

He made no remark.

"Do you remember the licking you gave me at school?"

He remembered it.

I took off my coat and handed it to a friend.

"Well," I said, smilingly, confidently, exultantly, "I'm going to pay you for it now, with interest."

Then I squared myself in the most approved manner.

He put up his hands awkwardly. I fainted. He left himself open. I let out with my left.

He ducked his head.

My heart gave a great throb. I was sure I had him! I drew back my right for a terrific blow, and—a curious feeling suddenly came over my mouth, and I lay down and commenced spitting out teeth.

Then I thought I wouldn't whip him any more, but would get up and go home. I got up to do so, but he placed his hand upon my nose very impulsively, and I again discontinued standing up.

A couple of my friends helped me home, where I have remained ever since.

The doctor put a silver bridge in my nose.

My new teeth feel awkward yet, and it hurts me to sit down.

I don't think it was right now, to attack the school-master.

It would have been nobler—much nobler to have forgiven him.

And less expensive.

And more healthy.

Don't!

The atmosphere is fragrant,
With the sweet perfume
Of flowers, that blush around us,
All radiant in bloom.

Pretty feathered songsters,
Flutter through the trees,
Lading with their melody,
The gentle summer breeze.

Twistingly still ocean-ward,
Majestically flows
The river, ever murmuring
Gaily as it goes.

Nature is full beautiful,
With pure and glorious light,
And Nature's heart of hearts,
Seems throbbing with delight.

But, ah! alas! alack!
Aye, several times alas!
There sits a gentle maiden,
Weeping in the grass!

Her golden hair—(her very own)—
Has fallen down behind,
And streams out wildly, gracefully,
On the summer's wind!

She sits and weeps,—ah, me!
The tears roll down her cheeks,
And o'er her sweet, tip-titled nose,
In briny, burning creeks.

She weeps,—but from her lips
There issues not a groan,—
She does not sigh a single time,
Nor give way to a moan;

And yet she sorely weeps,
As though her heart would break—
As though she strove with tears,
A little sea to make.

Oh! broken-hearted maiden
With the golden hair!
Oh! thou tearful darling,
Wonderously fair!

Spare thy pretty eyes from pain,—
Thy breath too—I implore,
Oh, wipe thy tears away, and don't
Eat onions any more!

Advice to persons about to eat garlic—*Don't!*

Plain Words to Canadian Editors.

Grip protests, in the name of decency, against the tone of the Canadian press. The desire of editors seems to be to go as close as possible to libel without overstepping the bounds. As usual in cases where limits are not strictly defined, there is a broad debateable space between the legal and the moral crime; this is being taken possession of by the press in the supposed interest of the public, and in defiance of all private rights. The result has of late been a succession of disclosures with which the public have absolutely no concern. Not only have facts, which should have remained unknown, except to those concerned, been related in the manner calculated most to damage certain individuals; but the grossest falsehoods have been invented concerning the private lives of many prominent men. We are becoming surrounded with a social atmosphere as foul as that of the United States, vitiated by the breath of slander, in which no pure or holy or refined thing can exist. The American press, influenced by the democratic idea of the exclusive rights of the majority, has long treated the private life of public men as public property. A total disregard for individual rights has produced the vilest press the world has ever seen, saturated with vulgarity, teeming with slanderous items, peering impudently into the family circle, pandering to the lowest appetites of a half-educated mob, and leaving to public men no moment of privacy. The law of libel is a dead letter, and an appeal to it is considered ridiculous and almost an offence against the public.

The result has been, that every noble nature has shrunk from entering political life—the Government is carried on by rings of swindlers—the sight of infamous men filling high places, has reacted injuriously upon public opinion, which is now sceptical of all virtue, and private life has been deeply affected by every description of vice.

Unless the Canadian press is to sink to the level of that of the United States, and in its degradation drag our people with it, there must be an immediate reformation and a reformation from within. The press is too powerful to be muzzled by any libel law, and in effect must define its own privileges. The discussion of any circumstance whatever, not a legal offence, the revelation of which can be productive of no benefit to the community, and which must injuriously affect individuals, should be tabooed. With private life, newspapers have nothing to do; no man should be abused for opinion's sake, and in the treatment of public affairs, a decent courtesy should be maintained toward opponents.

Our Montreal Exchanges.

The ultramontane movement in Lower Canada is influencing social life in a very remarkable manner, as elsewhere, in the direction of medievalism. In the Middle Ages it was often ordered by the Church that penitents, especially if of noble rank, should wash the feet of the vulgar. The following advertisement, taken from the *Montreal Star*, indicates a revival of the custom in Quebec:

WANTED—A strong girl to wash. Apply to James Cox, 576 Craig street.

We have known city sportsmen, members of the Junior Gun Club, for instance, who consider snow-birds, tame pigeons, robins, &c., &c., fair game; but till we read the following advertisement, we did not know that canaries were thought game by anybody. But those Montrealers are getting so awfully rich by land swaps and Pacific Railways and such things that perhaps they shoot high-priced canaries, just as poverty-stricken Torontonians shoot garden birds:

LOST—on Friday morning, from 15 Drummond street, a dark spotted Canary, highly prized by owner. Any person returning the game to the above address will be rewarded.

If the next advertisement were seen in a Toronto paper what an enormous increase would occur in the number of hotel waiters! There are lots of fellows now who wait round the hotels, but they don't get boarded any cheaper on that account:

BOARD—Three dollars a week at 17 Little St. Antoine street. Hotel waiters at \$3 per month.

Perhaps Montreal hotel waiters forage on their employers.

In the *Montreal Witness* we find this:

LOST—on Sunday morning, a Parcel, left in a small refreshment shop. The finder will please return it to 110 St. Denis street.

There is a reticence about this advertisement that is highly suggestive of ante-sermon tipples. What sort of a small refreshment shop was it in which the parcel was left? We hope not one that should be shut on Sunday morning?

Prince's Prisoners.

SEVERAL prisoners have escaped from the Central Prison of late. They thus carry out the scriptural injunction, "Put not your trust in PRINCES."