



YUM, YUM!

Time—10 p.m. Scene—Last Island boat.

He.— — — — —

She.— — — — —

[Reader, you've been there ; you can supply the "talk."]

THE MASTER AND SCHOLAR DISCOURSE ON FORESTRY AND FARMING.

Master—So, scholar, thou wishes to learn to farm.

Scholar—That is even my desire, my master.

Master—Then first, truly, it is necessary that I discourse with thee of trees.

Scholar—Of trees, master. That is, they be in the way of farming, and we must cut them down. Oh, how I shall like to take a well sharpened hatchet and tumble them over like ninepins. Trees be the enemy of farming, and to be hated by all agriculturists.

Master—Now, thou speakest like an ignorant scholar.

Scholar—I am so, master, which is the reason why I came to obtain wisdom from thee.

Master—I do perceive a spice of irony in thine answer, which it is my wont to answer with a wooden rejoinder (raises his staff). Truly, I will break thy wooden head.

Scholar—Do not so, good master. Wood to wood were coals to Newcastle, and moreover, I have heard the schoolmen say that, he who uses the superfluous in argument evinces his lack of the essential.

Master—Thou art a wise scholar, and like most scholars, wise in all except that in which wisdom would be valuable. Come, now, I will tell thee of trees, and what the farmer gets thereby.

Scholar—I trust not what the scholar was nearly getting thereby. Master, I will with great delight listen to thy instructions.

Master—Know, this, O scholar, that the trees are the guard of the field and that once the protection they give be with-drawn, frost overtaketh the tender clover, and destroyeth the sturdy winter wheat. In summer the adjacent forest, (such be the working of the great scheme of nature) distributeth the gentle rain, so that what in a treeless land falleth in a destructive torrent, bearing before it soil and habitations, in a well-timbered region cometh in occasional and refreshing showers, beneficial to the thirsty land. In the trees—in the forest, O scholar, know also the great reservoir of moisture—the place appointed by providence to receive the heavy rain and the melting

snow, and gradually to convey the same where the farmer most needeth their beneficial aid. The forest, scholar, is the protection of the farm. While many such remain in the land agriculture flourisheth and smiling. Plenty pours forth her cornucopia on the fertile soil. Then the farmer rejoiceth, then his swelling barns hold mighty harvests, and his fattened cattle repose beneath the branches, grateful shade. But should he greedily destroy the grove his land is wasted by tempests and smitten by frosts, region after region decreases in fertility, and a sandy, gravel-strewn and farmer-stricken land remains the warning of the nations. Such be too many lands to-day. Scholar, the first duty of the farmer is to preserve the sheltering trees.

Scholar—Oh, master, these are the words of wisdom. Truly I will see to my young saplings, and border my land with a wood.

Master—Thou shalt do well, and thus doing, do better than many.

Scholar—Then all do not so?

Master—Of a variety, scholar, there is little done. Here in Ontario the worthy Mowat is paying some wise attention to forestry, by the which, when I get thee some of the books he printeth, thereon, thou shalt profit. Come thou now with me, and this being a proper time of year, thou shalt plant me fifty young cedars north of my paddock this afternoon. For what sayeth the wisdom of the ancients? "The cedar is of grace and goodliness; the air which bloweth past the same is excellent to breathe; young men who walk in the shade thereof shall increase in strength, and maidens grow more comely thereby."

"DOLLY."

OUR able comrade of the quill, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, has issued his first novel, "Dolly," in book form, from the press of the Rose Publishing Co. This initial work testifies that in Mr. Sheppard we have the "makings" of a brilliant novelist, endowed not only with a rare felicity in writing, but with a knowledge of human nature, and a deep sympathy with it, which few men are capable of attaining. When it is considered that this story was written in the midst of the pressing duties pertaining to the editorship of a daily paper, its freshness, originality and power will be all the more remarkable. Hitherto we have pictured the irrepressible Sheppard of the future as a political leader; it looks now as though he were destined to be the Canadian novelist. Perhaps, like Beaconsfield, he may be both. Meantime, everybody ought to read "Dolly."

SPORTING NOTES FROM NEEPIGON.

DURING a recent visitation of the Bishop of the Diocese, his lordship was accompanied by his wife and some other lady or ladies, and observing a party of Indians, squaws and white men engaged in having some fun, approached to witness the proceedings, which consisted in part of foot races ran by the squaws for prizes, furnished by the whites, of sundry packets of tea, sugar, pork and the like. His lordship joined in heartily, evinced much interest, put up the larger share of the prizes, and bossed the squaw races; whereupon a grave old buck who had been a stolid spectator of the fun, left the circle and shortly after returned with a huge fish in his fist, which he gravely presented to the Bishop, with a request that the white squaws present should run for it. N. B.—The white squaws didn't seem to see it.