

A MODERN INSTANCE.

THE cynics tell us that true heroism has departed from the world; that devotion is now only an empty phrase, and duty one of the lost arts. Believe it not. The world still has its martyr spirits, who are ready to sacrifice all at the behest of Principle. Hear the story of the noble modern Bishop, Denna Joshevan, of Alexandria, and you can no longer doubt. It was a bright Sabbath morning, and this great and good man stood before his people delivering his message with the fervor and unction for which he was famous. Little did any of his hearers dream that beneath a placid exterior he was hiding a very mixture of gall and wormwood; that every sentence he spoke was bringing him nearer to an announcement which it was simply anguish for him to make. The sermon finished, he closed the book, and with a spirit as calm as that with which Daniel of old walked into the lions' den, he produced the fatal announcement. Without a falter he read it. "The



picnic of this congregation will take place next Wednesday." He was now at the stake, but no terror was perceptible in his voice as he went on: "I hope you will all go. *I am going*, though I would much rather stop at home. I hate picnics, but *I am going*." The energy with which he spoke the closing words sent a thrill through the congregation, and everybody knew that come what might, weather permitting, the brave old Bishop would go! A hush fell upon all, and when the service was ended and the people wended their ways homeward, they looked into each others' faces, and said with pallid lip, "Though he hates the job, *he will do it!*"



And he did. When the picnic day dawned, the sturdy Bishop arose, and having performed his devotions in a calm and steadfast manner, he gathered his family together, and firmly clenching his teeth and bracing himself for the effort, he seized the picnic basket and set off for the boat-landing. None who saw him could imagine that it was Duty alone and not Pleasure which inspired his strides along the street. And all day at the picnic ground this same lofty motive kept him up. If he sat down on the damp grass, and drank slushy tea with mosquitoes in it, was it for fun? No; it was Duty. When he



turned the rope for a skipping match, and joined the small boys in a game of leap-frog, was it a sensuous delight in these frivolities that kept him up? No; it was Duty. And when, the day well over, he wearily dragged his empty basket up the deserted street, what was it that lighted up his jaded countenance with a halo of peace? Was it that he had enjoyed a glorious day after all. No, for he hated picnics more than ever. It was the consciousness—the blessed inward consciousness—that he had Done His Duty. Let us hear no more from the cynics about the days of heroes being past.

COOL AND CANDID.

To the Editor of The Mail.

SIR,—For some years I and two others have known of the existence of a fine bed of lithographic stone in the township of Marmora. Some say that kind of stone is to be found in this county. We have held the lot in Marmora for twelve or thirteen years. The land is not of any value as farming land, and the small timber on it has long since been removed. We have to pay taxes every year on the place, and are getting tired of holding it. If we could get protection enough, we could make money by mining the stone. An American prospector who saw the deposit a few days ago says the stone is of good quality, and would command a market anywhere.

What I desire to know is how to set about getting protection for the stone. Will it be necessary for me to go to Ottawa?

Yours, etc.,

A FARMER.

LAKEFIELD, July 9th.

Dear, candid Farmer, since *The Mail* doesn't answer your question, plainly, GRIP will. Yes, you will have to go to Ottawa, and show the Government that you can command some votes for them, or contribute pretty handsomely to their campaign fund. Then they will put high taxes on imported lithographic stone, and give you the legal right to pick the pockets of the lithographers which you so innocently ask for. But there is no law against your working the quarry as it is, and if it will "command a market anywhere," it would be a little more decent of you to go to work without asking the Government to make you a legalized robber.

INJURIOUS—VERY!

A PORT PERRY paper had the following item in its Myrtle news:—

"A valuable colt, belonging to Mr. Butt, ran against the handle of a plow, and inflicted such injuries as have since caused its death."

It seems difficult to handle this assertion without butting up against difficulty. The question arises—whether it was the plow or the handle upon which such injuries were inflicted. And if so, why?

One good feature in the affair was, that the *colt* was not damaged.

GREEN AS GRASS.

MR. PARAGON (*to his gardener*)—"Well, O'Sullivan, how are the potatoes since you used the Paris green—have you killed all the bugs?"

O'SULLIVAN—"Indade, sorr, I see very few of them."
MR. P.—"That's good. Did you apply the poison indiscriminately?"

O'S.—"No, sorr, I used it, with water, in coorse."