

had to seek other and possibly less high-toned quarters. Now, it appears that the "good family" which the two unfortunate youths belonged to, although good, were not generous enough to "whack up" any money. So one by one, or two by two, as the case might be, all their valuables went into the hands of a Mr. Moss, their "uncle," but strange to say, no relation of the "good family." Mr. Moss kept the jewellery and glittering gems, the furs and "old clo'" for the space of two years, when he advertised them for sale. Now Her Majesty's Customs interfere and want their dues according to the tariff. This difficulty was, however, speedily and satisfactorily settled (probably on account of their once having been worn by two young gentlemen of good family).

Is not this a pitiable tale? Two young gentlemen of good family who honor us with their temporary presence, obliged to "hang up" their togs and trinkets with an almost unknown gentleman named Moss, or, as some say, "Moses." It is true that the young gentleman lived rather "fast," but they had, no doubt, been used to such living, and could not therefore be blamed. Why should those harpies of Montreal be allowed to go unscathed after bringing the young gentlemen to such ends? Why did not the Government provide them with a nice berth in Ottawa to keep them out of harm? They generally do in cases of noble youths coming here. Why—But no; the subject is too heartrending. How can we expect people of "good family" to come here after hearing the above horrible tale of the wretched colonists? B.

MIGGLES OF YORK.

(A la Barbara Freitchie.)

Up from the meadows, now forlorn,
Dim in the cool November morn
Clustering spires and twinkling lights,
Toronto stands walled by Scarboro' Heights.

On that cloudy morning, so wet and chill,
When Miggles marched in from Richmond Hill—
All on foot he came marching down
To view the sights of Toronto town.

All on foot he pursued his way,
Through the swamps of York in the early day,
But he looked forlorn when he reached the town.
For its mud was adhesive and bore him down.

He wearily paced down the filthy street,
With poor, tired limbs and lingering feet,
Hungry and weary, cold and damp,
Misjudged by a "copper" to be a tramp.

A stagger, a lurch, his feet are fast,
Like a drunken man he is floored at last;
Like a drunken man he is borne away
From his comfortless couch of clinging clay.

Then he hears from his cell, so damp and cold,
The evening bells for rations tolled;
His soul grows bitter with anger then,
And he wishes himself at home again.

"I'll be darned if I ever saw" says he,
"Such a dashed trick played on a man like me
By such a parcel of blamed galoots—
But I'm glad that I wore my cowhide boots."

'Twas thus that Miggles came into town,
When the air was damp and the leaves were brown,
But whether he ever departs, we doubt,
For the mud is so deep he can't get out.

—W. H. T.

THE WEEK VERSUS THE SKOT AKT.

The Week says that tew the licker interest, "the Scott Act means practically the free sale of liquor without license and they have no inducement to fight their way back to a system under which they would have to pay license fees." Wel now, if the licker interest can maik moar munny under the Skot Akt, why doan't they vot for it and save the lisen fees? What's the good of payen \$6,000 to King Dodds to lectur agin it when they ken sell moar whisky under the Akt and pocket the fees besides? The Week brags they do,

and shose that the licker interest is kimposed of harepins that air bound tew maik munny by sellin' licker either with or without the sang-shun of the law. It spiles the karakter of the Week to be seen in sich kompany.

The Week says, "The idea that it (the Akt) would be sustained by a reverence for legal authority soon vanished." That's tew say, the idea that the licker interest wood have respect for any athority that stud in the way of their makin' munny to the detriment of the publik, and at the ekspanse of the lives and propurty of other people, has been dispeld by the trial of the Skot Akt. Well, the Akt did that much good enyhoo; it throo an electric light on the karakter of the licker interest, and shode what good law-abidin' citizens they wor. But what a week thing of the organ of the licker interest to give its klients away like that! The prair of the licker interest shood be, "Save me from my friends," for he goes on tow say the Skot Akt trials are a very effektive skool of perjury, its advokates are "moral murderers," "children of the Devil," "enemies of God." It most skares a sober, drink-eschoin man to think that, by advokating the Skot Akt with a view to lessenin' krime, he has becum a child of the Devil, an enemi of God and a moral murderer. But wan thing is kleeer, the Week has been dinng of pork and green tee. Yours trooly,

OLD SHOOS.



PERFECTLY EXCUSABLE.

Hasty Gent.—Beg pard'n, miss—and 'xouse me stopping to pick y' up—I must get there before GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC for '86 is sold clean out.

LORD LAWDEDAW ON DEMOCRACY.

The Democwatic element, I am sowwy to say, is lawgely developed in this Dominion—aw—I may say it is one of the most supwisng featchaws which this wemahkable countwy pwsents. The woking clawases seem to lose their mannaws entihley whenever they bwathe the aiah of this climate. They seem to lose entihley that natuwal wespect faw those who have been so long their mastaws, and it is next to impossible faw them to see why they should lift their hats when a membaw of the awistocwawy appeaws. Things in Fwanoo are also in a dwaadful state—no wespect faw the upph classes—the vewy peasants considher themselves as good as any man. In fact, both there and heah they seem to have adopted as their cweed the statement of that vulghar Scotch peasant, that a man is a man, no mat-tah what his station in life—a most absuhd and dangewous and—aw—in fact wiculous theowy. When a man finds himself in a

cehtain position in the world he ought to stay there. You nevah find a man in awistocwawic oichles twying to change the situation in which Pwovidence has placed him. Ovah-education, I am convinced, has a gweat deal to do with this, and as I said befoah in my last ahticle, there is nothing like excluding the gweat unwashed fwom ewerything in the shape of highaw education by high fees. In fact, if the awistawkwawy wish to suhviwe they must stamp this sawt of thing out. These lowaw classes seem to have such a monopoly of the inventive faculty, the aptitude faw mathematics is so developed in sons of mechanics, the love of music is so stwong and so easly developed, that if the pwivilege of highaw education were accawded them, people of family would soon find themselves nowheaw. And so long as they are perfectly willing to pay taxes faw the suppawt of Collegiate Institutes fwom which their childwen can dewive no benefit because of exclusive awangements, why, the wichal and well-to-do, who can affawd to pay high fees, may as well weap the benefit. An awangement wheahby the childwen of the wich can get an education at the ekspanse of the poor is one I entihley approve of as opposed to the spiwit of Democwacy. One would nachually expect these people, howevah, to have enough shewwdness to claim faw their own childwen a share of the educational pwivileges they pay faw—but this is only anothaw pwroof of their stupidity.

LAWDEDAW.

Much complaint is made that there are so many hungry candidates for every little office. The men are not to blame at all. It is their wives who are the cause of the trouble. Let women be brought up to habits of industry and economy, so that they will be able to support their husbands, and then there will be fewer men running for office. If women support their husbands more liberally, the latter would not be obliged to call on their political friends to rally to their support.—Texas Siftings.

INFLUENZA.—This is an epidemic worse and more depressing than an ordinary cold, and requires prompt remedies to break it up. Haggard's Pectoral Balsam is a trustworthy remedy for all forms of colds and their dangerous results.

What is the difference between a statue poser and one who assaults a dandy?

One strikes an attitude and the other strikes a natty dude.

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

A paper may be issued daily and yet be a weakly paper.

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow.

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of WM. WEST & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A man named Gass, in Halifax, N.S., sells lamps and kerosene oil.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.