



"EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE."

DON'S SUGGESTION.

M R. E. E. SHEPPARD has appeared in the new character of a social reformer—or perhaps it would be more exact to say he has revived his interest in the great social problem. At Forum Hall on Sunday he delivered a characteristically spicy address, in which he gave expression to many sound and sensible ideas. It would go a long way to solve the problem of scarcity of employment, Mr. Sheppard thinks, if machinery were devised to eliminate the tramp element, including in that category all persons who only pretend to want work, those who, in the words of the old saw, are "looking for what they are anxious not to find." This could be done easily enough if the Government would simply begin certain needed public works, such as the deepening of the canals, paying for the labor at a minimum rate of \$1 per day. The work would be extensive enough to absorb any possible demand for employment, and to it could be sent every member of the class above referred to. If individuals of that class would not go voluntarily, Mr. S. would make it compulsory by having them regularly sentenced to it, a portion of their wages being retained for their families, if they had such. This, he thinks, would so far relieve the glut in the labor market as to vastly lighten the present situation. The serious question as to the practicability of this suggestion is, Is the Government in a financial position to undertake any great public work? As to the socialistic color of the proposal, nobody would seriously object if it was shown to be workable.

THE *Moscow Gazette* SAYS: "Ignowski pratka groona polkiawanetzki 'Toronto,' Koldinatoo vitepsk czarwentkovoni skramstoplowenk Tasmania Krom Novzealand, Krom Figi, krom Irlandski." Professor Skroons, to whom we submitted this for interpretation supplies the following: "It has been a cause of great wonderment among the young members of the Imperial family (czarewentkovoni) where to place Toronto, which recently sent a message of condolence. Words have been high on the subject, and opinions are now equally divided as to whether this district (Toronto) is in Tasmania, New Zealand, Feegee or Ireland." In an editorial sentence the editor adds "the general opinion outside of the Imperial Family is, that owing to the number of O's in the name, it is most probable that the place is in some part of Ireland." Mayor Kennedy should write at once, enclosing a map of North America to the *Autokrat of all the Russias*.

ADVICE TO A WOULD BE POET.

SO you want to become a poet? You wish to show your devotion to the Muse? You are anxious to shoot off quatrains at the moon and the polar bear, and various other unlucky celestial inhabitants? In an extreme case, then, such as is yours, we will give directions.

Cultivate the habits of a poet. Let your hair grow long, and part it centrally, or leave it tangled.

Another thing it is necessary to do is to wear a bright green necktie. Tennyson and Mark Twain both wore bright green ties. Shakespeare, it is reported, usually wore a green tie when digging for fish worms in his back garden. By all means wear a green tie with an aluminum death's head pin.

Never have your vest or coat buttoned exactly right. Get at least one button wrong and, if possible, two. This indicates poetical absence of mind and a continual contemplation of the ethereally unreal. This absence of mind is enhanced by occasionally forgetting your collar or one of your shoes or else taking someone's new silk plug at the restaurant. Do not forget to cultivate absentmindedness.

Your hands deserve the utmost care. If they happen to be red send them to the Chinese laundry to be starched and whitened. On no account lose the checks, for a poet without hands is worse than a poet without a head. If they are rough a little railroad oil applied each night will soften them. Always wear gloves two sizes too small. The better the poet the smaller the hand.

While the hands place the thoughts on paper the eyes see nature's beauties. It then behooves the poet to wear glasses. A pair of spectacles will magnify nature and the beauties are, of course, magnified too. A *pince nez* must not on any account be worn. No true poet wears a *pince nez*. The old traditions must not be broken. Virgil wore square spectacles tied on with string, and with brass rims. It would be well to follow his example.

Wear a lean and hungry look. Cultivate the acquaintance of actors and learn the free lunch routes. A poet that does not look hungry is a disgrace to the profession. An undue consumption of food hinders the free flow of ideas. If your town has no free lunch routes board out at \$2.25 per week. You need not fear growing fat. Poets can't pay any more, anyhow, during these hard times. First and last we say be hungry.

As a last word let us caution you. When you personally take your verses to an editor always leave the office door open. If the editorial rooms are on the top floor of the



OUR NEW PREMIER MACKENZIE.

SHADE OF THE OTHER MACKENZIE—"Ye may be a blessin' tae the kintra, gin ye manage tae live up tae the name!"