or—laughter, and that he steps along the path of duty without knowing, or if knowing not caring, that he wears the cap and bells much the same as any other jester his size.

Another variety of this fool is the alderman. All aldermen, be it said, do not come under this head, but unfortunately for the ratepayers, there are some who do. The aldermanic fool is probably the simplest of his class. He enters the Council Chamber as the representative of a section of the ratepayers, but almost directly he seats himself, he forgets his professions and promises, and goes in for representing himself. This he does so innocently that he almost deceives himself that he is acting in the interest of the ratepayers. He winks at a by-law which, if rigidly enforced, would greatly benefit the town, but he cannot overlook the necessity of certain needless improvements, which, if done, will materially line the pockets of a certain syndicate in which he has an interest. He is also of the opinion that certain employees of the corporation, the worst paid the better for his purpose, are receiving too big *wages*, yet he is very strenuous in his efforts to secure an increase of *salary* for the Deputy Duster of the Mayoral Chair, who happens to be his wife's third cousin. The only bigger fool than the aldermanic fool we know is the ratepayer who votes for his re-election.