



"INNOCENCE."

(From the painting by Gardner.)

## POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!  
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Why in the world the vexatious 20c piece should be permitted to continue in circulation is one of the things no fellow can understand. By its suspicion is constantly being cast on the eminently respectable 25c piece, for which it is continually palming itself off upon an unsuspecting public. Between the one and the other there being only a difference of 5c, as well as at once have a 45c piece and a 55c piece, and so on. As a matter of fact, the 20c piece is nothing but a hypocritical imitator of its superior, the 25c piece; it sails under false colours—a sort of wolf in sheep's clothing—and constantly at the despicable trick of obtaining goods under false pretences. Let some candidate for parliamentary honours take the matter up.

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The verb "to forget" seems, in many instances, to be used in a manner not strictly correct. By way of illustra-

tion, Mrs. Bowser gives Mr. Bowser a letter to post, and, of course, Mr. Bowser, as it is commonly expressed, "forgets" to post it. The question is whether, in an instance of that kind, the use of the word is strictly correct. As a matter of fact, there is no doubt that the thing is really in Mr. Bowser's memory, for when you mention it he remembers the whole circumstance at once. When a thing is really forgotten, however, it is, strictly speaking, forgotten for good. If it were said "he never thought of it," it would be more correct. Mere inadvertence in paying attention at the proper time to something intended to be done is rather a sort of temporary absent-mindedness.

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"Raving politics never at rest," is the way Tennyson puts it. The gay and festive Irishman is not giving British politics very much "rest" at present; in the United States the frequent recurrence of presidential elections keeps the kettle boiling pretty effectually; and in Canada we are at present upon the very crest of the political wave. We have arrived at the time when political aspirants, ac-

ording to a couplet by Lowell,

"Go round in their swallow-tail coats,  
Seeking some of them office and some of them votes."

The voice of the stump speaker and of campaign literature is heard in the land; and the horny handed son of toil has become a very popular individual, and is made very much of, indeed. In short, a general election is upon us. Before the fact was definitely announced, some one put the question as to when the elections would be held to Sir John himself, who replied that he really did not know, as he had not seen the morning papers. But the morning papers seemed to have a bad attack of not knowing anything about it themselves. And in the midst of this uncertainty, the Ottawa boarding-house keeper was puzzled as to whether her shingle should invite "select boarders" or announce a "select school"; whether she should buy some more furniture, or sell out what she had. It turns out, however, that if she has "polished up the handle of the big front door," it is only so much wasted shine so far as the M. P. is concerned; for, instead of coming to the city, he is "going to the country."