



JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES IN CANADA.

MRS. GRANT—"George! George! What *have* you been doing?"

PRINCIPAL G.—"I ventured, my dear, to remark that 'Ontario could not afford to dismiss Sir Oliver Mowat.'"

WM. R. CLIMIE.

EDITOR ROWMANVILLE SUN.
DIED JUNE 7, 1894.

Our country, that has need of sterling
men,
And journals of high faith,
Is poorer for the passing of this pen.
And well may mourn this death.

Silent may be the brazen trump of
fame,
And tongue of eulogy—
The teeming world knows little of the
name
Or work of such as he.

Yet 'tis by such as he the world is
blessed,
More than by heroes great,
Men of the people, simple and un-
drest
In dignities of state.

These, like the dew, in every humble
sphere
Perform their silent task,
Not widely known, but known to be
held dear,—
The sweeter fame they ask.

And when as morning dew they pass
away,
They leave no mark behind:
But for their living all the after-day
Is purer and more kind.

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.

III.

THE MAN WHO IS NEVER IN THE WRONG.

YOU'D dislike him less if just once in his life he'd been caught making a mistake, but you needn't hope for such a chance, he's always dead sure of his remarks, if he has to hunt them up in an encyclopedia, for the express

purpose of setting you right. He is not, as a rule, a man of wide experience, or many words, but what he knows he knows, and he's great at details. He's so desperately conscientious that if you happen to say "good-morning" on a rainy day he looks reproachfully at you, and replies, "Well, I call it a bad morning."

His statements are usually so cold, clear and accurate, you want to contradict them even when they are your own pet sayings.

Possibly you may be truthful by nature or education, (some human creatures are so constructed,) but when he insists on a common everyday trucism, you feel your principles shaking. The fixed and unalterable calm of his "there's no mistake about it," makes you doubt the morality of the virtues you pride yourself upon possessing. Like the smooth surface of a new pine desk to a school boy, so is his assertiveness to you, you want to chip into it.

The "man who is never in the wrong," enjoys his own accuracy more than anything else, unless it is your little verbal mistakes. Any slips of tongue on your part are his opportunities, and he absolutely revels, when he hears a word misplaced in a quotation he happens to remember.

Naturally he has very little patience with new ideas, as he absolutely hates anything on which he has not formed an opinion, or rather absorbed one from some one else's experience. Of course such an ossification of well-weighed thoughts, has no patience at all with other people's fancies, and perhaps he may be useful as a pruning-hook to one's conceit, but he certainly fosters the growth of temper, and if he is never in the wrong himself, puts a good many other people there.

J. M. Loes.

THE PERSECUTED HUSBAND.

"DON'T you think it is time we got the storm windows taken down, dear?" said Mrs. Sawser to her husband the other evening; "I wish you would send up that man we get to do odd jobs now and then."

"Eh? What's that? Man! Windows!" ejaculated



"THE GREAT UNWASHED."

"Can't you do somethink for an old acquaintance, Capt'n? I used to go bathin' with you, don't you reck'lect!"

"Um—that must have been a long time ago!"