

Of all the rosy-tinted forecasts made respecting the Mowat demonstration the editor of the *Barrie Gazette* got in the rosiest:—"The Demonstration promises to eclipse any political gathering ever held in Canada, and will be the crowning event of the Toronto Exhibition." And yet Mowat didn't take a prize!

Now they say the electric light has spoiled flirtations at summer resorts, and turned the secluded piazza corner into a snare for the unwary whispering lover. The cry is, "Give us back our friendly, if feeble gas, or else the ancient lantern." In a word, the summer resorts want something that will emit, and also permit, sparks.

I can scarcely bring myself to credit it, but the sad truth is only too patent, that it really was a *Globe* reporter, who speaking of the investigation into the Parkdale school board little unpleasantness, remarked: "The prisoner retained throughout the proceedings an expressionless demeanor. He looked very wretched."

"Six thousand starving Indians at the Poplar River Agency, Montana, threaten to take the war path," is one of the latest sensational news items. Well, if the war path is good enough for them let them take and enjoy it; though it strikes me if they were to take the cow path they would come on something more satisfying.

Muscular christianity has its uses. A Sutton clergyman, annoyed during church service by some ruffians, picked one of them up and carried him outside the church. The only disappointing feature of this incident would seem to be in the fact that the muscular christianity manifested itself in the simple carrying of the rowdy out. But probably the rowdy's car did not afford a fair grip.

The only evidence of insanity in the case of a lady inmate of Lougue Pointe Asylum is ungovernable fury at the sight of her husband. If this be good and sufficient proof of insanity, I ask any married man to ponder the mental condition of his wife after he recalls the reception she recorded him a few days ago when he came into the newly-scrubbed kitchen without using the door-mat!

I see that the anguish and sorrow endured by Miss Fortescue through the fickleness of Lord Garmoylc is likely to find a counter pain in the person of a gentleman named Quilter, who is to marry the actress in a few weeks. I hope the gentleman will make a good husband, never appearing before his estimable wife three sheets in the wind, which is a most reprehensible thing for any man to do, *blank it*.

THE RESOURCES OF THE SCIENTIST.

Except Darwin's famous "survival of the fittest," no theory has had in our day a wider effect on thought than that of Sir William on the dissipation of energy. He has shown that the universe tends to a condition of inertness, because all forms of energy are easily convertible into heat, whereas the conversion of heat into other forms of energy is impossible of perfect, and always difficult of partial attainment.—*Globe*.

This is Moses Oates' plausible excuse for being lazy, but we can tell him it won't do.

Our city water is evidently not what it should be. We may say what we like about the evils of drunkenness. Doubtless they are many and great, but it is a toss-up whether some of the old toppers in Toronto have not shown considerable wisdom in eschewing the city water. A glass of beer would seem to be preferable to a compound of diluted sewage, liquified cats and dogs, and the refuse of the charming river Don.

I would humbly suggest to Canadian bankers who do not feel that they can trust their native cashiers, that it would be a safe move for them to engage some of those gentlemen who are now visiting us from the other side.

Our American guests would be unable to revisit the land of their birth, for reasons which need not be given, and would have no Elysian fields in view should they feel a desire to hypothecate the funds of the banks employing them. A man can, really, be moderately honest when it is impossible for him to escape with the fruits of dishonesty. If we are to harbor all the defaulting cashiers over here, by all means let us make use of them whilst we have them. But Euo' of this subject.

The only instance on record, in my experience at least, of people feeling good over a fire—that is to say, not one in an able-bodied coal stove when the mercury was dribbling out of the bottom of the thermometer, but a regular "destructive conflagration," as the newspapers put it—is that of the inhabitants of Woodstock, when the railway station buildings, including baggage-room and contents, were consumed the other night. The grief-stricken narrator of the occurrence, as he wipes the tears from his eyes, closes his paragraph to the papers thus:—"The citizens rejoice at the certainty of the erection now of station accommodation more in accordance with the needs of the town." How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a fire that burns nobody good.

I have always, heretofore, been of the opinion that the British House of Commons was quite justified in preventing Mr. Bradlaugh from taking his seat. I see, however, that the unbelieving member for Northampton has stated that he will make one more effort to take his seat, and now I sincerely hope and trust that he will be successful, for if the opposition to him still continues he declares his intention of coming to America on a lecturing tour. I now think, therefore, that the obdurate House should receive him with open arms, and Americans and Canadians will rise up and call it blessed. We have plenty of infidels out here already, we have been inundated with British lecturers and professional beauties—male and female, and though Mr. Bradlaugh can hardly be classed as a beauty, professional or non-professional, I think we can manage to get along without him.

