

about Canada, to wit, viz: nothing at all. Let them read the articles by Mr. Geo. Kennan, now appearing in the *Century Magazine*,—the result of a special visit of investigation extending over four years—and they will begin to wonder why the Nihilists have all these years been so dina-mighty considerate.

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OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Courrier du Canada* of Quebec, is right — “the Church is the only power on earth which can solve the labor question.” Away with George and McGlynn and Powderley, and the Knights of Labor, and let the Church step forth and do the solving. And don't let us have any petty squabble, dear *Courrier*, as to *which* Church. We mean, of course, THE Church—just as you say—THE Church; otherwise known as Presbyterian.

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MR. STEPHENSON writes to the press to say that Alexander McLachlan is not really a poet at all, but only a versifier. At least, Mr. Stephenson has never seen any production of McLachlan's worthy to be called a poem. It is too bad that the well-meant efforts of Principal Grant and others in connection with the proposed testimonial should have to be abandoned, but there is no help for it since this gentleman by the name of Stephenson has frowned upon it. But before the testimonial idea is entirely given up wouldn't it be worth while to make an effort to have Mr. Stephenson reconsider his verdict? Let us pause at all events until Mr. Stephenson has read the sample poems which Mr. Boyle has promised to lay before him.

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AT the same time there is truth in Mr. Stephenson's contention that the literary standard must not be lowered to accommodate sentiments we may be pleased to consider patriotic. We mustn't call bosh good literature because it happens to be Canadian; all very true. But the tendency is in the opposite direction, as is perhaps natural. A writer, like a prophet, is not often sure of due honor in his own country, especially if that country be in the swaddling clothes of the colonial status. McLachlan's poems, as a whole, are worthy of a place in any literature; many of them are equal to the best of Tannahill's, and some of the mare equal to the best of Burns'.

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SPEAKING of Canadian Literature, have you read the “Epistles o' Airlie,” a collection of twenty-five of the letters of GRIP's Scottish philosopher? Here is a little work which if it had been published in Edinburgh or London would have been praised by the *Athenaeum* as a specimen of genuine humor; a transcript of actual life as good in its way as the much belauded “Bucholz Family” of Julius Stinde which has lately shaken Berlin with laughter. And yet, our Canadian critics are content with reading the title page, and transcribing the same by way of a “review.”

A BULLET IN.

THE Toronto *World* is of late an excessively Canadian paper. It preaches Canada first, last and all the time—Canada, as it understands the word, being contained in the interests of the manufacturers of Toronto and neighboring villages, not including Montreal.—*Edmonton Bulletin*.

A LONG FELT WANT.

“You 'avent got such a thing has a dictionary of the Canadian language, 'ave you?” enquired an Englishman of the proprietor of one of our leading bookstores.

“Canadian language? What do you mean? We speak the English language in this country?”

“No, 'ang me if you do! I can't hunderstand what the people mean 'ere 'arf of the time. The other day a chap that works in same shop as I do says 'e to me, ‘Did you 'ear that speech of Mrs. Youmans last night? Didn't she go for the whiskey men?’ ‘You surprise me,’ says I. ‘Last time I 'eard her she went against 'em.’ Well 'e just larfed fit to split because I didn't understand as 'ow goin' for anybody meant goin' agen 'em. Think of that now. Call that English?”

“Well, some of our expressions are a little confusing to a stranger.”

“Confusing? I should smile, as you say in this blarsted country. For instance this same fellow, he ain't 'arf a bad sort you know, and when I met 'im down town t'other hevenin',” says 'e, ‘I've a dollar as I won onto a bet. Let's blow it in.’ ‘Ows that?’ says I. ‘Well, says 'e, ‘let's go and 'ave some fried hoysters an' a bottle of beer.’ ‘I'm with yer’, says I, ‘but in our country we call that a blow *hout*.’ Hextroordinary people these Canadians, you know. When they go *against* a person they call it going *for* 'im and talk about a blow *hin* wen they means a blow *hout*. Hall I can say his, that hif there haint no Canadian dictionary there'd ought to be.”

PETER'S POLICY.

WE see some of our Catholic friends have been getting a keel-hauling for refusing to adopt Peter's politics while professing Peter's faith. With these Catholic brethren GRIP sympathizes. If we were all to adopt Peter's policy of denial—well—it wouldn't be just the thing, would it, now?



A SPEAKING COUNTENANCE!

MRS. DOLAN—“Say, Mister! Phat street is this?”

DUDE (with haughty stare)—“I don't know!”

MRS. DOLAN—“Faix, yez don't look as if yez did.”