

ness to say the world is poor, or hard or bad. The world is good enough, taken as a world, but, gracious ! what a lot of people there are in it that imagine they could have made a better one if they had had the job.

No. 4.—Is generally an Englishman but of a higher, not intellectually but socially, class. He is slow to see a joke and no mistake. He is a very miracle of density and stupidity. I've met him ; so have you. Well, I got angry with my specimen because he wouldn't laugh at my brilliant sallies ; they fairly sparkled with wit and, as I said, I was angry. So I reproached him and said that you couldn't fire a joke into an Englishman's head with a cannon ball. (Sydney Smith and the surgical operation over again, you perceive.) Did my Englishman get angry ? Not in the least. He looked at me with the most imperturbable gravity for about five minutes, through his eye-glass. This class of Britisher always wears an eye-glass. Then he spoke. "I say, you know, old fellow, now come, how could you fire a joke into anybody's head with a cannon-ball, you know, I say, it would kill him ; come now." Then he smiled feebly and let down his eye-glass.

It is needless to mention the "Is it hot enough for you ?" man. He has been cursed at and anathematized for a thousand years and will, I suppose, ask his one stock question when he meets his friends in the hereafter, and when (if he doesn't reform), it will be hot enough for all concerned. He is useful, for he has furnished jokes for funny men since the days of Noe, so I will say nothing further of him. But the man who has so got into the habit of saying "fine day" or "beautiful morning," when it may, perhaps, be pouring cats, dogs and pitchforks, is a man I do not love. Of course it is a species of civility, for he feels that he is called upon to say something, and so says the first thing that comes uppermost. I know what I feel like saying when he springs that sentence on me, and what I would say if I were not good and pious and well brought up, would begin with a D as big as a mountain.

There be many more things that I could say upon the subject of fools, for I know all about them. Why should I not ? Are we not all fools in some shape or form, and is there a single man on this earth who can lay his hand on his costal cartilage above where his heart is supposed to lie, and say with full confidence in his sincerity, "I am not a fool." There is ; plenty of such men and, gentle reader, let me, as an old and experienced fool, tell you that they are the biggest fools of all, for they know not their folly.

THE TWO KINGS.

AN OPERATTA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—King Dodds and King Alcohol.

KING DODDS.—(lugubriously).

My glory is departed and I'm nearly broken-hearted, I'm very badly treated, I declare ; I've orated and orated, and of you, O King ! I've prated Till it's really quite enough to make one swear. I to you have been devoted ; all your praises I have quoted, I have lauded you unto the very skies ; And now I am defeated, and my downfall is completed ; Oh ! those Simcoe people took us by surprise. Othello's occupation is departed ; degradation I'm subjected to, altho' I did my best, And King Alcohol, old fellow—

KING ALCOHOL.—(upbraidingly).

King Dodds, you ne'er were mellow, And in whiskey ne'er much money did invest, So the people, in all verity, then doubted your sincerity, And said "If he believes that drinking's good He would take a little frolic on waters alcoholic, But he doesn't ; if he thought 'twas right he would." King Dodds, I'm really thinking that if you'd done some drinking, Then the folks would deem you some conviction had ; But you didn't and you wouldn't.

K.D.—King Alcohol you should'nt Thus blame your humble servant when he's sad.

K.A.—People said, ha ! ha ! 'tis funny, that you only spoke for money. That when you got the cash you didn't care ; Yes, 'twas thus the people said it, and it's much to your discredit.

K.D.—Now, King Alcohol, your conduct's most unfair. (Buries his head in his hands, and bursts into tears. King Alcohol then sings the following to the air of "Massa's in the cold, cold ground.")

All through Simcoe am a-ringin'
The solemn, awful sound,
All the whiskey dealers singin'
"Liquor's in the cold, cold ground."
Dodds couldn't make de people love him,
Bekase he am not true,
Now de Scott Act roster crosses above him
Cock-a-doodle-doo-doo-doo !

Chorus.—(in which K.D. dolefully joins).

Down in de rye field,
Hear dat mournful sound ;
All the Scott Act people singin'
"Liquor's in de cold, cold ground."

K.D.—King Alcohol, distracted you'll drive me for I've acted

From the very best of motives, I am sure ; Don't, in my degradation, say I tried dissimulation, All my motives and my promptings were quite pure. Oh ! with grief my bosom's quaking, and my very heart is breaking ;

Up in Simcoe I was beaten, and in Halton 'Twas the want of organizing—which was really most surprising—

Should be blamed, and not me, to throw the fault on. But never mind, good monarch, if I didn't take your tonic—

I know I did eschew th' ensnaring cup— The harm is done for ever, so let us now endeavour To sing a little song to cheer us up,



DUET.

K.D.—We monarchs twain

K.A.—Who used to reign,

K.D.—Shall ne'er again

K.A.—Our power regain.

