



"HONORS TO HEIRS MALE."

CRITICAL GOLDWIN.—"This sort of thing on Canadian soil is simply bosh."

CURRENT CHIT CHAT.

BEING A LITTLE GOSSIP ABOUT SUNDRY PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS, BY OUR OUT-OF-TOWN MAN.

THE TWO SIR JOHNS.

THERE are now two Sir Johns—or, more grammatically speaking, two Sirs John. The trouble is going to be how to give them brief distinguishing designations so as not to mix them up. I would hate to mix up the new Sir John with the old Sir John anyway,—and I guess he would hate to have me do it, too. On the other hand, it might not be agreeable to the old Sir John to get taken for the new Sir John, on the grounds of mentality and political sagacity. To still call the old Sir John "The Old Man," might do well enough for him, but how would the other Knight fancy the alternative, "The Old Boy." He would say we were giving him a devil of a title! and, besides, part of the designation is already copyrighted by—but, no matter! He is not in the arena now. Some one will have to solve this problem soon.

THE FAITHFUL COMPOSITOR.

EVERYBODY has heard of the intelligent compositor. Most of us will remember the case of one who was setting up a story in which the King was ordering one of his slaves to "Hence, base minion!" and the compositor, recollecting that minion type was not invented until a later period than the date of the thrilling tale, made the command read, "Hence, base brevier!" That compositor was signally faithful to the interests of his employers, and his name will ever be held in kindly remembrance. But not a whit more faithful was he than the modern typo whose work appears in *The Empire's* Orange Grand Lodge Report, last Wednesday. Here is the paragraph:—

"Celebrations of the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada and the bicentenary of the glorious revolution and accession of William III. to the throne of Great Britain, restoring our Protestant religion and our civil and religious liberties, were the occasion of special and enthusiastic gatherings in all parts of Canada and THE EMPIRE on the last 12th of July."

The loyal comp. set the name of his paper in small caps, and never even smiled!

PHYSICS VS. PHYSIQUES.

READING so much about the progress of higher education, recalls to me the true story of a certain High school teacher in this fair province. The local School

Board were discussing the introduction of physical apparatus, in accordance with Departmental requirements (as laid down by an Inspector), when the head master remarked that it was all bosh,—“the children had lots of exercise romping about the grounds, to say nothing of the toil of climbing up the big school bill!” I wondered at the time how it would be, in the progress of higher education, to investigate whether it was the teachers or the scholars were making the most.

NOTHING PROUD ABOUT HIM.

THERE is nothing proud about his new nibs, Sir John Thompson, and the *Empire* wants it so known:

Last night he greeted old friends with his old-time urbanity and heartiness, and talked just as openly and freely over the affairs of the nation with those with whom he came in contact as though her Majesty had not just a day before conferred upon him one of the highest honors that can be given to a subject.

It is a good thing we all understand we have no need to approach the new Knight in a sedan chair or walking on stilts. For one not to the title born, he is more condescending and obliging than the man who owns a corner grocery. If I had wanted to approach Sir John Tamson I would have gone in first with the police and then addressed him from underneath the sofa, in a muffled, supplicating voice. But now, here goes: John, my boy, howdy? shake! what'll y' take?

CALL IT A STUBBORN FACT.

WHEN it is said that a person named Muley is at the bottom of this Morocco massacre, one can readily believe that there really is a kicking up over there. No man can truthfully declare the report is “all in a horn,” at any rate. Personally I would prefer to call it a stubborn fact.

A REAL ONE FROM IRELAND.

As I passed by an old fellow who was engaged in sawing up a big tree, which had to succumb to the axe in the interest of corporation improvement, I stopped and turned to have a look at the fallen monarch, whose wood hadn't a sign of decay on it. “D'ye know what I was thinkin' about, lookin' at this tree?” queried the old man. I immediately guessed that he was wishing he had finished his hard job. “Troth, an' I wasn't though bedads I'd be mighty glad to be shut av it,” was his reply. “I was just sayin' to meself what an illigant coffin it would make. The wood's as clane an' sound as a dollar. Why, a coffin out o' that would lasht a man—his life time. Begob, it would!”

HE GOES A-FISHING.

ONE would think the President of the United States had enough of the fishing business, as it is, without grabbing a rod and basket and hieing himself off as he did the other day, to the Blue Ridge Mountains. But when you come to think of it, “Blue” Ridge is suggestive. Grover probably has gone there to add to the blueness, as much as for fishing. He must be feeling that way—for a fact. It's a question of Blue-noses, anyway, this fishing scrape. But, stop! I have an idea. Let Sir John recall him from the Blue Ridge by telegraph. And when he has arrived back don't worry him with any new treaty offer. Simply say to him: “Grover, there is nothing mean about us Canadians. Take your canoe, paddle out into our waters, and fish there—without any license!” Such a proceeding might knock the “strained relations” higher than seventeen kites.

MRS. GULLY wonders whether the bucket-shops are the places where the brokers water the stock.