

And we Canadians shall be recreant to our trust if we do not do our part to forward so grand, so sublime a scheme; if we pursue the shortsighted policy of allowing to slip from our grasp the joint heritage we have with all our fellow subjects in possessions that dot every sea, that extend vastly over every continent, spreading the exalted civilization of our race into the remotest corners of the world.

#### BORES.

Not the bore of a gun—nothing half so polished or indispensable as that very necessary adjunct to the weapon, without which the sporting undergrad, fails to find perfect felicity in the long vacation—but all kinds of the human bore, the wearying, disagreeable, or otherwise objectionable individuals who, in a greater or less degree, infect the lives of all of us from youth to age; the bane of our childhood, the dread of our boyhood, and one of the greatest of our afflictions in after years—these are now my theme.

Their name is legion, their variety endless, and to be brought in contact with them (and none of us escape the infliction) is utter weariness of spirit, and creates in the victim a wild desire to bring the troublesome one to a sudden and violent end. Though differing in many respects, one peculiarity is common to them all—namely: No shaft of satire, however broad, or however well sped, will penetrate the plate armor of their hopeless stupidity; no hint, innuendo, or lampoon, no matter how palpably pointing to himself, could make the bore understand that he might possibly be the subject of it, and nothing but the plainest of English, spoken in the plainest manner, will convince one of these creatures that he could be anything but the pleasantest of companions, and even after you have told him in unmistakable terms that he is—what he is—he is ready to confer plenary absolution upon you, should you, in a weak moment, show qualms of conscience for having offended him.

#### Place aux dames.

First, for a few varieties of the bore feminine. Who does not know the old family servant who “nussed you when you was a baby?” Which of us, out of respect for the faithful old creature will not submissively listen to the oft-repeated tale, though having heard it weekly—we had almost said daily—for eighteen or twenty years, it does become monotonous.

Which of us, during our collegiate career, has not encountered the garrulous and irrepressible landlady, who has eagerly seized every opportunity of pouring into our unwilling ears her story of other and better days, who will enter your room, “thinking you was out,” and, door-handle in hand, ruthlessly interrupt and retard your pursuit of knowledge?

Then every one knows the old, young lady of society, who will not remember that thirty-five summers have passed over her already thinning hair, and who still tries to be a giddy, gushing young thing; and the fond and doating mother, who will extort admiration for her very common-place offspring!

But the most saddening thing of all is to worship some lovely creature from afar, to gaze by stealth upon her bewitching face, to rise early, and late take rest,

until you find a friend able and willing to effect for you an introduction to your idol, and then, when you are, figuratively, at the feet of your fair divinity, you find the knowledge slowly, but surely, forced upon you that your adored one's hair covers a brain not sufficiently large to serve a good-sized, intellectual fleece; that the fair form is but an empty casket. Oh! hollow! hollow! hollow! In short, a month's acquaintance with her will show you another variation of the female bore, a pretty one 'tis true, but, nevertheless, a veritable, unmitigated, hopeless bore.

Turn we now to the male animals of this species of *bête-noir*, and the puzzle is where to begin—where end.

The first who presents himself to our memory is the jovial, sociable, loud individual, who slaps you on the back until you wonder whether your vertebrae will hold out, and wrings your hand until the joints crack; who calls you “old man” and “dear boy” in a stentorian voice, the very tones of which would shatter the nerves of sensitive persons; who proclaims his sentiments on the house-tops and declares his opinions to the four winds of heaven; who will apostrophise you as the best fellow in the world and the truest friend he has, while you stand shuddering, trying to repress the guilty wish that the earth would open and swallow him.

One of the most disgust-inspiring individuals is the religious bore, the man who, in a half-whisper, will ask you if “you are saved,” or, “if your heart is given to the good cause,” or some such posing question. If in a humorous frame of mind, you will reply, “give it up,” or “ask me something easy,” but, suppose you are not, will you glance stealthily at the window and murderously wonder whether it would kill him much to throw him out? Echo answers, yes. In this connection we cannot banish from our thoughts the remembrance of the many weary hours of childhood and youth when we have been compelled to listen Sunday after Sunday to the dreary platitudes of some person, who had about as much vocation for the pulpit as the Sultan of Turkey. Fortunately for us all, this species of boredom, at any rate, may cease with youth.

Next in the list comes the bore with a grievance, the man who will expatiate hour after hour upon some real or fancied wrong of which he imagines himself the victim, who will button-hole you at the most inconvenient times and will nobly sustain his well-known reputation for being the rival of the Ancient Mariner in relating “dreary tales of woe.” In presence of such an one a dull horror fastens upon you, and you begin seriously to wonder whether it would be more comfortable to commit suicide by hanging or per six-shooter. Then how often do we cross the path of the pedantic prig, who is crammed so full of erudition that to save an explosion, he is constantly obliged to let off the steam of wisdom which overcrows his brain. Then there is the practical joke bore, who has always some doubtful story to relate of how cleverly he has scared men, women and children half-out of their wits.

Lastly come the vocalizing bore, who fancies himself a Simms Reeves, and the amateur acting bore, whose Hamlet is, in his own estimation far before that of either Salvini or Irving; the political bore, the