

As to the Association officers, there is no question but that the right men have been elected, but the distribution of offices is such as to threaten seriously the effective working of the team during the approaching season.

If, as we have been informed, and as the proceedings at the meeting indicate, this was the unavoidable outcome of preconcerted action on the part of a few men to secure such distribution of offices as would suit them in every particular, the whole proceeding can not be too strongly condemned; and members who have the interests of the club at heart, might well consider whether they would not be justified in having another meeting called to re-consider the matter.

Mr. De Lury retires from the presidency of the Literary Society after a year of unremitting labor in the interests of that body and with the assurance that he has performed his duties in such a manner as to elicit universal approbation. We bespeak for the society the same industry, tact and fairness from his successor.

### CANADA'S NATIONAL POET.

The idea of the scope and purpose of the works of an author who has done so much to create a national spirit and a national literature, can best be had from the title page of his first edition, which reads, "Mornings on the banks of the Candian Thames, including Poems on Local Canadian and British Subjects and lines on the great Poets of England, Ireland, Scotland and America with a glance at the wars in Victoria's reign, by James McIntyre," and from the prologue to his third edition,

Fair Canada is our theme,  
Land of rich cheese, milk and cream.

The poet keeps his word and does sing of all these themes. Only a very few selections can be given. He plunges into biography in this way,

We have scarcely time to tell thee  
Of the strange and gifted Shelley,  
Kind-hearted man, but ill-fated,  
So youthful, drowned and cremated.

Yes, time must have been just a trifle scarce. The average poet would have required at any rate six lines to dispose of Shelley. But why linger in needless repetition with so many subjects untouched? His muse is urging him on to a "Harvest Home Festival."

To dinner table all do march,  
Thro' evergreen triumphal arch,  
On top the Union Jack it floats,  
On each side sheaves of wheat and oats.

Great pumpkins and big ears of corn  
They do this rural arch adorn,  
We are reminded now 'tis fall,  
And boys enjoy game of football.

And more of the same.

It speaks volumes for a poet who is able to sing so enthusiastically of big ears of corn, footballs, and great pumpkins with no stronger stimulant than the tea of a Church social.

Mr. McIntyre no doubt intended to allow our minor and obscure poets, a monopoly of such a subject as the Spring. After a severe wrestle however, his muse overcame this considerate feeling, and we have as a result, "The Lay of the Spring," :—

Let others sing their favorite lay  
From early morn till close of day,  
More useful themes engage our pen,  
We sing the lay of our good hen.

For she doth lay each morn an egg,  
And it is full and large and big;  
Abroad she doth never travel,  
Happy she when scratching gravel.

And she cackles songs of praise  
Every morn whenc'er she lays,  
Proud she is when she finds pickings  
For to feed her brood of chickens.

It greatly puzzled her one day,  
When she found white nest egg of clay,  
She knew someone did trick play her,  
For she was no brick layer.

Vain and stately male bird stalks,  
Leading his hens along the walks,  
Proudly last feather in his tail  
Makes rival roosters for to quail.

With two more stanzas of the same.  
And yet the poet is not through with the hen. Listen to this :—

And in Ontario, the hen  
Is worthy of the poet's pen,  
For well she doth deserve the praise  
Bestowed on her for her good lays.

However much at ease the Bard felt among roosters, hens, and nest eggs, he is completely lost, compared with his sense of power, immediatly he touches upon his favorite subject, Cheese. Then his muse fairly howls in its ecstasy of feeling.

Among the many good ones upon this subject, here is the best.

### THE QUEEN OF CHEESE, WEIGHT OVER 7,000 LBS.

We have seen thee, queen of cheese,  
Lying quietly at your ease,  
Gently fanned by evening breeze,  
Thy fair form no flies dare seize.

All gaily dressed soon you'll go  
To the great Provincial Show,  
To be admired by many a beau  
In the city of Toronto."

Cows, numerous as a swarm of bees,  
Or as leaves upon the trees,  
It did require to make thee please,  
And stand unrivalled, Queen of Cheese.

May you not receive a star, as  
We have heard that Mr. Harris  
Intends to send you off as far as  
The great World's Show at Paris.

Of the youth beware of these,  
For some of them might rudely squeeze  
And bite your cheek, then songs or glees  
We could not sing, oh Queen of Cheese!

Wert thou suspended from balloon,  
You'd cast a shade even at noon;  
Folks would think it was the moon,  
About to fall and crush them soon.

The last line of the first stanza formerly read, "Thy fair form no fleas dare seize." By the happy change the poet has added still more to his fame in becoming the author of the expression, "There are no flies on you."

The poet had long tussled to restrain his tuneful lyre, and had almost succeeded as he puts in it these lines:

Almost broken was the lyre  
In the hands of Bard McIntyre,  
Who long had mused beside the stream,  
Till rudely wakened from his dream.

But the lyre was not broken, and the muse was not subdued. To what do we owe this good fortune? We owe it not to another Church Social, not to another Mammoth Cheese, not even to a second Shelley. We owe it to "the flood on the Creek, April 1891."