

"But," rejoined the Elephant, "I am unable to bend my head to the grass which you eat, and if the forests are destroyed I shall starve."

"Better you should," replied the Wild Ass, "than that privileges should be maintained for you which are a menace to our free institutions. Eat the food that others eat, or die." So it was voted that the forests be destroyed, and they were.

But when the blazing sun of summer shone down upon those plains the grass burned to dust, and the streams and fountains were dried up. The only living creatures left were the Jackals, who preyed on the ruins of the community.

As society must always be composed of conflicting classes, how is the state ownership of land going to help the people?

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WE regret to say that our distinguished contemporary (probably at the instance of Andrew Carnegie) misreported this case. The grievance was that the Elephants and their friends had fenced off the grass-plains and were holding them out of use, while the grass-eating animals wanted to use them very much. What the agitators said was, that as all had an equal right to live, all should have equal access to the natural elements which were essential to life, and that every one should pay for the portion he was using. With this correct statement of the facts, it is not so hard to answer the Fabulist's question. The animals, having secured the reform they demanded, were helped by being enabled to help themselves.

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THE Committee on Public School Text-books have reported to the Anglican Synod that, in their opinion, the text-book on Temperance, now authorized in Ontario, requires alteration, as its statements are far too sweeping and unqualified (about the dangerous character of the poison called alcohol). Mr. Ross ought to lose no time in fixing the book to suit these reverend gentlemen, by adding a few chapters from the speeches of Mr. King Dodds. This would make the text-book still less objectionable to the whiskey vote, and on that account ought to commend itself strongly to the Minister of the Straddle Department.

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BY the way, we may be doing Mr. King Dodds an injustice in supposing that he is still the friend of the saloon as a public institution. The graceful way in which he welcomed Miss Willard and the ladies of the W.C.T.U. at the Metropolitan church, last week, could not have been surpassed by Willie Howland himself. Of course, the fact that Mr. Dodds happens to be Chairman of the City Council Reception Committee this year, may be incidentally mentioned. He *may* have been performing a duty most disagreeable to himself, but it didn't look like it. We will look upon him as a reformed character until he gives us proof to the contrary.

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REV. HUGH JOHNSTON was born with a genial disposition, and would probably have been a happy man under any circumstances. But success in his work and the recognition thereof by his *Alma Mater*, have made him still happier. He is now Dr. Johnston. All that he needs now to make his cup run over is a Boswell.

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"ETERNAL vigilance is the price of liberty." This is a saying which may be quoted without being thoroughly grasped. It would be well for the people of Canada to think it over just now. If Jesuitism ever

accomplishes anything in this Dominion it will be because the people have gone to sleep under the influence of the drug of partyism, and left their affairs to be—neglected—by the professional politicians. This is the view which that very earnest and energetic citizen, the Rev. Mr. Russell, holds, and which he did his best to impress upon the members of the late Convention. But Mr. Russell is a practical enthusiast, and he has evolved from his fertile brain a scheme for an organization which might be called the People's Eternal Vigilance Generator.

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BUT he has given it a prettier title than that. It is to be known as the "Association of the Ladies and Knights of the Maple Leaf," for it takes advantage of the human tendency towards ritual and ceremony, and is to be patterned upon the Orders which are now so popular amongst us, availing itself, as will be observed, of that very important factor, the influence of woman.

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WE hope at an early day to be in a position to lay before our readers a clear outline of the proposed organization. As we now comprehend it, it has our hearty approval, for it is to be built broadly upon the *people*, to act as an educating force, and contemplates the provision of means whereby the people may have a more direct influence in the nomination of candidates for Parliament, a function which is now practically usurped by political party bosses.

HOW I LEARNED TO DREAM.

IN my innocent youth I was thoroughly prosy,
And never had dreams either gloomy or rosy;
The starlight might sparkle, the moonlight might shimmer,
The meteors flash and the milky-way glimmer,
The roses might breathe all their sweetness around me,
Still morning would find me as ev'ning had found me;
And my rest seemed each year to grow deeper and deeper,
For I was a most unpoetical sleeper.

In the life-breathing daytime my luck was no better,
The very same fate seemed my fancy to fetter;
And the sunlight might glow or fall softly and hazy,
While I lay in the shade feeling happy and lazy;
But I never could dream, be it evening or morning,
If clouds or if rainbows the sky were adorning,
If the air were oppressive or healthful and mellow,
For I was a most unpoetical fellow.

But once when the evening with fragrance was laden,
I walked by the side of a fanciful maiden,
Who told me in whispers of dreams she had cherished,
Of castles she'd built in the air where they'd perished.
She looked in my eyes while her story she told me,
And seemed by the spell of her spirit to hold me,
Then somehow I knew that my nature was changing,
And my fancy for dreams of its own was arranging.

I now meet her daily and daily go walking,
Through sunlight and shadows of sentiment-talking;
I tell her my dreams with a tremulous passion,
That shows her that dreaming with me is in fashion;
And to tell you the truth, though it sounds rather funny,
In all hours of the day, be they gloomy or sunny,
And at night when it's dark or when moonlight is gleaming,
I always am dreaming, and dreaming and dreaming.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

JUVENILE STUDENT—"Paw, what letter is that?"
PAW—"That's O."
"Is it? I couldn't tell it!"
"That so?"
"But I'll always know it now."
"That's so."