Both.—For, in our train, the law of Maine will not

refrain from giving pain

To us.

K.A.—Oh ! brethren we

K.D.—In unitée

K.A.—And love so free

K.D.—Once used to be,

Both.—But now you see we disagree

K.A.—Because King D.,

K.D.—No, you, not me,

You cuss ;

You blame me now because my brow is beaten low ;

you raise a row

Because you know you've got to go like the Mongo-

lian, oh ! ho !

'Tis fun.

K.A.—King Dodds, you ne'er with me shall share

my throne ; so there, and don't you dare,

You D.K.D., to laugh at me, or we shall see whose

is the glee,

Before we've done.

(King Dodds falls limply into a seat, whilst K. A. continues.)

Yes, he's angry and he's fuming, and he's ready to go mad,

Poor Dodds, because he's beaten, and it really is too bad,

In Hamilton he won the day, and so he deemed it fair

To fancy he'd be victor and a winner everywhere.

He's lost the gold he used to get from the liquor dealers' coffers,

And now he is a butt for Scott and Anti-Scott Act scoffers ;

No wonder he is angry ; how will he live, oh ! ho ?

How is he going to exist, by Jove ? that's what I'd like to know.

K.D.—(now dionantly)—That's what I'd like to know.

K.A.—Then I'll tell you.

K.D.—What ! you'll tell me ?

K.A.—I will, in briefest rhymes—

You can make an honest living with your little Sporting Times. (K.D. sinks again).

K.D.—No ! I think I'll go to Renfrew and say that I have seen

The error of my ways, and how deluded I have been.

I'll go and own my naughtiness to those good temper-
ance folk,
And tell them I will speak for them as never yet man
spoke.

I'm bronz-faced ; I'm silvery tongued, and all I want is
clink ;

These metals three, combined in me, will make a glori-
ous clink.

Oh ! yes, King Alcohol, I see this is the better plan,

So get thee gone, thou Satan ! I'm henceforth a temper-
ance man.

(King Alcohol slinks off discomfited, whilst D.K. triumphantly sings).

Beautiful water ! sparkling draught !

Purling down yon shining brooks ;

Blest is he who thee hath quaffed ;

There's beauty in thy very looks.

Water, water, thee I'll sing,

Henceforth Alcohol no more.

I'll be thy champion, limpid spring ;

My league with Alcohol is o'er.

[Exit.

F. S.

TOPICAL TALK.

Scientists assure us that in all green fabrics there is a large amount of poison. What an extraordinarily large amount of poison there must be in some of those nice, young, lah-de-dah men who promenade King-street on any afternoon. And yet they look quite harmless.

What a nuisance those British scientists are to be sure, with their theories and discoveries. Here they have gone and found out that in 9,000,000 years the water at present on the earth will have sunk one mile, and that in 15,000,000 years there won't be any water at all ! Just as a fellow had sworn off, too. It's too bad.

I am glad to see that Mr. John L. Sullivan has solemnly declared that he has stopped drinking, for he has made the same declaration 30011 times before, and swore off each time and stuck to it like a brick. I never think of Boston, its refinement and culture, but there rises before my eyes a vision of that ideal athlete, John L. S.

Whatever has struck the old Hamilton Spectator, or the Hamilton old Spectator ? It actually said something the other day about London, Ontario, and, wonder of wonders ! spelt Thames just as I have done, and not T-e-m-s, as has been its wont. Surely the humorous writer on the Spec's staff is taking a rest : that is, the "alleged" humorous writer—as the Spectator would say.

I observe that the hosiery manufacturers of Nottingham, England, have notified their employees of a reduction of wages, owing to—well, owing to a desire, I presume, to pay less for the same amount of work as formerly. Though I don't usually take much stock in such matters, I must say that I think those employers are "sock" ing it to those employees. The very air will be filled with the "ohs" of lamentation on the part of those unfortunate people.

I was asked, the other day, a question which puzzled me not a little at first, though of course I was equal to the occasion, as will be seen. The question was this : "If a man and a woman from the County Cork settle in Central Asia and a son is born unto them, of what nationality is he ? He is not an Irishman, is he, because his parents are, and he is not an Asiatic, is he ?" "What is he ?" I repeated, "why, what can he be but a Cork-asian." Universal knowledge is my forte.

Is there any particular reason, I wonder, why those who perambulate the streets of this city as vendors of fish and vegetables should be possessed of such demonically discordant and diabolically unmusical voices ? It would seem that a man, on discovering that he is the owner of a voice in comparison with which the braying of a mule with delirium tremens is soft and soothing melody, he is immediately seized with a frantic desire to be an itinerant fish or vegetable dealer. I have heard jackals yelling ; I have listened to the wild, weird strains of the kazoo ; I have given ear to the peculiarly excruciating scream of the Indian