

of this newly-discovered author to the modesty of genius, but this is probably a mistake. This poem, and all the others he has written, have been kept secret because the poet did not want to be overwhelmed with the fame and wealth which is the usual lot of the Canadian literary man. But the truth is out at last. Canada has a literature, but it is locked up in writing desks throughout the country!

ACCORDING to the *Mail*, which knows all there is to be known about Quebec, and more, John A. has received "notice to quit" that Province. The days of Toryism down there are numbered, and likewise the days of Liberalism—the Ultramontanes having gobbled up both. Hereafter, the only man who need face the electors with any hope in his bosom, is the straight out clerical candidate, panoplied in all the trappings of the Regina scaffold. Thus runs on our learned contemporary. But we notice that Sir John's nominees continue to "get there all the same." Theory and fact don't seem to jibe neatly. We are inclined to suspect that our very erudite contemporary knows a great many things that aren't so.



REMARKABLE beyond all description is this latest wonder of the Wizard of Menlo Park—the Phonograph. A number of us gathered at the Canadian Institute a few evenings ago, and there we listened to a programme of songs, instrumental selections and oratory, delivered by the little "machine," in a "voice" loud enough to be heard distinctly all over the room. It was one of the best concerts of the season, aside from the element of the marvellous that was in it.

The cylinder which contained the solo by Mrs. Caldwell reproduced that brilliant singer perfectly, and Mr. Thomas Cowan's address against Commercial Union was so entirely natural that the audience burst into uproarious laughter.

IN a healthy country like Canada, and so near the base of supplies, the veterans could be relied upon at a few days' notice to muster into service, and they would literally swarm over the frontier from New Brunswick to the Pacific coast, and seize everything before them.

This is the *Chicago Tribune's* idea of it, in the event of war with us over the kettle of fish. The reasoning is perfectly sound, as it is based not on theory but practice. For a long time the Yankee Napoleons of Finance have proved the feasibility of "swarming over the frontier," but as a general thing they have reversed the above programme by seizing everything *behind* them.

TALKING about the possibility of war over the fishery treaty, a Toronto business man tells an amusing thing. When in Buffalo lately he dropped into a shaving parlor, and while he was "occupying the chair" an old Union veteran came in. The Fishery question having been alluded to by the barber, a discussion arose, and the military man signified, with considerable em-

phasis, that they could count him out of the new war. "I fit agin the Saouth," said he, "and I wa'n't ashamed of it—see? I was in seventeen skirmishes and fourteen pitched battles, and I'm ready to do it ag'in if ne'ssary—see? but I want you to und'stand I don't fight for no fish—see?"

VAIN REGRETS.

When we go to a neighbor's house to tea,
To spend the evening pleasantly,
Where talk is merry and pastry good,
And gossip forms the mental food;
A single word we oft let fall
Which after thoughts would fain recall,
And we feel quite sure our wits had fled
When this was said, or that unsaid.

Remorse comes with the morning light
And dwells on the preceding night,
O'er worse than wasted time we grieve
And long for chances to retrieve;
For then we mourn the sad mistake,
No second slice of jelly cake,
And we ask ourselves with many a sigh,
"Why did I pass that pumpkin pie."

And memory thus for many days
Is haunted by the ghosts of trays,
Which pointing, jeer us as they glide
To the shadowy realm of sweets untried.
From the gastric centre we fetch a groan,
But nothing can the past atone,
O nothing can allay the smart
Which springs from a deserted tart.

O, the pluperfect is a carping tense,
And always sneers at our lack of sense,
With its 'might have had' and 'might have been,'
It follows us from our early teens,
But it shows the most relentless spite,
Avenging slighted appetit.
What pang so keen as our vain regret
When we think on what we might have eat!—W. McG.



"LADIES, HALF-PRICE."

SCENE.—Paris, Ont., Park. OCCASION.—A ball game.
A FACT.

BUCOLIC YOUTH.—"Two tickets, please,—one male and one female."