

capabilities and education should be valued much, and a small salary of a few cents per day might, if they are in a particularly generous mood, be "affirmed in a resolution," but six hundred dollars a year for a police magistrate takes away the truth from their magnificent souls! overlooking the fact that we are continually saving the county funds large amounts for all convictions under the *summary trial by consent Act*. No doubt many in these councils are directly or indirectly concerned in the liquor traffic. We (the police magistrates) have strongly represented to Mr. Mowat that the time is past that the disposal of the question should be left to bodies of men who thus oppose his measures; but whilst censuring the dullness of the councils he considers he has to leave the question until they can see its importance, so that we are left to fall between two stools. That gentlemen, who it should be supposed are of somewhat superior attainments and standing, should be expected to act for the community without payment when every other official is well remunerated, is surely a remnant of barbarity. As for myself, my training cost me the first twenty-two years of my life before I earned a cent."

"Ah! that puts another face on it, certainly," said we, after listening patiently to the dignified personage's long and able speech.

"Henceforth GRIP will never have a word to say against tardy magistrates; he will reserve all his thunderbolts for the stupid and tight fisted county councils."

"That's right, sir!" said the magistrate. "*Fiat justitia mat cælum.*"

And he took his departure.

SOME SENTIMENTS.

JOTTED DOWN IN PENSIVE MOMENTS.

DEFINITIONS of marriage—a committee of two, with power to add to their number.

EARLY WINTER ODE

A LITTLE Boy—
A Pair of Skates—
A Hole in the Ice—
Then Heaven's Gates.

"WANDERING Spirit"! What a sweetly sad and suggestive name the noble redman boasts. How it conjures up thoughts of the Boundless Prairie and the restless savages that roam over it! How it also reminds you of the Algoma campaign and John Shield's perambulating frozen whiskey!

POEM PUZZLE.*

_____ E. Blake,
_____ Great Fake,
_____ Tories Quake,
_____ Office Take,
_____ Contentment make,
_____ Take the Cake.

* Fill in blanks appropriately. The key word begins with "P" and ends with "Y", although, perhaps, it is not policy to give the guesser so much of a start.

POETRY AND TRUTH.

Spindler (quoting): "With half my appetite, good dame, my leather doublet would be a feast indeed!"

Servant: I'm glad you feel that way, sir, for Missus wanted me to tell you that she's lost the mallet and the steak ain't been pounded quite so much as common.—

Tid-bits.

WHAT a gladsome meeting must have been that recent convention of the leading pickle and preserve manufacturers. An association was organized to be known as the Canadian Picklers' and Preservers' Association. The meeting was characterized by the utmost good feeling and unanimity. Not a jar occurred. It sour duty to record this sauce spiceous event. The members mustard strong. They preserved the *entente cordial*. They deserve the appellation of a gem society. There was no jambonee indulged in. Their deliberations will bear fruit for Canneda. Anjelly candour characterized them. They berried all bitterness of feeling. Peel after peel of laughter greeted each peach and many were encored. They were all so happy tomato. One of the questions busy discussed was how to ketchup with their work in the season. In consequence each will carraway lasting good.



THE REV. (I really think this title ought in this case to be written "Rev.") "Sam." (I certainly cannot bring myself to write this abbreviation without a period and inverted commas) Jones has been the sensation of an hour—or rather of a whole week. He is probably the most jocoserious individual in existence, and this very jocoseriousness has been the cause of the whole split in the community as to whether or not Mr. Jones should be criticised. Some think that the "joco" part is far too predominant; others that he is "serious" as could be desired. Which party is in the right the undersigned pretendeth not to determine.

Strange that in the year of grace 1890 mankind has not yet settled the question of the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the various methods employed to moralize the people—for is not this the object of all sermons and pulpit orations? This one robed in alb or cassock chants Gregorian airs through clouds of incense. Another in surplice and stole in mellifluous language speaks homilies *ore rotundo*. A third in scarlet blouse harangues the mob to the sound of drums and cymbals. Where between all these lies the difference? Is it not one of æsthetic standards only? Between a chasuble and a red shirt the difference is little more than one of cut and color. Between an organ and a tambourine the difference is little more than one of timbre. Between a liturgy and "firing a volley" the difference is little more than one of harmony. What appear antics to one party are genuflexions to another; and both are gimcracks to a third.

One set is governed by a "General," another by a "Abp.," another by a "Boy Preacher." Acolytes and deacons; class leaders and church wardens; vergers and hallelujah lasses—are they not very similar after all.

Let us say in that pregnant sentence from the great Jean Paul Richter—Jean Paul "the unique" (*der einzige*) that these are all but "ethnic forecourts to the invisible temple and its Holy of Holies."

Again, which are right the undersigned pretendeth not to determine. Would that some sage well versed in the science of æsthetico-religio-ethico physio-psychology would elucidate for us this complicated problem.

A. A.