



# LITERARY NEWS.

Since the appearance of Mr. James Beaty, Jr.'s, book, in which he proves that it is unscriptural and demoralizing for ministers of the gospel to receive salaries, a literary fever has broken out amongst our public men. It is now reported that several important works are shortly to be sent to press. Amongst them are the following:

*The Perfect Righteousness of Pious Members Voting for Dishonest and Scandalous Measures.* A sequel to the work above referred to, by James Beaty, Jr., M.A., M.P., LL.D., D.C.L.

*The Wrongfulness of Contractors Accepting Ten Times More than they are Entitled to,* by John Shields, Esq.

*The Unscriptural Character of Certain Timber Limit Transactions,* by Chas. Rykert, Esq., barrister-at-law.

*The Ethics of American Crooked Whiskey, Viewed in Relation to the Thirty-Nine Articles,* by Hector Cameron, Esq., M.P., with (Dominion) notes, by Christopher Bunting, B.B.B.

*The Impossibility of Serving Two Masters,* by Oliver Mowat, with an introduction and critical comments by His Grace, the Right Rev. J. J. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.

*"Muddled"; a Farical, Financial Drama,* by Sir R. Cartwright and Sir L. Tilley. (Loan of title raised on Canadian 4 per cents in the usual way.)

## INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

JACKFISH BAY, June 29, 1885.

DEAR BUNTING,—I Hawley know what is the matter with me. I was taken bad on Friday evening last at Napanee. Napanee's an awful unhealthy place; in fact the whole county of Lennox is unhealthy, and don't agree with me. I thought a change of air would be beneficial and I came up here to recruit my shattered nerves. I feel a little like talking nasty to you. You remember I strongly objected to contesting Lennox again. Of course I'm clever. The *Mail* has impressed that upon my mind, and also upon the mind of the whole world. But, dear Bunting, the barbarians of Lennox don't want a clever man to represent them in Parliament. This has been very emphatically demonstrated upon at least two occasions. Don't send me the *Globe*. I am sure it will be saying something disrespectful of me. Isn't it a scurrilous sheet? I am convinced it did me a great deal of injury in Lennox. The people there read the detestable thing till they're black in the face, some of them. I wish the new election law had been in force. If our mutual friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Meek, had only had a chance at the voters' lists, I'd have been all right. I'm sure the other fellow, at the close of the poll, would have been very much embarrassed. How's that, eh? Say, look here, the new Franchise Bill is the only thing that will save this country. The Grits (this in confidence) are gaining ground every day. I know it; I've been there twice now, and speak advisedly. Good-bye. Yours in anguish, GEORGE TAIT B.—K.

P.S.—Did the *Mail* have anything about the other elections on Friday? I looked carefully over the paper, but couldn't find how things went in Algoma and Simcoe. Suppose you didn't get the returns before going to press. G. T. B.

DEAR BLAKE,—You are of course aware that I have a pretty good thing here as a member of Mowat's Cabinet, and that, so long as we can keep our end up in Ontario it don't make much difference to us whether you are in office or in opposition at Ottawa. I make this statement that you may know that in the suggestion I have now to make I am actuated by purely disinterested motives. The *Mail* and *Hamilton Spectator* say the Reform Party has no policy. What do you say to silencing those disreputable organs on that point by enunciating a strong prohibition policy. If I read the signs correctly the party which comes out boldly on the side of temperance (for the next few years at least) is going to win. You must have noticed how the counties, one after another, are rolling up majorities for the Scott Act. Now, I would suggest that you make this question a party issue, and if the temperance people get your support between now and election time, you will assuredly have their support then. I make this suggestion, not so much in the interest of temperance and morality as for the good of the Grit Party, which, as a humble member of the same, I would like to see successful at next Dominion election. The recent vote on the proposed beer and wine clause was a step in the right direction, but it is not sufficient that your followers vote individually for prohibition. In order to secure the solid temperance support you must make this question a party issue. Kindly think this matter over, and if you think the suggestion a good one carry it out at once. Yours truly, T. B. P.—E.

"Puns are an abomination," remarked Trulygood to Funnywag.

"So they are," answered the incorrigible Funny, "but if the wife of a gambler happens to refer to her husband as her better half, what are you going to do about it?" Trulygood's look of distress would have broken the backbone of a mule's laugh.

—The Hatchet.

"Canada's Destiny" is ably discussed in *The Current* of June 27, by Absalom Greeley. He writes from the anti-annexation standpoint, and seeks to disabuse the American mind of the ideas that Canada has not progressed rapidly in civilization, and that the tendency of sentiment in the Dominion is toward annexation.

## CANADIAN GEOGRAPHY.

In a recent number of the *London Illustrated News* is a picture of the troops en route to the North-West via Lake Superior, which is apparently covered with snow through which they are apparently wading with snowshoes on their backs, the able artist evidently considering that a Canadian, either military or civilian, without a pair of snowshoes somewhere about his person would be an anomaly. Whatever that English artist may think about it, the fact still remains that snowshoes are not usually worn on a man's back when the snow is as deep as represented by the imaginative cuss who drew that picture. It is high time that these British artists ceased to misrepresent this country and its inhabitants, for the majority of the English people know nothing of Canada further than what they glean from the libellous pictures in illustrated journals that ought to know better.

It is altogether probable that a class of English school-children being examined on Canadian geography would give answers some-

thing like the following, unless their ideas upon the subject were more advanced and correct than are those of editorial writers of leading journals and artists of illustrated papers. This would be about the style of thing:

MASTER.—Where is Canada?

PUPIL.—Across the Atlantic.

M.—What are its chief characteristics?

P.—Intense cold all the year round, Indians, bears and buffaloes.

M.—What is Lake Superior?

P.—A sheet of water between Quebec and Winnipeg; it is nearly twice as large as Lake Windermere and is quite deep in some parts, but as it is frozen over all the year nobody is ever drowned.

M.—Where is Toronto?

P.—Toronto is a large town on the River Ottawa (celebrated by the poet Moore), near the Falls of Niagara.

M.—What do the inhabitants of Canada look like, and how do they dress?

P.—They strongly resemble the Esquimaux, and are clad in furs and skins of the wild beasts which roam all over the country. They are densely ignorant and speak a kind of *patois* called French-Canadian. They walk about on snowshoes, and play a game called lacrosse which resembles battledore and shuttlecock.

M.—How is Canada governed?

P.—Don't know.

M.—Where is Manitoba?

P.—In the Province of Winnipeg. It is the capital of the County of Selkirk or Middlesex, and is the warmest part of Canada.

M.—How large is the St. Lawrence?

P.—In some parts it is nearly as broad as the Thames, though it is not so long. It rises in the Rocky Mountains, and flows either into Hudson's Bay or the Atlantic. Its mouth is quite wide, and is known as the Gulf Stream.

M.—Who are the half-breeds?

P.—They are a race of savages running wild in the forest and on the prairies surrounding Montreal and Toronto. They are half Scotch and half French, but are quite wild and run about naked.

M.—What is the capital of Canada?

P.—London; it is situated on the River Thames, one of the largest rivers in Canada.

M.—That will do. You have answered very nicely. School's dismissed.



## FINE DISTINCTION.

Schmidt (hearing a terrible noise, as if a small boy was hammering on an empty box).—Boy, what object you haf in sooch poundings?

Boy.—To make a noise.

Schmidt.—Oh!—ah! Vell, dot's better for you. I tink maype your object vas to disturb me!

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.