



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

SHE—"What dreadful daubs."

HE—"Why, those are by Whistler."

SHE—"Oh, aren't they perfectly beautiful?"

HE WON'T BE INTERVIEWED.

AS is well known Prof. Goldwin Smith utterly detests the custom of interviewing. Naturally modest and retiring, he dislikes nothing so much as to be "held up" by an enterprising reporter and questioned as to his views upon public affairs. Notwithstanding his persistent refusal to submit to the process, Prof. Smith's ideas on the political situation continually find their way into the newspapers in the form of alleged interviews.

When in New York the other day, the professor was waited on by a young man, who was courteously received, and introduced himself as the representative of the *Daily Hustler*. The following conversation ensued:

PROF.—"I am always glad to meet a representative of the press. But I must positively decline to be interviewed. I object, on principle, to the practice. It is nothing short of downright impertinence."

REPORTER—"I am sorry you take that view, of the matter, Professor. My instructions were to ask your

views on the relations of Canada and the United States and the feeling in the Dominion with regard to annexation."

PROF.—"I cannot deviate from my invariable custom. It really seems to me most objectionable. It lowers the tone and dignity of the press. But I may say, privately, that I think the signs of the times point to great changes of public opinion in Canada, with regard to annexation in the near future. The country is suffering severely from exclusion from the American market. The census returns plainly indicate the folly of the policy of restriction, which an infatuated party, with the aid of lavish corruption, has imposed upon the people. But you fully understand, I hope, that this is not an interview."

REPORTER—"Certainly, Professor. After the decided opinions you have expressed on the subject, I would be guilty of unpardonable rudeness, if I urged the matter. But you were saying that—"

PROF.—"Yes, the N.P. is a dismal failure. The country is being depopulated. Enterprise is checked by a double row of custom houses along the imaginary border line which separates the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this continent. Ultimately, no doubt, geographical considerations and the practical interests of the people will prove stronger than the sentimental objections to continental union or the efforts of a few self-seeking and corrupt politicians to keep us from our natural markets."

REPORTER—"Yes, Professor. Then you think that the feeling in favor of annexation is growing?"

PROF.—"Remember, if you please, that this is not an interview. I think so decidedly. There are signs of it on every hand. Everywhere, are heard the most outspoken expressions of discontent, and but for the social terrorism and intimidation exercised by the office-holding patriots and the protected manufacturers, there is no question that public opinion would be overwhelmingly in favor of a change."

REPORTER—"Thank you, Professor—good morning."

PROF.—"Good morning, I am sorry you should have put yourself to the trouble of obtaining an interview, but I really could not make an exception in your case, I never allow myself to be interviewed. By the way, if you make any use of the points which I touched on, in the course of our—ahem—conversation, I would like to see a proof before it is published; you'll attend to that matter will you—Thanks, good day."

A DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVE

(Conundrum, only to be tried on the very hottest kind of Conservative, or else on the very meekest and funniest Grit, except by telephone, and not quite safe even then.)

"WHY is Sir Richard Cartwright evidently no relation to Richard 1st of England?"

"Give it up."

"Because Richard I. was Richard Coeur de Lion."

"What?"

"Richard cured o' lyn."