

us to conform. The details must, of course, differ; canalization, the construction of light railways, must, evidently, rest with private enterprise, and with the individual provinces. But it is equally evident that, in order that both our population and our prosperity should even approach those of this other bi-racial, bi-lingual people, there is one way, and one way only, which we must follow, the way, namely, whereby they have attained a prosperity, certainly not surpassed, if, indeed, it can be said to have been equalled, by any other nation on earth.

FRANCIS W. GREY, Litt. D.

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### WHEN FALLS THE CURTAIN.

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When falls the curtain, he who plays the clown  
And he the king, are on a common level,  
The villain with the virtuous one sits down,  
The angel smiles on him who played the devil.  
The peasant fraternizes with the peer,  
And village maids, and courtly dames and queens  
Mingle together without fear or sneer—  
They're only players all, behind the scenes!

When falls the curtain on the play of Life—  
This play designed to entertain the gods—  
The parts assigned us in its mimic strife  
(Though now we think so) will not make much odds.  
Who plays on earth the king will be as mean  
As any thrall that wearied him with prayers—  
Peasant and peer, and country girl and queen,  
Behind the scenes, will all be only players!

D. A. MCCARTHY.