

America and Canada.

Air—"Maryland, my Maryland."

BY ONE OF THE MICHIGAN REPRESENTATIVES,
sung by Mrs. Rankin, of the Staff Concert.

My native State, I'd sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan!
Of mem'ries ever dear to me,
Michigan, my Michigan!
Thy lake-bound shores and heal'ful breeze,
Thy brooks and streams, thy inland seas,
Thy sunny skies and glorious trees,
Michigan, my Michigan!

Across the line by faith I see,
America, America!
Where Liberty holds reverie,
America, America!
When Washington, the Great, was born,
True Freedom saw its natal morn.
"Old Glory's" Stars and Stripes adorn
America, America!

The Great Lakes wash another shore,
Canada, fair Canada!
Where kindred hearts keep open door,
Canada, fair Canada!
Thy borders stretch from sea to sea,
Thy sons bear palm for gallantry,
Great Britain's greatest colony,
Canada, fair Canada!

Thy Provinces well governed are,
Canada, fair Canada!
For Right is e'er thy guiding star,
Canada, fair Canada!
In thee the "Sun Life" had its birth,
Whose mission is to bless the earth.
The world bears tribute to thy worth,
Canada, fair Canada!

Apart our governments may be,
America and Canada!
And tariff walls commercially,
America and Canada!
The same blood coursing through our veins,
A mutual fellowship sustains.
What great ambitions each attains!
America and Canada!

Owen Sound, Ont., Aug. 20, 1903.



Some Whistler Sayings.

The late James McNeill Whistler was not only one of the greatest artists, but one of the most brilliant wits of the day. In repartee he was unrivalled.

Once, when he had just let off one of his choicest mots, a rival epigrammatist, who was suspected by Whistler of plagiarism, exclaimed, "Ah! How I wish that I said that!" "You will say it," said Whistler, grimly, "after I have gone hence!"

How delicious, too, was his reply to the enthusiastic lady who exclaimed that the world had only known two great artists, Whistler and Velasquez. "But why," said the master, in his tired voice, "why drag in Velasquez?"

On another occasion Whistler was describing to some friends an encounter with one of these enemies on the gentle art of making whom he wrote so charmingly. "And what did you say?" inquired an eager admirer. "I said nothing," replied Whistler, "I merely laughed offensively."

When he had a disagreement with the Royal Society of British Artists and resigned the presidency, and with some of his friends left the society, he gave vent to one of his most bitter sayings, "The artists have left; the British remain."

One of the latest stories about him tells how a group of American and English artists were discussing the manifold perfections of the late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy. "Exquisite musician; played the violin like a professional," said one. "One of the best dressed men in London," said another. "Danced divinely," remarked the third. "Ever read his essays?" asked a fourth. "In my opinion they're the best thing of the kind ever written." Whistler, who had remained silent, tapped the last speaker on the shoulder. "Painted, too, didn't he?" he said.

One day a lady came to Whistler with the request that he would honor her by painting her portrait. When she came to him for her first sitting she brought a cat with her, and placed it upon her knees. The animal was very restless,