

Smith must clearly understand that the people here will not be patient very much longer. It is best to speak out at once before worse happens. We beg Dr. Smith to pause in the path he is treading. The day may come when repentance will be too late, and when he himself will shudder at the Frankenstein he has helped so much to bring into existence.

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A Dialogue in Hades.

(A LONG WAY AFTER LUCIAN.)

Characters.—CHARON, MERCURY, A CANADIAN.

Charon.—Dear me! Another year gone! Another year coming on! How long is this job going to last? It seems only yesterday since I ferried over that funny dog Lucian. What a queer chap he was. How he did make Mercury laugh, and when Mercury told him what a crowd of spirits were waiting with clubs on the other side to pay him up for the good things he got off on them in his books how his face changed. And when he disembarked—ho, ho! how he did get it. Let me see: it was nearly two thousand years ago, and ever since then I have gone on ferrying over crowds and crowds. And what changes I have heard them speak of. Well, well; Pluto & Co. have promised me a new boat. They have, in fact, ordered a line of steamers, twenty knots an hour guaranteed, and I am to be commodore. Even in Hades we pride ourselves on being up-to-date. But I see Mercury coming over the hill, and who is that he is dragging. Hallo, Mercury, what have you got there?

Mercury.—Well, this fellow has given me as much trouble as I ever had. Damias the wrestler, and Milo the athlete, both together did not struggle half as much.

Charon.—He must be tough. Where does he come from?

Mercury.—From Canada.

Charon.—Where's that?

Mercury.—Surely you forget. But you are growing old now and you have heard of so many new countries that you must be excused.

Charon.—I remember now. Let the man go. I want to ask him some questions. Now, Canadian, how do you feel?

Canadian.—Pretty fair, how are you, old boy?

Charon.—My! I suppose that's modern manners. I am glad to say, young man, that my health was never better. I wish to know how your country is getting on, for from some of the specimens I have ferried over I have heard such glowing accounts that it seems to me it must be a noble place.

Mercury.—Rather cold, isn't it?

Canadian.—Oh! we make it hot enough sometimes. What is it you would like to know?

Charon.—Tell us the latest news. When did you die?

Canadian.—Me? I died, I think, the day before yesterday, but really you must excuse me if I weep a moment. You bring back such unpleasant memories that I cannot help it.

Charon.—Nonsense man! Brace up! You are only going the same road as all who have lived before you. Tell us the news.

Canadian.—Well, when I came away the Yankees were talking war.

Charon.—I know who Yankees are; we have lots of them down here. There is a whole section devoted to a place called Chicago. What's the war about?

Canadian.—About Venezuela.

Charon.—Where's that? Oh, my memory! Is it part of Canada?

Canadian.—No, it is about three thousand miles away.

Charon.—Well, what has that got to do with Canada?

Canadian.—You had better ask the next Yankee you catch. None of us knows unless it's cussedness.

Charon.—Dear me! What queer words you use!

Canadian.—Well, we are all getting ready. I am sorry you would not let me stay and have a hand in. Don't you think you could let me get back? I shall be sure to come down again.

Charon.—Against the rules—sorry—can't be done. Go on! What next?

Canadian.—Well, Jimmy McShane is member for Montreal Centre.

Charon. (drops the oar on which he is leaning and tumbles. Mercury helps him up). Ye gods! That's enough to stagger any man. Anything else; really you had better not tell me any more. But, go on.

Canadian.—Well, there are some disgruntled politicians who are trying to set the Protestants and Roman Catholics by the ears, and who are stirring up bad blood, and who at a time when the union of all men is wanted to defend the country, are aiming at stirring up disunion. But we are attending to them, at least they were when I left. You must excuse my forgetting that I am not there now. Then, you know, I suppose, I come from Toronto.

Charon.—Ah—do you? Let me see, that is where they have no Sunday cars and where Inspector Archibald lives.

Canadian.—That's the place, and a good place it is. Forty people were arrested for being drunk on Christmas Day. But now about Sunday cars.

Charon.—Gracious me! are you going to begin that argument?

Canadian.—Well, perhaps it is out of place down here. Let me see. What next? Oh! Shaw and Fleming are running for Mayor. Shaw has the Conservatives, they say, and Fleming the working man; so when I left it was nip and tuck.

Charon.—Young man, what do I care about your village politics.

Canadian.—Excuse me, old gentleman. Toronto is a city—a city of two hundred thousand people. Judging from your comic old rig you are an antique. How many of your cities had two hundred thousand people in them?

Mercury.—Ha, ha! Charon. The youth has you on the hip there.

Canadian.—You do not seem to know much about the country. Do you often have Canadians down here?

Charon.—No, very seldom. They must go to some other region. I would like to hear about the country itself, though, because I take an interest in knowing all the latest things, and Canada seems one of them.

Canadian.—If you think that I am going to stand shivering here to give you a lecture on Canada you are mistaken. Come up there with me and we will treat you like a man. The weather is not so warm as I understand it is down here, but we have tonics to warm you up. They would suit an old gentleman like yourself. But if I cannot get back I think it is not fair to keep me on the shore naked to ask me conundrums.

Mercury.—Charon, I think the young man is right.

Charon.—But I would like to ask this young man one more question. Are you not afraid, being so few, to face the Yankees who are so many?

Canadian.—No, we are not. Were you Greeks, for I