



JUST IN TIME.

CABBY—"Where to, Governor?"

FARE—"Wha's time?"

CABBY—"Ten to eleven."

FARE—"Nearest s'loon quick as y' can."—*Pick-me-up.*

RONDEL.

WHEN Mowat goes,
Then Orange fads and Tory foes
May tweak O. M.'s disjointed nose,
While he that organ mildly blows,
When Mowat goes.
Or when from Opposition rows
A stream of wit or wisdom flows,
When farmers pray for July snows,
Or doves consort with kites and crows,
When in the Province nothing grows,
And ruin is Ontario's,
Then Mowat goes.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

(A BRIEF EXTRACT FROM PRINCIPAL CAVEN'S NEXT LECTURE TO THE DIVINITY CLASS AT KNOX COLLEGE.)

GENTLEMEN,—Although it is the main duty of the Lectureships in this College to fit you for the work of the pulpit, I feel that we would be neglecting a very important branch of education if we sent you out without a thorough grounding in matters which lie outside the sphere of pastoral work. I refer more particularly to the sphere of politics. It may be, gentlemen, that your country will from time to time call upon you to step out of your churches and take an active part in political movements. In answer to such calls you will, as patriots, not hesitate to step from the path of ministerial duty into the thorny field of politics. I say thorny advisedly, gentlemen, for I have been there. (*Laughter.*) Please do not laugh. I use the phrase "been there" in no slang sense. It should be unnecessary to remind you that the Faculty of this College gives no countenance to the use of slang. Indeed, I more than suspect you are all well aware of that fact, and I can consequently only

regard the laugh I have just heard as an evidence of ribaldry, as proving, in short, that even within these calm and scholastic walls there exists the aggravating flippancy which I was about to mention as one of the worst characteristics of the political world.

Gentlemen, I wish to warn you very solemnly that things are not at all as one would suppose in the realm of political activity. I would earnestly impress upon you that amongst politicians there is a widespread and shocking disregard for the most plain and sacred laws of exegesis. To you, breathing the atmosphere of this College, it no doubt appears a horrible thing—as in truth it is—to sever words and phrases from their obvious context, and in this dislocated shape to make them bear meanings quite apart from, if not indeed antagonistic to, those which they bore in the original form. And yet it is not too much to say that this horrible thing is sometimes done by politicians who are eager to make a point. (*Sensation.*) I might even venture to assert that such a practice is general in this country, and that there is reason to believe it is indulged in by men who unquestionably know better. (*Renewed sensation.*) Lest I should be thought violent in my statements, I feel it right to produce proof of the charge I have just made. *I myself have been the victim of such treatment!* Not once, but several times, remarks which I have made with the greatest attention to clearness, and which I venture to think could not possibly have been really misunderstood by any person with a tittle of intelligence or perspicacity, have been misconstrued in the most painful and revolting manner. Nay, things which I have written and placed before the public in plain type, have been similarly misused. Making every allowance which charity could in any way suggest, I have been forced—I need not say, gentlemen, most reluctantly forced—to the conclusion that at least some politicians are scarcely as honest as one could wish; that there are amongst them those who will resort to measures which they must know are contrary to right and fair methods; and that there are some who will—I think I am fully justified in saying—some who will deliberately lie. (*Painful sensation.*) Within these walls we have always cherished a profound respect for Logic. (*Hear, hear.*) Within these walls you have been taught to reverence the context, and to solemnly differentiate the major and the minor premise, to weigh the meanings of words and phrases with the assistance of the Historic Imagination, and to draw only such conclusions as Truth would warrant. Among politicians, you will grieve to learn, only contempt is felt, if not expressed, for methods such as these. Facts have no rights which partizans are bound to respect. As to logic and philosophy, they pass for nothing in the eyes of heated politicians. The Laws and Rules which you reverence so deeply, are utterly ignored. The political world, in short, is, philosophically speaking, without form and void. There, indeed, chaos is come again! (*Sobs.*)

A GOOD PRINCIPAL.

GRIT HEELER—"I don't see what you Equal Righters want to drag religion into this contest for. The whole thing is a put-up Tory job, anyway—nothing else. The Equal Rights business is only an election cry. There's no principle behind it."

EQUAL RIGHTER—"Yes, there is, and a mighty good one, too."

GRIT HEELER—"I'd like to know what."

EQUAL RIGHTER—"Principal Caven."