



ROOT HOG OR (POSSIBLY) DIE.

MISS ONTARIO : " Sir Oliver, that dreadful creature is destroying my garden, devouring my youthful plants and trampling down everything I deem precious. I want you to put this ring in his ugly snout *atonce!*"

SIR OLIVER : " Don't be unreasonable, madam. Such a proceeding would be putting the Hog to a great deal of inconvenience. Besides, what's the use of putting a ring in his nose, when before very long, perhaps, I may possibly be authorized to kill him outright?"

the journalist from Halifax Mr. Quiller"—addressing me—"I want you to know Mr. Slick, the —"

"Glad to meet Mr. Slick," I responded. "No relation to the late Mr. Sam Slick, I presume?" This I said as a mere pleasantry, as every Nova Scotian is of course familiar with Judge Haliburton's famous classic.

"Wall," said Mr. Slick, with a rich Down East drawl, "I guess you've guessed it the first try. Yes; Samuel Slick was my great grandfather, I calc'late. 'Pears like the old gent was pretty well known through the Provinces here."

"Yes," put in the Pugwash man, "he was; and a fine man he seems to have been, too, from all I've ever heard. This gentleman," he added, addressing himself to me, "is Mr. Reuben Slick, and he travels the 'circuit' in the interests of the clock business, established by his distinguished ancestor."

"Yes," assented Mr. Slick, "queer we hain't met somewhar' afore this. I've ben doing the circuit now for nigh on to five years. Live in Halifax, did you say, sir?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Pegram—which was the name of the Pugwash man—answering for me; "yes, he's an editor there. Runs the *Emancipator*: you know the paper, of course."

"Certainly; 'course I do. It's a fine paper too, sir," said Mr. Slick, heartily. "I read it reg'lar. What I like is that as a general thing its politics fits mine like the bark fits a birch tree. Must have a tol'able biggish circulation, I should say. I've seen it everywhar', from Yarmouth to North Sydney."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "we cover a good deal of ground. I assume that you have Free Trade leanings from what you say, Mr. Slick."

"You bet I have—I'm for free trade right from the shoulder. It's the only thing that'll save these Provinces, sir. But the Bluenoses hain't got a great deal more sense than they had in my great grandad's days. There's too many of 'em yit that don't have much ambition to do any-

thing but set 'round the taverns or the corner stores an' smoke an' talk 'bout the Legislative Assembly. I keep a-tellin' 'em they'll have to git up an' git, or the Province is agoin' to the dogs."

"Very sound advice," Mr. Slick, I said. "I observe you have a good deal of the original Sam about you."

"You flatter me, sir," he replied. "I don't make no pretensions that way, for Samuel Slick was a right *smart* chap, ef he *was* my relation, and ef I do say it as shoul'dn't. But I'll hope for your better acquaintance, sir. I've got to hustle now to see some of my customers."

"Customers?" I ventured to say, enquiringly. "You don't peddle your clocks, then, as the original Slick did?"

"No sir,—the business has grown sence his time," he replied, with a dash of pride. "We sell to the trade now. Good morning, sir; I'll see you later." And thus my first interview with Reuben Slick was brought to an abrupt close. I met him again many times afterwards, however. But as Kipling says, "that's another story."

RATIONALISM.

PRINCIPAL B. F. Austin is well known as a Rationalist. We hope this statement will not shock the Methodist church, which knows him chiefly as the able Principal of Alma College, St. Thomas, but it is quite true. He is a Rationalist in Politics, for example, repudiating both the old parties, and going in for the abolition of the whisky traffic; and those who know anything of his work as an Educationist, know that his system is eminently rational. He has been of late giving special attention to the subject of memory, and the result is a neat little work on Rational Memory Training which it would pay every student old or young to read. Principal Austin thoroughly exposes the "fake" systems of memorizing now in vogue, and replaces them by a method which commends itself to common sense. The book can be obtained by addressing the Journal Publishing House, St. Thomas.