

slightest desire to do so. The phrase is one we utterly loathe and repudiate, and we make a cordial gift of it to Charles Julius Guiteau, and to the firm whose costermonger use of it has helped to dishonour it. Messrs. Gage, descending in the scale of epithet and accusation, then go on to cite, as an evidence of the "high-class journalism" which they sneer at, the fact that we devoted sixteen pages in our last issue to the reproduction of an able and interesting article on school reading books, which they have the effrontery to speak of as an advertisement, and call upon their readers to note that we were "palming it off" as an article on an educational subject. A grosser misrepresentation of our motive in reproducing the instructive article could scarcely, in a respectable journal, find its way into print. But the unscrupulous purpose its publishers had in view is betrayed in the next sentence, which insinuates that the appearance of the article in our columns was to make it tributary to our advertising patronage—an opinion which could only have been suggested by familiarity with the practices at which it maliciously hints.

In the second "act" of Messrs. Gage & Co.'s amusing comedy of "The Veil Lifted" we are introduced to the august presence of the editor of this magazine, under the thin veil, in craven fear of a libel suit, of a fictitious Christian name. The character impersonated is, of course, the "heavy villain" of the piece, whom the man in the wing who rings up the curtain introduces with a knowing wink, accompanied by sundry dark references, as the man that edits what the introducer knows nothing about—"an independent and high-class journal." This journalistic Cetewayo has then flung at him the choice pellets of the showman's vocabulary. He is assailed as an "independence" man, and hence guilty of treason to the *e-state* (of Gage & Co.). He is also "hired" to do certain dreadful things: "to fit the contents of a magazine to its advertising pages"—which means, of course, to blow the craft up; "to decry our (G. & Co.'s) publications"—which consists in re-spelling, for the benefit

of the firm's editor, the word "pronunciation," and in suggesting that he "catch up" the syllabication of some of the little words in the language. Furthermore, it is stated, that he intends "at some future time" to connect himself with a syndicate to build a rival series of railway readers, and to be engineer-in-chief in the construction of a new highway to *impracticable* spelling.

Now, all these wicked and perturbing designs should properly be exposed, and Messrs. Gage & Co. have undertaken the heavy task of lifting the thin "veil" which has hitherto concealed the assumed Intransigent's operations. But we can quite fancy some of the *unstartled* readers of the *School Journal* being heard to say, that they are very sceptical of the truth of such extraordinary revelations, and that they insult the intelligence, if Messrs. Gage design them as a defence of a self-condemned Spelling-Book. Of course, to cover a retreat, and with the purpose of saying *something*, however irrelevant, it may be amusing and not very harmful to traduce a contemporary; but it is a sorry shift for a publishing house which aspires to produce the school-book literature of the country. *It is*, echoes the present writer, and he hopes that the compilers of "Gage's Educational Series" will shake off their unhappy addiction to blundering, and join with him in calling forth more creditable specimens of Canadian school-book literature. It is one of the real and lasting calamities to education that inferior text-books should be in use in the schools; and if there be at times a strain of savagery in our reviews of such books, it will be conceded that a just severity is the best kindness we can shew to their publishers, and the highest service we can render to education. It is true that the journalist who respects his profession and feels the obligation that rests upon him to speak the truth, has at times to address himself to unpleasant tasks; but when he works in the unpartisan temper, and rates his honour above his purse, he has reward of which an angry publisher knows not, and that consciousness of rectitude which is more than fame. Under this new attack,