

enough ; but that is no reason why we, their kinsmen, should not take advantage of every opportunity of showing our good feeling toward them in a practical way. Perhaps it is this sentiment that the Denison chiefly opposes. If so, we can tell him that "loyalty" which takes such a form is the meanest sort of treason. The amount of money to be voted is of no consequence, but the spirit of international sympathy and brotherhood is something the people of Canada hold precious—ininitely more so than the species of "patriotism" evinced in the above speech. By-the-way, what a pity it is that this sort of "loyalty" is not confined to one member of that fearfully military family !

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**DR. HENDERSON**, the retiring President of the Ontario Medical Association, went for the "quacks" with peculiar vigor in his opening address at the late convention. The term, as understood by the learned gentleman and his fellow members, seems to embrace all practitioners who believe in printers' ink beyond the limits of the modest medical card in the newspaper. Fellows who run up a big advertising account, and especially those who publish pictures of their happily-cured patients, and elaborate descriptions of their "cases," are simply unspeakable, and are fit subjects for lynching, in the orthodox medical opinion. But does it necessarily follow that a doctor who advertises is a fraud? Isn't it, after all, merely a fine point of ethics? And isn't the professional view which now prevails pretty hard on the poor newspaper man?

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**HAVE** you noticed an unusually blithe, chirpy, honey-moony air about Mr. Bernhard Gillam's last cartoon in *New York Judge*? Yes? Know the reason? A short time ago he flung down his pencil, put on his Sunday clothes, executed a light fantastic figure expressive of unutterable bliss, and went off and got married. The lady by whose co-operation this "idea" was happily worked out, and who now fills the capacious heart of the young cartoonist, was Miss Arkell, daughter of the well-known publisher. Having possessed himself of this prize, Gillam of course skipped for Canada, taking in Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, etc. He returned, however, to New York, where he resumed his pencil with the results you've noticed. GRIP extends his felicitations,

and wishes long life and happiness to his brother brush and his fair partner.

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**UJUS ANIMAM** is a pretty tall solo for the average tenor to tackle. This is what we thought the other evening when our promising young vocalist, Mr. Dent, made an effort at it. It was by no means a failure, either, but the high C is something which must be wooed long and lovingly before it is surely captured. This was at the concert of

the Torrington Orchestra, which was, on the whole, very pleasing and successful. Miss Burdette seems to be growing in popular favor. A little more soul ; a trifle of additional *verve* ; just a slight bit of *abandon*, or a little increase of *elan*—if you catch our meaning—would improve the work of this pretty young lady. Mr. Tor-

ington covered himself with glory on the occasion, not only by the conducting, but by the peremptory way in which he choked off the *encore* fiend, who was out in force, as usual.

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**DOMINION DAY** is, of course, a distinctively Canadian affair, and a grand celebration of it furnishes a proper occasion for the display of specifically Canadian sentiment. Toronto is to mark the date this year with something unusually striking, and the Canadianism of our citizens is beginning to come out strongly in view thereof. At the preliminary meeting the other day, for example, there were present Ex-Ald. Steiner, representing the German Society ; Mr. Burns, Emerald Association ; and Mr. Lewis, St. David's (Welsh), Society. No doubt the Scotch, French, Danish, Scandinavian, Italian, Russian and African Societies will be heard from in due time, and a real Canadian atmosphere is sure to surround the affair. It may be mentioned in passing that Mr. E. E. Sheppard was on hand to represent a foreign organization known as the Canadian Legion, but this will not seriously interfere with the national character of the celebration.

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**DR. MGLYNN** was greeted by a magnificent audience notwithstanding the rain and mud, and received an ovation of which any man might be proud. And never was an audience more richly repaid for braving dirty weather. For nearly three hours they sat enraptured under the spell of the noble priest's eloquence, and it is safe to say that he won the hearts if he did not convince the judgment of all. He had a glorious theme—the brotherhood of man—and he treated it as only a true Catholic—that is, a lover of his race—can. In Dr. McGlynn the best traditions of Irish eloquence survive. His next visit to Toronto will be anticipated with unmixed pleasure.

**OUT OF SLUMBER.**

**A**s a fawn he was browsing in soft trellis'd nook,  
Bed of ferns ; as a red speckl'd trout in the brook ;  
At the sweet honeysuckle a bee did he light ;  
As Narcissus, Adonis with Venus in sight—  
Rap-a-Tap.

'Tis the voice of the brewer, awaken'd at dawn,  
By the clumsy hand-maiden—once more as a fawn,  
With suspicions of Keats ; yet again and he strives  
With the labors of Hercules—Hydra—nine lives—  
Rap-a-Tap.

"Very well ! Gettin' up !" on his side doth he roll,  
Not so pleasant his dreams, now again he's a mole ;  
Lost his eyes ; his car tickets : is glued to the scat ;  
He has just missed his train ; has forgotten the meat—  
Rap-a-Tap.

Try again ! Up to Morpheus tenders his care,  
"Will not shave before breakfast !"—abundance of hair ;  
It is filling his mouth, it is cramming his ears,  
Groweth down through his scalp—Red Indians—Hell—fears—  
Rap-a-Tap.

Then away with suspense, flings himself out of bed ;  
Then up high with the window, then out with his head,  
There are men at the door with wheelbarrow and nails,  
They are numbering his house, and the soul's echo wails—  
Rap-a-Tap.

Then good-bye to sweet slumber, all private repose—  
He is branded a number which nobody knows ;  
All his letters re-stamped ; when proclaiming a feast  
He's to bid all his friends to the sign of the Beast—  
Rap-a-Tap. H. A. L.