

agriculturalist readers. Of course he never acts on them ; but he finds them interesting. He reads that the best way to raise pigs is by the tail, that chickens should now be fed on rock salt and sawdust, that yearling calves should have a diet of chopped straw and molasses, and that the farmer should never blow out the gas in a city hotel. He imbibes all this information affably.

It is pleasant now in the woods, where tangled lights and shadows fall on the forest pathways, where the birds sing from all the trees, and the busy chipmunk is gathering in poker chips. Oh, for a stroll in the clover-scented meadows ! Our souls are filled with all the soothing influences of a day perfect in beauty,—

Now brushing ankle-deep in flowers,  
We hear behind the woodbine veil,  
The milk that bubbles in the pail,  
The buzzings of the honeyed hours.

And where the wild flower fragrance yields,  
We see a promising young steer,  
Behind the city boarders jeer,  
And chase them through the distant fields.

There are certain things which are appropriate to each season. It would look out of place for instance, for a lady to wear a sealskin sacque in July,—unless she is getting it past the custom-house officials that way. It would be injudicious just now to attempt to go down the side of a mountain in a toboggan. I may here mention a young doctor, who having not much to do, is studying up throat and lung troubles for all they are worth. He proposes to be ready for the winter trade. He is a man of remarkably original ideas ; I remember his urging once that, as the surgeon holds the knife in one hand, he might balance himself better and keep the patient steadier, by thrusting a carving-fork into him with the other. But this admirable suggestion was met with that petty, unreasoning jealousy which is, alas, so characteristic of professional men !

To return, however, to the things which are appropriate to each season. It is appropriate to blister your hands and get the back of your neck raw with sunburn, rowing up some glassy river. It is not however appropriate to do this on a Sunday afternoon ; especially if you fall into the river, and are fished out of its watery depths, very red in the face, very wet in the garments, and very blue in the surrounding atmosphere.

About the best thing you can do of an afternoon is to take a little trip somewhere by boat. You take with you the third volume of the Reports of the Seismological Society of Japan, to while away the time. But when the boat is out upon the lake, under a cloudless sky, and you begin to read that interesting third volume, you are irritated extremely by the conduct of a short-sighted little man in a snuff-colored suit. He has his head buried in something which he is reading ; and every half-minute he bursts out into an explosive laugh. He nearly chokes himself trying to control his violent laughter, looks around him apologetically, begins to read again surreptitiously, and immediately goes off into another fit of boisterous cackling. He drives you wild. At length you look around at the other passengers to see if they are mad enough to have the little man thrown overboard. To your great surprise they are all pulling out and beginning to read the same thing that the little man is reading. You look closer, and see that it is the GRIP SACK ; and just then you remember that you have one yourself in your inside pocket, having bought it on the way down to the boat.

Soon you are making twice as much noise as the short-sighted little man in the snuff-colored suit. The third

volume of the Reports of the Seismological Society of Japan is doubtlessly a work of great interest, but you cast it ruthlessly into the blue waters of the lake, and devote yourself to the good things in the GRIP SACK. This pleasure, it may be remarked, will be within your grasp about the middle of July, when the GRIP SACK will be published.



**BIRDS FOR BONNETS.**

Being members of the Society for the Protection of Song Birds needn't prevent our sweet sisters from decorating their head gear.

**OUR PRESS BRETHERN.**

THE Jubilee number of the *Halifax Critic* is a highly creditable production, and bears evidence of the rapid growth of literary taste in Canada. The *Critic* is always excellent ; this number particularly so.

PROF. G. D. ROBERTS, now of Windsor College, N. S., and formerly one of GRIP's esteemed contributors, is receiving high praise from the best critical journals of the United States and England for his latest book of poems, entitled *In Divers Tones*. Roberts is unquestionably one of our coming men in Literature.

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *World*, is kind enough to impute disloyalty and other bad motives to GRIP, *apropos* of the Commercial Union discussion. This is what we expected, and it doesn't hurt our feelings at all. Besides, it is a good deal easier for the *World* to do this than to sustain its position on the question with anything like argument.

CALL a nice young man a "dude" and he'll be half pleased ; call him a fool and you mortally offend him. Yet the words are synonymous.—*New Albany Mail*.