

party a few years ago, similar results might have followed. But the currency plan is that of the Secretary of the Treasury, a man of unimpeachable financial record, whose name and opinion give no weight to any proposals of finance, however inherently valuable.

It was the misfortune of Mr. Cleveland and his party, and one might say that of the country, that he should be an acute sufferer from rheumatic gout all the time his message was in preparation. He was not fit for the work, and the work bears evidence of how little fit he was to face the toil and responsibility of a message that would set people talking and acting. Then, again, the question of finance is one much harder to popular comprehension than a question of the tariff. Not many men understand it, or would take the trouble to understand it, and to a large extent Mr. Cleveland himself is among the uninformed. Very likely he has done his best, but that best, if done, falls far short of the necessities of the occasion.

A year hence the President will have another opportunity of addressing the country under guise of a report to Congress. But the Democratic politicians will wonder during the intervening twelve-month, and what may be done then cannot have the effect of the right thing done now. But—the President is tired. His health is not good, his physique is unadapted to the slavish desk work by means of which he accomplishes his tasks; his cabinet, with one or two exceptions, are of little use to him in serving the public or making a name for himself, and he misses, now that he so greatly needs it, that support from the independence and intellect of the country which so distinguished his first term.

For the present the game is in the hands of the Republicans. Every advantage that counts in a party struggle is with them. As indications go, they mean to keep free from open manifestations of McKinleyism till they have carried the Presidential election two years hence. Then the millionaires that thrive upon combines and monopolies can come again and they will not go away empty handed. Thanks to labour organizations and revolting farmers, the engrossers and corruptionists have to work harder and pay more for what they get at the public expense, and be less ostentatious about it; but the Republicans will give them what they ask. The true people's party is the Democratic party, but it has so many unsound and turbulent elements in it that, except when a man like Mr. Cleveland has been, whirled about as a club to beat his opponents over the scone, it is incapable of doing anything to its own credit. And now it looks as though Mr. Cleveland had done with swinging clubs. *Dehors* the gout, it is, seemingly, Samson Agonistes we see now at the White House. B.

Ballade of William Briggs, of Toronto,

BOOK-GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, FRIEND AND D.D.

I have a friend who lives by lore,
Who deals in pictures, prose and rhyme.
His full shelves range from cope to floor,
And he will change your vagrant dime
For books, those crystallized bits of Time.
Ho! he who in this store room digs
May hear the bells of ages chime;
And my friend's name is William Briggs.

His catalogue is rich galore
With names that e'en grim Ages grime
Can never blur, nor Malice score.
They sang our country's deeds and clime.
What lives like Lore and Music prime!
The Piper of a nation's jigs
Excels the vain forensic Mime,
And my friend's name is William Briggs.

My friend flings wide grave Learning's door,
He shows to Youth the way to climb.
Walk with him and you may explore
The realms of Truth and Pantomime,
Know Love is all and Hate a crime,
And gaze on Life its zags and zigs;
Wear young or old grave Wisdom's rime;
And my friend's name is William Briggs.

ENVOI.

Prince! I spread here no flatteries slime,
I name the right and none me rigs:
I call my friend his work sublime,
And my friend's name is William Briggs.

JAMES BARR.

London, England, October 3rd, 1894,

To "Connoisseur."

(VIDE LAST NUMBER OF THE WEEK.)

"*Facit Indignatio Vessum.*"

Sea-Cuban (the imported weed)
No man enjoys who's not a smoker,
And you would find it hard indeed
To quaff, you joker!

The Caecuban which Horace knew
Comes from no 19th century vat:
In quantity 'tis made by you—
But false at that!

How can you judge of tastes and sounds
In vogue before the Christian Era?
You may be right, but state your grounds
A trifle clearer.

The fact is that a classic drink
Most probably would make you rabid,
And "Lydian Strains"—why, you would think
Them far too crabbed.

Of Rhymes, (don't take it as a slur
Upon your taste—'twas once confessed
"Ware" did not rhyme with "connoisseur")—
The old are best.

CRITIC.

* * *

Glimpses at Things.

I AM much more prone to heterophemy than to heterography; and I think it must have been the compositor who was responsible for the appearance of "statuary tram-mels" and other minor malapropisms in my contributions. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may explain that heterophemy means uttering words you never intended to utter; while heterography, if there were such a word, would mean writing words you never intended to write. The last syllables of heterophemy are identical in form and meaning with the last syllables of blasphemy; and one who is afflicted by both ailments can easily charge his blasphemy to his heterophemy.

Drunkenness tries to conceal its deformities under a variety of figurative expressions such as "half-seas-over," "jolly screwed," "tight," "full," "sprung" and "mellow." Many seductive names are given to liquors, including "mountain dew," "the crathur," "cream of the valley," "*parfait amour*," "*crème de noyau*"—without counting such names as "*lacryma Christi*" or "*liebfräumlch*" which, perhaps, repel as many people as they allure. The curiosity-tickling titles of American mixed drinks are numerous enough, and these are sometimes multiplied by the cunning imagination of individual bar-keepers. An American bar in London used to display an imposing list of tipples which included "ladies' blush" and "morning smile." The salutation of drinkers, the grace before drink, as it were, is generally a benevolent one—"here's luck," "here's how," "good health," "good luck," "santé!" But there is one which is grimly and cynically defiant, "Here goes another nail in my coffin!" The last form of salutation is rather discordant with the rest of this paragraph; but then, you see, it enables me to introduce the following scrap of conversation:

Enraged Anti-prohibitionist: "I tell you, sir, the man who would rob a poor man of his beer would steal the nails from his coffin!"

Diplomatic Prohibitionist: "Them's my sentiments, too."

If the mother country is impoverished and decadent through free trade, and if she is obliged to support her army and navy in order to force her wares upon reluctant savages, would it not be graceful for a colony thriving on a blessed and brotherly protective system to give of its superfluity to relieve her want? Poor old misguided mother of nations, free even in her trade, what a pity she should have grown so cruel in her old age!

F. BLAKE CROFTON.