

Unhappy Thoughts.

BY A CANADIAN COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPY THOUGHTS."

NO I.

I am the author of a great work as yet in manuscript, to be entitled "Pessimistic Positivism; or the Mistakes of Existence," the object of which is to prove that all things are as they ought not to be, that life is a miserable delusion, and that the vexed question left undecided by Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, ought to have been summarily answered in the negative.

I recommend all those desirous of appreciating my system of philosophy, to study previously the ingenious lectures of Mr. Bob Ingersoll, and the works of the late Thomas Paine. They cannot be obtained through the Toronto Custom House, but may be picked up occasionally at Mr. Cook's well-known store. ("Unhappy Thought:" Strong meat only at the Cook's shop.)

With a view to contemplating the darker side of human existence, I intend to pass some time at the various Toronto boarding houses; also by sending my eldest daughter to a Toronto school, to become intimately acquainted with our system of Public Education. The "Unhappy Thoughts" suggested in the course of these sombre experiences will be noted from time to time as material for "Mistakes of Existence." My dismal diary is as follows: Toronto, Jan. 6. Somewhat exhausted by a lecture on "Evolution" at the *Young Men's Unchristian Association* at Dufferin Hall, I slept soundly last night till 5 a.m., when I was awakened by a hideous outcry from the poultry yard outside my window. I looked out and saw in the full moonlight an enormous Cochin rooster as big as one of Rev. Mr. Stinson's emus! Unhappy Thought: Why is this rooster like Macbeth? Because "Macbeth hath murdered sleep." More Unhappy Thought: "He will do it again." See remarks on Repetition as a cause of Evolution in "Mistakes of Existence," Vol. I, p. 23. Lay awake meditating sadly till 6 a.m., when attempted to dress. Water in pitcher frozen hard. Went to kitchen for hot water. Kitchen a den, where interviewed the cook, a fat woman using snuff profusely. Unhappy Thought: Material probably at breakfast for notes on "Deleterious effects of Tobacco when mixed with Food," (see *Mistakes of Existence*, Vol. I). Dressed slowly, razor had an edge worthy of the Glacial epoch, bit of soap jumped out of my hand and ran away under a chest of drawers, where I had to tear my hand against a nail getting it out. (Note:—Intimations of spiteful-sin-inanimate things). Breakfast at 8. Tea and coffee. Unhappy thought: Tea imperfectly differentiated from coffee. Sausages and fried liver: snuff clearly traceable, see notes. Boarders; four young men, two of them Normal School students, one a medical student, one a dry goods store clerk. Two young ladies engaged in sewing. One a school teacher. The young men never talk during meals, they act as if by machinery. The sewing girls giggle at each other. The teacher sits next me, she comes down late, eats little, goes away the soonest. Dinner at 12. Boarders come and go in silent haste. Bill of fare, same, with addition of pie and baked beans. Medical student, who seems to have some faint molecular sense of wit, informs me that the former is named "What-is-it pie." (Note:—Missing link in Evolution may yet be found in Toronto Pie Factory). Tea at 6. Same as breakfast. No animal food. Pre-historic apple pie. Size and consistency of circular saw. After tea, went to parlour, comfortable room, fire in stove, only one in house except in kitchen. Sat down to write notes for "Mistakes of Existence." Room delightfully still, no sewing girls, no students, only very quiet young man with our proud young lady on sofa. Settle pleasantly to write. Not a sound in room except the soft and not unpleasing

cheep produced by the meeting and parting of two sets of labial muscles. (Note:—To collect by observation of the actions of these young persons, materials for essay in next chapter of diary on "The Philosophy and Evolution of Kissing.")

(To be Continued.)

**MODERN GEOGRAPHY.**

SCHOOLMASTER.—Where is the finest town property in Manitoba?

HEAD BOY.—On paper.

SCHOOLMASTER.—Right. And what do they call it when town lots ten miles from town are sold at auction?

BOY AT FOOT.—A sell.

SCHOOLMASTER.—Correct. Go up head.

Divided.

I heard to-day some people say
There's been a little breeze;
The Marquis is come back again
Without his dear Louise.
And is she ill, or is she well,
Or is she bawboozling,
Upon the Rhone or Danube's
Delightful waters cruising?

Where warmer winds are blowing
Upon familiar faces,
And old acquaintances are bowing
With fascinating graces.
Where fashion and good breeding
Seeks a change of air,
To mollify their feelings
Of *ennui* or despair.

I do not write with levity,
Or the least desire to mock,
But if she ne'er comes back again
We shall survive the shock.
We are too plain and homely
For pampered royalty,
Who cannot feel but ill at ease
Surrounded by democracy.

And to the gallant Marquis
We extend our sympathies.
For indeed, without a wife
A lonely life is his.
When his official term is ended
Let us graciously decline
To receive another Governor
Alien to this clime.

S. S.

Intelligent Reporting.

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP:—

SIR,—The unreliability of the average newspaper report is nothing new to those who have the opportunity of comparing the actual occurrence with its subsequent record in the press. No one will, however, deny that there are several grades of correctness to which every report deserves more or less to be assigned, and perhaps, as a rule, the nays have it. Still there

is reporting and reporting. And certainly the report of Miss Smiley's Bible-readings as given in the *Mail* of the 9th inst., is gravely open to criticism. To my mind, a report should be a photograph of the occurrence it professes to record. Like a photograph the report may be wanting in some of the high lights, but certainly all the salient points should appear; and so they will if the reporter knows his work.

In the report to which I have special reference, we are informed that "the full seating capacity of the room was called into requisition, the audience being composed principally of ladies." If erinoline were in fashion I could understand the connection between the "audience composed principally of ladies" and the "requisition" of "the full seating capacity of a room," as, however, Canadian ladies are of the, *utheles, aesthetic*, I fail to see the correctness of the logical deduction to be drawn from the statement in question.

We are next told that "His Lordship, Bishop Sweatman, introduced Miss Smiley," and I am thus led to wonder whether the reporter does not know that "His Lordship" is a style only applied to lords temporal, and not to the lord bishop of a diocese. To call the Lord Bishop, "his lordship," is just as proper as to say "his loraship, Lord Dufferin," which would be ridiculous even in a school-girl's ears.

The reporter proceeds to say that "Miss Smiley then began what cannot be termed otherwise than as explanations." I cannot help wondering whether the reporter expected to hear the audience read in turn like a class in a Sunday-school, that he takes so much trouble to expound Miss Smiley's method. For my own part I have always understood "reading" to be a *rendering*, whether by word or manner, and this, I believe, is the idea that most intelligent people have of the term, *readings*.

From what elevated position the *Mail* reporter surveyed the proceedings of the meeting, I cannot guess, but certainly he could not have stood on the common level, or he would never tell his readers that, "To aid her audience in following her explanations or deductions, Bibles or portions of the Scripture were furnished to each one present." Well, I was present and I received, as did everyone else, a sheet of hymns to be used during the services of the week. And on leaving the school-house, in accordance with Rev. W. S. Rainford's request that the audience should use them for the purpose of persuading others to attend who could best thus be reached, I received a paper headed, "Bible Readings for Ladies, etc.," which contains the credentials furnished to Miss Smiley by the Bishop of Pennsylvania and the Bishop of Michigan. These two were the only "portions" furnished the audience, and were neither "Bibles" nor "portions of Scripture;" and had they been, I cannot imagine how they could have helped an audience to follow either "explanations" or "deductions," especially the last.

Hoping that the art of reporting may make due progress in the coming year,

I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

CRITIC.



"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR"