

JOE SERIA

I HAVE just discovered what a chestnut is—not the edible so-called nut imported from the vales of Malaga or Alicant, nor the equine species, the delight of the suburban schoolboy when there is something to throw at—and to him all objects in nature are either throw-able or throw-at-able. But in all seriousness I believe that I have discovered what a chestnut is.

I say "I believe" I have discovered, for in truth I am still somewhat misty on the subject. My intellect lags behind that of my fellows; it is sluggish. When everyone in my small circle of friends has learned and become tired of some piece of news or information, then it is generally that I begin to inquire about it. This, reader, will account to you for my recent discovery. I am myself the greatest concrete personification of chestnut I know of.

I am, however, in the dark as to many things connected with the chestnut. I want to know when a thing begins to be a chestnut, also when it ceases to be a chestnut. Are yesterday's telegrams chestnuts? After all, are not all things chestnuts? Is not the universe one huge chestnut tree? For has not the wisest of men said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and is not staleness the very kernel of all chestnuts?

Methinks there is something to learn even from chestnuts. They are no new variety of fruit. Paul saw the chestnut-hating character of the Athenians when he described them as spending their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. We differ from them only in our fastidiousness of novelty. We drink our champagne with the fizz on it. Mellow wine our palates relish not. "*Beerum statum*" we pronounce, contrary to the old adage, "*malum*." We must have the fruit with the bloom on it, and very frequently all we care about is the bloom. We cannot wait for the jam to cool, we devour the scum. A depraved taste this, an artificial appetite, created by hurry. We are all of us in a hurry.

It is a bad symptom this. The healthy stomach loathes not chestnuts; *news* is food only to be compared to that upon which the prodigal son strove to appease the pangs of hunger when he was down on his luck, poor fellow. To the healthy mind nothing is stale, nothing chestnutty. It is only the diseased mind that cries

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world!

I am afraid to tell you, reader, that in these lines Hamlet first shows the signs of madness, as you would ejaculate, "chestnuts!" But I will quote the next line to show you how closely are allied incipient mania and the faculty of recognizing chestnuts in everything:—

"Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed."

Take my advice, reader: Be not ever on the look out for these "seeds." To Nature nothing is old, nothing

ing useless. Nature even sees that in what is called refuse are germs of future beauty innumerable. If you persist in thinking all things garbage it may be said of you:

That noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled—

But there is the chestnut bell!

J.W.

A GENERAL REMARK.

It appeared to be the general remark here on Saturday morning by the subscribers of Toronto GRIP that the leading cartoon "Stop the Death Factories," in Saturday's issue was the best hit J. W. has made yet in favor of prohibition.—*Oakville Star*.



CANADIAN GENIUS ENLIGHTENING THE YANKEES.

OUR American neighbors have been spreading themselves upon the inauguration of Bartholdi's colossal statue, but there appears to be a general misapprehension as to the exact meaning of the grand work of art. The popular impression that the idea intended is "Liberty Enlightening the World," seems to be at fault. At least we have one high authority—the *New York Sun*—a journal famous for its erudition in the matter of bric-a-brac, peach-blow vases, sculpture, etc.—which declares emphatically that the massive figure on Bedloe's Island represents: "Erastus Wiman Defying New Jersey."