

TOPICAL TALK.

I SEE that a Pittsburg barber has fallen heir to £56,000. Well, I know a number of barbers who have fallen 'air to the amount of several hundreds of pounds; that is, if they haven't destroyed it.

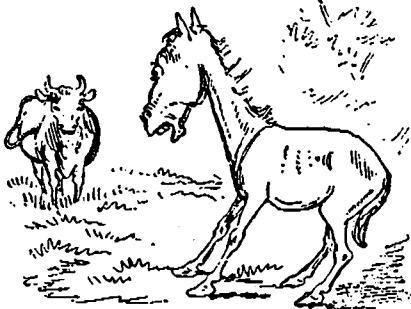
"THE Egyptian army will be reduced to 3,000 men"—*Buffalo Times*—So will the French army, and to less than that, if they continue to win any more of those glorious "victories" in China.

I OBSERVE that Joseph Cook remarks that he would rather be an American of to-day than a noble Roman citizen under Cæsar. I agree with Joe. Those noble Romans of Cæsar's time are nearly all dead.

A BUFFALO tailor advertises his "cork-screw suits." What on earth is a cork-screw suit, can anyone tell me? Whatever it may be I'm inclined to think that it must be a "tight" fit. Those "cork-screw" suits ought to "draw."

I SEE it stated in several papers, as a remarkable fact, that there is a cat in Connecticut that eats cucumbers. I should imagine, from the awful sounds that members of the feline race give vent to at night, that all cats eat these vegetables.

A SPECIAL telegram to a co-tem says:—"The Governor-General is expected to-morrow to drive out in company with Col. Gzowski to one of the sporting clubs. "Mum" is the word among the initiated."—It seems to me that there is a little mis-spelling about this message. Oughtn't that "Mum" to be spelt "Mumm?" I think so.



I SEE that a horse belonging to a milk-man in Galt expired from fright the other day. The owner says the animal was terrified by the sudden whistle of a locomotive, but I am informed that such is not the case, but that the poor beast caught sight of a cow and, not knowing what the doose to make of so unwanted an apparition, died from sheer-terror. Cowed to death in fact.

A POOR woman stole a cabbage from the store-window of a Mr. Flight the other day, to take home to her starving children. The owner had her arrested. It would be a great flight of imagination to fancy that this man is a charitable person. Of course the woman did wrong, but any man with an ounce of pity and charity in his composition would have made her a present of the cabbage and sufficient food to feed her little ones. Mr. Flight got his cabbage back.

REPORTS from the seal fisheries state that the supply is and has been running out for some years, and that about 10,000 seals only are annually killed. What puzzles me is how fully 1,000,000 women manage to wear real seal-skins; somewhere in the neighborhood of 200,000 new cloaks, circulars, saques, etc., being annually purchased—a large number of them on credit, by the way.



THE fact that the eight Arabs, who landed in New York last March penniless, but laden with beads and crosses made from wood from the mount of Olives, are about to return to their native land rich enough to buy camels and become merchants, suggests a new industry. Any man who eschews soap and water, cultivates a treacherous and generally unamiable character, and neglects to comb his hair, can figure as a genuine Son of the Desert. There is plenty of wood in this country, and crosses, etc., from the Mount of Olives, manufactured from it would sell like hot cakes. Try it, there's millions in it.

I OBSERVE that the *Hamilton Spectator* denies the soft impeachment of the *World* that the police seem to be asleep all over the province. Well, they may be awake in the ambitious city, but they are only kept so by the necessity of skipping about white-washing and papering their stations which work the city is too stingy to do for them. I expect to see before long some such advertisement as this:—"Wanted men for the Hamilton Police Force. None but good calsominers, white-washers, and paper-hangers need apply." Oh! yes; the Hamilton hobbies are doubtless awake and will be so till they get all those bugs destroyed that at present infest their quarters.



*Le Charivari* has a cut and legend which would apply very well here. A gorgeous flunkey has dropped a tray of plates, etc. His mistress, presumably a member of the codfish aristocracy or its equivalent in France, is giving him a "talking to." "Madam," he says, with a superb wave of the arm. "I do not care for these remarks. I have always had masters, but you have not always had servants." Verily, this little jokelet would go straight home to some of our best people.

