



PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

MRS. BRAYNES—"You are still devoting your time to the study of disease germs, I suppose, Doctor?"

DR. JIMCRACK—"Yes; been at it now steadily for ten years."

MRS. B.—"Have you found a remedy for any of them?"

DR. J.—"Er—no, not exactly; but I have succeeded in finding good long names for them all."

## INCONSOLABLE.

"TRY to bear up, madam," said the parson. "You have good ground for hope, a good assurance—"

"Oh, sir," cried the widow, "that's just it. John didn't have no insurance. He never would look further than the toes of his number elevens."

## WAILING WARBLERS.

THERE is wrath, and woe, and much tribulation among the fraternity of native Canadian poets. It seems that Mr. Lighthall, one of the most successful in the poet business, has published a compilation of characteristic Canadian warblements which, in the estimation of about two-thirds of his fellow-lyrists, is grossly incomplete and unrepresentative, because it does not contain any of their heart-stirring stanzas. The *irritabile genus* is, so to speak, on its ear. From among the numerous complaints of wrong and outrage which have lacerated the sensitive poet-soul, addressed to us, we cull the following:

## A KICKER FROM 'WAY BACK.

SIR,—I trust I may rely on your influence as a friend of native Canadian literature to expose the gross favoritism and unfairness shown in the selection of so-called typical Canadian poems, by the compiler of "Songs of

the Great Dominion." He has, of course, included a number of his own very inferior efforts, and some sickly trash from the pens of his own personal friends, while such poems as my own spirited "Lines to the Maple Tree"—our own Canadian emblem—are actually omitted! Of course, you are familiar with the poem:

"Oh, Maple Tree! Oh, Maple Tree!  
Thy grandly towering form we see;  
How oft in childhood have we played  
Beneath thy cool, refreshing shade,  
Or marked beneath thy foliage browse  
Jim Smither's herd of speckled cows.

"Oh, youthsone days, now past and gone,  
The streamlet gently murmurs on;  
Where are those boys, and where those cows  
Which once 'neath thy shade did browse?  
All gone, alas! excepting me,  
Oh, Maple Tree! Oh, Maple Tree!

"Now, sir, where will you get a more truly Canadian poem, accurate and realistic in its word-painting, racy of the soil, and appealing to the tenderest emotions, than the above? And yet, sir, it is excluded, while the twaddle of Lighthall and his clique is scattered broadcast as the best that Canada can produce. It is simply scandalous.

"Yours, etc, "VIRGIL H. FERGUSON.

"MAPLE GROVE, June 29th."

## THE IRISH ELEMENT IGNORED.

SIR,—Lighthall is a fraud. He don't give genuine Canadian talent a show. That crowd are no good, anyway. What will the people think of his book when it can't find room for a real spicy, rollicking description of Irish-Canadian life like my 'Fagan O'Toole.' I'll give ye the first three verses of it, so ye can judge for yourself.

"Och! Fagan O'Toole was a broth of a boy,  
An' he coorted the Widdy Muldoon.  
Sure divil a bit was she bashful or coy—  
Sez she, 'Let the weddin' be soon.'

"'Acushla machree,' Fagan cries with delight,  
'Mavourneen, sure, have your own way.'  
Then he ups to the widdy an' hugs her so tight,  
Till she cries, 'Ye are bustin' me stays!'

"Thin Phelim McGuffy shteps in at the dure,  
'Here's at ye, ye dirty spalpeen!'  
An' he hit him a clout, sent him down to the flure,  
Ere the widdy cud shtep in between.

"They battered away till the neighbors came in,  
Begob! 'twas an illigant fight.  
Thin Barney Mulcahy broke Lafferty's shin,  
An' O'Leary knocked over the light.