When the disease of writing poetry gets into and takes complete possession of a man he is lost forever, as witness in the case of the doughty Baron D'Eyncourt. From a remote period it has been the custom of the British sovereign, when a subject has given evidence of being badly possessed of the poetic mania, to make him a poet-laureate at a salary of \$41.80 per month, with a present of a pipe of wine each year, the intention evidently being to induce the poet to either drink himself to death or drown himself in the liquor. Mr. Tennyson did neither, but simply drank his wine in moderation and squandered his £100 a year, and continued to write poetry. Then he was created a peer of the realm. But it did no good. He is at it again, and will soon produce another poem. The only way I know of to get rid of poets is to publish all their effusions and let the public shoot them to death with a meat-axe.

And now comes a thoughtful correspondent of the *Globe*, who assures us that "the result (of the Boundary Case) was not doubted by the majority of our countrymen. It was to all proper minded a foregone conclusion." When Mr. Mowat ascertains the name of this president person no office in the gift of the Government will be too good for him, although possibly the Premier may playfully chide him for making it so public that he went over the ocean just for the fun of the thing. Keen discernment, closely allied with sound common sense, is what I like to distinguish in letters to the press. There is only one thing it occurs to me to observe in conclusion, which makes Mr. Mowat sorry he didn't simply send

over his Boundary Case papers with "no defence" marked on them, and that is the circumstance that he was not on hand to hear Sir David Macpherson's courtly disclaimer before the judges *re* the Registrarship.

Three facts are clearly established to my mind in the case of the trio of gentlemen who constituted themselves a committee of the whole with power to add—or rather with power to diminish, the number of dudes in our once reputable and happy city. They are, first, that a dude is a real entity; second, that he has feeling; third, that there are persons to be found who really sympathize with, and would protect him. The first thing fills me with sadness, as a stigma on the human race; the second thing, in view of the first thing, brings sweet consolation to me, because feelings are amenable to—well, to quite a number of influences, both physical and mental; the third thing would plunge me in direst grief again, only I remember that the sympathy and protection came from the officers of the law, who were bound to manifest it. There are other reflections on this stirring incident which present themselves, but I am not calm enough to give them placid expression. In conclusion may I be permitted to entertain the hope that public indignation will not culminate in driving the two policemen and the magistrate to a foreign country.

The poets are hard at work turning out Mowat Commemoration Odes. The inspiring rhythm of such popular melodies as "Johnny Comes Marching Home!" "Jolly Dogs," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Come Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl," and several other ballads typifying victory, joy and enthusiasm, is being followed by the poets with more or less happiness of result in both rhyme and measure. The anonymous peans are, of course, the work of Laureate Edgar, who will never die contented until he has produced a companion song to "Ontayreo! Ontayreo!" which will, like that beautiful composition, be immortal in the annals of Canadian verse, not to say Canadian History. The Premier's name is perhaps the most formidable obstacle in the way of chaste and felicitous rhyme. "Oliver," you see, has to be made rhyme with "Bolivar," though by a little poetic licence you might also bring in "Gulliver" or in fact "solidier"; but you would really have to draw the line before employing "sockdolager," however appropriately the word might fit in. But with "Olly" a greater variety of correspondent words suggest themselves at once. Then take "Mowat," and about the only apposite and of a really distinctive character that occurs to you is "John O' Groat." Dismayed by this paucity of rhymic cadence many a well-intentioned poet will give up in despair, saying he is no more of a poet than a sheep is a goat. If it be any consolation to these vanquished versifiers to know it, I fancy I may assure them that Mr. Mowat can stand the disappointment if they can.

A stockholder in a Western narrow-gauge railroad made a call at headquarters the other day, and remarked to the president, "I notice that the gross receipts for October show a decrease over September." "Can you explain the matter?" "Certainly, sir. In September we carried a family of seven persons from Dashville to Blanktown, and the receipts were swelled. During October we only got hold of a blind man, two cars of lumber and a dozen barrels of salt, and the receipts shrank." "And what is the outlook?" "Splendid, sir. So far this month we have more than paid for the wood and oil for the locomotive, and if we get a shipment of six hogs, as promised us yesterday, I believe we can pay the conductor at least five per cent. of his back salary.—*Wall Street News*.