

shrouded in deepest mystery. Everything was going on as usual in and about the station at the hour it is supposed the robbery took place—some time between midnight and day-break. Four stalwart policemen came in at 12:10, having in close custody a helpless drunk, who was cleverly captured in a Lombard-street lane. The officer on station duty awoke sufficiently to tell one of the cops that another international tug of war was on the tapis, after which he turned over his exhausted frame and sought, in sweet, restful slumber, that recuperation which tireless vigilance at the telephone and oiling up his pistol all day, had rendered him so much in need of. The safe at this time was intact, as one of the policemen, who had hidden his plug tobacco behind it, is prepared to solemnly testify. The fact is impressed on his mind from the circumstance that when he went to look for the tobacco it wasn't there. It may be said *en passant* that this policeman is strongly of suspicion that Detective Jack Hodgins collared the plug. But to return to the burglary proper. No one in the station remembers to have heard any explosion—except the "drunk" referred to, whose statement, however, must be taken *cum granum salo*, as he is known to bear an ill-will towards certain members of the force, from whom some explanation of the mysterious matter is naturally looked for, seeing that the men were on the premises all the night. The ponderous door of the safe was hured clean through the ceiling, and fell close to the foot of a detective's bed. To do this able officer justice, it might be said that he has an indistinct recollection of some object falling on the floor of his bedroom, but thought it was his room-mate, another detective, who has a habit in undressing of throwing his boots recklessly about the chamber. After rifling the safe the thieves must have ascended to the chief's apartments, because a deck of cards belonging to the station, and which are kept in the safe when not in use, were found on a table there with every evidence that the cracksmen had had a little game before taking leave of the station. An exhausted bottle of champagne bore testimony to the fact that the robbers knew a good brand of "fizz" as well as the chief does; while an emaciated ham bone was a silent witness to the loss of a capital lunch that the big detective had to sustain. The thieves made a thorough over-hauling of the impounded burglar's tools kept in the "curiosity room," and went away with a very choice assortment. A note pinned up on a mirror expressed the regret which the visitors felt at leaving "without formally bidding the peelers good-night;" but they "really hadn't the heart to disturb the sleeping beauties," and "would see them later and apologize." The police have the matter in hand.

THE ARAB AND THE INJUN.

A STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS WHO WANT TO GO TO EGYPT AND FIGHT THE NATIVES.

Says an Arab to an Injun
On the banks of the Nile,
While the sun the sand was singin',
Let us go and take a smile.
Says the Injun to the Arab,
I don't care if I do
Just take a little skitty,—
A very little skitty—
Skitty-wau-boo;
You might tell by my gar-b,
I'll take skitty-wau-boo.

When the Arab heard the Injun,
He grinned and laughed haw! haw!
And roared "now had it been gin,
And you would drink it raw,
I would show you where to get it
If you bring me 'long with you;
It will do as well as skitty—
It is twice as strong as skitty—
Skitty-wau-boo;
It will act, if you will let it,
Just like skitty-wau-boo."

Now the Arab thought the Injun
Wouldn't know what he'd be doin',
And he always kept a cringin'
Tho' he'd much like to be chewin'
The ear right off the red man,
And all the camp go through;
For he knew that Lo liked skitty—
Was very fond of skitty—
Skitty-wau-boo;
And he soon would be a dead man
Through his skitty-wau-boo.
But Lo he took a tumble
To the specious Arab chief,
For although he seemed so humble,
Lo knew he was a thief.
So he drew his sculping knife,
And cut his jugular through,
And remarked it was a pity
That you cannot steal um skitty—
Skitty-wau-boo.
Then the Injun raised his hand,
And he gave an Injun whoop
Which roused out the command,
And Major Fred's big troop
Rode out upon the scene
In their uniforms of blue.
And the Arabs lost their skitty,
And the Injuns saved their skitty,
Skitty-wau-boo.
T'was the first time that the queen
Heard of skitty-wau-boo.

TOPICAL TALK.

I FANCY that if the Scott Act is ever passed throughout the whole of Canada one result will be that clever but "swiping" young men will get steady berths, and those youths who have but little ability and whose sole recommendation is that they don't drink, will be left out in the cold.

ALTHOUGH the price of meat is considerably reduced just now, ladies complain that the quality is inferior, and that what is sold as prime beef is cut off from the back of the neck. Well, if those ladies expect to get better meat from in front of the neck I am surprised. It is mighty queer beef that comes from in front of that spot, let me tell you.



EVOLUTION seems to be a very simple thing after all, for Herbert Spencer tells us that it is merely "an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes parallel transformation." I have been of this opinion myself for a long time, and I am glad that Spencer confirms my views.

THAT this is a fast age nobody will deny, and in nothing is this evidenced so well as in the age of women. For instance, two men married in 1865 at the age of 22; this must be true, for she says so. She dies in 1880, the plate on her coffin gives her age as 48; this must be true, for no one would surely place a falsehood on a coffin. Thus we see that the average modern woman lives twenty-six years in fifteen. This is too fast.

"SEMI-EDITORIAL" is what the Ottawa Citizen man calls a column of paragraphs in that paper. What's a semi-editorial? an article written half by the editor and half by the man who runs the furnace, or is it a paragraph composed by a man who is only half an editor, or what? Probably when the Citizen genius sees the remarks his heading is calling forth throughout the press, he will feel inclined to say "Dem-my-semi-editorials."

It seems, from what I read in an English paper, that it is the fashionable thing now to ask a blessing at dinner immediately after the soup. This looks to me as if the diners looked upon the soup as a kind of a sample of the rest of the dinner, and if it is found pretty good it is considered worth while invoking a blessing on the whole spread. It is needless to say that, if this course was adopted at church oyster-soup festivals, the blessings would be few and far between.

THE other day a tramp walked off with a new hat from the front of a hatter's store and left his own in its place. The clerk, on discovering the transaction, reported it to his boss and, according to the *News*, this is the way the latter talked:—"Well, I'll be blankety, blank, blanked if I haven't got the blankedst blank, blank clerks around me! You're a blankety blank lot of blank, blank fools!" If that's the way this class of merchants talk, the old saying, "As mad as a hatter," seems to be a pretty correct one.



I AM happy to state that I have solved a difficulty that has sorely perplexed good housewives for many years. They have sought in vain for some method by which cabbage can be boiled without permeating the whole house from cellar to attic with the offensive odor of that vegetable. My method is as simple as it is effective, and consists in merely boiling the cabbage in a pot of water from the river Don. As the weaker invariably goes to the wall, so does the odor of the cabbage melt away into nothingness before that of the boiling water. True the cabbage is not fit to eat after this method of boiling, but nothing was ever said about that when these good women asked for a plan to do away with the perfume of the cooking vegetable.

THIS is from the Dominion Dry-Goods Report:—"The paper-pad shirt is a new invention. The bosom of this novel garment consists of seven layers, of which one can be torn off every day, on the blotting-pad principle, exposing a clean white surface in its place."



I can see a fortune ahead for some one. Here's the plan: On the back of each pad print an instalment of some thrilling story, such as *The Lost Clue* or *The Toronto Detective*, or *Blarey-eyed Bart*, the *Terrorizing Tyrant* of the *Ticonderoga Canon*. Let each pad end with an exciting situation. Why, bless my stars! the buyers of these shirts will be ripping off the whole seven layers in one day; it won't matter where the wearer may be; in church, in a street car, in a saloon; anywhere, off will come a pad. Seven pads! a whole volume of 350 pads won't be enough to satisfy the demand. The story should never be finished, however, on one shirt. It should run through a dozen. I fully