

plaining the intricacies of the silver question to an audience of bankers, or demonstrating to a group of Q.C.'s that Mowat knows nothing of constitutional law; and, owing to his ready command of telling phrases, he seldom met his match. He did once, though, to his signal discomfort.

Though he had hardly ever read a book, excepting novels, and had picked up all his knowledge from newspapers, he usually passed as an extremely well-informed and cultivated individual, and therefore it is not surprising that at Col. Hogaboom's party he was asked by the hostess to take down to supper Miss Yellowlees, who had graduated at the university a year or two before, and was decidedly literary in her tastes. After the usual conversational nothings about the weather and the extremely pleasurable character of the occasion, of course they began talking literature.

"Of course you have read Ibsen, Mr. Tewksbury," said Miss Yellowlees. "I just adore Ibsen. He is so pregnant and soulful. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Yellowlees," replied Fred. "Ibsen is my favorite author. What I mostly admire in him is his ornate effusiveness. It is rare, indeed, to find realism such as his blended, or rather infused as it were, with those delicate *nuances* of imagination that evoke the faculty of afterthought. Behind the sensuous glamour there are glimpses of a weird suggestiveness."

"Yes, that is precisely my idea of him. But he is hardly, perhaps, equal to Tolstoi in his characterizations."

"No, possibly not. I think there is a strenuous vitality in Tolstoi's writings that responds to the deeper needs of humanity. His lucidity is everywhere dominant with a consciousness that wells up from the depths of being. He impresses us with a sense of adequateness—that is, in our more receptive moods."

"How well you have studied him," said Miss Yellowlees. "Thank you, I will take a little more ice cream, for I feel in a receptive mood to-night. Don't you admire Browning immensely, Mr. Tewksbury?"

"Browning? Ah, yes. The grasp of his resonance is sometimes overpowering. Thrasonical at times it may be, but I think his objectiveness displays a trend towards the *renaissance*. He stirs our finer and more dormant aptitudes by his mere impetuosity, fraught though it may be by the roseate touches of a fancy which glows with a vividness all its own."

"Oh, how delightful it is to interchange ideas with one who possesses such a rare faculty of literary appreciation," exclaimed Miss Yellowlees. "It is so seldom one meets with any one who can converse intelligently on these subjects. Tell me, how do you like Delgrove?"



RELIEVING THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

BESSIE—"You did not go in for out-door sports much last summer, did you?"

JESSIE—"No; but Harry's to be here this summer, and I think we shall use the lawn more."

JESSIE'S PAPA—"Use the lawn mower, hey! Well, I'm glad of that; it'll save me lots of trouble."

"Delgrove? Yes, I have read some of his books. Some people have a high opinion of him; but, while I admit his directness and the power of his imagination, I think there is something lacking. His creations have not the *vraisemblance* of those of Tolstoi or Ibsen. There is a fluidity, as it were, about some of his conceptions, and a want of harmony and logical completeness which detracts from the generally pleasing character of his writings. Still, he shows promise, and it is perhaps premature at this stage to assign him a place in the literary galaxy."

"You are quite right, Mr. Tewksbury," said Miss Yellowlees, sarcastically. "It would indeed be very premature, seeing that no such writer as Delgrove ever existed."

SUBSTITUTE FOR CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

ANXIOUS MOTHER—"I hope you do not use the rod in your school, Mr. Larned?"

PRINCIPAL—"Oh, no, madam. Latterly we have been able to dispense with it entirely."

ANXIOUS MOTHER—"How do you manage unruly scholars?"

PRINCIPAL—"In extreme cases we make them learn Inspector Hughes' poem, 'Canada to England.' It is a most effective punishment."

THE idle of the people—the unemployed.