

A pretty little romance comes from Ottawa to the effect that a seventy year old civil service employee and widower, and a sixty year old wealthy California widow, have become reunited after long, long years of separation, during which the tender passion engendered for each other in youthful days slumbered but never altogether died out. They met, loved, parted, got married and eventually drifted into each other's arms once more, never to go again. This reads like a duly authorized novel; but yet the narrator is painfully silent about material particulars. Was it not a fact that the high-spirited and noble-minded young lady discarded her lover because he was a politician and office-seeker and refused to turn from his evil ways? Did he not then in a fit of desperation take to idleness and a secretaryship in one of the Departments? Afterwards, when she had learned that he might have got a Registrarship, if he had only waited, did she not become desperate and make his dismissal final? These are queries that may present anachronisms to the student of Canadian history, but I am only addressing myself to the sentimentalist and fiction-reader, and shall look coldly on any interruption from students or other suspicious persons. After all, however, there is a great moral as well as a tender side to this little life episode. *Nil desperandum!* When you have lost both your ambition and your girl, live on happily for fifty years or so and maybe you will get back one of them, and she will own enough to enable you to worry along the rest of the road without the other.

Bro. Griffin does not object to a Provincial Rights Demonstration; the only thing that perplexes him is that Mowat should not be the subject of it, but Meredith. This is an idea that perhaps has not struck many of us, probably because we have not given the matter sufficient thought. Now, upon mature reflection it occurs to me that Mr. Mowat has had quite enough enjoyment out of this Boundary affair and ought to give some one else a show. Here, he has been given leave of absence without having his wages docked; he has had a free pass across the ocean and his board bills paid; no doubt also he has got his theatre, horse-races and prize-fights expenses marked down against this Province, and I would not be surprised if he had actually charged up a new walking cane. On the other hand Mr. Meredith, his duly authorized rival, has been obliged to remain at home, pay his taxes, receive Weekes and Wilkinson at stated intervals, read *Mail* editorial, cut kindlings every night, and in other respects go the rounds of this work-a-day world as if he were some common person and did not have at heart the true interest of this Great Province. By all means, then, let us take Bro. Griffin's advice and give Mr. Meredith the reception. No one doubts but that he wants to do something for Ontario, but it seems as if we were not disposed to give him a chance.

This is emphatically an age of rampant selfishness. In saying this, reference is not had to the rampant sell-fishers, or at least fish-sellers, who disturb our otherwise peaceful homes, and fill us with a desire for blood, but to the existence of the almighty "me" sentiment, which renders people unable to understand how anybody but themselves can have a soul or a body, or an ambition or an appetite. As a passing illustration let me give this advertisement from one of the dailies:—"Wanted—Good, sound, family horse, must be quiet and kind in harness." It makes no difference, you see, to this estimable family, how often the horse, when off duty, chews the ear or destroys the diaphragm of the stable-boy, so long as it exhibits an amiable disposition while the owner, or his wife or daughter, handles the reins. At this rate of procedure who will be surprised at coming across such advertisements as, "Wanted—

Lamp—Warranted to explode only when visiting mother-in-law or useless hired girl is filling it;" or "Wanted—Lawn-mower, guaranteed to ruin any other lawn than the owner's." About the only thing now-a-days that a man does not propose to keep strictly to himself is his Canada thistle patch, or the big fish story of which he was the hero. I firmly believe the time is not far distant when a man will coldly refuse the wife of his bosom the use of his tooth-brush!

