

[From the Evening Star.]



THE PIE DIVIDED.

LIBERAL PARTY, Ont.—“Ma, can I have two pieces?”
MA MOWAT.—“Yes, dear; I hope so. That was the intention!”

THE NEW SLICK.

CHAPTER V.

MR. SLICK COMMENTS ON A CANADIAN SHORTCOMING.



FEELING the benefit of my outing, I was back again in my editorial harness and doing my best to make the *Emancipator* a first class family journal.

One day, about a week after my last meeting with Mr. Reuben Slick, the door of my sanctum opened after a preliminary tap, and before I had time to make any response, and the gentleman just named stepped in. I expressed my pleasure at seeing him; he reciprocated, and we were soon in the midst of an interesting chat—interesting at all events to me.

“Yes, sir,” Mr. Slick said, by way of rounding off a dissertation he had just delivered on the results of his observations in business circles since our last meeting—“things seem to me to be a lookin’ up. Money’s gittin’ a leetle bit looser, an’ if the folks in this Province on’y had as good an opinion of themselves and their country as they have a right to claim, I shouldn’t wonder if things would fairly hump.”

“You think the Nova Scotians are too modest for their own good, then?” I queried.

“Well, I don’t know as they have any very pertickler lack of conceit, sech as it is—but it don’t seem to me to be

the right sort. It’s too much like Huddy Hucksins’, down our way. Huddy is all the while a runnin’ down her own cookery when she has visitors—sayin’ the pumkin pie is not real first class, an’ the bread hain’t so good as she could wish, an’ so forth. But old Elder Perkins gin her a terrible turn one time when he happened to be visitin’ thar’, by jest fallin’ in with her idees. ‘That’s so, Miss Hucksins,’ says he, ‘I have et better pie,’ and ‘you’re right’ says he ‘about the bread—I believe its a little too sour.’ The Elder knowed the vittles was all right, but he jest meant to rebuke the lyin’ spirit that was in Huddy Hucksins. That’s somethin’ like the sort of modesty the Nova Scotians have ‘bout ‘em, an’ I b’lieve Canadians all over the Dominion air troubled the same way. What I mean is you never hear ‘em express any confidence in anything that’s Canadian.”

“I’m afraid your remarks are only too well founded,” I observed.

“Yes, I’ve noticed it all over the country. Why, a Canadian can’t git properly appreciated till he goes to the States. An’ you don’t very often have to find fault with our folks for bein’ backward about tootin’ their own horn, do you?”

“Not usually, I believe,” said I. “But it doesn’t strike me as a very commendable custom.”

“It hain’t jest to say commendable, if you go right into the perticklers on it,” said Mr. Slick, philosophically, “but I tell you what, Mr. Quiller, it’s done a powerful lot to make the United States a first class nation. It’s the patriotic spirit workin’ out, that’s what it is, an’ what Canada needs most of anything as I see it, is that very thing—a patriotic spirit. You want to boom yourselves. If you don’t think a pile of yourselves you can’t expect other people to. And you don’t need to be silly a-doin’ it. You’ve got men here—lawyers, writers, orators, poets, statesmen, fit to put alongside any we’ve got, but you don’t begin to whoop ‘er up for your fellers like we do for ours. I can’t stay any longer jest now, but I wan’t to make one closin’ remark, which it is this—Canada will never be a full grown nation till she learns to blow her own trumpet.”

So saying Mr. Slick bade me good morning and retired.

IMPORTANT CABLEGRAM.

WE learn by special cable from London that Mr. James J. Corbett’s bag-punching skill is a revelation to the British public. His appearance at Drury Lane theatre caused great enthusiasm, and they made him do the bag-punching act over twice. The main object of the gentleman’s visit is to punch a hole in the bag Mr. Bull keeps his money in, and he is likely to succeed in his mission.



HE DON'T HAVE TO GIVE VALUE.

When the cobbler wants clothes,
And the tailor wants boots,
They exchange work for work
And both parties it suits.

When the landlord wants goods
He just holds out his hand,
And exchanges—permission
To live on the land!