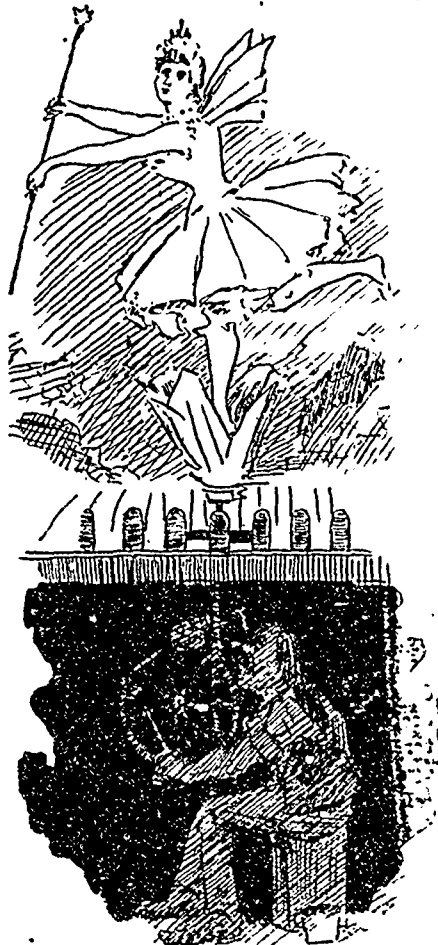


THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

It was Marlon Crawford who, in one of his recent novels, observed (to the effect) that the age for cynical writing was past. Did he mean, that we had all grown so virtuous and well educated, that there was no longer anything to carp at, or that we had become so lenient in our standard of our neighbors, as to be indifferent concerning their morals and learning? The Editor fears the latter explanation is nearer the mark especially as regards literature, in the western hemisphere at any rate. We seem really to have started where our forefathers left off, so that ancient history is barely touched upon in our schools, and never really studied, while unless a boy is intended for some profession, the dead languages and the classics are eschewed as being so much waste of time. The natural consequence is, that purity of style in composition is not appreciated, and an illustration drawn from an event on the writings of the ancients entirely thrown away. The so-called wit of the present day consists largely in the adaptation of slang, and a friend of the Editor lately remarked with strong disgust that upon his making a neat though common Latin quotation by way of repartee, not one of his audience understood him, although they were all considered educated men. Take up at random, one of the numerous novels lately published, or a leading article in a daily paper, and there is almost certain to be some bad or slovenly English, which either passes unnoticed or is treated with indifference. The Editor now remembers the novel of Mr. Crawford's to which he has alluded is "Sant' Illario" a clever story, but too well written to be popular with the majority of the readers of mere fiction. If cynicism is played out—there you see slang will creep in from the force of example—the Editor submits that it was preferable to the indifference which has taken its place, for it is better for Diogenes to take his lantern and hunt for an honest man, than that he should not care whether such a one existed or not.

Captain Mizen says that Montreal reminds him forcibly of the "polar" regions (with the accent on the pole).



MURPHY (under the stage) loq.—"Bah! the way them dudes clap makes me tired, and not one of them would stand her old dad a pint, anyway."

VANITY.

This is from London Tid-Bits. A few weeks ago we offered a prize of two guineas for the best definition of "Vanity." The definition submitted by Miss A. Rowland, 78 Median road, Lower Clapton, London, N. E., has been adjudged to be the best sent in, and a cheque for two guineas has, therefore been forwarded to the sender.

The winning definition is:

"The rose-colored spectacles through which we view ourselves."

The following are some of the definitions sent in:

The thin end of nothing sharpened to a point.

The reflection of nothing seen in the glass of self-conceit.

The tendency which most men have to keep their best goods in the front shop window.

A bird that has a gorgeous wing
Yet has no beauteous song to sing.
Fool's food.

Emptiness priding itself on its contents.

An attempt to recommend ourselves by a behavior contrary to our real character.

The minimum of egg and the maximum of cackle.

The egotism of little souls.

A hollow drum upon which any passer-by may play.

A merciful provision of Nature whereby fools are satisfied with their folly.

An inflated belief in the vastness of our supreme nothingness.

A mirror in which we always see the faults of others, but never see our own.

A sensitive plant, which cannot live without the sunshine of public applause.

The peacock's tail of humanity.

A grain of sand convinced that it is a mountain.

The outward fullness of inward emptiness.

Everybody's private opinion.

The gilded robes in which Ignorance wraps itself.

A mean petty conceit of any superiority, showing want of true greatness.

A house of which the roof is emptiness, the walls shadows, the windows ignorance, the doors conceit, and of foundation there is none.

Self-esteem caricatured.

An undue sense of self-appreciation.

Man's meanest attempt to cheat Nature.

The incurable "I" affection which unfortunately blinds us all.

Pride demoralized.

The attribute that makes a farthing dip, fancy itself an electric light.

A small "I" with a big dot.

Concentrated essence of self-opinion.

The glory of mean ambition.

A permanent eagerness to bask in one's own splendor, and to dazzle others by it.

The difference between a fool's estimate of his own value and the estimate of the world at large.

Pride in a state of effervescence.

An overdraft on one's personal account at the bank of self-esteem.

The caricature of true ambition—regrettable in great men, laughable in small men.

That upon which the "knowing ones" play to attain their desires.

There is no truth in the rumor that the City Council has invited Mr. Gladstone to come to Montreal—and bring his hatchet.