

ON TORONTO STREET CARS AND THEIR DRIVERS.

To look at a Toronto street car the casual observer would not imagine for a moment that it was a vehicle for the conveyance of demons—yes, demons. The word "demons" is written after the most profound consideration that a thoughtful and reflective mind is capable of bestowing on its selection. Let not the polite reader imagine that the diabolical term is applied to the innocent passengers, for they are but the victims of the fiends in shape of conductors and drivers—not on all of these do I intend to make reflections, but on about 97½ out of a possible 100.

The horrible malignity shown in the manner in which a conductor will pull a bell cord at the precise moment when a particularly stout passenger—especially if it be a female—steps inside the door is fearful to witness. He or she is given no time to take a seat anywhere but on the floor. For the driver is in league with the conductor, and they are, in fact, a couple of Ishmaelites.

Of course a woman never expects the car to start before she is seated, even though she may have ridden in these vehicles 10,000 times. The feminine mind is not capable of taking in these matters, and though she seats herself on the car floor (in the manner she assumes when removing her shoes and stockings at home) four times a day, she will keep on doing it, but it is not her fault, but that of the impish conductor and the equally impish driver.

A man may be a staunch upholder of the strongest temperance principles, but when he enters a Toronto street car—especially in winter when he passes through the door with a couple of lumps of hard snow on the heels of his boots—he is bound to stagger and fall and earn the reputation of being a bad man from Badmanville, as he staggers and rolls frantically from side to side, and wildly clutches at the nearest passenger's cap or hair or anything graspable at all. And all on account of those two aforesaid demons.

It may well be asked why the passengers do not arise in their wrath, seeing that they are so often forced to sit down in that state with a suddenness that is excessively funny—to the driver and conductor. A seat upon the floor of a Toronto street car is not one that would be selected were others available. The writer knows. He has sat. As before hinted, the faller does not always fall upon the floor. That would be monotonous to the demons aforesaid, and they would become weary, so they contrive, by some occult knowledge possessed only by themselves, to throw the sitter into some stout old woman's lap, and if she happen to have a bag of eggs or oranges there deposited, so much the greater is the delight of the fiends.

The eggs or oranges or clothes or all three may be completely ruined by the sedentary performance lately gone through, but what recketh the conductor even though the ruin be most complete and the wreck for which he recketh not thorough? All he knows is that he is employed by a wealthy and soulless corporation which pays him a very limited salary, and he must take it out of somebody—not the salary, but Vengeance.

Now this essay, though it could be much prolonged, must approach a close. One thing may be mentioned, however, before we put its close on, and that is that the fatter a man or woman may be, so much the more likely will it be that the bell cord will be jerked just when the staggery-sittery act will come off with the greatest *clat*. (French word; don't mean anything wrong, though.)

Children even are not safe from the demon

who pulls the bell cord and the other one who starts off with a sudden jolt. It's all the same to them—5 cents or 3 cents a head; little do they care.

Little, little does the driver care,
Little heedeth the conductalro;
A jolt and a bang for a three-cent fare,
A bang and a jolt for a five-cent fare.
Bang, jolt, bang with care—
Down goes the victim—but the seat's not there.



THE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

A ROMANCE OF SCOTLAND.

It was in Scotland, bonny, or, as 'some call it, bony Scotland, probably on account of the well-developed cheek-bones of the clansmen of the North. A mist-covered mountain and lea, on the morning on which our story opens. A Scotch mist, by the way, is the equivalent of a continuous rain-pour in other countries. It was a cold and penetrating mist, which would chill the enervated southerner to the marrow of his bones.

His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Battenburg lay sleeping in his royal couch in the royal residence of Balmoral, dreaming, perchance, of sauerkraut, Limburger, Rhine wine, and flaxen-haired frauleins, when suddenly he was awakened by an unearthly uproar, as if all the demons of the Hartz Mountains had got into a deadly ruction and were clamoring for his possession.

"Donner und blitzten! Tausend tyvels! Vos vas dos?" yelled H.R.H., as he jumped from his silken couch and pulled the bell cord, which speedily summoned Hamish McAlpine, a faithful gillie of the castle, to his chamber.

