



TAKE NOTE.

"Congratulate me, Miss Browninge; I have at last embarked in literary work!"

"Indeed! Are you writing a novel?"

"No—not yet. I am supplying the *Saturday Night* society column—list of names, and so forth, you know."

which were once confined to the few and the rich. . . . An equal division of property will be followed in time by an unequal possession of property. The weak will always go down before the strong. Republicanism will not cure the malady. . . . America has this social malady too. . . . There must be more scope for the *man*. The individual must have room to develop."

THE root of this disease is monopoly. That which the Creator intended for all has become the exclusive property of the few, and the world has been made artificially too small to accommodate its population. That is why the individual has no room to develop. The cause of the trouble is clear, and so is the remedy—the destruction of this monopoly by the concentration of all taxation upon the rental value of land.

THE *Empire's* point is well taken that it is an exhibition of bad taste and cowardice for members of the Local Government to make attacks upon members of the Dominion Government during debates in the Assembly. The good old motto, "Mind your own business," ought to be nailed up on the Chamber wall, and except where the interests of the Province called for it, the Dominion Government, whether good or bad, ought to be left uncriticised.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

IN many drawing-rooms where one visits, a cat may be seen reposing on the rug. Although the temptation is great, do not tread on its tail while its mistress is present, but if she leave the room for a moment, bring down the heel of your boot with some force on the animal's caudal appendage. Then resume your seat and take up a photograph album. This may divert suspicion.

When an injudicious mamma brings in her new baby to exhibit, it is etiquette to say, "charming dear—sweet little angel—how like her mother!" You can relieve your feelings by murmuring, "remarkably plain child; positively homely; in fact," but be careful not to mix things so

as to become audible. Do not draw attention to the infant's snub nose if unlike that of either parent.

It is not etiquette to ask a young lady, in the presence of her mother, who that young fellow was whom she was philandering so long with under a lamp-post on the way home from Mrs. Brown's party.

FOR LADIES.

It is injudicious to tell her mamma that you admire that dress Amanda has on, but, on the whole, you think it looks better on her sister Elizabeth when it is the latter's evening out.

When a young poet is present, it is not etiquette to wonder how any gaby could be so soft as to write those maukish sonnets to Ianthe and Emma. It would not remedy the inadvertence to say that your cook, Bridget, was moved even to tears by reading the *Soul's Sickness* (the young poet's volume, just published.)

It is not customary in the best society for a mother to use her slipper on a rebellious little girl in company. It is better etiquette to give her a sly pinch, or run a pin a short distance into her person. Then, when the child squalls, remark with a sigh, "the sweet pet is so sensitive," and have her removed.

When your one domestic, just landed one week from shipboard, where she was wont to go backwards down the steerage companion ladder, backs down stairs in the same manner, and asks your visitor, "Phat is ye'se wantin'?" you should not speak of her as a long and faithful retainer.

Should you find a number four-and-a-half pale primrose kid glove in your husband's pocket when he returns from alleged fishing, it is not etiquette to ask him where he got it. It may have been used for holding bait.

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

AS SUNG BY MR. MULOCK.

ROYAL Goddess of this land,
Low before You bending,
See Your loyal Commons and
Listen condescending.

Here we lie before Your Throne,
To refute the lying
Rumors by vile traitors sown,
All our love denying.

But such Achans we will vex
Who thus vex the nation,
Surely they must love their necks
Less than annexation.

Farrer, Sol. White, and the rest,
For *Malicious* treason,
Like the half-breeds of the West
Shall be brought to reason.

And if from the leash they slip,
Hounds of war a-hunting,
On Britannia's Royal Ship
We will hang our *Bunting*.

Your globe-girdling Rule shall blend
Parties all in one set,
Firm resolved to never lend
Our colors to its sunset.

Denizens (Denisons) of Kanuck land
Are as prone as ever
To shed gore with battle brand,
And surrender never.

Hoping from Your Royal mind
Doubts unwelcome load is
Well removed, we are resigned
To be Your humble toadies.

WILLIAM MCGILL