



A CONFIRMED SINNER.

*Park Eschort.*—Young man, do you drink liquor?

*Young Man.*—Don't mind if I do. Thanks; where'll we go?



WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MESMERISM.

Last night was, I suppose, one of the most eventful of my life; it was chuck full of events.

I'm spending a visit to an uncle of mine on the other side—that is, it is of course on this side, but I mean in the States. This is a busy sort of a place, not a hundred miles from Detroit, but with all its "booms" and bustling it don't come near being as nice as Toronto. It struck me as quite a coincidence that the Duke of Sutherland, or the Juke, as they say here, and his party, should arrive the same day as I did.

My cousin proposed that we should call and see him the next day, yesterday. "Damon," he said, "its only proper you should call and tell him how the Markis of Lorne and Louiskey are." I said I'd go, and all that night I sat up altering my clothes, to be like I had heard the Duke wore his, so that he would recognize me at once as a kindred spirit. I cut off about half a yard off the lower end of my coat, so that it wouldn't near touch a chair when I sat down. I also took seams in my trousers, so that they were skin tight. It took me till dawn to get it

sowed up right, and then it was all wrong. When I tried them on I sat down and wept, for they did look shocking. My coat was crooked, and the stitches showed fearfully. When I went down to breakfast my cousin—such a cad of a fellow—laughed till I thought he'd choke, till my uncle reproved him and told me he was sure I looked quite distinguished.

I must say I felt awful at first, when we went out, but I began to feel like myself after a bit when I saw how I attracted everybody's attention. As my cousin said, "I was the observed of all observers; the cynosure of all eyes." I walked along swinging my cane, apparently unconscious of the admiration I was receiving.

We called at the hotel where we had heard the Duke put up, but we found he had left by the early train. It was too bad he missed me. I guess he'd have stopped over if he'd known I was here. In the hall we met two men, and as we passed one of them said, "Ain't he a sanguinary swell? It must be the Juke." The other replied, "I should expect-rate!" I felt flattered, and was even more so when a gentleman, a reporter I should judge by his neat appearance and good clothes, stopped up to me and asked most civilly, "Do you speak German?" I answered, "Very little," and would have said more, but my low cad of a cousin burst out laughing, and I hurried outside; I was so ashamed of him.

We walked around, "doing the city," all day. I even stood up to eat my dinner, not but what I was tired enough, only my clothing would not admit of my sitting down. In the evening I persuaded my cousin to go with me to hear a mesmerist lecture, and make experiments. I always liked something literary, when there are no variety shows or circuses. My cousin sat down, but I leaned against the wall in a *neglige* attitude.

I laughed, one positively couldn't help it, the people made such fools of themselves. Of course, as I said to Hate, they were hired to do it; but it was amusing anyhow. The Professor invited anyone who wished to go up, and Hate went, but he didn't go on the stage. A minute or two after a young man came down near where I stood, and held out his hand so pleasantly, "Why, my dear Duke, I'm so glad to see you! The Professor was sure it was you. He's dying to see you, but he can't leave the stage. If you'd just step up he'd be so glad. He hasn't seen you, you know, since he was in England last year." I murmured something about not understanding him, but he wouldn't hear a word, but marched me up to the stage.

The greasy old Professor actually hugged me, and he dragged me out on the stage and introduced me as "His Grace the Duke of Sutherland." The audience booted, and the Professor began feeling around my face, waving his hands about and making antics. I began to feel sleepy, and I must have gone right off, for the next thing I knew I found myself sitting on the floor of the stage cuddling up my coat as if it were a baby, and feeling it out of a saucer. I looked around, and then it burst upon me that my cousin Hate had put them up to mesmerising me.

I did not say a word, but I threw the saucer at the Professor's head, and rushed out through the audience, scratching, kicking, or biting anyone who tried to stop me.

Hate told me I had made a perfect ninny of myself, dancing, making stump-speeches, singing songs, crying, laughing, and acting like a maniac. I couldn't make him stop till I tried to thrash him, and then he had to carry me home with a broken head and a black eye.

I had lost my coat, spoiled my hat, and ruined the rest of my clothes. I'll have to wait in this miserable hole till the gov. sends me my other suit. Every time Hate sees me he says, "Damon, I thought you didn't believe in mesmerism?"

Old Friends with New Faces.

"Ye cannot enter now," a duet between the Toronto public and the officials of the Normal School grounds.

"These Normal School grounds, fair they seem and green!

Why closed each Sunday by place-proud routine?"

"Against the rules, ye cannot enter now!"

"Mid those cool shades, this sultry Sabbath day, The people's wives and children fair would stray!"

"The rules forbid; you must not enter now."

"It is God Friday—for one hour at least."

Unlock the gates to men from toil released!"

"It is too slim—the rules exclude ye now."

"On Saturday at five, our working men, Who toil through all the week, excluded then?"

"Just so, go, go! we close the gardens now."

"For whom then are these flowers and shady noods?"

"For the great CARETAKER and greater COOKS."

The people's interests are nowhere now!" M.

We were all on the roof of the piazza watching the eclipse, and when the moon had crept almost entirely under the shadow, the "war man" likened its appearance to a flying bomb, another suggested a fire-balloon, and then all analogies were ended when the juvenile (after the lapse of a few minutes) remarked "Doesn't the earth cast a dirty shadow"?

SLASHBUSH ON "THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION."



"Almiry," said Gustavus Slashbush to his sister, who was trying on her new bonnet, a present from her brother, before the looking glass that adorned the mantelpiece surmounting the kitchen fireplace.

"Almiry, I'm growing sick and disgusted with politics and public men. I am losing confidence in all of them—" "I should think you'd order, after making a beast of yourself along with them newspaper fellows at that dinner in Toronto last week," replied his sister with some asperity. "Almiry," said Gustavus, solemnly, "I beg that you will not mention again that horrid affair. Most of the guests were merely representatives of the press, and, indeed, some were only "employees," not considered by their employers entitled to the dignity of the former title. Almiry, I allude to our most prominent public men. I have been reading the *Mail* very attentively lately, and I have every confidence in its utterances, and cannot but admire its caustic and out-spoken remarks. Now, Almiry, what does it say about the "leader of the Opposition," a man whom I hitherto thought was at least a respectable person?" "Don't know, nor don't care. Durn the humint, it won't sit straight, no how," said Almiry, to whom politics were as naught. "Why, it says," continued Gustavus, "that he is an undermining traitor to all his political friends, that he betrayed the *Globe*, and "speak now" Wood—that he was "perfidious in the extreme" to Mr. McKenzie, that he is suspected of "slamming sickness," "his smile hardens up to a sneer or a scowl," and that in fact he is the very worst of the lot who joined in "the saturnalia of Grit corruptionists which the people closed in 1878." I tell you, Almiry, I'm sick of the whole affair! I thought all along he was a gentleman, but after getting such a "setling out" as that, I'm sick—" "You'll be a damned sight sicker if ye don't unlatch them hosses and bring them to the barn mighty quick!" interrupted Slashbush *per se* who had just driven home. "Consum ye, hurry up or I'll pack ye off to Toronto for good!" Gustavus humbly obeyed.

Another company is being formed to explore the Arctic Ocean. Take our advice—the Arctic Co. shun.