

gave them a taste of the Airy Persiflage, Quip and Quid-dity sort of thing; and for the University Senate, Prof. Carpmael orated in the Erudite and Profound fashion. The reply by Prof. Mendenhall was a happy combination of all three varieties. Then, with a finer business instinct than men of Science are usually credited with, the scholastic ones got to work, and have been hard at it ever since, hunting for the secrets of nature in sections.

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BY way (as we presume) of reassuring any timid ones who might have felt afraid of attending the meetings of such very learned persons, Prof. Hill, of the Economic Section, began the proceedings by reading a paper calculated to show that intelligence was not necessarily a part of the outfit of a member of the A.A.A.S. His paper was in support of the Protective theory, and in it he attempted to demonstrate that Protection was a particularly good thing for the farmer and workingman! Those of us who happen to belong to the diffident class just alluded to would feel perfectly at our ease now, if some member of the Ornithological Section would assure us that birds can fly better with their wings clipped; but even as it is, we don't feel half so nervous as we did at first.

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CHILDREN, and certain other folks, the adage says, should not handle edged tools. They would also do well to keep clear of allegories, if they happen to be editing papers that are upholding unsound doctrine. Here, for example, is our contemporary, the *News*, setting out to warn the "gentle farmer" against the Commercial Unionists. To enforce the point that Commercial Union will infallibly lead to annexation, the editor tells a story of a poor old darkey farmer who cultivated a field of mint. A knowing traveler came along and let the old man into the secret of making mint-julep, and the result was that he soon went to ruin. This is not bad as a temperance story, but as an argument against Free Trade it strikes us as slightly idiotic.

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BUT just listen to the *News*' description of the ebony hero of the parable, who is meant to represent the Canadian farmer:

He (the traveler) found the simple negro happy and well-to-do, and unable to understand the restrictions on trade, and the disadvantages of the narrow market at his command. Free Trade was what the country wanted, Free Trade and prosperity for man, woman and child.

This analogy doesn't fit exactly, as the Canadian farmer is not "happy and well-to-do," nor is he as a rule "unable to understand" the disadvantages of a restricted market. But however did such solid chunks of truth as the rest of the extract get into such a good Protectionist parable? Free Trade is precisely what Canada needs, and it is the only thing that will give our people genuine prosperity. And yet the *News* is not ashamed to be among the spurious "loyalists" who try to prevent the people from seeing this by tying the "grand old flag" over their eyes.

ONE RUNG HIGHER.

THE *Magazine of Poetry*, a quarterly review, devoted entirely to the divine afflatus, contains in its last issue a highly appreciative sketch and excellent portrait of Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, whom it recognizes as one of the rising Canadian *littérateurs*. Some specimens of this clever young man's work are given, which compare very

favorably with the best in the magazine, and it is poetry from cover to cover. GRIP has had a paternal eye on Thomas for some years and is glad to note his steady progress up the ladder of fame.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

JOAQUER (*meeting Flipper on the street*)—"Say, Flip, how do, old man? Got a good one for you. As thus: Why is Cleopatra's Needle—you know what Cleopatra's Needle is, don't you? Why is Cleopatra's Needle like a necessary part of the outfit of a printing office? Catch on? Why, anybody could guess that? Give it up?"

FLIPPER—"Of course I do. I never could see anything in your idiotic jokes"

JOAQUER—"Why it's because it's a magnificent rock. See? Ha! ha! ha!" (*Exit.*)

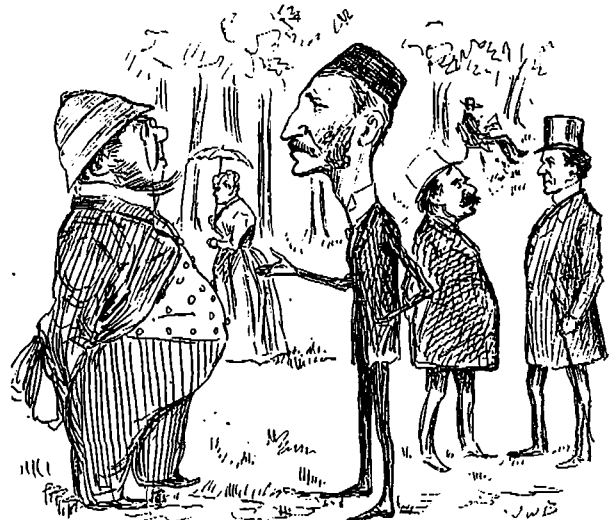
FLIPPER—"Magnificent rock! What *can* the blamed lunatic mean? Part of the outfit of a printing office. Well, some kind of a rock ought to be kept in any printing office that he's in the habit of visiting. Cleopatra's Needle—magnificent rock—printing outfit. Oh, pshaw!—the thing's not worth bothering over."

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(Interval of two months elapses.)

FLIPPER—"Ah, there goes Joaquer. Haven't seen him in a dog's age. Le'mesee, last time we met he sprung a fool joke on me about Cleopatra's Needle being like part of the outfit of a printing office, because it was a magnificent rock. Now what did he mean? How could a magnificent rock— Oh, ah! I have it. I see it all now. The ensanguined nincompopp meant to say *imposing stone!* Well, well!"

FLY-TIME—During the baseball season.



WITH THE ACCENT ON.

VISITOR AT GRIMSBY—"Well, Mr. Benson, you've had a fine season. Now, who has been your greatest speaker?"

REV. MANAGER B.—"Oh, unquestionably *the* greatest speaker was John R. Clark; but *the* greatest speaker, I should say, was Miss Shaw; though unquestionably *the* greatest speaker was Rev. Dr. McIntyre."