

MR. HAULTAIN'S LONG FELT WANT.

"WANTED—Some Literary *Esprit de corps*" is the title of a plaint in the *Globe* by Mr. Arnold Haultain. Mr. H. has taken the right way to get the article he is in search of in advertising for it, and we give him the further benefit of this notice in order that any of our readers who have more of this desirable commodity on hand than they need for their own use, may know where to find a market for it.

He does not mention what he is going to do with it when he has got it. Possibly he means to offer it in the shape of premiums with some new literary publication, or to send it to the World's Fair, or decorate the walls of his library with it. That, however, is nobody's business.

GRIP does not happen to have a supply of literary *esprit de corps* on hand worth mentioning, and if we had we should certainly let Bro Haultain have it on his own terms, with a discount of 25 per cent. to the profession, and a further rebate of 10 per cent. off for cash.

Literary *esprit de corps* is a luxury for the proud and portly plutocrat. Its maintenance in full blast and bloom, as it were, is expensive—basted, blooming expensive. We know by experience.

In bygone days, when we were young and buoyant, and occasionally girl-ant, and new to the ways of the wicked and weary world, we carried a large stock of literary *esprit de corps*. Also a full line of camaraderie.

We believed that what Canada wanted was a native Canadian literature, and we were ready to treat any back-township poet who struck Toronto to bumpers of flowing lager and advance a dollar to any dead-broke reporter on his personal insecurity, so long as a cent remained in our dip.

Our *esprit de corps* was the envy of the surrounding neighborhood, and the special admiration of the pousy gentleman of Irish extraction who kept a saloon on the corner.

Our camaraderie was of the Simon pure brand, that sooner than see a fellow-journalist go thirsty for want of somebody to drink with, would spend half the night in travelling homewards by a circuitous route, so as not to miss any chance of finding an illicit gin-mill open during prohibited hours.

In the words of Paine, "Those were the times that tried men's souls," and often compelled us to travel on

our uppers. But what boots it to recall these bright memories of a varnished past? Enough, enough

Only the fact remains that literary *esprit de corps* and camaraderie and things of that sort come high. But if A. Haultain is bound to have 'em it isn't any of our funeral.

On the contrary, we are much pleased to have the address of a man to whom we can steer all the hard-up journalists who want to borrow a quarter, and the aspirants for literary fame who wish aid and counsel and a kindly hand to revise their MS., and break the sad fact that they are chumps to them in diplomatic language.

PROVED HIS CASE.

"DID you hear Dr. Wild's lecture on 'Canada—Annexation or What?'"

"I did."

"And did it enlighten you as to Canada's destiny?"

"Oh, yes. He made it very clear that our future is What?"

OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

ONE man is voracious,
One woman loquacious,
Another sebaceous,
With appetite spacious,
The rest are—O gracious!
(Poet fainted at this stage.—Ed.)

HAPPY THOUGHT.

ONE-LEGGED MAN—
"See here, Mr. Snee-zicks,, you've cut off the wrong leg of these pants."

SNEEZICKS — "Dot so? N-n-no-no-no? Dot vas de right leg vich vas gut ohf?"

ONE-LEGGED MAN—"That may be; but you ought to have cut off the left leg."

SNEEZICKS — "Um, um! Dot so! (Striking an idea and tapping him on the shoulder), Shoost you go home und but on dose bants, mein frient, und people vill tink you haf doo legs."

A GRATEFUL GOVERNMENT.

"ONE good turn deserves another,"
Is a motto we should heed;
Caron freely bled the hoodlers
For the Administration's need.

So in gratitude they cannot
Throw him out to sink or swim,
Seeing he held-up contractors,
Government must up-hold him.



In ye spring ye festive eave-drops

Gently glide adown ye spine

And ye ancient chicken findeth

Little moment to repine.

In ye spring ye humble boarder

Flees before the cleansing broom;

Sadly too he views the ruins

Of a cosy, dirty room

In ye spring ye young man's fancy

Sneezing makes him think of grippe,

And the slushy sidewalks tell him

That 'tis possible to slip.

In ye spring ye young man's fancy

Lightly turns to thoughts of springs;

What cares he for all its evils?

Still its praises he will sing.

Buckton Herald