

ties for making good use of your accomplishment.

Some people tell a funny story with almost solemn countenance, which is so incongruous as to be as amusing as the story itself, while others enjoy their own stories so well that they win a kind of infectious appreciation from their hearers, and, besides, some people can describe the most ordinary happenings with a happy burlesque of circumstances that gives all the charm of real adventure. If you ever start a story as an experiment you will find as many individualities as there are story tellers, and sometimes half the success of the story is due to the fascination of the teller.

To be a good story teller is to be supplied with a weapon of defence for all social dangers. A pertinent anecdote covers an evasion admirably and under the protection of a wittily expressed bit of nonsense one can easily sound an effectual retreat from dangerous subjects, and a lively tale of domestic adventure will start a round of funny stories and give life and zest to the dullest sewing party ever encountered.

Don't, however, make the mistake of trying to be witty if you are not naturally endowed with that most subtle quality. Confine your efforts to telling humorous things in any amusing manner, simply for the sake of amusing other people, and if you are possessed of native wit it will shine forth of its own accord, though should you attempt to force it the whole good effect might be lost.

It is not often you find combined in one person the art of being able to write a good story and also the faculty of being able to tell a good story. Charles Lever, the novelist, could do both. Of my acquaintances, I do not know any in whom this dual accomplishment has reached greater perfection than in "Kit," the well known correspondent of the *Toronto Mail*. This lady is not only a fascinating writer, but possesses the invaluable quality of being able to tell a good story. No doubt this has as much to do with her personal popularity as with the great interest which she has created in the page which bears her imprint in the *Mail*.

Magistrate Macrae has put his hand to the plow for the protection of ill used horses, and it is to be hoped his action will have a salutary effect on other human brutes who feel inclined to abuse the animals which are in reality superior in every respect to the misnomers of men placed behind them. Numbers of other "men" could be brought to account if only there were in existence here a law for the protection of dumb beasts, but to the discredit of our legislature, be it said there is no such law, or at least that which does exist is practically a dead letter. Time and again has attention been drawn in these columns to the awful cruelty practised on horses in Victoria; any day of the week one can pick out numbers of horses being driven with heavy loads on raw flesh, and other animals scarcely able,

from starvation and abuse, to walk alone without any load whatever. It is to be hoped that Mr. Macrae will have an opportunity of dealing with a few more of the tender hearted gentry who thus treat man's best friend.

The maid was fair;
The maid was slim;
Had golden hair,
Was neat and trim.

The maid had eyes
Of rainbow's tints;
The maid was wise,
Fit for a prince.

The maid was cut,
In width and length,
Like Venus, but
She had more strength.

The maid was good,
(She went to church.)
As others should
If praise they searched.

The maid was young,
As you might see;
The birds have sung
So on the tree.

The maid could fish,
High tide or low;
And make a dish
Of them, you know.

The maid could dance,
The maid could sing;
Could stalk and prance
Like anything.

The maid could write,
(Love poems, too.)
And then recite
Their lines to you.

The maid could drive,
And stake her teens,
You'd be alive
For other scenes.

The maid could light
A cigarette,
Or fly a kite
(Come wind or wet.)

The maid could run,
Could swim and row,
And didn't shun
The undertow.

The maid could play
"Spring games of bliss,"
From meek croquet
To lawn-tennis.

The maid could--stop!
The page is torn;
I've reached the top,
I'm weary worn.

Let Count de Bright
Fill up the gap;
Let monsieur write
'Bout his mishap.

P.S.--By U. de B.

Mon frien eze right,--
She'd every charm,
But--vell I cite
Zes, but's no harm.

Ze maid vas von,
And quite secure
Mais--zare, I've done--
Ze maid was--poor.

While I am in favor of the obtainment of all possible information on the subject of agriculture in this Province, for the benefit of the people generally, I am inclined to think that Hon. Mr. Beaven was right in his motion, the other day, to strike out the section in the Agricultural Bill which provides that any person must promptly answer any questions put to him by the Department respecting his agricultural pursuits. Hon. Mr. Turner defended the section, which he held to be a necessary one, as none but proper questions would be asked. What assurance is

there of this? There are Jacks in office in this Province as well as elsewhere whom the section will give an authority which some of them will not be slow to abuse. Hon. Mr. Turner would not allow the abuse of the powers to be granted; but he does not constantly attend the searchers for knowledge, and in his absence, very much harm might be done. As well might it be attempted to compel a business man to open up his books and explain his methods of doing business or force those who are working on special lines, whose plans and procedure are their own, to communicate one of these official enquirers all that they may consider himself bound to know, to confer the ample powers now contemplated. The law of the present session will constitute officials of the Department of Agriculture a class of inquisitors which it is the desire of no member of the House to create. The farmer, without being compelled by law to do so, will give the information that is necessary to a seeker after knowledge--whether official or otherwise--without any compulsion. An act of the Legislature, whose interference by the present Bill is little short of impertinence. The man who cannot obtain the information that is required without the assistance of an Act of Parliament is not fit to occupy the office he holds.

"By whom is that book?" one friend asked another, referring to a volume which the first had laid down. "I do not know. I never thought to look," was the reply. The very first step in the proper perusal of a book is to ascertain what the negligent reader omitted to discover--the name of the author. Perusal, by the bye, is a term appropriate only to certain kinds of reading. It carries in it a suggestion of haste, of rapid glancing at and skipping over pages which exact no studious attention. A book worth reading is usually worth more than this catch-and-go style of treatment. If you would get from a book the best it has to give, you must be properly presented to it, or it to you. Its publisher's name is important. There are certain publishing houses, the names of which are guarantees of the purity, the respectability, the value of a book. Only a book of good society bears their imprint. A book is so entirely a personal production, so much a part of the man or the woman who wrote it that it at once enters into your confidence and asks admission to your friendship. The day when you made acquaintance with certain books was an event in your history. The buying of every good book ought to be an event in your family. You have brought into the household with the book a well-defined influence--vital, creative, formative, everlasting. Therefore, be sure you learn the author's name. To read a book with no thought of the author is akin to attending a reception and taking no notice of your hostess. Ask yourself again, "Why do I read this book?" If the answer be, for pleasure, then you may take your pleasure easily, under the trees, on a veranda, with head on the pillow in the arc of the swinging hammock. If for information, then you must address yourself, as with pick and spade, to serious bu-