



HALLAM CALLS A HALT.

"Here, you gorging, gormandizing glutton, there must be some limit put to your appetite for public money."

[He takes away the dish amid wailing cries of more! more!]

AT THE MERMAID INN.

SIR ROGER—"What have we here?"

GILES—"The weekly grind of three eminent Canadian poets, who have been engaged at great expense to write nothing but prose."

SIR ROGER—"Think you they wouldn't do better to throw in a little verse occasionally?"

GILES—"Methinks they don't care about poetizing at the price. Will you hear them?"

SIR ROGER—"I will, an' it be not too long. I'll have some strawberry vinegar, and you read on."—*Old Play (amended).*

THE question, who struck Billy Patterson? is not yet settled; nor is it known to a certainty who this Mr. Patterson was, or what was the precise date upon which the assault took place. I have for some years devoted myself to researches on the subject, giving chief attention to it in the blissful summer afternoons, when I may be seen in the recesses of the leafy woods, surrounded by heaps of books and writing pads. The result of my studies thus far may be summed up in this: I believe the person who struck Mr. Patterson to be identical with the writer of the *Junius* letters. I am now following up this theory, and when I have established the identity of the latter beyond all controversy, I think I may claim some consideration at the hands of the literary world.

L.

I AM passionately fond of mythology, and think I may claim to know as much of that subject as any poet in Canada. I can recommend the study as a substitute for whist, curling or hockey. My liking for it began away back in my nursery days, when the storehouse of mythological literature was opened to me by my dear old governess. She, good soul, did not present the stories of Jack the Giant-Killer, Cock Robin, Little Red Riding Hood, etc., to my infantile mind under the head of mythology, however, but led me to regard them as narratives of Fact. I grew up in the most touching faith in these great verities, and when I went to school and college, I added to them multitudes of classic legends, until I knew more things that were not so than any man of my age. The unlucky hour arrived which brought me the knowledge that all these things were mere myths, and now I am rather inclined to the opinion that most things are mythical. The effect has been to tinge my mind with a gentle, pessimistic melancholy, which, in my busi-

ness as a poet, I wouldn't be without for anything. It is touching to me to see the simple faith—I might even say the credulity—of the people about me. I hear them talk of the "conscience of the country." I hear them applaud statements made by political partizans as "facts." It makes me smile in a pitiful way, knowing as I do, that these are merely myths.

C.

MR. HAULTAIN'S suggestion of a memorial Shelley volume, to be made up of poems by Canadian writers is an excellent one, and I am prepared to quote low rates to the publisher who may undertake it, provided he is a responsible party. A number of available contributors have been named, but I have not observed that mention has been made of James McIntyre, whose volume of "Cheese odes and other Verses," just published, has given him a conspicuous place in the rear ranks of our country's *literati*. Knowing Mr. McIntyre to be a devoted admirer of his fellow-bards, Shakspeare, Tennyson, Shelley, etc., I wrote him a postal card to ask whether he would be willing to contribute a gem or two to the proposed memorial volume. My delight may, perhaps, be fancied, when I received, in response, not merely a prompt affirmative, but the manuscript of the poem he is willing to donate. I append a stanza, principally for Mr. Haultain's delectation.

SHELLEY.

A great poet was Shelley,
And when he felt well he
Could right like anything—
Just like a bird can sing.
But me he could please
If he had wrote of cheese,
But perhaps they had no factory
Which is not satisfactory,
Like we have in this county
Where we enjoy much bounty,
But still this man named Shelly
Was a rather smart felly.

This is in McIntyre's finest vein, and there are twelve more stanzas equally good. I think I am safe in saying that there is no other poet in Canada, at the Mermaid Inn or elsewhere, who would be likely to contribute anything like this ode to the projected volume.

L.



A DAY OF SORROW.

THE LONG MAN (*log.*)—"I say, old fellow, you look a bit down in the mouth."

THE OTHER ONE—"Well, it's about time—when the old woman starts in to cut down your oldest boy's pants for you."—*Sydney Bulletin.*