

For it is the lot of but few people to become absorbed and interested in their work to such a degree as to be scarcely able to tear themselves away from it. Yet this is the true condition of work, is it not, if that work is to be effective? I don't want to preach, but it seems to me that in these days there is an increasing crowd of young fellows who regard their work as the *bête noire* of their existence—to be done, of course, but to be escaped from as soon as possible. That is why there are so many young failures walking about.

There is young ——— for instance, who is a law student. He is not interested in law, as law, a little bit. What he is anxious to know is exactly how little law he can read so as to *pass*. He would like to know to a page. But he doesn't care how much boating he does or how much time he spends at his athletic club, or going out on his wheel. And now that the holiday season has come round again, he thinks it a shame that he should be cribbed, cabined, and confined in a musty-fusty law office. But it is not of this sort that great lawyers are made.

Holidaying, or not holidaying, may run to extremes. A German merchant once told me that in early life he was apprenticed in Hamburg to a wholesale dealer there. He had to work very long hours, and, as a rule, five or six hours on Sunday. When he had been doing this for ten years he thought he should like to go and see his father, and approached his master to ask for the necessary holiday. His employer stood aghast at his audacity. "Is there a death in your family?" "No." "A wedding?" "No." "Well, upon my word, I never heard of such a thing. And you want to leave work and go into the country to see your father. Well, things are coming to a pretty pass! You can go—but you need not come back again. I will not employ a young man who has such foolish ideas."

That was the old-fashioned extreme that demanded close attention all the year long to business—the devotion of a life—the feeling that a man's business was his great concern, intended to take precedence of every other, which demanded that a man should be in love with his business, married to it, charmed with it, utterly engrossed by it. And there is no doubt that the old-fashioned plan produced some results of thoroughness that were very different to anything that is produced now when a man's chief ambition is to get away from his business as often and as far as possible.

Some of the cablegrams that come from Europe and are dished up by our newspapers as despatches bear evident marks of being manufactured to order by enterprising American scribes whose effort it is to send something across the cable that will be read with avidity by the readers of American and Canadian newspapers. Now, there was that description of the life of Oscar Wilde in prison the other day. If ever there was a despatch that bore marks of imaginative manufacture it was that. There was probably no basis of fact for the whole long story, though there was a certain melodramatic effectiveness about some of its details.

The newspaper liar is not prosperous though. I have known several in my time, and though they were brilliant falsehood-fakers and laughed at more plodding and reasonable people they never came to much. There are always two or three in most cities, and to listen to them the uninitiated might think them the most brilliant men in existence. I have been told by one capable liar that he had a regular arrangement to supply news to the six principal American papers and that he netted \$200 a month by it. I wondered how it was that his collar was frayed and that his shirt was continuously and evidently unchanged. I have had it intimated to me by another that he was engaged to write for the *London Times* through the influence of his uncle who was Lord A——'s cousin. Yet after he had made this brilliant connection he was still glad to borrow a quarter now and then. I often wondered how it was, poor fool!

I heard of a man going this week to one of our city newspapers and expressing a wish to have the fact published that he was in town. He particularly wished to be spoken of as the "Hon." Mr. ——— because, as he said, he was the

son of a French Duke, and was called "Honourable" by special permission of the Queen. What funny snobs there are in the world to be sure! How they push and scramble for notice!

I understand that a new magazine is to be published in Toronto shortly. The first number is to come out in January and the contents and get-up are to be everything that can be desired. Moreover, there is money behind it—enough to pay contributors handsomely and to keep it going for two years without reaping a cent of profit. So I am told.

The artists of Toronto will not reap many of the fruits of union until three or four of them can get over the habit of going about and venomously stabbing each other in the back. These unfortunate persons appear to be at daggers drawn, and the tales they tell of each other are of a deep dye. If they only knew how such conduct on their part puts them entirely beyond the social pale and causes them to be avoided by decent people they might change their tactics. But perhaps they are no worse than the musical people, though *they* are bad enough in this way in all conscience.

The visiting artillery regiment from Montreal won golden opinions on Dominion Day in Toronto from all with whom they came in contact. They are a smart, well-conducted, highly respectable body of men who are a credit to the city from which they hail. It is to be regretted that their stay was so short, and that coming as they did when so many people were out of town it was impossible to show them such an amount of hospitality as under other circumstances would no doubt have been theirs.

The "hay-fever" season has come round again and several of my friends are having their annual attacks of that disorder of the mucous membrane that goes by this name. They tell me that their eyelids feel sometimes as if they had sand under them, that their breathing is asthmatical, their noses fountains of tears, their attacks of sneezing prodigious and earthquake-like. Yet they take some pleasure in the statement, which is undoubtedly true, that "hay-fever" only attacks intellectual people.

DIogenes.

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A Youthful Canadian Poetess.*

WE believe our readers will thank us for making them acquainted with a very remarkable collection of poems written by a young lady who produced the first division of the little volume when she was eleven (1892) and the second when she was twelve in the following year. We should add that we are happy to find that her literary efforts are being repressed for the present. It is somewhat dangerous to the health for too much work to be imposed upon the nervous system in early days; and, as we hope for much good work from Miss Dorothy Knight in days to come, we rejoice to think she is being taken care of.

The Preface, written by the young lady's father, Mr. R. S. Knight, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, London, informs us that the poems were written in the year 1892, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the Thousand Isles. Those published are selections from some sixty pieces written during the year 1892, and are printed for relatives and friends. The verses show a fine sense of nature and natural influences, great powers of observation for one so young, a sweet poetical sentiment and no small power of expression.

It is not quite easy to do justice to a writer by extracts, but we will select one or two at random. Here is one of the shortest, which we can see to be the absolutely genuine expression of the writers own feeling:

SWEET CLOVER.

There's none so fair and modest,
And none so gay and sweet,
In Summer, as the clover
We tread beneath our feet.

* "Echoes from the Thousand Isles" Verses by Dorothy Knight. Eleven years old. 10 cents and 15 cents. Toronto: Row-sell & Hutchison.