



"When We two Parted!" is the title of a story running in one of the papers. "Ah, yes!" sighs the bald-headed man as he rises from a perusal of the story and softly brushes the lower fringe, "When you, too, parted!"

A striking instance of the artlessness existing in one or two spots in the world is revealed in the kindly effort of a correspondent, "Lover of Truth," in a Toronto daily, to set E. King Dodds right in his anti Scott Act figures.

The editor of the *Mail* is very fond of letting the public understand that he has mistaken Hon. Mr. Mowat for a "Christian Politician." Mr. Mowat will not retort in kind, I fancy. He has never mistaken the editor of the *Mail* for a Christian Politician.

Ben. Butler, like Barkis, is willin'. He writes that if the American people desire to vote for him as President he will not object. Now, all that remains to be done towards a consummation devoutly to be wished is for the American people to desire to vote for Ben. Butler—and conclude to vote for some one else.

The Prince of Wales is not afraid of dynamites, isn't he? Well, all I have got to say about it is wait until he reads the paragraph I am about to— But, pshaw! Surely I ought to understand that his Royal Highness wouldn't for the world wish to convey the impression that he has any reference to the distinguished journalist with that *nom de plume*!

No one can have any serious objection to the *Mail* claiming the largest circulation in Canada, unless it be the paper which happens to enjoy a larger circulation than the *Mail*. But any person may fairly take exception to its claiming "the largest circulation of any paper in Canada"—that is, any person who has an ordinary acquaintance with elementary grammar could do so.

The *Mail* pooh-poohs what it terms "the story of collision between Indian agents and contractors to secure the sale of the same herds of cattle two or three times over to both the Canadian and American Governments." What is meant, of course, is the story of *collusion*. That one letter makes quite a difference between the two words. And yet it is only a little matter "between 'u' and 'i'"—as the sweet girl graduates are wont to express themselves.

M. Pasteur, the eminent scientist and chemist, is constantly seeking fresh woods and pastures new. Some of his experiments are actually past your comprehension, as for example that in which he proposes to cure hydrophobia by inoculation. It is to be hoped the distinguished professor will see the complete success of his alleged discovery. A hydrophobia cure would be a grand thing to have around committee rooms and the offices of the party papers during an election campaign.

"A voice from the People" writes a letter in the *Globe*, in which he declares "We want a chance!" From a Grit stand-point, my dear man, you do, and pretty badly. But I am not going to stop and tell you right here where you can get one, in the very face of the new and attractive advertising rates adopted by the city papers. What I wish to call your attention to is a grave mistake in a phrase contained in your startling epistle. You say—"hurl from office." The correct and only authorized form of the expression is "hurl from Power!"—with a large P.

There are four great divisions into which the Art Society's Exhibition must be grouped. First, there is that of the pictures which the newspaper critics see and applaud; then there comes that of the pictures which the newspaper critics see and condemn; third is that of the pictures which the newspaper critics pretend to have not seen at all, and fourth is that made up of the pictures you want to see and judge for yourself, so as to enjoy a sensible estimate of them. The last mentioned class, I might add, generally includes the whole collection.

"No Case—abuse pliff's attorney," was the old Yankee lawyer's advice to his young partner as he handed him a brief. "Slim defence—discredit the prosecutor's witnesses," appears to be the advice under which a more recent law affair is being carried on. I think I have read of men who more completely realized one's ideal of the angel than does Robt. McKim, M.P.P.; but I must also add that I am acquainted with politicians who have done less and stood less than he and yet have been presented with the freedom of the city, and gold watches and banquets and laudatory editorials and fat jobs and things, by a grateful Party.

Editors and other large fish-caters will rejoice to hear of the millions of salmon trout fry which a beneficent Government is having placed in the principal lakes and rivers of Canada. It is a grand sign that the Government fully recognizes the desirability of cultivating Brain Power among the people. Of course everybody has been struck with the idea that unless you first have the salmon trout fry you cannot expect to have the fry of salmon trout. I mention this that it may be taken in conjunction with my remark about cultivating Brain Power among the people, although I am aware it exposes me to the cold sarcasm of an observation to the effect that in one direction at least the cultivation of Brain Power would appear to be absolutely necessary rather than simply desirable.

