

parties, it would be a very serious blow to his ministerial influence, but it is begging the question to assume at the outset that a party expressly formed in order to purify the political atmosphere from the abuses created by the corruption, self-seeking and insincerity of the rotten old parties, must necessarily fall to their level. The Grit organs shouldn't measure other people's corn in their bushel. The funny part of the business is that these same papers are always ready to applaud to the echo any preacher who has a word to say on their side. They can, in such cases, wax eloquent over the faithfulness and earnestness of the clergy in testifying against public iniquity, and pooh-pooh as an antiquated and exploded notion the idea that a minister has no business to meddle with politics.



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RANK as a genuine city has long been coveted by the people of Hamilton, who really have made very respectable advances towards the civic status. It is too bad of the *Dominion Illustrated*, just as our neighbors were beginning to assume metropolitan airs on the head of the success of their summer carnival, to give them away by putting the belittling head-line "Hamilton City" on an editorial of a professionally complimentary character. "Hamilton City" sounds like the name of some

one-horse paper town out somewhere near the Rockies. It is really too cruel.

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GRIP is pleased to learn that the publication of Prof. Goldwin Smith's *Bystander* is to be resumed next month. The Professor, as we all know, is apt to be wrong-headed and reactionary. Though kindly and well-meaning, he somehow generally manages to get on the wrong side of the question he discusses and employs his remarkable command of language and wide knowledge of men and affairs in making the worse appear the better reason. Nevertheless the *Bystander* will be a welcome addition to our periodical literature. The editor at any rate knows something of the subjects on which he treats, and is always independent and outspoken. The trouble



"FORTITUDE."

RAILWAY OFFICIAL (in consternation)—"Sir, a terrible accident has just happened, and your valet has been cut to pieces."

TRAVELING BRITON—"Indeed! Aw—will you oblige me by bringing the piece containing the checks for my luggage."

with most of our writers is that they know very little, not being as a rule readers or thinkers—and that they cannot use what they do know to advantage, because they are the slaves either of the party or of the counting-room. They are as a rule worked so hard by the publishers who hire them that they have neither the time nor the inclination to keep up their reading, and therefore spin out their brains in windy and pointless platitudes, simply to fill up space. It is consequently a relief to get hold of such a journal as *Bystander*. However much one may disagree with its opinions, we know at all events that they are not written at the dictation of a party boss or a publisher with an axe to grind. It is just as well, moreover, that the conservative—we do not mean Tory—side of the live questions of the day, should be presented just as clearly and strongly as possible, if only to put the advocates of progress on their mettle and bring out the best talent on that side.



"LOVE"

WHENEVER poets sing of love,
And teach us to admire it,
They paint the girl a pretty dove
Who couldn't but inspire it;
And then the hero always is
A paragon Apollo,
Whose handsome figure does the biz,
Whom Cupid's bound to follow.

But where's the merit of the flame
In such like circumstances?
'Twould positively be a shame
To fight 'gainst beauty's glances!
The passion can't be helped at all,
It's not like true affection,
But something scientists would call
Mere "natural selection."

But ah, for real human love,
Above the least suspicion,
Take such a couple as above
And note its disposition;
No beauty here to charm the eye
And cheat the heart's deep yearning.
All adventitious aids here sly
Young Cupid's plainly spurning.

The girl's a perfect fright—a guy,
Her fellow's quite as homely;
Yet each does for the other sigh
As might a pair more comely:
Let poets sing *this* kind of love,
'Twill well stand being tested,
And every time will surely prove
At least disinterested.

WHEN George Sand, otherwise Madame Dudevant, the novelist, separated from her husband, she probably remarked, "Dude, avant!"