

three-fourths—of the adult male occupants of front seats at a ballet performance exhibit smooth and polished craniums. We are afraid the Trichological Association are not approaching the subject of its research in a truly scientific spirit. If they want to get at the root of the matter and save the roots of the hair, they ought to investigate the mysterious relation between baldness and the ballet, and ascertain why the atmosphere of the opera house is so much more destructive to capillary growth than that of the church or concert hall. The Trichologists should quit fooling and get right down to business.

A REPLY TO A PLEA

(FOR THE SOLE SINGER OF AN EMPTY LAY WHICH APPEARED IN LAST WEEK'S WEAK "WEEK.")

Not by you the gems
Dug—you only wear 'em ;
Not by you the boats
Built—you only steer 'em ;
Not by you the cards
Made—you only deal 'em ;
Not your own the poems,
But the way you steal 'em.

Though the boats are built
Bad—you still must use 'em ;
Though the gems are not
Paste—you sometimes lose 'em ;
Though the cards are well
Stacked—you only fake 'em ;
If your poems be stuff
Why ask us to take 'em ?

Do not be afraid
You among the others,
Of that countless horde,
Your rhyme-twisting brothers ;
Fame does not receive
Stolen goods nor conceal 'em ;
Who cares for your poems,
Or the way you steal 'em ?

GERANIUM.

A LECTURER LECTURED.

THE inaugural lecture of the Y.M.C.A. course was delivered last night in the small hall of the Association building by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education. The subject was entitled "Our National Outfit." The lecturer said he had been unable to find that warm attachment to the Canadian soil and institutions among the youth of the country that he would like to see. It would be instructive to analyze the material elements constituting our national outfit, and the result might encourage Canadians to love their country as she deserved. He wished to show that Canada offered every scope for the ambition and energy of our young men. Under the head of material outfit he reviewed the extent of the territory of the Dominion, and its wealth, resources, under, in and on the soil. Canada has an area of 3,610,000 square miles, or 55,000 square miles more than the United States, or within 145,000 square miles of the whole area of Europe. Canada was thirty times the area of Great Britain and Ireland. In England every man had on the average 1½ acres of land on the basis of an equal division ; in Germany 3 acres, France 3½, Ireland 4, the United States 40, Canada 64. There was room, therefore, here for the surplus population of the Old Land.—*Mail, 21st.*

The hon. the Minister of Education had adjusted his overcoat and shining "plug," and was departing from the hall after the fine effort from which the above is extracted, when he was accosted at the door by a threadbare, cranky-looking but evidently overjoyed, fellow-man.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ross, for speaking up to a real live Minister of the Crown, seein' as I'm only a common tramp, but would you mind telling me where them sixty-four acres of mine is situated ?"

"I don't know what you mean, my man," said Mr. Ross, kindly.

"Why, didn't you say as every man in Canada has sixty-four acres ?"

"Oh, I see. Why, of course, you understand that I meant that there is enough land in Canada to give every man that much if it was equally distributed."

"Oh," rejoined the other. "Well, why don't they distribute it equally ?"

"My good man, that's a very silly question," replied Mr. Ross. "Most of the land is taken up, you know."

"Taken up ?" queried the tramp, with new interest ; "do you mean arrested ?"

"No ; I mean it is *owned* by various individuals."

"Ah, I see !" said the cranky person, brightly ; "then some other fellow has got my sixty-four acres ; is that it ?"

"Well, yes ; that's one way of putting it," said the Hon. G. W. "But you know there are thousands more situated just as you are ; in fact, a good majority of the people of Canada are non-owners of land."

"But, of course the fellows who own and use our land pay us an equivalent for its value every year in the shape of taxes, don't they ?" persisted the tramp.

"No ; not that I am aware of," courteously replied Mr. Ross ; "the tax on land is merely nominal. But what put such an idea into your head ?"

"You did," said the tramp, with some emphasis.

"I !" said the minister with a thunderstricken air.

"Yes, you ! didn't you say in your lecture that there should be a warm attachment to the Canadian soil among the youth of the country ?"

"Yes ; I said that. What then ?"

"Well ; you don't expect anybody to enthuse over another man's property, do you ? Now, if the land of Canada belongs to every Canadian, as you say, those who occupy and use it oughter pay for its use to the public till every year, just by way of showing that it *did* belong to every Canadian. If that was done, there would be some sense in Canadians having a fond attachment for the soil of their native land. Isn't that clear enough ?"

"It does look as though there was something in that," said Mr. Ross, seriously. "But here's my car. Good night, stranger, I'll think that idea over."

And Mr. Ross rode home very thoughtful indeed.

ONE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

It was New Year's Day, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight. The great metropolis of Ontario had donned its winter holiday garb of ermine, the day was blue and sparkling ; the populace gay, happy, and in excellent spirits, were welcoming New Year by friendly visits to each other, by skating, sleigh-driving, and all kinds of innocent merry-making. Well-dressed crowds thronged the streets, and the city generally had that air of well-to-do self-respect, such as is seen only in Canada. Watching the crowds that good-naturedly seethed up and down Yonge Street, stood, with his back to the wall, a man, whose worn habiliments and shabby hat betokened him to be no denizen of the City of Toronto. He gazed up and down the streets with an air of bewilderment and perplexity, and ever and again he would utter the words, "Lost, clean lost."

At last, a respectably dressed boy, who had been darting too and fro among the crowd, stopped immediately in front of the stranger and said, "Paper, sir ? Morning