

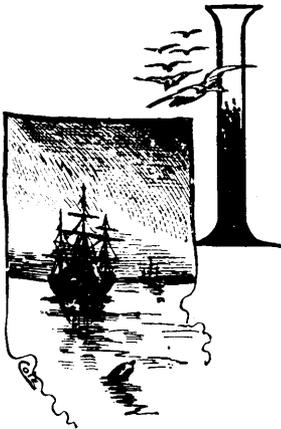


8TH REGIMENT PRINCESS LOUISE HUSSARS ON PARADE
THE MILITARY CAMP AT SUSSEX, N. B.
(Mr. L. A. Allison, photo.)

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*



It is credited, I believe, as being a characteristic saying of the late P. T. Barnum that humbug was the best bug known to the show business. He seems to have thoroughly realized the fact that people enjoy being humbugged, a fact which is appreciated and acted upon in many another business besides the show business. There are comparatively modest humbugs, and other humbugs which are loud and blatant.

To the former class belongs the merchant who "puffs" his wares, the puffing process being a mild species of humbug. To the latter class of loud and blatant humbugs belongs the "fake." So long as human nature remains as at present constituted, the "fake" seems likely to flourish. Gaudy equipages, paste diamonds and "the gift 'o gab wery gallopin'" go a long way to impress the "great unwashed." The most familiar guises of the "fake" are as a dispenser of cosmopathic medicine and a vendor of flash jewellery. And indeed I have sometimes seen those same gentry rake in the shining shekels in pretty lively style.

With popular lecturers it is quite the fashionable thing to select for a subject some particular author or literary work. Literary works, however, sometimes resemble certain statutory enactments; of which it is said that they have never been understood since they were framed, and that their framers did not understand them at the time. In dealing with literary works of that description, the lecturer, like his hearers, is simply groping in the dark. There are as

many theories as there are lecturers, and counsel is darkened with words. The following suggestion is submitted as the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty. Now would it not be a good idea if those authors whose meaning is veiled in impenetrable obscurity, would only condescend to mount the rostrum; and endeavour to explain, in lectures upon their own works, what they did mean. What a relief, for example, it would be to have Browning deliver a lecture upon his own poems. Somewhere I have read of a celebrated author who confessed to rendering his meaning obscure purposely, with a view of impressing his readers with a sense of his profundity. Possibly if the above suggestion were carried out we might have numerous similar confessions poured into our ears.

Here is a circumstance that, I think, cannot be considered as anything less than astounding, at least if time-honoured tradition is to go for anything. The putting up of stove-pipes is a (literally,) flourishing industry about this time of year; and I even went so far as to lend a hand upon a recent occasion. Incredible as it may seem the pipes all fitted, they refused to tumble down, and nobody swore. However, one hardly feels safe in congratulating oneself upon an experience of this kind; because next time none of them may fit, and the air may be blue.

Coincidence.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—The publication of Mark Twain's curious experience, which he entitles "*Mental Telegraphy*," will probably bring to light a vast number of kindred cases. Here is one in point:—

I had just finished reading this strange story when the last week's number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED was laid on my desk, and the first thing that met my eye on opening it—the paper, not my eye—was the pretty little poem by Kimball Chase Tapley.

Now compare his "*Lines*" with the following, written by me for a comic opera which—owing, of course, to the lack of appreciation of theatre managers—has not yet been produced; and note the resemblance of idea and illustration.

Of course I claim no special merit for my verses; they are merely meant to serve as one of the ordinary opera lyrics which have no pretensions to literary excellence; my only object in sending them is as an example of these frequent coincidences. No doubt some of your talented contributors will furnish you with numerous similar instances.

Yours truly,

Ottawa, 2nd December.

W. H. F.

LINES.

When he was here,
All nature teemed with glad delight;
The wintry day shone warm and bright;
Less dark and drear the wintry night—
When he was here.

Since he has gone,
The summer winds are fraught with chill;
A mock'ry is each gay bird's trill;
While sadly purls each silv'ry rill—
Since he has gone.

When he was here,
The happy hours sped quick away,
And shorter seemed each joyous day—
The precious moments would not stay—
When he was here.

Since he has gone,
How slow doth old Time wing his flight!
The day lags on and ne'er shines bright;
And tears rain through the long, long night—
Since he has gone.

St. John, N. B.

KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

SONG.

When he is near, my heart beats high
The life through every pulse doth thrill,
I seem to hear when he is nigh
His voice in every murmuring rill.
The flowerets wear a brighter hue,
The Heavens a deeper, richer blue,
I have no dread what e'er betide.
When he I love is by my side.

When he is gone, how sad my heart,
How stagnantly life's currents roll,
The streamlet's murmur seems a part
Of some sad dirge which numbs my soul.
Each floweret hangs its drooping head
The Heavens their tears of sorrow shed.
How sad the night! How dear the day,
When he I love is far away.

W. H. F.