

James Forman. This gentleman advances as his reason for discontinuing his subscription to the paper that he feels the item which recently appeared in this journal auent the call of a clergyman to St. Andrew's was a positive insult to Rev. Mr. Clay and the church. It will seem strange to many that a man who is not even a prominent person in the community should feel himself constrained to fight single-handed and alone the battles of the large and highly intelligent body of ladies and gentlemen composing the congregation of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church. It speaks volumes for the bravery of Mr. Forman. But Mr. Forman, representing the congregation of St. Andrew's church, is apparently not satisfied with discontinuing his paper, but he gets positively impudent. I forgive him for this, however; a man who assumes the responsibility of a fight for a whole congregation is likely to become irritable now and again.

There is one inference to be drawn from Mr. Forman's letter which must not, however, be passed over lightly. He insinuates that the writer of the article last week knows nothing about the Presbyterian church. Right here I would inform Mr. Forman that so far from being ignorant of the doctrines of the Presbyterian church, the writer of the article claims to have a very thorough and exhaustive knowledge of that religion. When it is charged that I am interfering with a church I know nothing of, my mind wanders back to the old white frame church in Lanark County, where I first imbibed the true spirit of Presbyterianism and solved to my own satisfaction as well as that of my religious instructor, the proposition of man's chief end. Is it any wonder then that my auld kirk blood boils when I am told that I know naught of the Presbyterian church?

To show that I am in earnest on this subject, I will engage to meet Mr. James Forman on any public platform in this city, and discuss church matters with him, a committee selected from the following well known Scotch Covenanters to decide who possesses the greatest knowledge of the subject: Dr. Milne, M.P.P., Wm. Templeman, J. B. McKilligan, Frank Beunnett, Robert Houston, Thos. Alice, R. McMicking and Daniel Campbell. Although I may be a little rusty on church matters now, I will agree to recite without prompting the 107 questions and answers contained in the Shorter Catechism with the proofs from the scriptures; and I will further engage to recite the full thirty-three chapters of the Confession of Faith. If Mr. Forman has any ambition to set up his knowledge against mine, he can signify his intention of accepting this challenge by dropping a courteous letter to this office, after which

the necessary arrangements for the meeting will be completed.

Dog days are coming round when the festive dog catcher will go prowling around at all hours seeking for unwary and untagged canines. If he direct his efforts to the myriads of pedigreeless curs and barking, yelping mongrels that make the night hideous and life by day a burden, the dog catcher will earn the heartfelt thanks of a long suffering community. No one can find fault with any person keeping a well bred dog, for man can have no nobler or more faithful companion or friend in the animal world, but what the public has to complain of is the host of low bred nonentities that crowd the streets, ownerless, hungry-looking and lost. Next to this is the dog which lies waiting at his master's gate on a lonely street of a dark night, and rushes out with a snap and a snarl at the unsuspecting pedestrian, whose senses are half startled out of him by this unexpected recognition. Mr. Dog catcher need be at no loss to find these animals; he cannot fail to see some scores of them in a day's walk, and if he cannot see them, the Council should supply him with official spectacles. It is surprising what discrimination he uses in the selection he makes of canines which he wishes to entertain at the civic expense. In the majority of cases, they are valuable dogs that are noosed, the idea evidently being to raise revenue, as it is certain no one will be found to redeem the worthless curs that throng the thoroughfares, whereas one would have thought that primarily the object of the dog catcher would be to lessen as far as practicable the number of these public nuisances. Evidently this is the intention of the city in imposing a dog tax, for it could never amount to any appreciable revenue.

Before our next issue, another anniversary of the Queen's Birthday will have come and gone, and another milestone in the national life of Great Britain and her dependencies will have been passed. Queen Victoria, on the 24th of the present month will have reached the grand old age of 75 years. For 57 years she has ruled over the greatest nation in the world, and not only has she won the love of her subjects, but she has done a great deal towards popularizing monarchical institutions. Her influence for good has been felt in every quarter of the globe, and to day she is pointed out to all as a good ruler and a model woman. It is fitting that the anniversary of the Queen's Birthday should be observed in Victoria, and the friends who visit us next week will no doubt join with us as we proclaim aloud "God Save the Queen."

PERE GRINATOR.

### TENNYSON OVER HIS WINE.

But the first thing he did was to produce a magnum of wonderful sherry, 30 years old, which had been sent him by a poetic wine dealer. Such wine I never before tasted. "It was meant to be drunk by Cleopatra or Catherine of Russia," said Tennyson. We had two glasses apiece, when he said: "To-night you shall help me drink one of the few bottles of my Waterloo—1815." The bottle was brought, and after another glass all round, Tennyson took up "The Idyls of the King."

Lord Tennyson was fond of a glass of sound port. Upon one occasion he pressed Mr. Irving to take a glass of the precious liquid. Mr. Irving did as he was desired, but, not being a port drinker, sipped it very slowly. Before he had finished it, the decanter from which the bard had been automatically replenishing his goblet was empty. Lord Tennyson bade the butler bring a fresh supply, and, turning to his guest, said, dryly: "Do you always drink a bottle of port, Mr. Irving, after dinner?"—*J. Cuming Walter.*

### A CHANCE FOR CONSOLATION.

There was a backward student at Balliol who, for failing to pass an examination in Greek, was "sent down." His mother went to see the master, Dr. Jowett, and explained to him what an excellent lad her son was. "It is a hard experience for him, this disgrace," said the old lady; "but he will have the consolation of religion, and there is always one book to which he can turn."

Jowett eyed her a moment, and then answered: "Yes, madam; the Greek grammar. Good morning!"

A paragraph, written "I had some rice boiled plainly, with as little sugar in it as possible," reached the world in the following astounding form: "I had sown vice baited plainly, with as little swearing in it as possible."

"Next Sunday, brethren," said the pastor, "I shall preach on the subject, 'What Your Neighbors Are Saying About You.'" It is recorded that the Rev. Dr. Goodman preached the following Sunday to the largest audience that ever assembled in the church and hundreds were turned away.

Modern Poet—"Give me a rhyme for influenza."

Friend—"What are you writing?"

Modern Poet—"An ode to spring."