



Luard was super ton. Now they are sending us Middle-ton.

The city chimney sweepers have a grievance, as their field is encroached on by bold, bad impostors. Let us weep with them! Or maybe I should say, let us sweep without them—and save money and furniture.

It is very, very rarely I congratulate a political party on an appointment. But in the appointment of Mr. J. J. Hawkins to a lucrative office I fancy I see a chance to offer my congratulations—to the Reform party, which, after this, ought surely not be long out of power.

I had it in mind to say something tangible about Prof. Wilkinson's luminous paint, but the *Globe* has said so much about it that is tangible that I am frightened off. I simply hope the Professor will not be so unfortunate as to let any of his luminous paint drop into his old back tracks while he is peddling it about the country.

The *Mail's* Montreal correspondent knows how to get on the right side of the erudite editor. In one recent despatch he had the following:—*Alma mater, ipse dixit, chacun a son gout, particeps criminis, modus operandi.* I fancy I can see Mr. Griffin's face light up as he encounters this despatch and exclaims, "Behold the man and the scholar!"

It will be just as well, in reflecting on the Grant and Ward little irregularities, to recollect that each partner was entitled to draw \$3000 a month for living expenses. Wasn't this going it just a trifle too fast? I fancy I could point out quite a few honest, industrious and intelligent corner grocery clerks who manage to worry along, and save money too, on something less than that of a salary.

The representatives in this city of the Ontario Trades' Benevolent Association, even in the very midst of the License Act muddle, in the very heat of the Scott Act engagement, in the very thick of newspaper controversy on "the traffic" and "vested rights" and "compensation" and things, can surely turn during an interval between treats and find healing balm in the intelligence that the other day the Licensed Victuallers' Baseball Club of Toronto went to Guelph and defeated the Licensed Victuallers' Club of that city by a score of ten to six and one innings to spare!

That was a clever defence of the parties summoned for selling Paris Green without license—the Paris Green they sold wasn't Paris Green at all, but some sort of a bogus mixture. Now, if parties charged with breach of the liquor law would only be as candid in the defence they offer! In five score cases out of a hundred they could affirm that the whiskey they sold was not whiskey, and there isn't a court in the land where the statement would be discredited. Gentlemen, here's a chance. But how many of you are going to stand up and explain what the stuff really was?

The rage for poetic advertisements does not seem to have wholly died out, and I notice in our city journals even that the lyric lure, as it may not inaptly be termed, yet has a charm for certain merchants, which even the way the intelligent compositor displays and punctuates the poetry cannot entirely dissipate. I respect the courageous principles of the business man who announces his beneficent projects to a suffering community in beautiful verses whose rhyme is only exceeded by their reason: I stand in profound awe of the fearless printer and proof reader through whose master hands the same do pass; but—I simply lose myself in boundless admiration of the gentle poet who can produce the touching stanzas, confronted, as he must so often be, with the stern necessity for varying tunelessly and appropriately his soulful references to such subjects as molasses, socks and \$3.50 pants!

It appears that the Boers have crowned Cetawayo's son Dinizulu, King of Zululand. Now I really do not wish to take the bread out of the mouth of any newspaper paragrapher who works for pay, by enquiring whether Dinizulu is not a distant relative of one Dinis Hooligan? My object in noting this accession of a sable sovereign is to ask if there is any one prepared to state exactly what period of time will elapse before the new King of the Zulus declares war against Great Britain, slaughters British soldiers and subjects, and in other respects conducts himself so unbecomingly that the British Government is moved in compassion to bring him over to England and duly educate him—to an appreciation of Bass' ale and clothes. If there is not, I guess I can trust Dinizulu to show himself as the son of his father and able to practice a few neat tricks towards securing for himself a good fat living at the expense of the British tax-payer. To amend the inevitable household motto: "What is England without a Zulu?"

The will of another deceased patent medicine man, named Radway, has been dragged into court for adjustment. It is the old complaint—that the testator was *non compos mentis*. In the light of disputed will cases one is led to conclude that all patent medicine men must be crazy. This, I take it, is hardly reassuring to the millions of people who pin their faith to the patent medicine men's remedies. But it is perhaps not so hard for some of us to believe that the patent medicine men are cranks as to believe that their millions of customers are lunatics; at all events it is more charitable to try to entertain the former opinion. Whether it is that the surviving relatives esteem it a proof of insanity that their deceased connection manufactured patent medicines, or whether the manufacture of the medicine actually induced the insanity in so many cases that have come before the courts, I do not propose to discuss at this time. But I have an idea of my own on the subject. There is a shrewd suspicion haunting me that when a patent medicine man goes insane it is at the thought of having paid such high prices to the backwoods newspapers for advertising.

How it used to thrill me when a boy and surreptitiously engaged in the pursuit of knowledge as contained between the covers of a Highwayman's History or some other such truthful book, to read about the robber who was as eager to share with some poor man as he was to strip some bloated nobleman. A modern example of this lofty conception of strict free-booting principles is furnished in the case of a Barrie young man who fancied he did not have enough of the horses in the country, and was equally certain that paying for more was an obsolete style of acquiring them, and who governed himself accordingly until he got into gaol. When asked to say a

few words in recognition of his being presented with the freedom of the penitentiary, this chivalric Pirate of the Plains stated that he had thought one horse he appropriated "belonged to a richer man than the real owner!" With these instincts such a man would be perfectly safe in the employ of a country newspaper publisher. But I wouldn't care to harass him with the carcas of a bank cashiership—if I happened to own the bank. He is perfectly willing to draw the line in horse-stealing, you see; but the authorities give him no encouragement. Out west it would be different—they would go in and help him draw the line. In fact, they would draw the line for him.



KNIGHT ERRANT AND DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.

(New Version. Scene.—Montreal.)

DISTRESSED DAMSEL.—O good Sir Knight, I pray thee protect me from you Varlet. He hath assaulted me!

KNIGHT ERRANT.—Aye, faire layde, gladly would I go to thy rescue, but—

DISTRESSED DAMSEL.—Fear nothing, Sir Knight, I will pay thy fine at the Recorder's Court.

WORSE THAN CO-EDUCATION.

Shorthand Teacher to charming young lady pupil.—"These consonants are called explosives, because they are caused by a pressure of the lips and an explosion." *Young lady suddenly finds it necessary to dive under the table for a pencil she has not lost.*

ACCIDENT.

During recent predatory invasions of peaceful exchanges the Scissors Scholar of the *Mail* came across three vagrant paragraphs which seemed to him to form a basis for a collection of incidents showing the outcome of "Accidents of History."

The Scissors Scholar passed them to the Paste-pot Patriarch, who in turn transferred them to the Eagle-eyed Editor, which distinguished person was busy making up poetry to be used at midnight on the occasion of politicians' resignation and fires and so forth, and therefore pronounced them fit matter for the Sacred Page.

They were:—(1) If the United States had had a good navy the civil war would have been a mere nothing.

(2) If Mount Stuart Elphinstone had been Governor-General of India there would have been no Sepoy rebellion.

(3) If the French Assembly had been less