"Vat apoud vas dot invernal hideous noise?" he asked of the attendant.

"What noise, your Royal Highness? I hear no noise whatever."

"Why, dere it is again!" said the Prince, with a face as white as Banquo's ghost.

"Och! Och! ye ca' it noise. 'Tis only Her Majesty's pipers blawin' ta revelly," replied the disgusted gillie, muttering to himself: "Puir body! Aye, but you wee German lairdies ken but little, cawin' the scirl o' the Queen's pipers 'noise'!"

At this juncture another stalwart stalked unceremoniously into the room bearing a letter and a rather large-sized bundle, "Frae Her Maugesty," was all he said, as he handed the Prince the letter, threw the bundle on the carpet, and departed. The Prince opened the note, which read as follows:

DEAR BATTY,—The bundle sent you, you perceive, contains a lovely Highland suit of tartan, plaid, phillibeg, spleuchan, all complete. Likewise a claymore, dirk and cairngorm, all of which you will wear this afternoon on the grounds. It will be very becoming, and although you may find the costume rather cool at first, you will soon get used to

it, and you'd better, as I intend to make a smart Scotchman out of you.

Your afft. mama-in-law,
V. R.

Now, notwithstanding the affectionate and familiar language of his august mother-in-law's letter, His Royal Nibbs knew well it was a "Queen's Command," and although the climate in the surroundings of his present quarters was cool, his grub was hot, which was more than he could consensually say of the menu at Battenburg. Consequently, after ineffectually trying to put on his kilt with the aid of his German valet for some time, a "native" had to be called, who speedily made everything right, and in due time, with dirk in hose and his plaid fluttering in the chilly blast, he started on his way to the scene of the festivities.

"Fine day, this, fine day, this. It's our luck it's turned oot sae fine, yer Royal Highness," said young Lord McIntosh to the unfortunate German.

"Yaw, it vos, mein Lord, I lige a day like dot," said the poor prince, with chattering jaws, as the cold moisture fell in large drops from his bare legs.

"Yee've saldom sic weather as this in Jairomony, I'm of opinion," observed the old Laird of Gilliegalum.

"No, dot's so, I bed you! I hope not!" said the shivering visitor.

"If your Royal Highness would but ascend to the summit of yon crag, you'd have a much finer view, and the breeze is delightfully fresh there," remarked the charming Lady Flora McDonald, with a most engaging smile.

"Ach gott! No, excuse me, of you please; I shtay down," and Battenburg's knees battered together.

"Wull yer Highness hae a wee glass wine? Gin ye'd prefair mair ice, we'll hae it brought," asked the old Marquis of Tweeddale, courteously.

Prince Henry could stand it no longer. His legs were as blue as those of a boarding-house chicken. Turning his royal back unceremoniously on the noble company, he incontinently fled to the castle and went to bed.

AT THE ZOO.

I met her at the Fair
And she stepped inside the Zoo,
To see the lions there,
And the fiery kangaroo;
And the tiger in his lair,
And the savage grizzly bear;
Thinks I, I'll step in, too.

My heart she did engage,
As she stood inside the Zoo;
She could hardly be of age,
And her lovely eyes of blue,
When she looked into each cage,
Calmed the lion in his rage,
And the bear and tiger too.

I approached the lovely maid,
And asked her if she was
Of the animals afraid;
"I ask you, miss, because
It's notorious," I said,
"That they sometimes make a raid
And devour folks in their jaws."

She turned around and smiled,
And looked at me, and then,
In a voice so sweet and mild,
Said, "Oh! here you are again.
You're very fresh, my child,
And you're looking very wild;
When did you skip your den?"

—B.

The Volunteer who, having escaped the bullets and bulletins of our late "Non-Western," will get married first, is to receive from the Toronto Stove Co., the free gift of a Diamond "A" Range or Square Splendid stove. Marry, sir, you will find more glory in a Diamond Range with pie-a-pot and little cubs at home, than in a no-pay, hard-tack and "Big Bear range abroad. No more Fallen-tear for you!