

seer, he will untoubtdly visit the homes of many Lilliputian. He has already sent reporters to Chapleau, North Bay, East Templeton, Marquette, Mich., Sweetsburg, Pittsburg, Arthabascaville, and many other *great* cities of Canada and the United States.

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In the April issue of the REVIEW the Local Chronicler kindly advised our less pretentious reporter to use his weapons of wit upon the Lilliputians that belong to the small yard. The Junior Editor answers his friend that the object of *all* literary art is to teach. It is true that our round of teaching *should* be confined to the small yard, but *circumstances* alter cases. If we wish to be successful in leading our young midgets to their ultimate end, we must destroy all the evil influences that the Lilliputians may chance to meet with on their way. But many of these evils drift over to us from the big men beyond the picket fence. As our local Editor therefore does not see fit to correct his fellow students in their erratic ways, we feel justified *through an unbounded spirit of charity* to bring these seniors to a sense of their duty.

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C.—Well you see if the hill doesn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet had better go to the hill.

J.—Yes ! But in what way ?

S.—Why, *Con-way* of course.

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Prof.—There were'n't any *men* came to see you, were there Mr. C. ?

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SPECIAL !!!

Before bidding a fond "Au Revoir" to his young companions, the Junior Editor thanks them sincerely for having allowed him to enjoy existence during his brief career as Lilliputian chronicler. At the outset into his new field of labors, he did not foresee a very hopeful future. Providence has however deigned to smile upon him and he now wipes his pen, dear friends, pleased with his past efforts and grateful to his young companions for the encouragement they always tended me.—The pen is laid aside.

FAREWELL.