



"FAINT PRAISE."

WIFE (*who is learning*)—"Don't you think I am improving in my playing, George?"

HUSBAND—"I believe you are—or else it must be that I am getting used to it!"

connection with the death and burial of Sir John A. Macdonald has been more touching than the expression on all sides of the public gratitude for the services he rendered to Canada and the Empire. There are those amongst us who believe that, to be strictly truthful, Sir John's career was more hindering than helpful to this country, and that the principles which he represented will have to be eradicated by long and painful work. But he certainly did do some good things, and for the sake of these all else is forgotten. There is, in this overmastering kindness of the People, something which should touch the heart of every public man and inspire him to the highest efforts of which he is capable. To honestly win such a tribute as has been paid to the late Premier is a worthy object of ambition, and no higher can be placed before a Canadian citizen.



It would seem to be in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that Sir William Gordon Cumming's dealings with the baccarat "banker" should lead to his being "cashiered." We should suppose it to be the smallest part of his punishment that he is henceforth debarred from the

society of the Prince of Wales and his set. *Apropos* of the fatal document in this case, the *London Times* "almost wishes that the Prince of Wales, for the sake of English society, had also signed a declaration never to

play cards again." "Almost wishes" is good. Nothing but a loyal devotion to the British Constitution, we suppose, prevents the editor from going the whole hog and "altogether" wishing.

THE cause moves gloriously! It must delight the heart of that noble citizen of the world, Henry George, to see how rapidly the truth is trickling down through the press into the minds and hearts of the people. A few years ago it might have been said of the political world, so far as the "dismal science" was concerned, that it "was without form and void, and thick darkness brooded upon the face of the waters." It was George's mission first of all to prove that the science of political economy was not "dismal," and this the charm of his eloquent pen accomplished. Only the errors and absurdities which he demolished deserved that description. The truth, as he set it forth, was full of light and happiness for mankind. And now that truth is everywhere spreading and discovering to thinking men the fact that land monopoly is the canker worm which is causing the unrest of society.

HERE, for example, are some words of wisdom from the *London Advertiser*, which could not have been written without the illumination Henry George has given to the thought of the day. Speaking of the startling fact recently brought out that forty-five per cent of England's rural laborers who reach the age of sixty become chargeable to the parish, the *Advertiser* says:

It is unbelievable that utter failure should crown nearly half the hard-working lives of a nation as the result of shiftness, drunkenness or vice. The trouble, in some respects, arises from the landlord-made laws that have in the past diverted into the pockets of the controllers of the soil too large a slice of the receipts from the labor expended in its cultivation or in the mining of the under-surface minerals.

THEN the editor goes on:

On this continent we have less pauperism than is found in the Old World; but that fact can be traced to two causes. We have no expensive army and navy to keep up, and we have as yet plenty of available vacant land, which tends to make the lot of the working-man easier than in Old World lands, where the soil has all been appropriated. Whether our people will be any better off than those in the Old World when the natural opportunities are circumscribed through the increase of population will depend upon whether we take care to avoid what is objectionable in the Old World systems.

That's it! The one thing we must do is to throttle landlordism, and this can best be done by the single tax. It may be questioned, indeed, whether we have "plenty of vacant land" situated where it is of any practical use to the would-be settler. America is already pretty well "owned."

HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

"WHAT'S the matter, my dear?" asked a parent of a favorite daughter, who had just received and was reading a letter.

"Oh, the worst of news. Poor Tom died suddenly last Tuesday, on his way to Parry Sound."

LITTLE CURLY-HEADED SISTER (*in sympathy, looking up*)—"Never mind, Etta, he only changed his mind and went to Parry-dise."
F.W.H.

"PAW, deaw Fanny!" exclaimed Miss Malaprop, gathering up her fashionable skirts as she left the sick-room, "how it distwesses me to see her so emancipated!"