



A NICE MAN, BUT OUT OF A JOB.

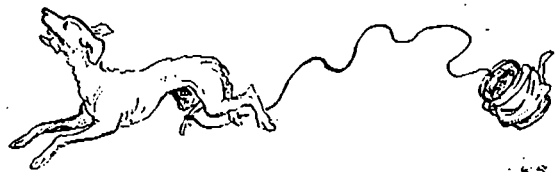
LAURIER: "It's most gratifying, I assure you, madam, to hear you speak of me as a scholar, a gentleman, a statesman, a clean handed leader, a large hearted patriot, etc., etc., but if these are your sentiments, isn't it remarkable that you do not avail yourself of my services?"

The passion for a story is just as strong in each of us now, as it ever was, and, in a great majority of cases, I venture to assert you have the juvenile preference in the matter of fiction—you like it good and hot—highly seasoned with the Romantic. At all events it is notorious that Rider Haggard's books sell better than those of the Realist writers. I suppose you have all read "She," it's an extremely attractive story and this is rather remarkable for you know SHE's are generally hard to read. When we take up a story by way of relaxation from the business of life, we prefer that our author shall take us on a wonderland pilgrimage behind the winged horses of fancy, rather than that he shall occupy us with elaborate experiments in the pseudo-medical line of dissecting motives and impulses. The analysis may be very clever, but what we hanker for is exhilaration, not analysis.



POOR LO!

LO, the Bengala, whose untutored mind,
Thinks Cecil Rhodes both civilized and kind,
And finds it very hard to understand
Why darkies may not live in darkey land.
Poor artless chap, he never had been told
That Justice oft gives way to greed of gold;
Nor did he know that it was heaven's will
That Chartered Companies should rob and kill
The native tribes who would their homes defend,
That our own glorious empire might extend!



"AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT."