

THE LAST RESORT.

I'm a man devoid of capital,
Without a regular trade,
And many things I've tried by which
A living may be made ;
I was educated for the law,
But found it much too slow,
And having neither friends nor cash,
I didn't get much show.

When tired as briefless barrister
Of respectable starvation,
I determined as a book-keeper
To seek a situation.
And for six dollars weekly pay
I slaved from morn till night ;
I threw it up in much disgust
And left with pockets light.

I then got on a newspaper
To win my way to fame,
I wrote some strong sensations up
But soon came in for blame ;
For people said I slandered them.
And proved it, too, quite clear,
And half-a-dozen libel suits
There ended my career.

My father planked some money down
To give me one more chance,
I opened out a grocery store
And credit did advance ;
For the way that they do business now
Compels a man to trust,
The consequences need I relate ?
In half-a-year I bust !

Since then I've been an auctioneer,
A civil service clerk,
A stumper at election times,
A preacher in the park ;
A book agent, a hack driver,
A shoveller of snow,
I've advertised a fake recipe
To cause the hair to grow.

Although so many things I've tried
I've not been a success—
I've dead loads of experience,
But ready cash far less ;
And now at last the end has come,
None can escape his fate—
I'm opening out an office
For the sale of real estate !

THE DUDE'S REVENGE.



OR several years the dude has been the butt of the reporter and paragraphist. What countless jokes have been told or invented at his expense! How his dress and manners and supposed peculiarities have been held up to ridicule in every possible way! He has been lampooned, burlesqued and aspersed, until the public are tired of hearing or seeing the word. But the tables are at length turned and the dude's turn has come. With the advent of society journalism the much abused dude has become an im-

portant and much sought after personage. Society papers must have society news items and the dude having the run of the charmed circle can get them, while his old enemy, the ordinary journalist is hopelessly debarred. It is a glorious revenge for the dude. He can have the satisfaction of mingling in exclusive circles and jotting down

items for sale to the society press while his maligners hover in vain around the portals and can obtain nothing in the way of information but a few vague generalities. The "brainless dude" can market the report of a fashionable entertainment at a figure which is enough to make his hated Bohemian detractor turn green with envy. It is now his turn to laugh. Verily, as the poet has somewhere remarked—"The mills of the gods grind slowly but they get there with both feet at last," or words to that effect.



AN INTERMINABLE DISCUSSION.

THE Canadian literature question continues to occupy the attention of the *quid nuncs cognocenti*. We don't clearly know what the latter term implies, but it imparts an air of erudition to the observation, so let her go G— beg pardon, we mean *litera scripta manet*. That's better. We were about to remark, that Canadian literature appears to be entering upon a critical stage of its career. (Mild witticism.) Everybody who has ever written a letter to the press appears anxious to have a hand in the controversy, and if the maxim that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom held invariably true, we should by this time be in a state of perfect enlightenment, instead of being still in doubt as to whether we have a Canadian literature or not. Briefly and succinctly stated the question at issue is "What constitutes a literature? and what or who is a Canadian? if we have a literature, is it Canadian? if we haven't, why haven't we? if we have, and it isn't Canadian, why isn't it? if it is what is all the talk about anyway? and if it isn't, how is it to become so by means of certain valuable critical and enthusiastic wet-nurses and foster-fathers of C. L. writing letters to the newspapers discoursing thereanent?"

GRIP's idea on the whole complicated problem is that the only way to produce a literature is for somebody to set to work and write books so good that the public will buy, or at any rate borrow, and read them, assimilate their ideas and not have to be continually reminded of their existence to prevent their forgetting them. An ounce of real original creation is worth tons of criticism and wordy windy talk about literature. Such books by Canadian writers as may escape the oblivion which fortunately is the lot of ninety-nine works out of every hundred will do so, not because they are "Canadian," but because they are in the true sense "literature."

There is one thing to be said in favor of the discussion. When a writer is arguing over the merits of our native literature he can't be also writing about the tariff. If only for this the controversy should be encouraged.