It is very gratifying to learn that, as the British House of Peers grows daily more and more unpopular in England, the Japanese have started a similar institution with every promise of success. Amongst the animals included are—eleven princes, twenty-four marquises, seventy-six counts, three hundred and seventy-four viscounts and seventy-four barons. The "German system" has been adopted; so says an English paper. The German system, I presume, means that these eleven princes, etc., will have to marry English princesses and then howl for a grant of several thousand pounds from British tax-payers to keep them from starving. A Japanese pauper, however, will not probably be so expensive to keep as a German beggar, as rats, puppies and mice are cheaper than sauer-kraut, jackass-bologna, schweitzer-kaise and lager.

I HAVE often heard it remarked that Lord Lytton's literary style was well worthy of imitation. I subjoin a specimen of it, quoted from his letters to his innamorata, Miss Wh-e-ler—"MY ADORED POODLE:—Many, many thanks for oo darling letter. Me is so happy, is wagging my tail and putting my ears down, me is to meet oo to-morrow.

And so they dressed my poodle in white and black. O, zoo darling, how like a poodle! And had oo oo's bootiful cars curled nicely, and did oo not look too pretty, and did not all the puppy dogs run after oo and tell oo what a darling oo was? Ah! me sends oo 9,000,000 kisses to be distributed as follows:—500,000 for oo bootiful mouth, 250,000 to oo dear right eye, 250,000 to oo left eye, 1,000,000 to oo dear neck, and the rest to be equally divided between oo arms and hands.

"Adieu, my own Rose, my life-of-life, very Poodle of very Poodles, Adieu!" Isn't it charming?



I SHOULD be very loath to say anything against any member of a profession so eminently respectable as the church, but when I say I consider the Revd. Mr. Tollemache, rector of South Wytham, Eng., a fool of the first water, I fancy I shall not be solitary in my opinion. Here are the names of three of his children:—Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Lyonel Poedmag Hugh Ercheneyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orna Nevill Dysart Plantagent Tollemache-Tollemache. Mable Helmingham Ethel Huntingtower Beatrice Blazonberrie Evangeline Vise de Loui de Arellane Plantagent Toedmag Saxon Tollemache-Tollemache. Lyouia Decima Veronica Eoyth Undine Cissa Hylda Rowena Ada Phyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagent Tollemache-Tollemache.

His reverence would have liked to give these poor kids a dozen more names a-piece, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children interfered, and Mr. Tollemache had to be contented with the burdens already imposed upon his offspring. In England "the fool of the family" is often selected for the church, and this rule appears to have been followed in Mr. Tollemache's case; at least if there are any bigger fools in the gang he belongs to than he himself appears to be, they shouldn't be at large.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

Many of our readers have doubtless heard of Socrates—"Old Soc," as the Athenian sporting fraternity used to familiarly call him in the good old times of Ancient Greece. Soc. was a great philosopher, and used to be considered a good, solid man in every respect. Whether he ever obtained the high and enviable position of Bank Cashier is not clearly known—probably not, as he remained in Athens to the end—but according to Plato, a special writer in the *Spartan Journal*, and a great chum and admirer of Soc., we are led to believe that the old man got into bad company before he died. We read in the Police Report of the above named paper, an account of his arraignment before Appolinaris, the P. M. of that year, (A.M., 4480), and his committal as an "idle and dangerous character."

EXTRACT.

Appolinaris—Bring in the next prisoner. (Enter Socrates.)

P. M.—What's your name?

Soc.—Socrates, your worship.

P. M.—Socrates what?

Soc.—Socrates nuthin'.

P. M.—Have you no other name?

Soc.—No.

P. M.—(Turning to Lictors, Praetorious, Guards, etc.) Do any of you know this man? Has he ever been up before? I see he's charged with cock-fighting.

Sergeant Lyncides.—I know him, your worship. I never see him doing any hard work. He stands around the corners blowin' off his mouth, and I shouldn't wonder if he kept a cock-pit.

"Socrates," said the magistrate, "you are