

ants, stretch out his strong arm and take some bilious brother by the collar, shake life into him and fun out of. The Doctor deserves the kindly feelings so universally entertained for him because of his sunny, funny, felicitous contributions to the journals. I could appreciate these all the more if the Doctor would refrain from clutching at my own collar, lifting me up as he does and playfully poking me in the ribs. Such frolics may be fun to him, but they leave an unpleasant sensation beneath the fifth rib of yours truly, and in my wrath I feel like giving him a bit of my mind. I know it is folly to attempt to convince a man of his eccentricities by pointing them out to him. He is sure to refuse to mend his manners immediately; subsequent reflection, however, may cause him to improve. I should be willing to uncomplainingly put up with his rough handling and forgive the frolicking moods of which they are the outcome if he were a little *cosmopolitan*; but I fear he is too much hide-bound to ever be healthy. His weakest point is his anti-British proclivities. He is clearly of the opinion that "no good thing can come out of Nazareth." He would not be associated with a Nazarene even in a cartoon. Hear him complain in last issue of the C. B. J. because "Amateur Expert" brought him into proximity with a Scotchman and myself. "He must mix me up in a cartoon with Mr. McKnight and a very dear old friend from Scotland." I take this opportunity of informing Dr. Mason that however much he may be chagrined by the association, that Scotchman and this Irishman are not a bit flattered by being grouped with the "other fellow." I can at any rate speak for myself in the matter. I am pleased to be in company with an honest Scotchman and I would not at all object if the cartoon embraced a beef-steak and pudding-eating Englishman like "Amateur Expert" himself, or a whole-souled generous German like Muth of Cincinnati, but a nondescript American whose pedigree could not be traced out by a Philadelphia lawyer—! "Fie, "Amateur Expert," how dare you do it? What is an American anyway? The best answer I can venture to give is the definition handed down to us by one of Dr. Mason's own countrymen. Here it is:

"English, Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration."

Who cares to be associated with such a mongrel? Bear in mind it is not the *wan* I object to. It is the type. Because a man of this type is a "man of many fathers" is it reason why he should indulge in the misguided belief that he has a right to domineer over those who cannot

boast of such a variety. The Doctor is evidently proud of his origin—proud of the zig-zag line from whence he sprang. But to be over proud is not a good thing. It is said to come from a disreputable source. A humorous American poet has warned his countrymen against indulging in it when he says:

"Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes
But learn for the sake of your soul's repose
That all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation."

The Doctor is not only proud of his country, but he is "spoiling for a fight." Like a tipsy Irishman at Donnybrook he is marching round twirling his stick and enquiring. "Will some one tread on the tail of my coat." He is especially anxious to bring down his black thorn on the head of a Canadian, for on page 149 A. B. J. we find him declaring. "I'm not afraid of any or all the Canadians that breathe"; again in the C. B. J. page 51 he says: "If you have one or more correspondents anywhere that think I can be licked, or have the fun-so shaken out of me that I am not ready for another licking or more fun, let him put in an appearance." Now, I am not going to take up the gauntlet thrown down by the Doctor, for I am of all things a man of peace, but if there is a man of all others of whom I am least frightened, it is the man who talks loudly. Generally he does not mean fight. He only means to frighten. But Canadians are not easily frightened, and it does not disturb their equanimity a bit to hear a citizen of "the greatest nation on earth" declare that he "can whip all creation"! We are accustomed to that kind of thing and have learned to estimate such bragadocio at its worth. I am inclined to believe the Doctor's pugilistic proclivities are of recent growth, else we would have the pleasure of addressing him as Major-General Mason. He now boasts a bushy hirsute appendage on his chin which time has mingled with a silver grey, and he must have been in prime fighting trim before Lee resigned the sword of the South to Grant. Where was he when Chancellorville, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania and Chickahominy were being fought? Was he then one of those timid youths who develop into courageous men only at an advanced period of their existence?—and because of his youthful timidity the honor of being now a retired colonel was lost to him. I am obliged to decline taking up the gauntlet thrown at the feet of my countrymen, as I am out of practice, having done all my fighting when a boy at school.

Owen Sound.

R. MCKNIGHT.

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