
“FROM OTHER SOURCES.”

“People talk about agitators, but the only real agitator is injustice, and the only way is to correct the injustice and allay the agitation.”—Sir Charles Napier.

“I am afraid that ‘graft’ stands in the way. At all events, there is talk of graft everywhere till one gets tired of hearing the repetition. Of confidence in public men there seems to be but little, and judging from recent events I should say that there is a good deal of justification for this. . . . There is now much talk of impending charges, but nothing happens except sometimes a change of government, and then the man in the street regards that as merely a change of grafters, who, of course, feed upon extravagance and specialization. Akin to graft is patronage. Affairs are largely run on the principle that the spoils belong to the victors. It is not uncommon to find municipal positions filled through the agency of the party in power.”—G. N. Barnes, British M.P.

“I have been in public life for 34 years, and during that time I do not know of one case where political patronage ever helped the status of the bench, the Civil Service, a member of parliament or the government. On the other hand, it is always the most dry rot which breaks out and destroys. I hope that in the white light of the present struggle the two parties will agree to do away with the evil. If there is any laxity in public virtue or corruption in 99 cases out of a hundred it is due to the baneful effect of party patronage.”—Sir George Foster, a member of the present ministry.

“MUSINGS OF HEB.”

Amateur Journalism is a real treat as a job, when the editor happens to have ‘wined’ the evening before and arrives in the ‘chair’ a little the worse, etc. But you don’t get one over this editor in that way, but what I wanted to say was that in some respects it’s a nuisance, you do keep meeting those “dear” people, who are full of anecdotes and things they have heard. I suppose every trade has its humbugs. I was perusing my issue of the Journal dated January 7th, and got such a jolt here and there, so many men getting married. Of course Spring’s the time that breeds Love and Poets, and when the weather goes up to 20 below it’s quite summer-like, isn’t it! It was this way about Xmas, hence so many men going

mad about that time. By what I read, Edmonton is quite a musical centre. Well, it’s a fine thing to have around when it’s good. I’m surprised at any man named Donald, I won’t go further, talking about Gungha Din. Couldn’t he have given due consideration to Johnny Walker or Rhoderick Dhu, at such a seasonable time, too. Of course Don’s idea was patriotic, good for him, but see which takes best next time. So Jim is a pioneer of the association at Edmonton. Well, “long live Jim.” I always had a great liking for Jims, they are such a necessary evil around a place. Sometime, Jim, I will tell you about a brother of mine called Jim. So Mr. Beauchamp of Regina had the nerve to take the final plunge, eh! Well, I’ll gamble he won’t do it again for months and months and months. Did anyone ever hear of a man purposely recovering from an illness to hunt for a Xmas rush in a post office? Well, such a feat stands to the credit of Mr. Elson of Calgary. Good for you, Sir! Glad you are well, Mr. Elson, you shall be duly knighted with a bottle of bass on my next visit. Referring to F. E. G.’s speech, he should worry, three is jolly good company. Who are the men who wanted the cigars and labels as well. I know lots of men who got neither.—“Heb.”

TO MY POSTMAID.

Since that great moment when, my heart’s
enslaver,
You donned the brassard of the P.M.G.
And first began—no ordinary favour—
To call upon a simple bard like me,
I’ve often thought, to make your visits
more,
Of sending dummy screeds to my own door.

Each morn, with bashful qualms made wan
and quivery,

I lurk behind my windows and await
The hour (8.22) of your delivery,
And when you foot it through my garden
gate,

However vile the missive that you bring,
You’d hardly credit how I bless the thing.

My correspondence, as perhaps you’ve
noted,

Contains no message that a maid has
penned,

So please infer from this that I’m devoted
To you alone, and if you’d care to send
A gleam of hope and comfort to a chap
My letter-box is always there. Verb. sap!