When the Editor of the *News* issued a ukase that no one on his paper was to refer to his Excellency Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, as anything more than "Governor" Lansdowne, I felt sure that it was but the thin edge of the wedge. And my fears are being rapidly realized. Here is this disloyally familiar journalist actually writing of "Gov." Lansdowne! Brevity is the soul of guff. Curt are the contractions of Democracy. But, all the same, the outlook is not a reassuring one. Presently you will find this flip-pant newspaper man call his Lordship nothing but "the Guv;" and when it comes to a newspaper man dealing thus with the Canadian Governor-General, it seems to me it will be high time either to destroy the newspaper man or else to call off Governor-General.

There are other ways of emptying an egg than by knocking an end off. Take the two Radical organs of the city and compare, or rather contrast, their different methods of ventilating the same opinions. While the *News*

emaciates the dictionary in its demands for adjectives denunciatory of the Monarchical system, the *Globe* calmly unwinds, under the caption "Modern Tendencies," the reel of Republicanism. Just as the *News* in full wardrobe utters "the workingman" whoop, the *Globe* mildly discants on "the Dignity of Labor," or some Kindred Theme. No sooner has the idea that the Upper Chamber, Imperial and Colonial, must go, been enunciated in chop-straw fashion by the Yonge-street paper, than out comes the King-street paper brimful of suggestive incidents about truly bad Peers and mighty mysterious Senators, coupled with solemn moralizings on the functions of supervisory legislators. If the *News* sneers at Royalty direct, the *Globe* loses no chance to reprint a piece showing up a Prince or other Royal scion in an unenviable light. Find the O'Sheppard boldly advocating Canadian Independence, and you are at once called to notice the MacCameron sorrowfully asserting that there is no hope for Confederation. All the time the former is urging Canadians to copy the system of the Yankees, the latter is practically encouraging disaffection towards annexation. The only difference in the sentiment of the two powerful publications is that of manner not matter. The *News* reminds you of a Texan steer trying to cough up a cactus—the *Globe* realizes your conception of a meek-eyed mule, that you have to get behind to fully appreciate.

Reading about recent murder trials reminds me that within two or three years past to my certain recollection there have been in the Province of Ontario six atrocious butcheries, in every one of which the Crown has failed to bring home the crime to the guilty parties. This is a rather large percentage of Provincial murders to go undetected, especially when it is considered that the detected murders during the period named have only comprised those cases in which either the murderer was caught red-handed in the act, or else performed his job in such a way as to give no trouble to the authorities to convict him—proved himself a real accommodating murderer, so to speak. I am not positively certain that these accommodating murderers come forward now and then out of pure, disinterested sympathy for the officials known as Government detectives; but I vow that if there is one class of persons more than another to whom the Government detectives ought to feel grateful it is these obliging assassins, who, with our esteemed reporters, give our lynx-eyed officers a chance occasionally. Were it not for opportunities of this sort Government detectives might perhaps be in danger of having their acute unobtrusiveness become chronic. What a source of satisfaction it must be to the murderers and reporters to reflect that they can throw a gleam of sunshine upon the darkened pathway of a fellow-man—that they can vary the dull, grinding monotony of his official life, by enabling a Government detective to do a little something at intervals between pay-days. In conclusion let me surprise you by saying that if I had the employment of our Government detectives I would make it my aim to engage officers who were even more modest than the present incumbents—that is to say, who would stand in less need of being retired.

There are three terrible diseases now before married men, namely—Spring fever, spring bonnets, and spring house-cleaning.

A man who had been kicked by a horse was groaning in a doctor's office when an old acquaintance said: "Look here, that horse was Lightfoot, the trotter. You are from Kentucky, and so is the horse." "What!" exclaimed the man. "Horse from Kentucky? That makes it all right. Never mind your liniment, doctor."—*Arkansas Traveler*.