A Manchester girl who keeps a diary devoted to noting down the visits of her beau, calls it her Court Journal. Following her example the professional slugger would naturally call his record of victories his scrap-book. I suggest this amplification of the Manchester girl paragraph, not so much because there is any paralyzing fun in it as because there is a very modern slang word in it, which constitutes the essential principal of its latent humor. Only a learned and experienced philosopher or a newspaper reporter could ever, unaided, trace the analogy between "fighting" and "scraping," and yet, in the vocabulary of latter-day sport the two words are synonymous! This is one of the most startling illustrations of the subtle instinct and rife scholarship characterizing the authors of the expressive and beautiful language of the Tongs. I see the tall young man with the sporting Mind who belongs to the *Mail*—or is it the *Mail* which belongs to him?—has adopted "Scraps" as a heading for slugging match items. It proves that he means to keep abreast of the times. It also proves that in more than one department of the *Mail* luscious slang is appreciated. But it is a wonder the editor-in-chief permits the use of such a word as "scraps;" not because it is slang, but because it is so painfully suggestive of that other word significant of what both he and his boss have been getting themselves into lately.

A *Globe* special cable announces the gratifying intelligence—I presume it will be considered "gratifying" by those who are likely to consider such intelligence gratifying—that the presence of an English team at the artillery competition at Quebec is assured, the Queen having subscribed £100 and the Prince of Wales £25 toward the expenses of the proposed visit, and thus make up what was lacking in the estimated cost of the trip. The special cable about such a matter as a volunteer artillery team's visit to Canada is hardly provocative of surprise, for the *Globe's* special cablegrammer often makes a singular choice of subjects for his powerfully written advertisements, in doing which, it is believed, he is only striving to emulate the *Globe's* special editorial grammar,—or more properly crammer. But the surprise must come in at the reference to the Queen's subscription, which does not contain the customary sneer at Her Majesty's alleged "niggardliness," "parsimony," and all that sort of thing, which the true-born British Radical delights to deliver himself of at stated intervals between glasses. The *Globe* missed a grand opportunity this time to tickle its Radical readers. But maybe the editor had a shrewd suspicion haunting him that if he should say anything rough the artillery team might take it into their heads to come up to Toronto and have a pop at the old *Globe* rookery.

HILARIOUS.

Educated Young Lady—Mother, that gentleman with the heavy moustache is a foreigner, isn't he?

Mother—Yes, he is an American.

Daughter—Ah, he is quite a remarkable man. He has only been in this country a few weeks, yet I have no trouble in understanding him.

Mother—Well, I suppose he must have studied our language before he came.



GLADSTONE CRUSHED!

W. E. G.—I beg pardon, Mr. Griffin, I didn't know you were in the peccage. I shall cease my efforts to reform the House of Lords.

FAUSTOPHELES THE ALCHEMIST,
AND THE AWFUL THING HE PRODUCED BY THE
BLACK ART.

CHAP. I.

"Faustopheles!"

"Anon, anon, m'liege."

"Anon me none of thine anons, thou cuttill, but hither to oncet," roared the puissant Juke Fitz-Hamfatte, "hither, I say, thou crucible-boiling varlet, thou compounder of vile and obnoxious stanches, or thy head pays forfeit for thy delay," and the Juke, rising and hurling a malapert foot-page who stood in his way, through the open mullioned window, advanced into an inner chamber and dragged forth his dilatory alchemist by the collar of his flowing robes, and thrust him into his own reception hall.

"I crave ye pardon, m'lud," whimpered Faustopheles. "I did but tarry one second, for even now I have discovered the secret of extracting attar of roses from the refuse on the margins of the river Don, and I—"

"Hist, sirrah," bellowed his liege lord, "Waste not further time with these base experiments, for even now the doughty Earl of Guzzling Gulch is on his way with ten thousand horse to attack this my castle: Knowest thou not that my retinue numbers barely fifty archers and arquebusiers? To strategy, man, to strategy! Back to thy laboratory; back to thy pots and crucibles; back to thy volumes of the Black Art, and evolve me some fearsome thing that may strike terror into the advancing host. Back, I say, and ere you dial marks the hour of three produce me thine invention. Begone!" and the Juke kicked the cowering alchemist back into his den, and took an immense quid of tobacco into his cavernous mouth.

CHAP. II.

As far as eye could reach from the ramparts of Castle Hamfattee naught could be discerned but the waving crests and glistening armor of the advancing forces of the Earl of Guzzling Gulch. Even now the proud Earl himself